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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 6, 1899.

The Week.

Two of the most conspicuous leaders of civil-service reform addressed the public on Thursday on the interesting subject of William McKinley. One of these was Gov. Roosevelt, the other Charles J. Bonaparte. Neither of them, however, touched the subject of civil-service reform. Both of them had in view the war policy of the President. Gov. Roosevelt considers that the Philippine war makes it a national duty to reëlect President McKinley. Mr. Bonaparte thinks that the President has bartered his conscience, on a question involving the blood of his fellow-countrymen, for the sake of a party victory at the polls or possibly to secure his own reëlection to office. A more formidable indictment than this, he thinks, could hardly await any man at the bar of history. Mr. Roosevelt's views are diametrically opposed to this. He holds that there is danger of our becoming a nation of hucksters unless we have frequent wars, and that the real criminals in our history are those who neglect favorable opportunities for fighting. Between such notable champions of civil-service reform how are we to choose? To which of them should other civil-service reformers look for safe leadership? Evidently they should look less to leaders and more to their own principles and their own platform. We have had a war with Spain and it is ended. Nobody can recall the past or bring the dead to life. We have a war with the Filipinos which is a heavy weight on the consciences of many, and, we would fain believe, a sorrow to all—even to those who believe in war for war's sake. Even they must have some sympathy for a people who believe that they are fighting for liberty. In the presence of the dead past and in the midst of present perplexities, Mr. McKinley has dealt the heaviest blow at the principles of civil-service reform, and given that cause the worst set-back that it has received since the passage of the Pendleton bill, nearly twenty years ago. This surrender to the spoilsmen ought to solve all doubts among the friends of the merit system as to Mr. McKinley's moral make-up. To our mind it goes far to justify Mr. Bonaparte's analysis and indictment of his war policy. *Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus.*

In the list of Republican newspaper critics of the McKinley Administration and its Philippine policy are three important journals, the Portland *Oregonian*, the San Francisco *Chronicle*, and the Boston *Record*. Their editors, especially those on the Pacific Coast, from which section most of the troops who are fighting in the Philippines have been drawn, are clearly of the opinion that Imperialism will be an issue in the next Presidential campaign, and that the President is not on the popular side of it. The utterances of the Portland and San Francisco journals, all of them very strong Republican organs, are in no sense timid or equivocal. They undoubtedly reflect the steadily rising tide of popular dissatisfaction in their section with the shilly-shallying course of the Administration and with the situation in the Philippines. It is no anti-Imperialist, but the chief Republican organ in San Francisco that says we have not yet tried the policy of conciliation with the Filipinos, as we should have done first of all, but have tried the policy of subjugation and have failed, and that the question now is: "Do the American people want to resolve their war for humanity into a bloody conquest of subjugation?"

The uncensored dispatch from Manila which the *Herald* has received from its correspondent by way of Hong Kong, contains information as to the real condition of affairs in the Philippines which coincides exactly with the news that has reached this country in other ways. The two views which the *Herald's* correspondent delineates, the official rosy view, and the non-official gloomy view, are familiar to us here. Nobody takes stock any longer in the first, though it continues to be put forward in the Manila dispatches which the War Department gives to the public, and in interviews with cabinet officers. The second view has come to be accepted generally as the true one, because it has been sustained by every trustworthy authority who has spoken for several weeks. It found its most convincing expression in the declaration of Dr. McQueston of Gen. Otis's staff, who announced on his arrival at San Francisco that a force of 100,000 to 150,000 men would be necessary to subdue and hold the Philippines. It is idle for cabinet ministers at Washington to attempt to offset information of this kind, direct from the seat of war, and from the lips of a man in the best possible position to know the facts, with some general observations by Charles Emory Smith or Attorney-General Griggs. The situation in the Philippines is serious, not rosy.

An odd suggestion comes from Washington, apropos of the failure to reach an agreement with Great Britain respecting the Alaskan boundary, that we might "make things even" by declaring the Clayton-Bulwer treaty abrogated. The two things are separated from each other by nearly the whole length of the North American continent, and they have nothing in common except that both subjects are in the field of the diplomatic discussion now pending between the two governments. It constitutes an obvious objection to our taking the position that the treaty is abrogated, that we are now negotiating on the theory that it is not abrogated. It would be ungentlemanly to say to-day that a thing does not exist which we were asking the other party yesterday to help us get rid of. Moreover, if we should say that we consider the treaty already abrogated, very likely England would say, as she did once before, that she considers it in full force. That would not commit her to do anything, but she would hold herself clothed at all times with the rights that the original treaty guaranteed. So no progress would be made, but, on the other hand, the present friendliness of the two countries would be seriously chilled. It is worth remembering also that the Senate recently, in an amendment to the river and harbor bill, would have authorized the President to enter into negotiations with Great Britain looking to the abrogation of the treaty. This failed in the House, but its adoption by the Senate was tantamount to an expression of opinion by that body that the treaty has not been abrogated, but is still in force.

Secretary Alger's candidacy for the United States Senate has become ridiculous within a week after he announced that he had entered the contest. His own weakness standing alone has only been aggravated by his alliance with Pingree. The Governor of Michigan has been very successful in winning office for himself, and has proved himself very strong with the people. But it has been shown already that he cannot turn over his strength to anybody else, and his attempt to beat Senator Burrows for reelection with a Pingree man last winter was a humiliating failure. What he could not do for another man who was respectable enough, he certainly cannot accomplish for a politician so thoroughly discredited as the Secretary of War, while the Governor's opposition to McKinley's war policy would of itself drive off support from his ally. Alger has maintained all along that he need not retire from the cabinet because he was a candidate for the Senate, and it already looks as though he would not be "enough of a candidate to hurt."

It is intimated at Washington that the Treasury Department is preparing to

defend the removal of Mr. Shurtleff from the office of General Appraiser by producing evidence of inconsistencies in his appraisements, or showing in other ways that he was not an efficient officer. The trouble with this kind of defence is that it is not pertinent. The law requires that Mr. Shurtleff should not have been removed except for cause and on charges, with an opportunity to be heard in his own defence. He was removed without charges, and his request for reasons was not complied with. If this was an illegal proceeding, as he and his counsel claim it was, it cannot be justified by the production of charges now. Tammany officials have tried to justify like conduct on their part in this way, and have failed in every instance in which the matter has been brought into court. Scannell tried it with reference to an employee of the Fire Department, and the ultimate result was an order by the court to reinstate the removed person with back pay for the time that he had been out of office.

The courts have once more given Tammany a disagreeable lesson as to the meaning of the civil-service law. In January of last year, William Dalton, the Commissioner of Water Supply, removed Major Tate, a war veteran, who held the position of Water Register for Brooklyn, without giving any cause for the removal or giving him a chance to be heard. Major Tate brought the case before the courts, and, after many rebuffs on technical grounds, he won it last week in a decision by the Appellate Division of Brooklyn, ordering his reinstatement. Mr. Dalton contended, in defence of his course, that the position was "confidential" and as such did not come within the "veteran" clauses of the law. Justice Cullen, in delivering the opinion of the court, takes occasion to define what "confidential" means, thereby showing that his interpretation of the word is quite different from the prevailing Tammany one. He says that no employee or subordinate can be said to hold strictly confidential relations with his appointing power unless the latter is held pecuniarily responsible for his misconduct or defalcation. As this was not the fact in the present instance, the place was not confidential, and the removal of Tate was illegal. He must be restored, his salary of $4,000, with back pay, must be resumed, and the good Tammany Democrat who was put into his place must be put out—or kept on the pay-roll of the city in some other capacity.

The feelings of our Mayor when he takes up his pen to give his official approval to the new civil-service regulations for the city will probably never find public expression. No matter what he thinks of the regulations, he has no choice except to approve them. If he refuses approval, the whole matter will be thrown into the hands of the State Civil-Service Commissioners, who will have power to make whatever regulations they desire and to force them upon the city. It is said of the regulations which the city commissioners have agreed upon after conference with the State Commission and some despised civil-service reformers, that the number of unclassified places will be reduced one-half, and that the difficulties of getting anybody into the service without passing a competitive examination will be so magnified that few genuine Tammany men will ever be able to get anything in the way of a "soft snap," or any position more desirable than that of a day-laborer. The law is so clear, and has been interpreted with such cold-blooded rigor by the courts, that all hope of getting around it has been abandoned. Reform has never before sat with such deadly weight upon the Tammany clerical talent of this city as it does to-day, and the knowledge that he must give his approval to the hated law which confirms it in its seat, must tax the Mayor's serene temper severely.

It is to be hoped that the grand jury will take notice of the violation of the corrupt-practices act in the Ninth Assembly District, where the Croker-Sheehan fight is going on. The act makes it an indictable offence for any person holding an office, or seeking a nomination, or claiming to have authority or influence, to threaten any other person with removal from office or public employment with a view of influencing that person's political action, or to promise him an office or other valuable consideration for the like purpose. Notwithstanding this prohibition and the penalty of fine and imprisonment annexed thereto, the crime is of daily occurrence, probably in both parties. Just now it is especially flagrant in the Tammany crowd, where the men are removed from public employment or threatened with removal in large numbers in order to force them to abandon Sheehan as a political leader and adhere to Croker. We do not look to Sheehan for elevation of the tone of public life; nevertheless, a great deal of good would result from a vigorous enforcement of the law which forbids intimidation at the primary elections. The primaries are the nesting-places of free government. No reform can do much good which does not begin there. A few years ago a wholesome example was made of some ballot-box stuffers, who were actually indicted, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary. That species of crime came to an end for the present at least. It would be a still greater contribution to the cause of good government to make an example of the corrupters of the primaries in the Ninth District or in any other district where violators of the law can be found.

It is generally believed that there is to be a consolidation of the Metropolitan, the Manhattan, and the Third Avenue Street Railways, and perhaps, also, the Brooklyn Rapid-Transit Co. If the reports to this effect are true, the cause of the movement must be found in the use of electric propulsion for street traffic. If the old system of locomotion were retained, wherein the motive power of each car or train is separate and detached from all the rest, there would be no economy in consolidation of the several companies. But in the new conditions which have come about, great economies can undoubtedly be affected by attaching all the rolling stock to a few large power-houses. In this the public have an interest as well as the companies themselves. It is for the public interest that the movement of passengers in the streets shall be accomplished without the use of coal, smoke, and flying cinders and puffing locomotives. It is their interest also that it shall be done at the least possible expenditure of fuel. A few years ago such a consolidation would have been looked upon with alarm, as tending to monopoly, oppression, and perhaps increased fares or inferior accommodation. There is nothing to be apprehended now, so far as can be discerned. If the consolidated company becomes oppressive, the new franchise-tax law can be invoked to relieve it of any excessive gains.

There is no longer any doubt about the negotiation for a lease of the Boston and Albany Railroad to the New York Central. The lease is subject to ratification by the stockholders of the former company and approval of the Legislature of Massachusetts. The terms of the lease seem to be sufficiently attractive to insure the ratification by the Boston and Albany party, but the Legislature may offer some opposition, especially since the State itself has the right, reserved under the charter, to acquire the property by reimbursing the shareholders. A commonwealth is apt to be a hard bargainer. There are so many people and such varied interests to be consulted, and so many politicians to be placated, that a good deal of work may yet be required to secure the final execution of the lease. In any event, the New York Central can hardly fail to secure the place of advantage in any future competition for control of the property, and this may be its main object now. New York has no objections to offer to the lease, so far as we can see. The New York Central Railroad extends itself to Boston—that is all. It has no reason to favor one city at the expense of the other.

An interesting discussion has been

started in the South by the views about the condition of agriculture in that section which were recently given to the Industrial Commission in Washington by the Vice-President of the Georgia State Agricultural Society. According to this witness, things are already worse than they ever were before, and the situation is steadily becoming still more unfavorable. Indeed, his evidence was one mass of undiluted pessimism. But the leading newspapers of his own State and of other parts of the South earnestly protest that his picture of the situation is altogether wrong. He lives in Augusta, and the *Chronicle* of that city says that, while the farmers are still carrying a heavy burden and there is room for betterment in both agricultural and industrial conditions, the "burden is growing lighter and lighter every day" and "conditions are bettering." The Atlanta *Constitution* is equally emphatic in the view that, although for the past few years agricultural conditions in the South have been deplorable, "the causes for this condition are equally well understood, and there is in sight a relief from them, and the possibility of a future condition in which the farmers of the South will stand far ahead of those in the East or in the West." The Greenville (S. C.) *News*, speaking for an adjoining State, is even more positive. It declares that "so far as South Carolina is concerned, the people are not in a depressed condition; on the contrary, agricultural conditions are better in this State than at any time since the war."

The truth about the matter appears to be that the conditions of cotton-raising have changed so radically that farmers who stick to the old ways are "getting left," while those who realize the necessity of a change and show the enterprise which is required are better off than ever. When cotton brought fancy prices, the planter could make it his only crop, buy everything else that he used, and lay up money. But when the price of the staple fell to four or five cents a pound, and he continued paying high prices for meat, grain, and other articles, brought long distances over railroads from the North, he was sure to "run behindhand." There has been a great difference in the rapidity with which the farmers of different States have learned the lesson. The Greenville *News* testifies as to South Carolina that "diversified farming is redeeming this State from financial depression and illiteracy; it is improving the land, putting money in the farmers' pockets, and making everything different from the conditions described by Mr. Barrett as existing in his section of Georgia." In Georgia itself the progressive agriculturists are already profiting in the same way, and the last report of the Commissioner of Agriculture shows that the area sown to wheat is 15 per cent. larger this year than last, and the acreage in corn nearly 25 per cent. larger. Wherever in other parts of the South this diversification of agriculture has occurred, the condition of the farmer has improved in the same way.

One cause of lynching is the doubt which is so often felt by the people as to whether a criminal will suffer the just penalty if the mob shall let the law take its course. This doubt is largely based upon the frequency with which men who are undoubtedly guilty of grave offences escape all punishment through a resort to technicalities by their lawyers, and through the elevation of form over substance in the interpretation of law by the courts. The Supreme Court of Tennessee has gained an unenviable prominence for thus sacrificing the interests of justice. In one case which was recently carried up to it, a colored merchant had been convicted of receiving stolen property, and the jury which tried him felt no doubt about his guilt. Among the men summoned from whom this jury was selected was a cotton-picker, who lived in a tent, one of the family of nomads who go from place to place. The law requires that a man shall be "a householder or a freeholder" to be eligible for jury service, and when this tent-dweller appeared, the judge declared him incompetent, and filled the box with twelve men who were plainly eligible, who tried the case and convicted the accused. But the criminal had a shrewd lawyer, who decided to take the chances of getting a reversal of judgment on appeal, and the highest court set aside a just verdict because it held that living for a while in a tent in a certain county made a man "a householder," and that the whole trial must go for nothing because a man who was eligible to be a juror was not taken.

It had been urged, it seems, by some nervous and flighty people—probably by the very people who wished the Government, a year ago, to buy wheat and lock it up in storehouses—that the British Exchequer, or the Bank of England, or somebody else, ought to obtain more gold and hoard it for the benefit of British trade. This idea was apparently suggested by the fact that the gold holdings at the Bank of England are at present less by nearly £7,000,000 than they were a year ago, and smaller than at this period in any year since the heavy increase of European bank reserves began in 1892. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach replied to this suggestion by merely affirming that the Bank of England's business in the gold market was confined to increasing its reserve when this was needed to meet its banking requirements, and that neither the Government nor the Bank had any excuse for wasting capital in an unprofitable hoard of specie. The truth is, that the amount of gold in the Bank of England's vaults is merely an automatic reflection of the conditions of international trade and international credits. Whether larger or smaller in amount than usual, its sum total represents the amount of gold received from abroad in settlement, which its holders have chosen to convert into Bank of England notes. The question of increasing what the Bank describes as its reserve involves a different principle, because it is purely a matter of prudent banking. Generally, it has been thought that a reserve of notes and coin in the banking (not in the issue) department equivalent to something like 40 per cent. of the sum of liabilities was a proper working minimum. It is clear that this percentage could be enlarged either by reducing liabilities or increasing reserves. Lately, the reserve percentage has run slightly below this traditional figure, and the Bank, not deeming it wise in existing trade conditions to contract its loans, has recently undertaken, by means of an offer of interest during transit to the gold-importers, to attract an additional sum of specie into its own reserve. But the difference between a move of this sort and an arbitrary attempt to increase a national stock of idle specie is considerable.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in his speech discussed the proposition that the Government ought to take some steps to secure a sufficient gold reserve to protect the business interests of Great Britain. He rightly rejected the scheme as unnecessary, and quite outside the proper duties of Government. It was a banking question solely. If it was a burden to accumulate and hold a large stock of gold, it was one for the banking fraternity to assume. Since the Government has no demand notes outstanding, and is not charged with any duties or responsibilities in reference to the currency, it would be sheer folly for it to meddle with that business, even in the way of offering advice. "If an increase of the gold reserve is necessary," said Sir Michael, "it ought to be undertaken by the combined action of the Bank of England and the great joint-stock and private banks." Here the Chancellor occupies safer ground than Mr. Goschen did a few years ago, when he held the office that Sir Michael now occupies. Mr. Goschen, in two speeches of considerable length, maintained that both the Bank of England and the joint-stock and private banks ought to be compelled to keep a larger stock of gold than they customarily held, and he indicated about what percentage it ought to bear to their total liabilities. The tone of his speech, and the position he then held as the chief financial officer of the Government, led the public to expect that if the banks did not increase their gold reserves, he would bring a bill before Parliament to compel them to do so. But he did not.

JAPAN'S COLONIAL EXPERIENCE.

One of the shrewdest foreign diplomatists in this country, speaking the other day of the situation in the Far East, mentioned as a noteworthy incident Japan's failure to subdue Formosa. She holds the seaports, while the interior of the island is still about as untamed as ever. Courtesy doubtless forbade his suggesting any parallels which might be offensive to the people among whom he is making his home; but one, at least, must have crossed his mind.

Formosa passed into the hands of Japan after the war with China in 1895, in much the same way that the Philippine archipelago has passed into the hands of the United States. From a strategic point of view, Japan had some need for Formosa, because the smouldering fires of Chinese revenge are liable to burst forth into flame one day, and then a naval base within a few hours' sail of the Chinese coast will be of value. If we had demanded Ceuta instead of the Philippines from Spain, we should have acted upon the same logical motive as Japan in demanding Formosa from China. Having acquired title by the treaty of Shimonoseki, Japan proposed to take possession of her new domain. She soon found that she was an owner in name alone. A considerable part of the island was known to the outside world only through travellers' tales, having never been scientifically explored. It was reported to be rich in material resources, including among its agricultural products tea, sugar, rice, camphor, and castor-oil, and among its mineral deposits coal, petroleum, iron, and gold. The Mikado had no Becker to make a superficial survey, and to furnish estimates of the extent of this potential wealth, but all the stories brought back by persons who had ventured into the interior agreed in representing the country as one which could be made to pay a fine tribute to the imperial treasury.

But there were the inhabitants. Of all the human mixtures outside the Philippines, probably no country could show one more complex than Formosa's. In one small district eight different languages were spoken. There was an almost countless number of tribes, each having its own chief and council, its own laws and social customs, and its own peculiar arts of savagery. Some of the tribes were headhunters, some were cannibals. One region was inhabited by a race of pigmies, while at the other extreme of the physical scale was a clan of giants cruel and cunning to the last degree, and expert in the use of spear and arrow. For some 200 years the Chinese had tried to reduce the wild tribes to subjection, but in vain. The struggle had been carried on very much like the Spanish effort to conquer the Filipinos. A victory here and there would be greeted as an assurance of success; but at the first sign of relaxation on the part of the invaders there would be a sudden raid from some fastness still held by the natives, and its story would be told a few hours later in a long trail of blood and ruin. The Formosans felt that, having possessed the land before any strangers came among them, they had a right to live on it and enjoy its fruits undisturbed. They may have been savage, but they knew what liberty meant; and though the supreme authority in most of the tribes was despotic, it was a despotism of their own making, and not one forced upon them against their will by aliens.

Of course, China's deed of cession could convey no more than she herself controlled, and that was little. Where her army had gained a foothold in the southern end of the island, her people—mostly the daring Cantonese—had poured in as settlers and mixed with those natives who were willing to acknowledge her sovereignty. Out of this union had grown a new element, proud of their Chinese origin and much more advanced in civilization than the pure aborigines, but quite as tenacious of their rights. Their immediate ruler, when the Japanese arrived, was the renowned Liu Yuen Fou, the provincial potentate whose Black Flags had taught the French a lesson eleven years before. In a way, he was the Aguinaldo of the Formosan episode. Admiral Kabayama, whom the Mikado had named as Governor, issued a proclamation, in the form of a letter to Liu, briefly rehearsing the story of the war between Japan and China and the treaty ceding Formosa to the Japanese, and adding:

"As I hear you occupy Tainan, with the intention of resisting our occupation of that portion of the island, I wish to point out to you how fruitless will be your attempts to oppose us. . . . You will be unable to obtain reinforcements, and, shut out from outside help as you are, success will be almost impossible. It is easy for you to understand this.

"Your name is widely known, and you have the reputation of being a brave man. You are well acquainted with international law, but you go contrary to its precepts. . . . In this you conduct yourself in the manner of an ignorant person. If you will . . . disband your army and give peace to the country, I will beg my Emperor to send you back to the mainland with honors worthy of your rank, and the soldiers in your command will be pardoned and given passage to their homes. . . .

"As I have long been acquainted with your name, I offer you these suggestions and advice. Whether you choose to accept them or not, remains with you."

Liu's answer was a contemptuous refusal to come in and be good. Then began a campaign of subjugation, the results of which, up to the present time, we have summarized above. A Japanese Jingo resents to-day the insinuation that his government has not brought peace and good order to Formosa, with not less spirit, though perhaps with better manners, than an American Jingo resents a like suggestion regarding the Philippines. Yet Japan, after four years of constructive occupancy, still has to keep a well-equipped army in Formosa, and the wild tribes of the interior lead their old lives unchecked. Does the reader need to have drawn for him in detail the parallel between Japan's experience with her ceded province and that upon which our nation is entering in a neighboring archipelago? Is there not a familiar ring in almost every sentence of this condensed history? Might not the description of Formosa, with its stores of natural wealth, its variegated population, its unexplored areas, and the resistance it has offered to a transfer from one putative owner to another, have been written as truly of the Philippines? Might not the Otis proclamation have been copied, in spirit at last, from Admiral Kabayama's letter of benevolent admonition?

It may be argued, in defence of Japan's situation in Formosa after such a lapse of time, that she is a small nation, comparatively. Let us see. All Formosa, if set down on the single island of Luzon, would leave half of it uncovered; whereas Japan is larger in area than New England, New York, and Pennsylvania combined, and her population is more than half that of the United States. Moreover, no people understand dealing with Orientals so well as Orientals themselves, and Japan is easily first of the Oriental Powers. If she cannot show a clean record of success in Formosa, no other nation could. She is wise enough to recognize her limitations, however loath to confess them in public. It is an open secret that she could have had the Philippines last year if she would have accepted them. She did not want them; she does not want them now. She has had enough of the sort of trouble which must go with their ownership; and from the store of her costly experience she could teach a thing or two to those countrymen of ours who still think we drew a prize in our latest lottery of war.

THE COMPETITIVE PRINCIPLE.

Nothing exposes more clearly the bad logic of the President's recent changes in the civil-service rules than the contempt flung by his apologists at the competitive feature of the tests applied for admission to certain grades of Government employ. Secretary Gage, for example, is quoted as saying: "There is the mint service. Why should we subject to competition the women who want to weigh and file the blanks which are to be stamped into standard dollars? All that one of those women has to do is to sit before a little scale and weigh bits of metal. If a piece is too light, it goes into one box; if too heavy, she files off enough to bring it to the right weight and throws it into another. It is 'weigh, file—file, weigh,' day in and day out. Why not appoint these women from a registration list? Fine scholars are not needed for such work. What is needed is character, and physical en-

durance enough to keep at this monotonous task month after month without breaking down. Exclude favoritism, of course; but don't require such women to compete in an examination."

This is a fair sample of the reasoning of all the members of the Administration who deign to discuss the "backward step." Let us analyze it. Mr. Gage will surely not pretend that the mint at Philadelphia can give employment to all the poor women in that city, of good character and fair powers of endurance? Then how choose between them? By some system of registration, he tells us. In other words, all the women who are too decent to steal, and who are warranted not to succumb to fatigue or bad air, are to enter their names on a list, from which the superintendent is to take them in order. This, it is assumed, would get rid of the obnoxious element of competition. But in fact it would not; it would merely change the form of the competition. Naturally, a large number of applicants would seek to stand at the top of the list, and would make some sort of a contest for the choice places. Would they all assemble at the registration office and crowd and jostle each other, thus making it a contest of muscle and avoirdupois? Or would they decorously form a queue before the office door, and hire messenger-boys to hold their places over night, like ticket-buyers for a new play?

Even the spoils and patronage abuses have their competitive feature. Twelve candidates besiege a public man who has an office in his gift; one endeavors to show that his appointment would please the largest number of voters; another, that he has friends who could contribute handsomely to the next campaign fund; a third, that his family is socially powerful, and could further the ambitions of his benefactor's wife. The only thing that none of the dozen will think worth proving, is that he is better fitted than the other eleven to do the work; but the competitive feature, at which every spoilsman rebels, is there just the same. We venture to say that Mr. Gage would not employ a servant for his household except on a competitive basis, if there were more than one applicant for the place. He would not question the candidates about algebra or astronomy; no more would a civil-service board. But if three men wished to drive his carriage, and two brought good testimonials from their last employers, while the third did not, the third would be excluded at the start. Of the two remaining, if one could read and write and cipher a little and the other could not, the Secretary would choose the one who knew the stable and something besides. That would be human nature. The mistake most persons make in dealing with the public service lies in forgetting that it is only private service vastly expanded. The same principles which appeal to common sense in the one case may safely be applied in the other.

The most radical reformer who ever lived would not claim that a scholastic test will show whether a woman can file the edges of a silver disk. But if, as Secretary Gage assumes, almost any woman can do that, what possible harm can there be in assuring the Government of a group of employees who can do that and something more? Is a woman any less able to weigh bits of metal all day long because she is able also to describe her duties in writing? When she drops these bits into boxes, is she any the worse for knowing that ten in one box and five in another make a total of fifteen? Do not abolish the competitive test in her case, but enlarge its scope. Set twenty candidates to filing and weighing at the same time, if you will, and see who does her work fastest with accuracy. Infuse as much of the practical into your tests as you can—the more the better; only bear in mind that the Government ought to have the best help its money will buy, instead of being compelled to pick it up haphazard and train it afterwards at the public expense.

A favorite refuge with public men opposed to the competitive system is the remark: "I believe in examining candidates, but I want to do my examining myself. I question a clerk before I set him to work. You don't mean, surely, to say that I would conduct an examination unfairly?" It is pitiful to be obliged, at this late day, to review the kindergarten course in civil-service reform for the benefit of men in high public office. Suffice it to answer that charges of wrong-doing and suspicions of evil intent, are not now under discussion. It is not necessary to go into the question of personal sincerity, and inquire whether this or that appointing officer will provide an honest "pass" examination or deal fairly with a registration roll. The point to settle in each case is whether a competitive test is practicable. If it is, it should be applied; if not, resort may be had to the next best method. Why take the second quality of anything when you can just as well have the first?

THE SECURITY OF RAILROAD MORTGAGES.

The recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States concerning the rights of unsecured creditors is certainly disquieting. The case was that of the Louisville Trust Company against the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railway Company, and others, and the decision practically overthrew the reorganization of that railroad. The plaintiff represented some unsecured creditors of the road, and alleged a kind of conspiracy between the holders of its bonds and its stockholders, by which the road was to be sold, and to be bought by a company in which these parties were to be interested. So far as appears, this reorganization did not differ materially from many others that have taken place within recent years. The stockholders were allowed something by the bondholders on account of the sacrifice which they made, but the bondholders, of course, retained their priority of lien.

The court has upset these proceedings, not because fraud was actually committed on the unsecured creditors, but on the bare ground that no agreement between the bondholders and the stockholders of a railroad, contemplating the foreclosure of a mortgage, is equitable unless all claims against the road are provided for. "No such proceedings can be rightfully carried to consummation which recognize and preserve any interest in the stockholders without also recognizing and preserving the interests, not merely of the mortgagee, but of every creditor of the corporation. In other words, if the bondholder wishes to foreclose and exclude inferior lienholders or general unsecured creditors and stockholders, he may do so; but a foreclosure which attempts to preserve any interest or right of the mortgageor in the property after the sale must necessarily secure and preserve the prior rights of general creditors thereof." The court conceded that the bondholder might voluntarily, after he had acquired title by foreclosure, make a gift of some interest in the property to the former stockholder; but it declared intolerable any agreement between these parties that did not recognize the claims of all creditors.

Unsecured creditors, under the system of receiverships which our courts have developed, have gradually attained a tolerably safe position, but they are certainly likely to fare even better hereafter. In the case of one railroad, at least, it is a fact that the unsecured creditors captured the railroad and "froze out" the first-mortgage bondholders altogether. The court sanctioned the issue of receiver's certificates to such an extent as to exceed the value of the property. There have been so many notorious cases of this kind that railroad lawyers say that, when a road goes into the hands of a receiver, it may as well be understood that every one will be paid before the bondholders. If there is any surplus they may get it, but their priority of lien has become a legal fiction. The wages of employees must be paid; furnishers of material must be paid; every one, in short, who can make delay or trouble, has to be taken care of. As Justice Brewer says, the public interest requires that the road be operated, and hence the running expenses become the first lien by means of receiver's certificates. He now holds that equity, if not public interest, requires that these general creditors shall

participate in the ordinary schemes of reorganization, if they wish to do so.

It is of course conceivable that the owner of a piece of property may conspire with the holder of a mortgage thereon, and consent to a sale in foreclosure on the understanding that he is to participate in the proceeds. Such a collusive proceeding, however, would be a fraud on the holder of a second mortgage only if he were prevented from bidding at the sale. The law supposes that if a man lends money on a second mortgage, he will be prepared to protect himself by buying in the property when it is sold. Justice Brewer very properly says that it is different in the case of a railroad, which the bondholders are seldom in position to buy. Indeed, to acquire such a property is generally the last thing that they wish to do. Hence they are to a great extent helpless. If they can unite and raise a contribution, they may be able to purchase the property, or at least to secure some recognition of their claims. Otherwise they are at the mercy of the men who get up the scheme of reorganization, and who may, as in the case at hand, give general creditors no opportunity to participate in it.

It is quite evident from the tone of Justice Brewer's opinion that he suspected fraud in this reorganization, and intended to have it exposed, if it existed. Unfortunately, the receivership system, as enlarged by the courts, gives every opportunity for such frauds. Had the courts not prevented the holders of first mortgages from exercising the rights granted them by deed, many iniquitous reorganizations would never have taken place. As it is, whenever these creditors propose to act on their rights, the managers of the railroad run to court and get themselves appointed receivers. Then they can deal with bondholders and every one else at arm's length. They can, in fact, bring all creditors to terms; and so long as this is the case, there is consistency in the present decision. It is a decision really making new law concerning reorganizations, and until the abuses of the receivership system are abated, such judicial control of reorganizations is indispensable. Although in apparent disparagement of the rights of prior lienors, this decision will perhaps not affect them unfavorably, for, as a matter of fact, the courts had already undermined, if not abolished, priority.

THE MUNICIPAL ASSEMBLY.

What shall be done with our double-chambered Municipal Assembly? A writer of a communication in the *Evening Post* of Friday is of the opinion that one branch of it, the Council, should be abolished, but that the other branch, the Board of Aldermen, should be retained with certain changes in its powers and functions. This is tantamount to a proposition that we return to the condition of things which prevailed in the old city of New York before consolidation. This correspondent is undoubtedly familiar with the estate to which our Board of Aldermen had been brought at that time, after many years of experience. We had been compelled to take from it one power after another, till virtually none of value was left, simply because the men who were chosen to the Board could not be trusted with any power which could be turned to their pecuniary or political profit. Nothing remained except the granting of licenses and permits for petty street privileges of one kind or another.

We had, in short, demonstrated by the practical experience of half a century that municipal legislatures were useless and generally pernicious bodies. Seth Low, writing of them in Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' as early as 1888, expressed the view held by all unprejudiced students of municipal government when he said that "whether these bodies have been composed of one house or two, the moment a city has become large they have ceased to give satisfactory results," and that "as a rule they have so far abused their powers that almost everywhere the scope of their authority has been greatly restricted." Writing again upon the same subject for the *Century Magazine* in 1891, Mr. Low was even more emphatic, saying: "All efforts to secure a Common Council composed of men who by character and experience are competent for the duties which ought to be committed to them, thus far have been singularly unsuccessful." Nobody whose opinion was worth a copper disputed these conclusions when, in the winter of 1896-'97, our new Charter Commission was engaged in constructing a form of government for the enlarged city; and the proposal of that Commission to revive what was universally admitted to have been a demonstrated failure, and to revive it in the most extreme form in which it had ever existed—that is, a double-chambered legislature, with a very large membership—created great astonishment.

It would be cruel to reproduce at this time the arguments which the chief advocates of the revival, Gen. Tracy, ex-Judge Dillon, Mr. De Witt, and the majority of the Commission, advanced in favor of their extraordinary course. Mr. Low and Mayor Strong opposed it, but finally agreed to give their approval to the charter with this inexcusable blunder in it. In the discussion which went on at the time, it was shown that all genuine expert authority was against it. The objections, based upon the results of experience, were not directed against a double-chambered legislature, but against any municipal legislature whatever, as an obsolete institution. Mr. Hewitt, heartily approving Mr. Low's utterances, agreed with him in the view that "city affairs should be administered precisely as a corporation is"—that is, with a President and board of directors; the Mayor as President, and the heads of departments as his advisers and assistants. As Mr. Hewitt said then, the "great mistake we make lies in supposing that municipal administration is a political question or presents political problems to deal with. It is a pure question of business, and should be treated as such."

We had been for half a century working towards this business basis, and had concentrated all really important powers in the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. This was the basis upon which our charter-makers should have constructed their new system, and they were so advised by Mr. Hewitt, Mr. Grace, the legal talent and experience of the city, speaking through a formal protest of the Bar Association, and by the press. It was suggested to them that instead of returning to the old and vicious system of a legislature elected by districts, they should provide for a kind of local governing body, with the Mayor, Comptroller, and certain heads of departments, or the old Board of Estimate and Apportionment, as a basis, and associate with them a certain number of men elected by the people, each representing a large constituency; the Borough Presidents, it was suggested, might be made members of such a body, or a certain number of members might be apportioned to each borough, to be elected by the voters of those divisions. In this way, it was hoped that a body could be got together which would be far more truly a representative one than our Municipal Assembly is, and which would bring to the conduct of the city business far more character and intelligence. But no heed was paid to advice of this kind. Our charter-makers deliberately chose the system which had been proved to be the worst ever known, and it is working precisely as it always had worked up to that time.

There are no municipal powers which cannot be trusted more safely to a small body, of the kind outlined above, than to a Board of Aldermen based upon any form of representation, district or other. There is absolutely nothing to hope for from such a body. We have proved that by bitter experience, and the sooner we recognize the point as settled, the better for us. The power to grant franchises is best regulated by statute, with public sale to the highest bidder. Nobody in his senses would think of restoring any power of that kind to the Aldermen again. All other powers that they possess could be exercised more safely and wisely by a small governing body, of the kind suggested, or by the heads of the departments to whom they would most naturally fall. We cannot see how the reasons for abolishing one chamber of the Assembly do not apply absolutely to

both chambers, or to any local legislature whatever based upon the present method of selection.

PROBLEMS OF OUR COLLEGES.

The steady growth of our educational institutions is the feature of the commencement season which most strongly impresses one who glances over the mass of reports from all parts of the country. The size of the graduating class increases, the endowment fund swells, the curriculum becomes more varied, the range of opportunities widens. All these are hopeful signs. But there is one thing which is still more encouraging. It is the fact that our college presidents are not satisfied with the situation; that they confess the existence of grave problems which press for solution, and that they are trying to solve them.

By an interesting coincidence there have just appeared, almost simultaneously, two presidents' reports which are notable for their discussion of such problems—one from the veteran head of Yale University, who last week retired from the great institution from which he graduated fifty years ago; the other from one of the younger generation of educators, who presides over one of the smaller colleges in New England. Writing independently in Brunswick and in New Haven, and summarizing observations made under very different conditions, it is an impressive fact that President Dwight of Yale and President Hyde of Bowdoin find some of the same defects in the methods which have developed in both colleges, and agree, broadly speaking, as to the nature of the changes which are demanded.

The distinguishing feature of the typical American college in its earlier days was the personal influence of the instructor upon the student. The professor knew the young men who came into his class-room as the teacher in a small school knows his pupils. He became familiar with their peculiarities of mind and character; he understood their special needs; he exerted, in many cases, an exceedingly strong personal influence over dozens of new students each year. Speaking of the period of 1850 in New Haven, then a town of but moderate size, Dr. Dwight says that it was the almost universal rule that the instructors met the entire company of students, and that not infrequently, during the course. With the great increase in the number of students, with the scattering of instructors' residences over a city of 100,000 people, and with the development of the elective system, attended as it is by the separation of students and teachers in their work, "there is no such universal acquaintance between the two bodies possible as was characteristic of the former period."

Even in the far smaller college community of Brunswick the same tendencies exist. "The growth of our colleges in numbers," says Dr. Hyde, "brings great temptation to resort to mechanical methods of dealing with the students in the mass, and to neglect the individual factor." Discussing the development of individuality, the President of the Maine institution says:

> "When a college has taught the regular classes at the hours required in the schedule, it has done only half its work. Sons of well-to-do New England parents, who have never been obliged to work at anything, who have begun to go into society, who find college life crowded with competing athletic and fraternal interests, need much more than the regular routine of recitations if they are to acquire any vital interest in scholarly pursuits. The attitude of the individual student is a much more important factor than the contents of text-book or lecture."

Something must be done to prevent the modern college from becoming, as Dr. Hyde puts it, "unwieldy and intellectually impotent; a respectable loafing-place for a throng of young fellows who are pleasantly passing away their time until serious professional training or actual business life shall rouse them to responsibility." Both Presidents have definite remedies to suggest for the admitted evil. Dr. Dwight declares that "the call of the present and the coming time upon our professors and teachers is an impressive and earnest call to enter into as close relations as possible with the individual students who are under their personal instruction"; and he does not hesitate to say that "no professor or instructor fulfils his duty to his pupils who sees them only in the lecture-room." Summing up the conclusions of his long observations, and putting them in practical form, he lays down the principle that every professor and other instructor should have certain hours in every week, if not a certain hour of every day, in which students can meet him on or near the university grounds, for conference on their studies and on other subjects of common or personal interest connected with their daily work or with the wants and aspirations of their intellectual life.

President Hyde's idea is that the only way to guard against the threatening evils is to "appeal strenuously and attractively to the individual student; give him work that he must do himself, and for which he must be individually responsible; offer him interests in which he can freely and enjoyably engage." Bowdoin College endeavors to meet these responsibilities in more than one way. A plan of individual instruction, supplementary to the regular class work in languages, was instituted two or three years ago, and is working excellently. During the opening term last fall the freshman class was divided into groups of six men, each of which groups, besides attending the ordinary recitations, spent with the instructor weekly a half hour in Latin and the same time in Greek. The students were prompt in attendance, and have shown and expressed their interest in the work. The scheme of individual instruction in this way is pronounced an assured success.

Another development of individual work at Brunswick is the formation, by members of the faculty, of clubs, composed of members of their classes, for the discussion, in a friendly and informal way, of topics connected with their departments which are of such current or general interest as would not ordinarily fall within the scope of the regular course, but yet illustrate the practical and popular significance of the work done in the class. These clubs meet sometimes at a professor's home, sometimes in a student's room, sometimes at a neighboring inn. All students in the latter part of the course who desire to join a club have the opportunity, and some have belonged to more than one. Besides promoting pleasant social relations, these clubs prove of substantial value in starting the students in lines of scholarly interest, and in connecting college study with the life of the outside world.

Such developments as these in our educational institutions are full of promise. The rapid growth of the colleges has brought difficult problems. Blind adherence to old methods, failure to recognize new difficulties, would furnish ground for serious apprehension as to the future. But when we find the authorities alive to the demands of the situation, and alert to devise methods for meeting those demands, there is every reason for confidence.

THE CHEVALIER DE ROHAN.

PARIS, June 13, 1899.

M. Ernest Daudet, the indefatigable searcher after inedited documents, has just laid his hand on curious memoirs, which were quite unknown, and which were written by an officer of the time of Louis XIV. named Du Cause de Nazelle. Nazelle was born in the province of Agenais, near Agen; he led the life of a soldier. His military career was not different from that of so many other young noblemen, and his memoirs, in which he speaks of his campaigns in Germany, in Flanders, in Holland, and even in Crete (whither he accompanied the Dukes of Beaufort and Navailles, in an expedition which ended very unfortunately), would probably not have been printed if M. Daudet had not found in them a very complete account of a famous conspiracy against Louis XIV. which made an immense noise in its time, and in which were implicated one of the members of the Rohan family, Louis de Rohan, who had been *grand veneur de France*, and a certain Latréaumont, who has become in our time the hero of a popular novel.

The first part of the memoirs is not without interest. Young Du Cause de Nazelle left his province at the age of fifteen (he was probably born in 1649, judging from the age of twenty-six which he declared at the trial of Rohan in 1674); he went to Paris and entered as a cadet the regiment of the Gardes Françaises. He had thus frequent occasion to become acquainted with the court. He left soon for the wars, but we will follow him only in his expedition to Candia, which was made at the request of the Republic of

Venice. In 1648 the Turks undertook to capture the island of Crete, which the Venetians had held since 1204, and in 1667 were besieging Candia, the capital. The rest of Europe remained insensible to the appeals of Crete; Louis XIV. alone was moved by them, and decided in 1669 to extend some help; but it was too late and the French army was too small. M. de Nazelle was a lieutenant in one of the regiments which landed in the island. The Turks had the advantage. M. de Beaufort was killed, and the French were forced to retreat to their ships.

On his return, Nazelle made a campaign in Holland, and saw some service in the Gardes du Corps, and, after sundry adventures in which he seems to have played a dangerous part, he left the Guards and went to live under an assumed name in the house of a Dutchman called Van den Enden. Of Flemish origin, Van den Enden had the reputation of being a very learned man; he was familiar with all sciences, he knew almost all the living and dead languages—Hebrew, Syriac, Greek, Latin, German, Italian, Spanish, French; he knew even the principal provincial idioms of France. He was a philosopher, "Catholic with the Catholics," says Nazelle, "and Protestant with the Protestants. I have often seen some of our famous doctors and M. Arnauld [the great apostle of Jansenism] himself come to confer with him on the Hebrew and Syriac texts of the Gospel."

Van den Enden was in reality a spy, sent by the Spanish Governor of the Netherlands at a time when the courts of Spain and of France were in constant hostility. He became acquainted in Paris with many scientific men, and opened a school in the Picpus quarter, where he received many young men. He was already old, but he lived with a handsome woman whom he called his wife, though it was never ascertained whether they were really married.

Nazelle's attention was attracted by the visits which Latréaumont often made to Van den Enden.

"I had known him." he says, "as an officer in the army of very bad reputation. He entered by a secret door at the end of the garden, of which he had a key, and took extraordinary precautions not to be seen. He afterwards brought with him the Chevalier de Rohan by the same door and with the same precautions. The sight of the Chevalier de Rohan surprised me. I could not conceive that a man of his rank could have relations with Latréaumont, whose reputation was absolutely forfeited in the army, and who was known as a dangerous character, capable of the greatest crimes."

Latréaumont came of a good family of Normandy, but he was a reckless man and had lost caste. He attached his fortunes to the Chevalier de Rohan, a younger son of Louis de Rohan, Duke of Montbazon, and of Anne de Rohan, Princess of Guémené. At the age of twenty, in 1656, he inherited the office of *grand veneur*. He was one of the handsomest men of the court, and counted among his conquests Mlle. Duparc, the greatest actress of the day; Mme. de Lyonne, Mme. de Thianges, a sister of Mme. de Montespan, and, it was said, Mme. de Montespan herself. He helped the beautiful Hortense Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, to flee from her eccentric husband. Louis XIV. asked him, on this occasion, to resign his office of *grand veneur*, as the elopement of the Duchess was a great scandal. From that day Rohan considered himself a victim of the King. He was thirty years old. His military services had been forgotten, and he was overwhelmed with debt when he met Latréaumont, who was one of the tools of Van den Enden. They told him that the provinces of the western part of Normandy were going to rise, with the help of the Spaniards, and that he might, with his name, find his advantage in the rebellion. Van den Enden promised him the sovereignty of Brittany.

Nazelle tells at length how, with the help of the youngest daughter of Van den Enden, he succeeded in discovering the details of the plot. He affected himself to be very much discontented with the Government; he had conversations with Van den Enden on the subject of the war with Holland. All the forces of France were employed in ruining a distant land; the people were obliged to pay exorbitant taxes. Van den Enden knew that the coasts of France were defenceless; it was easy to make a landing. The Protestants of the west, who were so far quiet, would rise if they found a favorable occasion. Van den Enden had conceived the bold project of kidnapping the Dauphin, who used often to hunt the wolf in the forests of Normandy; the Prince was generally alone with a huntsman; ten men were to seize him and transport him to a Dutch ship on the coast. Nazelle overheard the particulars of the conspiracy, and it was decided, when all was settled, that Van den Enden should start for Brussels, to make the last arrangements with the Spanish Governor. Du Cause de Nazelle was much agitated by the discovery he had made; he despised Latréaumont, but he had much regard for the family of Rohan, and he had a great admiration for Van den Enden. He decided, however, to make a report to the Marquis of Louvois, who was Secretary of War. Louvois gave him an audience, and immediately issued orders for the arrest of Latréaumont and Rohan. Van den Enden had left for Brussels, but was expected to return.

Latréaumont was arrested at Rouen by Brissac, whom he had known in the army. He fired at Brissac, but missed him, and, with a second pistol, at one of the guards who accompanied Brissac. The guards fired in return, and Latréaumont died from his wounds. The Chevalier de Rohan gave himself up without difficulty to the persons who were sent to arrest him, at Versailles, and was conducted to the Bastille. The Rohans did not attempt to interfere on his behalf; they were afraid to offend the King and to compromise themselves. Van den Enden returned to Paris two days after the arrest of his accomplices; he heard the news of it from his wife, and immediately concealed himself. Nazelle advised Louvois of his return, and was presented by him to the King, who wished to hear from his mouth how he had discovered the plot, and asked him to try to find traces of Van den Enden. Nazelle succeeded in finding him at Le Bourget, a small place on the outskirts of Paris. Van den Enden, seeing Nazelle among those who came to arrest him, thought for a moment that the Frenchman had been arrested as an accomplice, and said to the officer that he had never taken him into his confidence. He did not for an instant try to deny that he had been conspiring; he preserved the greatest composure, took leave of his wife and of Nazelle, to whom he gave a small box as a memorial. "I accepted the box," says Nazelle, "with the officer's permission, and I could not help wondering how a man, who from that moment was sure of his fate, could keep so cool. I remembered what he had so often maintained to me, that death is nothing, and that consequently it is no evil."

The Court and Paris were much surprised when the details of the conspiracy became known. The death of Latréaumont, who was the chief agent in the conspiracy, prevented the arrest of many accomplices, whom he alone knew. He had already ordered uniforms of guards for five hundred and fifty men, with whom he had planned to seize Honfleur, at the mouth of the Seine, opposite Havre. Louis XIV. said at Versailles that if the conspirators had succeeded in kidnapping the Dauphin, he would have made no change in his plans, notwithstanding the great affection which he felt for his son. Commissioners were designated to make the preliminary examination for the trial. Many persons of distinction at Court interested themselves for the Chevalier de Rohan, more out of hatred of Louvois, who had many enemies, than of affection for him. The Rohans themselves remained passive. The Princess of Soubise, who had great influence with the King, does not seem to have said anything in favor of her cousin. (Anne de Chabot was married in 1663 to her cousin François de Chabot, in favor of whom she obtained from Louis XIV. the erection into a principality of the barony of Soubise. She was extremely handsome, and became a mistress of the King.) The enemies of Louvois formed the party of the Chevalier de Rohan, but, numerous as they were, they could not save him. Louis XIV. called in council the Prince of Condé, Marshal Villeroy, M. le Tellier, Minister of State, and heard with them a report on the trial and the verdict. The great Condé, "so famous in our history by his victories and by the various incidents of his life, began his speech with what was most capable of touching the King. He said that after what he had himself experienced of the King's clemency, he believed that there was no man so guilty that he could not hope for pardon; that there was much extravagance in what Rohan had done, that his projects were very criminal, but could not be executed, being too chimerical." Le Tellier spoke in an opposite sense; after eight days of hesitation Louis XIV. decided that the verdict should be executed.

The Chevalier de Rohan died with great fortitude, and with every sign of repentance for his crime. His head was cut off before an immense crowd, who could not help pitying his youth. The Marquis de Villars and the Chevalier de Préau, who were in the plot (Navelle says very little about them and the part they took), were beheaded after him. Van den Enden seemed quite indifferent to his fate: "He showed the firmness and constancy of a hero." He was hanged like a vulgar criminal.

Correspondence.

THE TRUTH IN SPITE OF CENSORSHIP.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There seems to be no way for the American people to get the whole truth from Manila so long as the military censorship continues, and this state of things may last for years. There is, however, one source of

information which has as yet been drawn on in only the slightest degree, and that is the evidence contained in soldiers' letters. A private or line officer has not the best means for forming opinions, and yet, in the aggregate, the information contained in the letters from the front must give a sufficiently accurate picture of the conditions there, while the great number of personal observations contained in those letters by intelligent and wide-awake volunteers, would supply a mass of uncontrovertible testimony invaluable to those who are endeavoring to bring this erring nation back to the straight path of moral rectitude. Individual letters have here and there appeared in print, most of them in country newspapers, but why cannot a systematic effort be made to collect these valuable documents in numbers sufficient to carry conviction to the doubting?

The volunteers who have done the fighting in the Philippines come from towns scattered all over Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Washington, Oregon, and a dozen other States. The home towns of the various companies can very easily be found, and correspondence with the families of the soldiers, based on the company rosters, would result in bringing to light an unlimited store of letters from the front. Or, better still, let a man be put into the field. A vigorous agent, in a few months' time, would unearth an amount of first-hand testimony which would be simply overwhelming. These letters, properly edited and published in a volume, would furnish a campaign document of unparalleled power. The Anti-Imperialist League has made a beginning in this line, though it has as yet done little more than reprint letters which have already been published; but the immense value of such material has been amply demonstrated by its little tract, "Soldiers' Letters." Cannot it take up the larger task of making a really comprehensive collection of these letters? Only by sheer mass of evidence can the country be brought to an adequate comprehension of the real state of things.

In no other way can such statements as those in Mr. Dean Worcester's open letter to the American people be combated. He tells us, with pompous officiousness, that he has personally inspected great numbers of battle-fields, and can assure the dear public that nothing rude or ungentlemanly has occurred. Enough has already been published to lead us to suspect that this indefatigable inspector of battle-fields has not obtained the whole truth. Would not a systematic compilation of soldier testimony do more than anything else to stop this tiresome official reiteration that "all is lovely" in our new tropical possessions? EDSON R. SUNDERLAND.

OAKLAND, CAL., June 28, 1899.

THE KENTUCKY NOMINEE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Democratic State convention which adjourned yesterday has nominated for Governor a man who, if elected, will be to Kentucky what Platt is to New York. That he will be elected, no sane man doubts for an instant, for he is the author of an election law, passed by the last General Assembly, by means of which he can become Governor, no matter what may be the will of the people.

His nomination was accomplished by the boldest piece of thievery ever perpetrated in Kentucky politics. When the convention was called to order, he was the weakest of the three candidates in number of instructed votes, but, by combining with the Stone men, he effected the organization. After that, he dictated every action of the convention. His chairman ruled that the contests should be voted on as a whole, the contesting counties not voting. Thus, one hundred and fifty-nine anti-Goebel delegates were thrown out, and a like number of Goebel delegates seated; and the chairman would entertain no appeal from his ruling.

Personally, Goebel is a brilliant young man, and is conceded by all to be the shrewdest as well as the most unscrupulous politician in Kentucky. He has too much sense to be for free silver, but recently went over to that camp in order to make this race. For a dozen years he has been the ruler of the Kentucky Senate, the dominant motive in his career being opposition to corporations. With the party machinery in his hands, he will henceforth rule Kentucky.

There is, however, one bit of encouragement. When Goebel captured the party machinery, free silver suffered. Although his platform endorses the Chicago nonsense of 1896, nevertheless, every one knows Goebel to be its enemy. The gold-standard men, however, are opposed to both Goebel and his methods.—Very respectfully, B.

WINCHESTER, KY., June 29, 1899.

RUSKIN AND MILLAIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of William Rossetti's new book there are some misapprehensions that do injustice to Ruskin, and which an intimate personal knowledge of the man enables me to correct at first hand. It is untrue that "Ruskin could never see any merit in the work of Millais after their personal quarrel," nor is it even true that he quarrelled with Millais—the quarrel came from the other side. The "known fact" in the matter is this: Ruskin invited Millais to come and pass the summer with them in Scotland, and Millais and Mrs. Ruskin "fell in love" with each other, and she applied for a divorce to be free to marry Millais. Ruskin, in spite of the insistence of his father, refused to oppose the suit, and he was so far from "quarrelling" with Millais that he wrote him expressing the desire that their personal relations should not be changed by the affair. I have repeatedly talked with Ruskin on the subject, and he always expressed the utmost consideration for Millais, and he said to me that "the only regret he had for the occurrence was that Mrs. Millais had ruined a great artist." I am certain that he cherished no animosity towards Millais, nor did he modify in any respect his opinion of his art; but it must be remembered that Millais, very soon after this change in his life, changed the character of his art so completely that he was regarded by the other pre-Raphaelites as a renegade to the principles of the brotherhood—a change due, in Ruskin's opinion, to the urgency to increase his income under Mrs. Millais's influence, which led him to paint for money. Under the circumstances, it is easy to understand that any further criticism of Millais's work became difficult on account of the inevitably false interpretation which Ruskin's enemies would have given it, and it was owing to the delicacy of their relation that he never made him the subject of comment; not to the rupture in their intercourse.

Ruskin was not only singularly generous and liberal, but singularly just when he saw a matter rightly, but he conceived violent antipathies, especially for people who disregarded his opinions, for he held them, as he himself has said, "not as opinions, but as positive knowledge." When he and Brown came into collision, it was as if two popes met in controversy: they were two infallibles, and Brown was as unforgiving for any difference from his opinions as Ruskin, and far less ready to reason out the matter, which Ruskin did with extreme grace, though, unfortunately for himself, he always returned to his opinion when the discussion was forgotten.

Few people can know Ruskin better than I do—very few know so well his high moral nobility, his generosity, and the warmth of his friendship; but probably no one else has ever paid so heavy a penalty for submitting to his leading and undergoing his caprice, and I have experienced his good as his bad qualities, so that I am competent to say with authority that the dictum of your critic, that "of justice or of moderation he is alike incapable," is unjust and excessive. That he is not always just or moderate may be said, but no more. His lavish generosity to Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Millais, when generosity was life, besides scores of minor instances in which the recipients have never been known, cannot be offset by the cases in which his exactions were onerous and his friendship capricious. No other man living has the right to complain of Ruskin that I have, but I cannot permit personal and temperamental defects to obscure the proper estimation of one of the noblest and most Christian characters of our time.

Yours truly, W. J. STILLMAN.

WEST BOURNEMOUTH, ENGLAND.

Notes.

'Books Worth Reading,' by Frank W. Rafferty, and 'The Foundations of the Creed,' by the Lord Bishop of Carlisle, are on the eve of being published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Macmillan Co. announce a series of seven volumes on the History of the Church of England, edited by the Dean of Winchester. The first volume, by William Hunt, D.D., will bring the record down from the landing of St. Augustine to the Norman Conquest. They will also publish 'Gardens, Ancient and Modern,' by H. Forbes Sieveking.

'When Grandmamma Was New,' by Marion Harland, is in the press of the Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston.

The American Academy of Political and Social Science, Philadelphia, has made a volume of the discussion of 'The Foreign Policy of the United States, Political and Commercial,' at its April meeting, of which we gave a general report at the time. Prof. Woolsey, E. W. Huffcut, A. Lawrence Lowell, Carl Schurz, Worthington C. Ford, and J. B. Moore are some of the more prominent speakers.

Cassell & Co. issue 'Royal Academy Pictures 1899' in the usual form, as being a supplement to their *Magazine of Art*. Our London correspondent has given our readers some notion of what they may expect to find in these samples of the exhibition. There are a few portraits of notable characters—busts of Dr. Garnett and of the Queen, and a painting of Gerald Balfour, among others. There is no text beyond a brief introduction.

From Mr. C. A. Ellis, manager of the

Boston Symphony Orchestra, we have received the usual bound volume of the programmes played at the six concerts given in Boston last season. The value of these programmes lies in the historic and descriptive notes contributed by Mr. W. F. Apthorp, and in the literary interludes on miscellaneous musical topics, in which Mr. Apthorp shows to the best advantage. A list of these topics ought to be included in the summary at the end of the volume.

A new edition of Mr. James E. Matthew's 'Handbook of Musical History and Bibliography' has been issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons, with such changes as were called for by the death, since the first issue, of Brahms, Gounod, Rubinstein, Ambroise Thomas, and other composers of distinction.

'Laurel Winners' is the title of a brochure of 118 pages published by the John Church Company. It contains short biographies of thirty American composers. The absence of Paine, Foote, Kelley, Parker, and MacDowell from the list prevents it from being a comprehensive treatise on American composers, and the utility of the book is further lessened by the fact that the list of works given in each case includes only those issued by the publishers of the book. However, as far as it goes, it is an acceptable contribution to a field of biography in which it is sometimes difficult to get authentic information.

The fourth volume of the Wolseley Series of military works (importation of Charles Scribner's Sons) is 'The Conduct of War,' by Gen. von der Goltz, translated by Major Leverson, Royal Engineers. It is a systematic treatise on the modern method of conducting war, condensing into 300 open-print pages the outline of the military art. It is intended to be a handbook for the use of officers and students, and does not aim to supplant the larger treatises of Clausewitz or Jomini, or special works on strategy like that of Hohenlohe. In a former small volume, 'The Nation in Arms,' the author has treated the raising, equipping, and organizing of armies, and he promises a final one covering the relations of a general to his army, including the system of intelligence, the publication and transmission of orders, etc. The recognized merit of the writer is his clearness of thought and style, and he has been well seconded by the translator, who gives us a good idiomatic English rendering.

Another military work which has attracted much attention in Europe is Hoenig's 'Inquiries concerning the Tactics of the Future,' translated by Capt. Bower of the English Army, and published with maps by Longmans, Green & Co. (8vo, pp. xxv, 363). The present edition is a considerable enlargement of one first published under the title of 'Two Brigades,' in which, using his experience in the battle of Königgrätz (1866) and at Mars-la-Tour (1870), the author boldly criticised the General-Staff history, and drew important conclusions from the corrected account of what passed under his own eye. His thesis was that the lessons of the terrible conflicts about Metz had not been fully learned, and that the tactics since adopted, as those evolved from the effects of new weapons and smokeless powder, need important modifications, in view of the true history of late wars. The work was in the nature of a rebellion against the opposition of the Prussian General Staff to any questioning of the official history, and showed an independence of thought and force of reasoning which compelled attention. The translator has been laborious and conscientious, but his English is often tangled with the German idioms, and one sometimes feels the need of the original as a "pony" to help out the translation. For instance, what would an Englishman, unacquainted with the German, make of this sentence: "It is like the senseless rule of crude forces, and therewith has never anything been attained"? (p. 300).

Mr. Wiley Britton has published the second volume of his 'Civil War on the Border' (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 8vo, pp. 546), which, with the former volume (1890), completes his narrative of military operations in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and the Indian Territory. The work bears the marks of careful compilation and good use of the opportunities given by the author's connection with the War Office at Washington, and deals with campaigns in which he had a part. It is well printed, with ornamental head and tail-pieces, maps, and illustrations. It has two serious deficiencies: it is without an index, though this is partly supplied by full analytic tables of contents of the chapters. It lacks the references to the Official Records, without which any testing of the narrative is very laborious and difficult. The conflict of assertions between Confederate and national writers is perhaps more sharp in discussions of these frontier campaigns than elsewhere, the charges of brigandage and violation of the laws of war are more frequent, and the array of the author's authorities was therefore more imperative than usual. By this omission he loses the weight as an authority which would have been given him if his accuracy as an historian could be proved by his use of his materials.

Taking *cum grano* the author's suggestion that, "for the ordinary man with the ordinary purse," there is not "a better playground to be had in Great Britain or the Continent," some visitors to Ireland could not do better than purchase Stephen Gwynn's 'Highways and Byways in Donegal and Antrim' (Macmillan), and visit the districts described. There is too much history, too much effort to place the now matter-of-fact inhabitants of that part of Ireland in an "interesting" light; the author makes too little allowance for capricious weather (often for weeks fatal to all enjoyment); but upon the whole the book is lively and interesting. The illustrations are charming; we have never seen better of Irish life and character. "The Church," "The Royal Irish," "The Cattle Drover," "The Guide," "The Piper," "The Donegal Lass," "A Low-Backed Car," are, to any one who knows Ireland and has a sense of humor, in themselves worth the price of the book.

In 'Homère: Étude Historique et Critique' (Paris: Fontemoing). M. Victor Terret has written more than 600 pages of extreme interest to lovers and students of the Homeric poems. His first chapter deals with the tradition as to the life, time, and residence of Homer, which is followed by a consideration of the MSS. of the poems in their relation to the early critics. With chapter 3 begins the discussion of modern Homeric criticism, which is then examined in its relation to both 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey.' The conclusions of the author are thoroughly in favor of the unity and authenticity of the poems, as he has an answer to all the arguments brought forth by the several schools of criticism. In conclusion comes a chapter on art in the poems, followed by a fairly good bibliography of works on Homer filling 100 pages. The book will be welcomed by conservatives who still prefer to maintain their belief in the reality of Homer.

The *Sewance Review* of the University of the South, a serious quarterly review of history and literature, edited by Prof. William P. Trent, will hereafter bear the imprint of Longmans, Green & Co.

The hydrography of the Caucausus, with maps, and the native tribes of the upper Ubangi Basin are the subjects treated in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for June. In the notes, a favorable account is given of the economic condition of German East Africa. The trade is steadily increasing, in consequence largely of the fact that the Government has constructed nearly eight hundred miles of road for wheeled carriages. The principal products are tobacco, sugar, and coffee, the last being cultivated by native labor under German supervision. Notwithstanding the injury to the coffee plants from drought and locusts, the export of the year 1897-98 was nearly three times as great as that of the previous year.

The principal topic of the *Geographical Journal* for June is the Nyassa-Tanganyika plateau. Capt. Boileau, a member of the Anglo-German Boundary Commission, gives a topographical description of the region and an unusually sympathetic account of the natives. They are industrious, honest, "extraordinarily unselfish," and keenly appreciative of the value of industrial education. At the Livingstonia Mission school at Bandawe and in the branches within the radius of twenty miles the daily attendance was 6,000, each child paying six cents for a session of three months. "This, it is found, secures a regular attendance, owing to a feeling, not altogether extinct among ourselves, of 'having our money's worth,' and consequently it gives the teachers a much greater hold over the pupils than if the teaching were given gratis." The most interesting part also of Mr. L. A. Wallace's narrative of his explorations in this same region is that in which he describes the customs, superstitions, industries, and amusements of the natives who accompanied him on his expeditions. The set phrases of some of their longer songs and stories, he discovered, were not fully understood by the people, and he suggests that they may be the remains of an archaic language handed down orally through many generations. A detailed account is given of Lake Rukwa, which he was the first European to explore thoroughly, and also of Lake Mweru and of the extraordinary fluctuation of the water in all this region. The great Mweru marsh, a noted resort for elephants, has recently been proclaimed a preserve by order of the British South Africa Company.

The Paris Geographical Society has reciprocated the courtesy of the Royal Geographical Society, which presented two medals to Frenchmen at its annual meeting in June, by awarding a medal to Mr. F. G. Jackson, the well-known Arctic explorer. At the same meeting of the British Society our Ambassador, Mr. Choate, in behalf of the American Geographical Society of New York, presented a medal to Sir John Murray of *Challenger* fame.

A movement of practical bearing upon the well-being of man and beast is the advance-

ment of veterinary science, which has recently received a new impulse in Switzerland. It is not improbable that the excellent veterinary school at Berne will ere long be united with the University as a special faculty, in which case the students would be held to the same preparatory requirements at those of (human) medicine and be recognized as candidates for the doctor's degree. The University of Giessen already confers the degree of *doctor medicinæ veterinariæ* upon German veterinarians in possession of a *Maturitätszeugniss;* but in other German veterinary institutions the requirements for admission and graduation are comparatively low. Dr. von Salvisberg, the editor of *Hochschul-Nachrichten*, points out, in a recent number of his paper, the timeliness of elevating veterinary studies to a plane corresponding to the advanced state of the tributary sciences.

—The Nebraska Historical Society prints the Journals of William Walker, Provisional Governor of the Territory, with notes by William E. Connelley. Walker was of Indian blood, belonging to the Big Turtle Clan of the Wyandot tribe, and of much influence among the Indians. He was a classmate of S. P. Chase, had served as Secretary to Gen. Cass, and in 1843 went with his tribe to Kansas (which then included Nebraska). The discoveries of gold in California in 1849 led to a large migration of persons through this Territory, and the pressure of population from the East was increasing. It was obvious that the white men would want the lands, and for them to want was to have, in spite of treaty obligations. The Indians determined to institute a Territorial government, and carried it through in the face of objection and obstruction from Washington. Walker was the first Governor, chosen by his nation, and at the first election of delegate to Congress the candidate he favored was defeated, by means which indicated the nature of the situation. The opposition "had the whole power of the Federal Government, the presence and active support of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, the military, the Indian agents, missionaries, Indian traders, etc.—a combined power that was irresistible." A slaveholder, Walker hated abolitionism, and when the time came for his nation to decide between North and South, it went over to the side of slavery. The feeling was intensified by the fact that it was a church question, a split in the Methodist Church; and four years after the break, Walker wrote a sixteen-page letter to show up the preachers of the northern division of the church and their abolitionism.

—It is not for their bearing on national politics that the Journals are most interesting. They tell more of the life on the frontier of these half-breeds, the incidents of a new settlement under a somewhat better government than their white neighbors could show. The Council was regularly elected each year, passed laws, made regulations, held trials, and granted divorces. There was much killing, and the drinking was general and deadly—"mania a potu" being frequently recorded. As Indians, the people kept up some of the tribal observances, such as the grand dances and the green-corn feast. As whites, they gave dinners, entertained strangers, and received instruction in music. Certain superstitions remained in force; Friday as an evil day being one, and the holding in the hand of a live mole till it was dead, a supposed cure for rheumatism, being another. An excessive indulgence in drugs may also be noted, and Walker adopts, in 1846, the "Turkish custom" of a daily sponge bath, a practice not common in the East at that early day. Walker was a man of more ability than his Journals show, for he was an eager reader of the newspapers and a frequent contributor to them, a critic of Schoolcraft, a correspondent of Lyman Draper on Indian affairs; and he read 'David Copperfield.' His daily life was varied. "Chunked up my log heap. Finished my letter to the Archbishop. Must attend a special meeting of the chiefs to-day to prepare for the convocation of the nation to-morrow"—was the record on one day. Some interesting extracts from the diary of Abelard Guthrie, the agent of the Territory at Washington, are given, and the work is enriched with much personal history collected by Mr. Connelley. The French sentences, of which there are many, need much revision.

—The results of the hypsometric measurements recently made by Sir William Martin Conway of the High Andes of Bolivia seem to determine definitively that Aconcagua, in Argentina, is the loftiest summit of the American Cordilleras, and accordingly the culminating point of the entire Western Hemisphere. Although this was the general assumption of geographers, the rival claims of the Nevado de Sorata and Illimani, which in the older geographies were represented to have altitudes respectively of 25,200 and nearly 24,000 feet, and even quite recently to approximate these heights, have left the question an open one. The present observations reduce these elevations to 21,710 feet (for the highest peak of the Sorata or Illampu) and 21,015 feet, a result strikingly in accord with that obtained by Minchin—21,470 and 21,224 feet—and about equally correspondent with that derived by the English geologist Pentland from his revised triangulation conducted in 1838, which gave 21,286 feet for the Sorata and 21,145 feet for Illimani. The absolute altitude of Aconcagua is, perhaps, still in doubt, but the measurements of Fitzgerald and Zurbriggen, made during their late successful and unsuccessful attempts to attain the summits, would seem to give the mountain a height fully equal to that which had been assumed for it by Fitzroy and Darwin, 23,200 feet, and about a thousand feet more than was claimed by the Spanish engineer Pissis (22,422 feet). The Sorata and Illimani now not impossibly also yield second place, as a number of summits, both in northern Chili and in Bolivia, are close competitors, and have at least the advantage of being reputed to be more lofty.

—With these revised measurements of the South American summits it is interesting to note that the North American mountains have likewise suffered some change as regards their respective claims to supremacy. Mounts Brown and Hooker, which for a long time occupied on the map a position among the Canadian Rockies as generous rivals of the highest peaks of the Alps, have, so far as it has been possible to identify these mountains in the field, suddenly withdrawn 4,000 to 6,000 feet of their accredited heights, and are now only modest elevations of less (perhaps considerably less) than 11,000 feet. A somewhat similar fate befell Mount Hood, in Oregon, the better part of a quarter of a century ago, when its sudden fall from stages of 17,000, 15,000, and 13,000 feet brought out the saying that a new measurement (subsequently made by Lieut. Williamson) would reduce the volcano to a hole in the ground. Fifteen hundred feet has been taken off the summit of Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, as a result of recent measurements, leaving it second in height to Orizaba, in Mexico, as one of the culminating points of the North American continent. A compensation for this loss is, however, had in the superior height of Mount Logan, which stands near to it in British territory (assumed to be 19,500 feet), and in that of the giant mountain of central Alaska, south of the middle course of the Yukon, which has been "developed" as the result of the recent exodus to the gold regions. A late Government survey gives to this mountain (the Mt. McKinley of the newer maps—*Bolshaya* of the Russians)—an elevation of 20,464 feet, and, therefore, the highest eminence north of South America.

—A work of high importance has just been issued in Paris under the direction of the Commision of the Naval Records. It is called 'État sommaire des Archives de la Marine antérieures à la Révolution,' and was prepared for publication by M. D. Neuville. The almost chaotic condition of the French archives has been a sore trial to those wishing to obtain material from them, and this careful list of the manuscript volumes, with a glance at the general nature of their contents, will be a welcome guide. The operations of the French navy in American waters during the colonial period and in aid of the American Revolution (the latter in thirty-nine volumes) are merely special phases of its history. There are four volumes of personal notes and letters from D'Estaing, and two volumes of letters addressed to him. The records include all the ordinances relating to the navy and the construction of ships, lists of the officers and men, dispatches from civil and naval officers at home ports, in the colonies, and in foreign countries; the notes and orders from the King and his ministers of the navy; memoirs on the defence of the kingdom and on naval operations abroad; the expenses of maintenance and construction. Not a branch of naval activity is neglected, and the records extend from 1278 to 1790. This mine of manuscript material has hardly been touched by investigators.

—The files of the Marine Office are not complete, for much has been placed in other departments, like that of Foreign Affairs and the Hydrographic Bureau, and much has been lost. The National Library has some of the records, the Mazarine Library other parts, and the Ministry of the Colonies has claimed not a little for its service. The records for 1771 can be found only in the different ports where agents were placed, while those for 1786 to 1789 are very incomplete, owing to the destruction of papers during the Revolution. M. Neuville has prepared many notes giving short sketches of the principal officers of the marine, and has indicated the changes in organization, or in the details of management, which have affected the relations of the navy to the Government, or the different divisions to each other. Not the least interesting are the consequences of political or religious events such as the revocation of the Edict of Nantes or the expulsion of the Jesuits (p. lv). A brief list is given of the men of science who have been connected with the navy, and of the voyages of discovery or exploration set on foot by this branch of the service—an honorable record,

indeed. M. Neuville notes with some pride that Spain and Russia adopted their naval administrations from that of France, and borrowed French engineers, constructors, and officers to organize their marines, to arm their ships, and even to lead them against the enemy. One chapter should not be overlooked, viz., that which tells of the *Chiourmes*, men condemned to penal servitude but employed in the arsenals and the galleys. Of course, the galleys are an important detail in this interesting and valuable compilation. An index is to follow.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding, by Godefroid Kurth of a practical course of historical instruction at the University of Liége, in 1874, has been celebrated by his friends and colleagues in a handsome volume, edited by Paul Fredericq, recounting the development in Belgium of scientific training in historical studies. This method of teaching history, which has produced results so admirable, was started so long ago as 1830, by Leopold Ranke. It spread through Germany and Austria, and in 1868 Victor Duruy introduced it in France by founding the École Pratique des Hautes Études. Its development in Belgium, after the initiative of Prof. Kurth, was the work of earnest and self-sacrificing men, who, without governmental assistance or the equipment essential for the full advantages of the system, resolutely persevered until, in 1890, their voluntary courses of instruction were recognized officially as part of the curriculum of the universities, although the necessary financial assistance has still been withheld. The main portion of the volume consists of reports of sixteen of these courses, showing the various plans adopted to overcome obstacles and to produce results with inadequate means. It is a story full of encouragement, and ought, we think, to afford valuable hints to those in our country who are engaged in the task of elevating the study of history from a mere mnemonic exercise to the position of a veritable science.

PATTEN'S DEVELOPMENT OF ENGLISH THOUGHT.

The Development of English Thought: A Study in the Economic Interpretation of History. By Simon N. Patten, Ph.D., Professor of Political Economy, Wharton School of Finance and Economics, University of Pennsylvania. Macmillan. 1899. Pp. xxvii, 415.

This book rejoices in the reproach of paradox. Its dominant principle is that to write the history of English thought you must study something else. The common notion is that the history of a people's intellectual life is like the history of a special science, like the history of geometry. There is a special matter to be understood on the one side, there are a number of persons investigating it on the other. One man discovers one thing, another another thing; each teaches and learns from his companion, and the whole affair is a matter of pure intelligence. Its development is a continuous growth from within. In the case of a people, the subject to be investigated is simply the universe, and the persons investigating are simply everybody. In distinction from this, Dr. Patten's notion is that "necessities of survival take precedence of matter of fact." A people's ideals and way of looking at things are not and cannot be determined primarily by intelligence. They must be such as confirm that people in habits that fit it to its environment, and the ideals and beliefs that fit one people at one time do not fit another people or the same people at another time. The beliefs are determined not by intelligence but by the environment. "Heredity thus creates both the ideals of a race and the motor reactions through which they may be realized"; and if these change, it is because the environment has changed first. The beneficent lie—say, for the followers of Mahomet, the dogma of the Mohammedan paradise—takes precedence of the discouraging truth; and individuals who discover the latter are simply eliminated in the struggle for existence. They are handicapped by the disease of an untimely intelligence. The intellectual life of a people does not develop from within and is not a continuum, it is simply a succession of by-products, of indications of a succession of changes in something else; and histories of thought on the model of the usual histories of philosophy are dull because they are unintelligent; they are simply a succession of anecdotes with dates and names. "History, to be valuable, must be studied in groups, and each group of ideas connected with its roots in the underlying conditions, and not with its antecedents in the same group." "Each nation has as many epochs in the development of its thought as it has marked changes in its environment."

The changes in the environment, then, of a people are, in Dr. Patten's judgment, what the historian of thought must first master; and, migration apart, the changes in a people's environment are for the most part economic. The importation of a new foodstuff or material for clothing has more to do with the development of thought than all the doctors of all the schools. The growth in England, for example, of Puritanism and all that it has meant for literature and ways of thinking about morality and the family, was due, in Dr. Patten's judgment, in the main to the introduction—well!—of woollen underclothing and sufficient shelter. There was a time when the Englishman, in his inclement climate, was clothed in linen, and was ill-housed. The feeble simply never reached maturity in such circumstances. The survivors were literally riotous with health, and all their institutions—their food, their merrymakings and games, no less than their literature and habits of speech and thought—reflected their temperament. "Men lived only for a moment; they acted quickly and fiercely," because, on the whole, only by so acting could they act and live at all. And "in fighting clans it was necessary to offer every inducement for childbearing. Festivals, feasts, and social gatherings were designed to provoke the passions." Chastity becomes a dominant motive only after economic welfare has progressed so far that the danger to the community is over-population rather then under-population.

"Even a century ago, men enjoyed washing out of doors in winter, and loved to throw ice-water over their bare shoulders. The internal furnaces raged so fiercely that only by such means could they be rendered bearable. Picture the early English clothed in linen instead of wool, and you will begin to realize what constitutions they had."

"There is no better way of showing the results of economic changes than to take this man of nature and put him into heavy woollen clothes, build him a comfortable house, and set him by a blazing fire. The fierce internal combustion and the vigorous appetite will not only be useless, but positively injurious. The fires must be banked and the appetites reduced. Changes like these cannot take place in a day without evil results. The dissipation that Englishmen plunged into was largely due to the suddenness of the economic change. What could not come to the surface went to the heart and corrupted it. In contrast to this natural Englishman we must think of the Puritan as a man needing warm clothing and a comfortably heated house. He wore mufflers and fur-gloves when out of doors, and used pills instead of exercise to promote his digestion."

His mode of thought in effect was but the expression of his temperament; and it and he became dominant in English life, not because of any truth to fact in their way of looking at things, nor because of the genius of Hampden and Cromwell and their kind, nor because the Puritan by temperament was a new thing in the world, but because in the old circumstances the Puritan baby died in the cradle, and in the new circumstances the Cavalier baby was diseased in his manhood.

The main criticism to be passed on Dr. Patten's book is, that it is a large general theory which, in its application to the history of English thought, he has illustrated rather than proved. The theory itself makes a powerful appeal to a generation that has been subjected to the vogue of the "development hypothesis"; and the actuality of the beneficent lie, of the invigorating illusion, will hardly be denied except by the enthusiast who illustrates in his own person the fact which he ignores. But the circumspect theorist, who is conscious of a plurality of possible causes, will ask for a great deal more evidence than Dr. Patten has given that the Puritan really did possess a feebler constitution than the Cavalier, or a different constitution, and that the Cavalier's comparative ineffectiveness was for the most part due, however remotely, to his inherited vigor. Also, when Dr. Patten comes to select specific authors in whom to trace and to explain the course of English thought, his choice, in especial his choice in omissions—Berkeley, for example—is apt to seem to the reader to be governed by the exigencies of his theory; and the necessity under which he finds himself of reconstructing their books, sometimes on inferential grounds, cannot but leave the reader with a sense of legerdemain, in spite of the wholly probable principles of interpretation upon which Dr. Patten proceeds, viz., that "all great writers are lazy," and that "discovery follows a natural track, but expression has all the errors of current education." It may seem a more serious criticism that, in his reconstruction of the writings of the philosophers, Dr. Patten makes here and there a statement about them which the specialist will probably challenge outright. But it must be remembered that none of Dr. Patten's illustrations are of the essence of his argument; and that his errors in detail, if errors they be, are but the blemishes which, by a preëstablished discord, are always present in books too good to be wholly academic.

In any case, Dr. Patten's conviction, that the ideals and deepest beliefs of men are determined in accordance with the law of causation rather than in accordance with the laws of right thinking, is one in which philosophers, as distinguished from metaphysicians, may well find their account; and the last word of any criticism of the 'Development of English Thought' must be that the book is persistently and almost wantonly intelligent.

Even a hostile critic will hasten to admit that it is clever, and will add at once that it is clever at a great depth. It is clever page by page, and sentence by sentence, in season and out of season—if cleverness in a book is ever unseasonable. There is everywhere in it the suggestion of a quaint humor which has counted for something in the insistence on woollen underclothing, the bath-tub, the sugar diet, and the motherly man, and it is full of *obiter dicta* which, by force of sheer perceptiveness (we do not say sheer sense for fact), have much the effect of wit:

"Home is a concept the power of which depends even more on what it excludes than on what it contains." "The law aims at securing peace, not justice, and vests property-rights in things possessed, not in things earned." "New conditions give modern nations in each new epoch the same impetus to progress that in former times they gave new nations." "The enduring nations are kept progressive by repeated transition from one environment to another, in each of which the process of development and adjustment is renewed." "The striking features of every progressive nation are due to the breach between the national character and the environment." "As a race, we no longer see the world as it is, but as we make it," and "our appetites are stronger than they need be to secure survival under present environing conditions." "The only remedy for vice is elimination. Those ideals that represent the highest type of men as possessing strong appetites and passions under firm control, are based on false premises. This control is possible only under primitive conditions, where strong appetites and passions are necessary."

Of longer passages, the following is at the moment, perhaps, especially pertinent:

"There is really nothing on which the English race can base the claim they so often make that they have a peculiar aptitude for the development of political institutions. They have been too conservative to develop institutional life beyond the needs of a primitive society. [Dr. Patten on another page speaks of "the difficulty of governing half the world on principles that are fitted for a country town."] Peace and security have come not from Anglo-American institutions, but from the instincts inculcated during the supremacy of the Church, the favorable economic conditions, and that spirit of compromise which has been forced on the race by the presence of opposing types of men. Given these instincts and conditions, almost any institutions would be successful. Where these conditions are lacking, the failure of our institutions is lamentably apparent, and our inability to remedy them even more obvious."

THE PITFALLS OF GENEALOGY.

The Principal Genealogical Specialist; or, Regina v. Davies, and the Shipway Genealogy. By W. P. W. Phillimore. London. 1899. Pp. 64.

Matthews's American Armoury and Blue Book. London: John Matthews.

The forgery of a pedigree has always been an attractive pursuit for literary rascals. It is so easy to change a name or a date, so easy to copy genuine documents with such a change, and yet have the result otherwise impregnable to literary criticism—the very critics are so friendly and the rewards generally so generous—that it is not surprising to find the taint of fraud resting upon scores of genealogies. In fact, the real genealogist hesitates to accept any authority, excepting one tried as by fire, for any statement, however trivial. The respect for ties of ancestry and relationship which seems innate in all British races, the desire to come of good stock, leads to a facile reception of all stories, and especially of all documents, which seem to dignify the bearers of an old name. The proofs are rarely understood by the persons interested, being old documents written centuries ago, in a handwriting decipherable only by experts. The public is but slightly interested in the truth, and false politeness forbids any criticism of the pedigree of an acquaintance, even as you would forbear testing the quality of his silver at a dinner party. For example, how many of your friends parade coats-of-arms on their rings and their note-paper, and yet how often do you stop to inquire into the genuineness of such pretensions? Every man is allowed to make his claim, protected by the fact that his neighbor is sinning similarly.

Great Britain has kept herself very free from spurious peers. The democratic principle by which only one of the heirs of a peer in each generation becomes a peer, and the rapidity with which the junior branches lose even courtesy titles, has a very salutary effect upon pretenders. The title of Earl of Derby is one of the landmarks of English history; but the late Prime Minister entered Parliament as a commoner, Mr. Smith-Stanley. Queen Victoria may live to see her great-grandchildren return to the ranks of the gentry. Four or five generations have brought the descendants of William Duff, the corn-factor, Earl of Fife, to a royal alliance; the same number of descents will bring them back to the Duffs. Once in a great while some one lays claim to a forgotten peerage, some title forfeited or in abeyance is revived by royal favor, but always after as close a scrutiny and compliance with proper laws as if the revenues of the Duke of Westminster were involved.

But alongside the peerage there exists the untitled class of gentlemen of birth and coat-armor having a claim to social recognition most precious in their eyes. To gain admission into this charmed circle is a distinction, yet a claim thereto is not such a challenge to the whole world as the assumption of a title. Here, therefore, is the great field for the enterprise of the pedigree-maker, and it is the one which has afforded the greatest triumphs of his skill. The immense fortunes accumulated within a century in commerce and the arts have brought forward millionaires able to buy every luxury but ancestry. Why should this crowning glory be denied them? In fact, the supply equals the demand, and the gorgeous fictions of Sir Bernard Burke do credit to Ananias. Of course, from time to time, some indignant critic exposes a specially flagrant case, but after a brief space the trade revives. In 1864 a distinguished Scotch antiquary, who wrote much over the signature of "Anglo-Scotus," exposed to scorn the famous Coulthart pedigree, perhaps the boldest and most absurd of all examples. For some ten or twelve years, by pamphlets, engravings, and even by memorial windows and tombs, the presumed records of the great Coulthart family had been made public. County histories, genealogical magazines, even Burke's 'Landed Gentry,' were crowded with citations from the annals of the family of John Ross Coulthart of Coulthart, traced through thirty generations to Coulthartus, a Roman lieutenant under Julius Agricola. In every generation the Coultharts were famous in war and fortunate in matrimony. In 1240 Sir Roger was granted the famous coat-of-arms of three black colts courant on a silver shield, and married a daughter of Walter the Steward of Scotland. In each generation knights maintained the family honors, and their wives were from distinguished families. And yet the slightest investigation showed that this pedigree was an absolute fabrication, the proofs being absolutely and amusingly set forth in the book entitled 'Popular Genealogists, or the Art of Pedigree-making.' It was shown that there never was any clan of Coulthart, no barony, no knights, no noble alliances, no person of the name holding even a small piece of land worthy of record. The very coat-of-arms was merely a modern grant, purchasable by any one. The earliest ancestor capable of identification seems to have lived in the last century, and was great-great-grandfather of the credulous gentleman at whose expense this fairy tale was prepared.

It is understood that this exposure had a salutary effect for years, but the first book cited at the head of this article refers to a recent fraud and a late exposure. It is not a glorious fraud like the other, but it has some novel features. In 1895 one Col. Shipway, knowing only that his grandfather came from Gloucestershire, desired to trace his ancestry. To his misfortune he met one Herbert A. Davies, "the principal genealogical specialist," whom he engaged, for some $9 a week and expenses, to make researches. Mr. Davies went for facts, and soon reported the existence of parish records, wills, family records, etc., of Shipways and the ancestry of his patron. He forged the necessary proofs, and crowned his exploits by stealing the tomb of one Hicks in Mangotsfield, a new tombstone being set up; a monument to the Blounts was also appropriated and turned over to the alleged Shipways. Owing to the gross carelessness of officials, Davies had access to the original wills at Hereford and Worcester, and he substituted forgeries in the files. He also borrowed and altered the parish records.

Retribution came when Mr. Phillimore was informed by Col. Shipway of these interesting discoveries. The antiquary promptly recognized the forgery, and began investigations. Luckily, Col. Shipway communicated Mr. Phillimore's report to his solicitors, Messrs. Underwo d & Upton. We say luckily, because Mr. Underwood, jr. (why did they leave the second mate in charge?), wrote several supercilious and pompous letters to Mr. Phillimore, severally criticising his report, and adding that he (the aforesaid second mate) had had the whole of the papers inspected by a "gentleman who, we believe, is recognized as the *highest authority* in these matters, and he has pronounced them *perfectly genuine*," while Mr. Phillimore's points were "absolutely futile and without foundation." Alas, poor Davies! This impertinence sealed his fate. No genuine genealogist, especially one as learned and as prominent as Mr. Phillimore, could brook such an insult from a layman. Col. Shipway was wise enough to trust the expert, and, by due process of law, the whole miserable imposture was exposed. Mr. Davies got about $3,500 from his employer and a sentence of three years' penal servitude from the Court.

It is only fair to add that Mr. Phillimore's interference was due not merely to his zeal as an antiquary, but to his belief that the "public records are mostly in a very inefficient custody." "They are exposed to every danger of theft, fire, damp,

and fraud. Their custodians care little about them; more often than not they cannot even read the documents of which, grotesque though it may seem, they alone are the persons authorized to supply certified copies." Again he writes: "These priceless documents are now the heritage not merely of Englishmen, but of our kindred beyond the seas in America and the Colonies, and we ought to guard them properly." Mr. Phillimore's name is well known on this side of the Atlantic for his genealogical researches, and we shall think all the more of him for his persistence in exposing knavery at home.

The editor of 'Matthews's American Armoury and Blue Book' shrewdly states that the "Armoury" contains the names of those entitled to bear arms by descent in some form, and the "Blue Book" contains the names of those "descended from the early settlers in America, and of those who held high positions in the state either before or after the Revolution." Mr. Matthews also includes among his *armigeri* those whose right to arms is "by reason of their having been used for at least three generations or the space of not less than one hundred years, for which a precedent is to be found in the words of Sir William Dugdale, Norroy, King of Arms, on the occasion of a Heralds' Visitation A. D. 1668, which runs as follows:

"Therefore, it will be requisite that he do look over his own evidences for some seals of arms, for perhaps it appears in them; and if so, and they have used it from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign or about that time, I shall allow thereof, for our directions are limiting us so to do, and not for a shorter prescription of usage."

Now if Dugdale ever wrote thus (and no citation is given), the reply is that he is no authority, being only one officer of Heralds' College and a writer notorious for making fictitious pedigrees. Secondly, the authorities on English and Scotch heraldry expressly deny any such rule, and insist that no arms are legal or recognized unless approved by the college. Mr. Matthews's statement makes us mistrust either his knowledge or his honesty, as his limit of one hundred years takes us back to the period when impostors were flooding this country with spurious coats-of-arms.

Now as to the Book and Armoury, we will take the cases as they run, criticising only New England names, because Savage's great book tells us about these emigrants. The first name is that of Lord Fairfax, which is incontestable. The next is a family descended from John Greene of Providence, 1637. Savage says he was from Salisbury in Wiltshire. The arms here engraved are borne by many families of Green, but where is the pedigree? Then we have a family descended from James Boutwell of Lynn, of whom Savage says merely that he was a freeman, 1639, who left two sons. No titles or pedigree recorded there. The family of John Thomas of Portsmouth, R. I., is not recorded by Savage. John Benjamin of (Watertown and) Boston, 1632, was a constable in 1632. George Thomas of Boston, 1660, is barely mentioned by Savage. Richard Dana of Cambridge, 1640, though famous in his progeny, seems never to have held any position to mark him from his fellows. Ensign Samuel Corning of Boston, 1641, is not in Savage. Thomas Macy of Nantucket has no facts added to the record of his children. John Emery of Newbury seems to be undistinguished. Desmond Fitzgerald, the eminent civil engineer, born in Nassau, N. P., is an undoubted member of the Fitzgeralds of County Mayo, Ireland, with a pedigree and a coat-of-arms.

We will stop our regular examination, page by page, with a descendant of Miles Standish, whose coat-of-arms is on p. 15, especially as Mr. Matthews refers to this family in his preface as one of his strong cards. But Miles Standish did not know his own pedigree, as the following extract from his will shows. It is printed in the *N. E. Historic and Genealogical Register*, v. 336: "I give unto my son . . . Allexander Standish all my lands as heire apparent in Ormistick," etc., etc., "given to me as right heire by lawful descent, but surreptitiously detained from me, my great-grandfather being a second or younger brother from the house of Standish of Standish." This is a pretty slender claim, with four generations omitted, and we need hardly say that the Visitations and county historians do not record this line, though the property mentioned has never lacked an owner.

A careful inspection of the names in this book fails to show more than a half-dozen families in New England belonging to the colonial gentry. The plan of the book is perfectly absurd, as no American pedigree even is given. The present generation and its alleged progenitors, some three centuries ago, are named, but not a single proof of English pedigree or affiliation is adduced. The coats-of-arms are evidently copied from 'Burke's Armory,' that ragbag of heraldry, but the local and civic honors of the subscribers are fully set forth. We regret to notice that so many belong to the mushroom crop of so-called "Sons and Daughters" of various kinds. Probably herein lies the explanation of the publication of this absurd book. In its present form it is a disgrace to our literature, and will make American heraldry a target for the ridicule of Britishers. But probably the persons who have paid for this immortality are serenely unconscious of any foreign rules and customs, and will continue to parade their fictitious coats-of-arms, and to swear by Mr. Matthews until the educated public covers them with deserved ridicule.

A WOMAN'S ADVOCATE.

The Life and Work of Susan B. Anthony; Including public addresses, her own letters and many from her contemporaries during fifty years. By Ida Husted Harper. In two volumes. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co. 1898.

This is an autobiographical biography. Though written by Mrs. Harper, it has been written under Miss Anthony's supervision, and gives us at every point her own construction of events and of her part in them, except that she has sometimes objected to the lavish praise; but this Mrs. Harper was bound should not be left out. The book is somewhat loosely put together, too many of the letters being without date even where the date counts. The writer has not cultivated Emerson's virtue of understatement, especially in speaking of meetings addressed by or doing honor to her friend. There are few obvious errors, the persistent misspelling of Abby Kelley Foster's middle name being the most conspicuous of these. It is difficult to recognize Samuel J. May as "Rev. May," and William Henry Channing as "Rev. Channing," but these are minor matters. Of much more importance is it that the subtitle of the book, "A Story of the Evolution of the Status of Woman," is not made good in these two bulky volumes, numbering jointly 1,070 pages.

What we have here, told with contagious sympathy and loyal admiration, is the story of the evolution of the status of *a* woman—Susan B. Anthony. It is an instructive and inspiring one. The contrast between the earlier and the later stages of her great contention is exceedingly dramatic. The gains have been immense: "the full right to speak in public; nearly the same industrial and educational opportunities; in many States, almost equal legal rights, and not one State wholly under the English common law which wholly prevailed" when Miss Anthony began her work. To these gains add the right of equal suffrage in four Western States, the school suffrage of women here and there, and certain approximations to municipal suffrage, though Miss Anthony regards such concessions as injurious to the main business—they are tubs to the whale that divert him from his normal course. But what is most significant in the story of Miss Anthony's personal career is that "there was [when she set out] as much opposition among the masses of men and women to *all* that [she] advocated as exists to-day against the demand for the ballot; yet the close of the century finds all practically granted except the ballot." It is clear that economic and social pressures have been Miss Anthony's "great allies" in some particulars.

It is a pleasant and important circumstance that, with infinite social obstruction, Miss Anthony had only kindly furtherance from those of her own family and home. This made a difference that we can hardly overstate, especially as hers was a most tender filial heart. Of the social obstruction we have many hateful illustrations. There were no limits to the scurrility of the attacks made upon her by the politicians, the pulpit, and the press. No doubt she sometimes stirred up animosity where she might have conciliated her opponents. It was not her business, again, to celebrate the felicities of domestic life. Even to the marriage of true minds she would have admitted impediments, could she have done so, when the contracting "parties of the second part" were her friends Mrs. Stanton, Lucy Stone Blackwell, and Antoinette Brown Blackwell. Indeed, Mrs. Stanton's domestic consciousness appears at less advantage here than in her own Reminiscences. So does her co-operation with Miss Anthony. Where Mrs. Stanton had only praise for Miss Anthony, Miss Anthony has some bright reflections on Mrs. Stanton's chronic backwardness in coming to her help. But there was never any serious break between these two, though they did not always pull together. With this exception, almost everybody falls out with everybody else in the course of the narrative. Mrs. Harper finds in this tendency to incoherency the penalty of pronounced individuality.

Miss Anthony was not infallible in judgment. She made some serious mistakes. Her alliance with George Francis Train was one; her long endeavor to work the Fourteenth Amendment as an instrument of equal suffrage was another. Both of these mistakes cost her many friends. Her alliance with Train saddled her with the *Revolution*, which, when Train pulled out, left her with a debt of $10,000 on her own

back. Nothing in her life became her more than the paying of this debt. It was the work of six or seven years. She had generous help, but about half of the sum was made up of her own lecturing. Happily, at the same time, she was doing her appropriate work, from which she never turned aside. One cannot imagine a life more unified than hers by a great central purpose subordinating every other to itself.

The book abounds in situations, episodes, and incidents of a highly dramatic character, some of them amusing, some of them pathetic, if not tragical. The collapse of the *Revolution* was as tragical as anything, measured by Miss Anthony's feelings. It almost broke her heart. She will, even now, handle the bound volumes as caressingly as if she were a mother and they the garment of a lost child. One would expect to find the Bloomer episode one of the most humorous, but, in fact, it is one of the most pathetic. The correspondence it occasioned, however, has some amusing passages. Miss Anthony was one of the last to adopt the dress, one of the first to discard it. She wore it from a sense of duty and to support her friends in their course of courageous action, but the fatal shirt of Hercules was not more painful to his flesh than that to her. She was between two fires: "Garrison, Phillips, Channing, May were bitterly opposed to the short dress, and tried to dissuade the women from wearing it by every argument in their power"; on the other hand were those women who believed in the reform and had suffered martyrdom for their adhesion to it. Miss Anthony agonized about it as only one could do with her exacting conscience and her loyalty to her friends. At length the hated dress was given up, and by the lengthening of her skirts her heart was made happier than it had been for a year.

Miss Anthony's financial management was as improvident as "Müller's life of trust," and had not, like that, the adjunct of resounding prayer. Sometimes, however, her necessities were prayers distinctly overheard by generous friends: hence at one time $5,000 from Francis Jackson, and at another $25,000 from his daughter, Mrs. Eddy. But much of the anxiety of Miss Anthony's experience has consisted in getting into debt and getting out again. Every new enterprise had its deficit, to which generally she contributed the most from her own earnings—frequently the whole amount. Her energy and pluck were something marvellous. This woman, who was derided as unfeminine, could come home exhausted by her travels and their incidents of hardship and privation, and do more housework and better than many of the women who called her evil names. One entry in her journal reads: "Helped the girl wash this morning; in the afternoon ironed six shirts and started for New York at four o'clock. Was a little bit tired." In one particular she afforded some color of truth to those who said she was unsexed: she could do man's work if necessary. She could whitewash her own kitchen, and, when her father would go to Kansas for the summer, "she took entire charge of the farm, put in the crops, watched over, harvested, and sold them; assisted her mother with the housework and the family sewing, and, by way of variety, pieced a silk quilt and wove twenty yards of rag carpet in the old loom." Her capacity for work and her endurance were preternatural.

Miss Anthony's long struggle for woman suffrage is hardly more impressive than the seven years' planning, working, and speaking for the married-women's-property law finally passed in 1860. A hundred times she was cast down, but never quite destroyed. Political parties she found to be all things to all women if by any means they might save some votes by getting women to speak on their platforms. Tempted to get woman suffrage by restricting the general basis, she stubbornly refused. She had no arts of concealment and abjured all compromises and half-way measures. One must seek long to find an equal consecration and such supreme unselfishness. So far was she from enjoying publicity that she shrank from it; was timid about speaking, and did not discover her ability as a speaker till 1870, when she was fifty years old. Nor may we forget that her half-century of devotion was to a cause which meant for her an equal good for men and women.

Our Insect Friends and Foes: How to Collect, Preserve and Study Them. By Belle S. Cragin, A.M. With 255 illustrations. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Pp. xix, 377.

Everyday Butterflies: A Group of Biographies. By Samuel Hubbard Scudder. With seventy-one illustrations, plain and colored. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Pp. vii, 391.

'Our Insect Friends and Foes' is an attempt to assist the child interested in insects, anxious to know how to get them and what to do with them when secured. The author aims to answer the questions most generally asked concerning apparatus for collecting, methods of preparation and general classification; and, in the main, she has succeeded well. Personal interest and knowledge are evident throughout the earlier pages, and the recommendations are both clear and practical. Had the book stopped there, or been continued merely to give a definition of the orders, with brief references to a few of the generally distributed forms in each, it would have been entirely commendable. Unfortunately, it goes further, and gives a classification (largely from Comstock's 'Manual,' but sometimes apparently from sources less reliable) which extends to families.

In the Lepidoptera the enumeration of families is quite complete; but in most other orders it is not, and in many, perhaps most, cases there is not the least indication of what the family characters are. Usually one, sometimes two or three, species are enumerated, and some general information is given in a few lines; but this part of the work makes it evident that the author has little personal acquaintance with her subject, and writes only what she has read, laboring to put it into a more simple and popular form. As a result, the enumeration becomes tedious to the reader, as the characterizations seem to have become perfunctory to the writer. The classification used in the Coleoptera is certainly unique, and utterly at variance with that accepted as standard by entomologists in the United States.

Concerning the illustrations it is impossible to say a good word. They are bad from every possible point of view: coarse line or stipple work, redrawn from published figures by an artist who never saw the specimens themselves, and did not hold detail except in the most general way. The picture of *Catocala ilia*, on page 126, must be one of the poorest insect illustrations ever published in this or any other country, and some of the beetle pictures are almost equally bad. In some cases the species are recognizable, but that is simply because the artist could not completely ignore his (or her) copy. The list of "Books of Reference" on page 339 could not easily be worse for the purpose intended, though the books cited are or have been very useful in themselves. Altogether the work as a whole will be of little use except as an introduction to the methods of collecting ordinarily available to the boy or girl of from eight to twelve years of age.

'Everyday Butterflies' is another of those delightful books which Mr. Scudder knows how to write so well. It is just exactly what it purports to be, and sixty-two species of the common butterflies of the Eastern United States have their stories told and their changes explained in a most interesting way. Mr. Scudder speaks always from personal knowledge, always with an intense interest in his subject, and always in the most accurate and entertaining way. Hence his latest book is good reading not only to the summer idler who is attracted by the flitting life about him, but to the more industrious student, who can rely both upon the accuracy of each statement and upon its completeness. Of the illustrations, nine are of the so-called three-color process engraving, and these, in the copy before us, leave something to be desired. The drawing is always good, the color generally so, but the register is bad, and this in many cases seriously mars the picture. The cuts are all good, and some are excellent.

A Study of Wagner. By Ernest Newman. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Richard Wagner continues to provide topics for discussion to many writers of two continents. Among recent additions to the Wagner literature in France and Germany are Henri Lichtenberger's 'Richard Wagner, Poète et Penseur,' the Comte de Chambrun's 'Wagner à Carlsruhe,' a book by Rudolph Louis on Wagner's philosophy of life, another by Hermann Pfordten on the sources of the Wagner dramas in legend and history, others still by Julius Burghold on leading motives, by "Dr. W. P.," on "Die Meistersinger," and by A. Schilling on Wagner's boyhood. In England the translation of his prose writings by Ashton Ellis has opened the floodgates, it is to be feared, for a number of new books. Not long ago Bernard Shaw wrote one in which Wagner's claim to consideration is made to lie chiefly in the socialistic doctrines he is supposed to have smuggled into his dramas, and now Ernest Newman comes forward with his 'Study of Wagner,' the gist of which is that "Wagner was a musician and nothing but a musician," and that his philosophical writings are full of the "crudest blunders of the amateur sociologist," consisting of "clumsy paralogisms" of the kind that Mr. Benjamin Kidd's 'Social Evolution' is made up of. And so the war goes on merrily, each writer appropriating that in Wagner which appeals to him, and berating those who differ from him. It depends entirely upon one's point of view, or mood, whether one finds this sort of thing funny, edifying, or tiresome.

Mr. Newman has unbounded admiration for Wagner the musician, but has no appreciation of his poetry; the references and notes, indeed, lead one to suspect that he does not understand German, in which case his criticism of Wagner's dramas is, of course, futile. It is too late in the day to discuss this point; a man who does not feel that Wagner showed the same genius in the dramatic structure of his poems as in the dramatic structure of his music cannot be helped by argument. In his strictures on Wagner's prose writings Mr. Newman makes out a much stronger case, but the trouble here is that he takes him too seriously as a philosopher—quite as seriously as Wagner took himself. He was not a philosopher, but an artist in every fibre, and he always wrote like an artist—diversely according to his moods, and often in a strain of exaggeration. To subject such writings to the logical dissecting knife is easy, but hardly worth while. Thus, in some of his essays Wagner no doubt did indulge in "cheap and narrow-minded laudation of the German race," but then are there not a good many praiseworthy traits in that nation, and did he not, in other moods, berate his own nation with the acerbity of Schopenhauer?

There are not a few interesting and suggestive pages in Mr. Newman's book, and his footnotes display great erudition; but he has wasted much ingenuity in hair-splitting discussion of the theories and the practice of Gluck and Wagner regarding the relations of the drama and music. Here, indeed, he comes perilously near the new school of London musical criticism which thinks it is "smart" to express opinions contrary to those which everybody else holds, and which, we may add, everybody will continue to hold. Mr. Newman has doubled the utility of his book by appending a good index, and there is another feature which increases its value—an eight-page synthetic table of Wagner's life and works and synchronous events. For instance, the seven years of Wagner's career as royal conductor in Dresden, the time when "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" were composed (1842-1849), coincide with the death of Cherubini, Franz's first set of songs, Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Berlioz's "Faust," the death of Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer's "Prophète," and the death of Chopin.

Die Geistigen und Socialen Strömungen des Neunzehnten Jahrhunderts. Von Theobald Ziegler, Professor an der Universität Strassburg. Berlin: Georg Bondi; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1899.

This book forms the first volume of a series entitled "Das Neunzehnte Jahrhundert in Deutschlands Entwicklung," which is intended as a popular encyclopædia of the varied manifestations of the German spirit in the public life of the last hundred years. The political history of Germany during this time is to be treated by Prof. Georg Kaufmann, the development of the natural sciences by Prof. Siegmund Günther, the technical industries by Prof. Reuleaux, the fine arts by Prof. Gurlitt, literature by Dr. Richard M. Meyer, and so on. That Prof. Ziegler should have been selected to lead off with a prelude on the moral and intellectual tendencies of the century in general seems eminently proper.

He has certainly succeeded in producing an interesting and instructive book. With a firm but gentle hand he leads us through the maze of conflicting movements, parties, and schools that have determined the path of German culture from the days of the brothers Grimm to those of William II. The Neo-Hellenism of the beginning of the century, the orgies of the Romantic philosophy of nature, the liberal and the reactionary elements of Hegelianism, the undermining quality of the literature of "Young Germany," the revolutionary agitation of the forties, the materialism and pessimism that set in with the failure of the uprising of 1848, the Bismarckian era, the present struggle between either socialistic or absolutistic state omnipotence on the one hand and the revived individualism of a Nietzsche or Hauptmann on the other—all these topics, and a great many others besides, stand out each in its own peculiar light and distinctness. And with these sketches of general movements there are interwoven animated and striking characterizations of great individuals, such as David Fr. Strauss, Schopenhauer, Bismarck, Treitschke—characterizations conspicuous for their fairness and objectivity even where, as in the case of Treitschke, the writer's instinctive antagonism to the personality portrayed by him is obvious.

Fairness may indeed be called the pervading trait of the whole book. Prof. Ziegler is a man of a remarkably wide range of intellectual sympathies. He is no less interested in the intricacies of the Hegelian system than in the issues that were at stake in the *Kulturkampf;* and his judgment of Richard Wagner is as well considered as that of the naturalistic revolt in the recent drama and painting. Philosophically, he is an eclectic, equally removed from any one of the metaphysical and moral systems which he discusses. Politically, he is a South German Liberal, but at the same time an enthusiastic worshipper of Bismarck; an opponent of militarism, but also a devout believer in universal military service. Sociologically, he is an individualist rather than a collectivist; yet his sympathy for the ideal demands of the Socialist creed, though half concealed by constitutional reservations, is none the less apparent. Æsthetically, he is an admirer of the idealism of the classic epoch of German literature; but that does not prevent him from breaking a lance for the sturdy realism of contemporary art. In short, he sees habitually both sides of a question; and even where, as in his somewhat unreasonable attacks upon what he calls Romanticism, he seems to deviate a little from the straight path of justice, this is the result not so much of partisan prejudice as of a rather wilful and inadequate terminology.

A personality of this sort is apt to lack the charm that emanates from whatever is impulsive, unhesitating, instinctive; and it must be admitted that Prof. Ziegler's disquisitions move on for the most part somewhat sluggishly. There is absent in them the irresistible trend of a truly inspired mind. One chapter follows the other with becoming order and neatness, but they do not grow out of each other—they are simply placed side by side; there is nothing inevitable in them, no unifying idea, no fundamental and undoubting faith. But it would be foolish to expect from a writer what the peculiarity of his temper forbids him to give, and there is certainly enough in this book to be grateful for. Though written for Germans, it seems particularly well adapted to the needs of foreigners who wish to know how the leading thoughts and the leading men of German national life in the nineteenth century are reflected in the mind of a representative German of to-day. The influence of a book like this, especially upon the growing generation, cannot help being of the best. Its mild yet manly spirit, its fearless independence, its breadth of sympathy, its calm and unaggressive patriotism are like oil upon the turbulent waters of party passion and hatred. If the majority of German students and university men were imbued with Prof. Ziegler's spirit, the days of Anti-Semitism, of leze-majesty prosecutions, and of Socialist fanaticism would soon be numbered, and the golden words with which he takes leave of his readers would be fulfilled:

"If our young men were to combine the martial vigor and the bold realism of to-day with the enlightened tolerance of their forefathers, then the twentieth century would be, not necessarily more peaceful than the nineteenth has been, but certainly more just and more evenly balanced. I am enough of an optimist to hope for this, for tolerance is a native element of the German mind. The word of Hegel, that history is progress towards freedom, is not yet obsolete. But free are only those who are both brave and humane."

The interest of the volume is heightened by contemporary portraits of Goethe, Schleiermacher, W. von Humboldt, Hegel, Heine, Strauss, Lassalle, Nietzsche, and others, although the value of these portraits is very uneven.

The United States of Europe on the Eve of the Parliament of Peace. By W. T. Stead. Doubleday & McClure Co. 1899.

Mr. Stead's support is not always welcome to those who have the permanent success of a cause at heart. It is not many years since he proposed to extinguish sexual immorality in London by expatiating in public on its shocking particulars, with such results as might have been expected. Nor has the city of Chicago repented because of Mr. Stead's proclamation of its depravity. In fact, sensational appeals seldom produce enduring reforms, and Mr. Stead's fame is principally due to his sensational writing. But it is only just to say that the letters here collected are for the most part moderate in expression, and their substance is undeniably interesting. The author has had the opportunity of conversing with many of those to whom the control of the political relations of the European States has been committed, and it is certainly no mean privilege to be admitted to an interview with the Czar. Mr. Stead's account of the feelings of that prince is extremely encouraging to all lovers of peace.

Alexander III., the father of the present Czar, made the campaign in Bulgaria, and the horrors that he then witnessed led him to resolve that his subjects should enjoy peace during his life. He was devoted to his family, and constantly endeavored to make his children detest war. He did not dwell on its pomp and glory, but on the frightful suffering that it caused, and, after relating the terrible events that he had witnessed, he would add, with great earnestness, "May God keep you from ever seeing war, or from ever drawing a sword." Nicholas II. appears to have been thoroughly convinced by his father's teaching, and Mr. Stead assures us

that he is passionately devoted to peace. He adds that in no point in his policy is there any antagonism whatever between his aims and the interests of the British Empire. That may be true, and yet the policy of the Czar may not be that of the rulers of Russia. But when we consider that no Power has anything to gain by attacking this vast empire, and that Russia has more to gain by peaceful internal development than by warfare, it is reasonable to conclude that the future of the common people of Europe is not without hope.

It could hardly be expected that Mr. Stead should neglect to refer to the melancholy contrast between the recent appeal of the Czar for relief from the burden of arms, and the "criminal aggression" in which President McKinley declares the American republic is now engaged. He is justified in emphasizing this contrast; but we may still hope that the sober second thought of our people will affect the policy of our rulers. On the other hand, it is to be considered that the relations of the States of Europe are in many ways more civilized than they were. Not the least effective part of Mr. Stead's letters is that which details the gradual yielding of military barriers to the pressure of modern trade and travel. The custom-houses still flourish, but they are less of a nuisance than formerly, and those who remember the days when a passport was indispensable to every traveller in Europe, can appreciate the progress that a few years have brought about.

Among the causes contributing to the unity of Europe, Mr. Stead reckons as most important the telegraphic agencies, the "Riverain" commissions, and the International Railway Bureau. The first of these causes makes the citizens of every State feel an interest in the affairs, even the petty affairs, of all the rest, and Mr. Stead observes:

> "Let no one overlook the value of gossip in the formation of the ties which bind men together. Take away family gossip, and the family would in most cases become a mere skeleton, without flesh, blood, or nervous system. It is by the kindly gossip of the fireside, in which every one talks about everybody else, that the sense of family union is created and preserved. The chatterers of the telegraph, who, in every capital, carefully extract the kernel of grain from the bushel of chaff, and telegraph all round the Continent such items of intelligence as may be of general interest, contribute probably the most constantly potent influence that can be discovered in the growth of that common sentiment which is the precursor of common action in support of the commonwealth."

There is much truth in this, but there would be more if the newspaper gossip were kindlier and cleaner, and if the extraction of the kernel of grain from the bushel of chaff were performed with more discrimination. But we need not qualify our appreciation of the work which has been accomplished by the Danube Regulation Commission, or the International Railway Bureau, or the Postal Union. It is hard for despotic rulers to contend against these powerful influences. Mr. Stead's survey of Europe is comprehensive, although taken during a hurried three-months' tour. His report of the talk of the journalists and diplomats at the different capitals serves well enough for current history, and he presents his readers with a great number of photographs of European notables. He intimates that this volume may be the first of a series of annuals intended to "provide the general reader with a more or less comprehensive survey of the movements of the twelvemonth, written from a special standpoint after personal converse with the sovereigns and statesmen, the diplomatists and journalists of Europe." Doubtless such a series would be popular; but it would be more valuable if the future numbers were provided with indexes. The volume before us has none, and the table of contents is of little use.

The Cuchullin Saga in Irish Literature. Being a Collection of Stories relating to the Hero Cuchullin. Translated from the Irish by various scholars. Compiled and edited with Introduction and Notes by Eleanor Hull. London: David Nutt. 1898.

The Irish Saga of Cuchullin, as here put forward, is a mosaic set together of parts derived from manuscript sources as wide apart chronologically as the end of the eleventh and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. These sources, furthermore, have not been rigidly or even closely adhered to. Some of the stories are adaptations of various originals, with interpolations and omissions; to one of them, "How Conochar gained the Kingship over Ulster," is prefixed the statement that it "does not correspond to any definite Irish text." The immediate source of the author's material is even more catholic; several stories are retranslations from German, several others from French; no one is by the author of the book herself, who seems to have let her Irish originals severely alone. All this is by no means necessarily an impeachment, since it is readily to be gained from the long sub-title, which clearly enough indicates the character of the work. In her introduction to the great Irish epic, the 'Táin bó Cuailgne,' the compiler states that "it is intended primarily for English readers, not for Irish scholars," a characterization equally applicable to the whole book, which it admirably summarizes.

We have, then, an attempt, and the first one, to put before the general English reader in consecutive form the stories that make up what may well be called the "Saga" of Cuchullin, the "Hound of Culann." Of the two great legendary cycles of Ireland, those of Cuchullin and of Finn mac Cumaill, the father of Ossian (variously called the Finn and the Ossian Saga), the former is the more ancient, both in manner and matter of content and in manuscript transmission. Its place of action is Ulster and Connaught, and its time (in accordance with Irish chronology) a few decades before and after the beginning of the Christian era. According to excellent authority, as early as the seventh century the legends of Cuchullin had begun to grow together into stories of greater or less length and were written down. The earliest versions actually at hand are in the two great manuscripts which together contain the most important part of the cycle, the *Leabhar na hUidre*, the "Book of the Dun Cow," from the end of the eleventh century, and the *Book of Leinster*, from near the middle of the twelfth. The language of both these sources in its characteristic features is, however, that of the eighth and ninth centuries. Both manuscripts have unfortunately come down to us in a fragmentary condition.

The texts of the two versions as a whole differ materially. The *Leabhar na hUidre* contains a saga in the making, with gaps in the continuity of the story, unmotived episodes, and varying versions awkwardly joined together. The *Book of Leinster*, fifty years younger, shows, on the other hand, the fundamental unity of narration that we are accustomed to associate with the name of "saga"; the story proceeds without unnecessary deviation or repetition. The author, in her introduction, appears to lose sight of the fact that the stories, so far as they are contained in the *Book of Leinster*, have actually come down to us in a connected form when she throws out the conjecture that, "although the cycle exists, and apparently always has existed, in a number of isolated tales, to the minds of the bards themselves it must have presented itself as a connected whole." As for the rest, she sees in these stories of Cuchullin, as we have them from all sources, a completeness and homogeneity that does not exist. The saga is only apparently complete, since a considerable number of the tales which originally made up its individual episodes have been lost, and internal criticism, which need not go too deep, readily enough yields up the fact of incongruity. Neither of these conditions may appear in the saga as the author has here set it together, but, as has been before remarked, that is another matter.

The Cuchillin Saga shows Irish literature (in goodly portion a literature of story-telling) at its best. The tales of this cycle, and not those of the better known Finn cycle, are typical, the author points out, of the literary genius of ancient Ireland. Even the retranslations of this book—as Sir Walter Scott once called their kind, "the shadow of a shade"—it must be said are good reading. At their best, the stories have a singularly attractive style of their own, a style "terse, grave, and balanced," a definiteness of purpose, and an undoubted dignity that shines even through their borrowed setting. In many of them are found the lively and humorous incidents and the witty conversations that are to be expected of Irishmen of all time as the exercise of a birthright. The author furthermore points out the tenderness of the love-tales, which she thinks have a purity and a charm hardly to be found either in the Northern saga or the Southern romance.

The *pièce de résistance* of the present book is undoubtedly the version of the 'Táin bó Cuailgne' contributed to the work by Standish Hayes O'Grady. In Ireland itself this narrative of the raid which the men of Connaught under Ailell and Meave, in conjunction with the three other provinces, undertake into Ulster to secure the celebrated Brown Bull belonging to Daire mac Fiachna of Cuailgne, is, and apparently always has been, considered its most famous story. The present version has been made from a manuscript of this century, although it coincides in the main outline of events with the *Book of Leinster*. Perhaps unfortunately, it does not purport to be more than an analysis, for here was an excellent opportunity for an *editio princeps* of the epic in English, nor, it is pointed out, is it a critical translation, even as far as it goes. The author takes pains to tell us, however, that it "is in parts a sufficiently full and close reproduction of the original to answer all the purposes of the non-critical reader"—a dictum against which it would be utterly vain to appeal. This, like the other parts of the book, is again good reading, and furnishes, no doubt, an excellent conspectus of the story, from the gathering of the forces at Cuil silinne, when they set out for Ulster, to the last tremendous charge of the re-

doubtable Brown Bull, when from the summit of sliabh Bregh he once more sees the hills of Cuailgne and rushes on to his tragic death.

The popular presentment from their literary side alone of the tales which make up the Saga of Cuchullin is an element of undoubted significance and value in the rediscovery and rehabilitation of Irish literature. That these old stories have not only interest, but beauties of their own as literature, is fully apparent from the tales in the present book, like, for instance, "The Wooing of Emir," by Kuno Meyer, which are really translations and not versions of their originals. The Sagas of Ireland, the author says, must be placed in their natural place beside the sagas of the North and the epics of mediæval Europe, and her book will no doubt play its part to bring about this result. It is to be hoped, however, that, now that we have been given an idea of what the stories of this cycle are like, somebody may give us a knowledge of what they really are.

Irish literature, furthermore, apart from mere literary interest, has a value, underestimated except by the few, as a link in the chain of the literary development of Europe which it is impossible longer to disregard. The introduction calls attention to the pertinent question of the relation of the literature of Ireland to that of the rest of Europe, and to the undoubted element of action and reaction involved. This is one of the most interesting phases of the study of Irish, and one of the most valuable. No one, for instance, to touch but a single side of the matter, can read these stories without noticing not only their generic, but their specific likeness to the saga literature of Iceland; and the large problem of Irish influence not alone upon the prose of the North, but upon its poetry, upon the Sagas and the Edda, as well, is one of the most interesting in modern criticism. To the popular recognition of all these things the present book should contribute.

The Cuchullin Saga is volume viii. of the Grimm Library. Like its predecessors, it is admirably printed. There is a map at the beginning to illustrate the Saga, and at the end are notes, appendices, and an index.

An Introduction to the Theory of Analytic Functions. By J. Harkness and F. Morley. Macmillan. 1898. 8vo, pp. 336.

As a book to put into the hands of those students whose turn of mind enables them profitably to relish a spoonful or two of the odorous bouillabaisse that has been stewing on the mathematical range during all the generation last past, but who do not intend to become professional mathematicians, no other has yet appeared, or is likely for a good while to appear, we believe, half as good as this; unquestionably not, if we limit the comparison to works on the theory of functions, which has served as *pièce de résistance* during that period and longer. This is distinguished from other available elementary treatises by being in the main Weierstrassian—which means (as well as we know how to describe it in general terms) that it flies straight at the algebraic throats of fundamental problems, disdaining geometrical circumventions, and with a degree of logical precision which (whether it is of the essence of the method or only a natural concomitant of it) is certainly much superior to the previous habit of modern, or even of ancient, mathematics. This method offers special advantages over those of Cauchy and Riemann when the aim of the study is mental training, as it is with those students for whom this book is most adapted.

Such a book must aid in that disintegration of the traditional English idea of mathematics which has been going on of late years. For some reason the English have followed Euclid, Apollonius, and Archimedes more closely than have the Continental mathematicians. They have shared the Greek scrupulosity of logic, and, like the Greeks, seem to look upon all mathematicians with the eyes of geometers. They, more than others, for example, have been disposed to look upon a quarter-turn as an *interpretation* of algebraic imaginaries. It better accords with the Weierstrassian spirit, as well as that of the Lagrangian analysts, to regard the algebraic expression as an elucidation of the Euclidean geometry of the plane, as quaternions is of 4-dimensional geometry.

But Professors Harkness and Morley are by no means entirely given over to Weierstrass. The methods by which the theory of functions was originally rendered comprehensible are sufficiently illustrated in the book to make the student appreciate the large measures of beauty, strength, and truth that are in them. The authors are rather on their pilgrimage to Weierstrass, and perhaps already regret that they did not treat some problems in their recent larger treatise more after his example. They are not yet altogether incapable of lapsing into obsolescent modes of thought. Thus, they adhere to that opinion which calls the point at infinity in the plane of imaginary quantity an "artificial point." Wherever this phrase originated, it involves a logical slip with both feet. For first, it confuses a pure mathematical hypothesis with a matter of fact, and, second, it assumes that we are better acquainted with the infinitely distant parts of space than we are. For no matter what the shape of real space *is*, which is a question of physics, not of pure mathematics, it is undeniable that we may *suppose* a space which shall have but a single point at infinity. In such a space, a circular filament, or fibre, could be stretched into an unlimited and infinite straight line (as by a continuous bilinear transformation), although in the space of projective geometry, where there is a plane (or conic) at infinity, the filament could be continuously deformed only into two straight fibres (and that only by welding two particles of it together), which, however, may coincide. We can never ascertain how the infinitely distant parts of our objectively valid space are really shaped, except by inference from the parts near us; and since the hypothetical plane of the theory of functions and that of Euclidean projective geometry are precisely alike except at infinity, it would seem to follow that we never can decide that the former is not the shape of a real plane, unless the proper motions of the stars should prove that space is non-Euclidean, in which case the plane of the theory of functions would be everywhere unlike a real plane. It may be objected, however, that we cannot, from any observation of space about us, infer that the part at infinity has an essential singularity; and that which could never be inferred cannot be true. Whether or not there is a sound answer to this, it is hard to say. But this is not at all the idea embodied in the term "artificial point."

The book has most of the distinguished merits of its authors' larger work. It also shares the chief fault of that volume, that of being here and there not so perspicuous as it might easily have been made; a greater inconvenience in the more elementary treatise. We do not quite comprehend why the book need have been so very small, only 326 pages of large and open print, exclusive of the glossarial index. True, it had to be short enough for a college course; but a little amplification in some places might have abbreviated the time required to read it. An initial short chapter discusses the number-system. If that was worth doing at all (as we certainly think it was), it was worth carrying to logical perfection; for that is the sole *raison d'être* of such a chapter. But the reasoning is so abridged that it can hardly be said that this has been done. The number system is one thing, and the system of discrete multitude is an entirely different thing. The former is an affair of pure mathematics, the latter is rather a question of logic, but of the logic of mathematics; and the work would have gained in value, especially for the class of students for whom it is adapted, if the chapter on the number system (expanded by a few pages) had been followed by another developing the distinctions of enumerable, denumeral, and the grades of higher discrete multitude, together with the true conception of continuity.

In Afric's Forest and Jungle; or Six Years among the Yorubans. By the Rev. R. H. Stone. F. H. Revell Co. Illustrated. Pp. 282, 8vo.

A missionary's life among the Yorubans of the Slave Coast thirty years ago was full of hardship and peril, but not because of their savagery or opposition to Christianity, for they were among the most intelligent, peaceable, and industrious of the negroes of West Africa. Mr. Stone enumerates fifteen trades carried on by the men, while the "women are even more industrious," weaving, dyeing, making soap, oils, and earthenware, and "spinning by the light of their little bowl-lamps until late at night and before day in the morning." The comparative wealth which they thus accumulated, however, made them a constant prey to their savage neighbors, and the Dahomians at this time made annual raids into their country. The town in which he was first stationed, a place of a hundred thousand inhabitants, after a year's siege was taken and destroyed so utterly that its site "is a feeding-ground for wild elephants." He escaped to Abeokuta, which, during the two years of his residence, was threatened with the same fate. One of the principal defences of this city was an almost impenetrable forest, which the Dahomians entered in single file at many places and cut their way through step by step. During the month which it took them to reach the open, "they were not allowed to make any noise which would distinguish them from the wild denizens of an African forest. If any one forgot himself and spoke in an audible voice, he was instantly slain. Even orders were given in grunts or barks like those of monkeys." A suburb was captured, and of the ten thousand inhabitants, "excepting a few hundred spared to be offered in sacrifice, everybody but one man perished." Satisfied with this

success, the enemy withdrew, to return, however, the next year, when their attack was repulsed.

Mr. Stone narrates with an attractive simplicity some of his own perilous experiences in these wars, and also describes the homes, customs, and superstitions of the people. There are interesting sketches of two strong characters among the natives, Bishop Crowther of the English church and Kumee, chief of Ejahyay. Mr. Stone tells little of his purely missionary work, or of the progress which Christianity has made since his departure. Although the Dahomian raids have ceased, it is to be feared that the gin traffic has in a measure taken their place as a destructive and demoralizing influence with the Yorubans. The efforts for its practical abolition are now being strenuously renewed, with some hopes of success. With its cessation, and the protection to life and property which a Christian government assures, together with the building of the projected railway from Lagos to the Niger, this region may become the garden of Africa.

The Law's Lumber Room. By Francis Watt. Second Series. New York: John Lane. 1898.

The success achieved by Mr. Watt in his first venture in antiquarian research, which was noticed in these columns on its appearance, has been such as to encourage him to repeat the experiment. The book now before us is written well. The style, indeed, is sometimes a little flippant, and subjects that are intrinsically solemn are treated jestingly. So far as levity in discussing grave topics is concerned, however, Mr. Watt sins in very good company; and events that would excite compassion if close at hand, arouse little emotion when all the participants have long since been absorbed by the earth from which they sprang. Hence, the grisly details of the hangings and floggings of the last century do not disgust us, or at least do not horrify us like present barbarities. We take a certain pleasure in thinking how much milder our manners are than those of our fathers; although, it must be confessed, Mr. Watt chronicles nothing more atrocious than the recent lynchings in our Southern States. And it is a relief to have him report that the execution of the criminal law of England was more lenient than has been supposed. His judgment is that only desperate characters were put to death. From a list made by the Newgate Ordinary, in the years following 1700, it appears that in one year, of forty-nine criminals condemned to death, only thirteen were executed, and in another year, the number of executions was but five. Still, the chapters on "Tyburn Tree" and the "Pillory and Cart's Tail" are gruesome reading, and more desirable entertainment is to be found in the account of "Some Disused Roads to Matrimony," and "The Border Law."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baldock, Lieut.-Col. T. S. Cromwell as a Soldier. London: Kegan Paul; New York; Scribners. $6.
Baring-Gould, S. Pabo, the Priest. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 50c.
Bennett, E. A. A Man from the North. John Lane. $1.25.
Bigelow, Capt. John, jr. Reminiscences of the Santiago Campaign. Harper & Bros. $1.25.
Blaisdell, Etta A. and Mary F. Child Life in Tale and Fable. Macmillan. 35c.
Britten, F. J. Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers. London: B. T. Botsford; New York: Scribners. $5.00.
Brontë, Anne. Agnes Grey. London: Downey & Co.; New York: Scribners. $2.00.
Christie, W. W. Chimney Design and Theory; A Book for Engineers and Architects. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3.00.
Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Sixth Series. Vol. X. Boston.
Davis, O. K. Our Conquests in the Pacific. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Dowson, E. and Moore, A. Adrian Rome: A Contemporary Portrait. Henry Holt & Co. $1.25.
Eaton, D. B. The Government of Municipalities. Macmillan. $4.00.
Eliot, George, Silas Marner. Macmillan. 25c.
Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. The Custom of the Country: Tales of New Japan. Macmillan. $1.50.
Gilbert, H. M. Of Necessity. John Lane. $1.25.
Harland, Marion. When Grandmamma Was New. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.
Hogarth, D. Authority and Archæology, Sacred and Profane. London: John Murray; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.00.
Krausse, A. Russia in Asia: 1558-1899. Henry Holt & Co.
Leach, A. F. A History of Winchester College. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Living Age. Seventh Series. Vol. III. Boston: Living Age Co.
Mather, A. E. In the Maelstrom. F. Tennyson Neely.
McChesney, Dora G. Rupert by the Grace of God. Macmillan.
Merton, H. W. Descriptive Mentality from the Head, Face and Hand. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1.50.
Morison, W. Andrew Melville. [Famous Scots Series.] Scribners. 75c.
Morris, Clara. A Silent Singer. Brentano's. $1.25.
Perry, Prof. A. L. Williamstown and Williams College. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Reminiscences of the King of Rumania. Harper & Bros. $3.00.
Rossetti, D. G. Ballads. (Siddal Edition). London: Ellis & Elvey.
Royal Academy Pictures, 1899. Cassell & Co. $3.
Sawyer, Edith A. Mary Cameron: A Romance of Fisherman's Island. Boston: Benj. A. Sanborn & Co. $1.00.
Spingarn, J. E. History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance. Macmillan. $1.50.
Springer, Mary E. Dorothy Quincy. F. Tennyson Neely.
Tiernan, C. B. The Tiernan Family in Maryland. Baltimore: Gallery & McCann. $1.00.
Toutée, Commandant. Du Dahomé au Sahara. La Nature et l'Homme. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Tschudi, Clara. Eugénie, Empress of the French. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan.
Warner, C. D. That Fortune. Harpers.
Watson, H. B. M. The Heart of Miranda, and Other Stories. John Lane. $1.25.
Wilcox, Marrion. Vengeance of the Female. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.
Wilkinson, Florence. The Lady of the Flag-Flowers. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.
Williams, Dr. T. W. In Quest of Life. F. T. Neely.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1899.

The Week.

Ex-Senator Edmunds speaks for the old and honorable tradition of American statesmanship when he writes indignantly of the intolerable mystery and secrecy in which this miserable Philippine business is shrouded. What changed the Filipinos from grateful friends to bitter and vengeful enemies? Why did the conferences between our officers and theirs last January fail? What were the instructions of our Commissioners? What is the real policy of the Administration? These are the critical questions as to which Congress and the country are left completely in the dark. Twenty years ago, Congress would no more have adjourned without getting light from the President on all these matters than it would have ordered the Capitol set on fire. Now the members seem content if Hanna says it is all right, if the absurd Smith declares that he and McKinley will see to everything, if Alger guarantees that the best possible President and the best possible Secretary of War are guiding the ship of state. "Let us know the whole truth," cries Mr. Edmunds, but the only answer is silence at Washington and the censor at Manila. Yet some voices still sound the old American note. The Rev. Clay MacCauley, an American missionary in Japan, who talked with Otis and Dewey before the February outbreak, reports the former as lamenting the stubborn ignorance at Washington, and gives this golden saying of the great Admiral: "Rather than make a war of conquest on this people, I would up anchor and sail out of the harbor."

Ex-Senator John B. Henderson of Missouri has been permitted by the *Tribune* to express through its columns some extremely "traitorous" sentiments about our Philippine policy. In giving publicity to them we are very much afraid that the *Tribune* is interfering with the triumphant progress of the war, by encouraging Aguinaldo to continue his resistance to our benevolent intentions. "I am not an anti-expansionist," says Mr. Henderson. "I believe in expansion, if it is carried on in a legitimate way; but I don't believe that you can drive a people to fall in love with anything, or that you can shoot American patriotism into anybody." What dreadful treason that is! It is all the more reprehensible since it comes from a man who has a creditable war record of his own. Mr. Henderson took the Union side in Missouri during the war of the rebellion, armed and equipped a loyal regiment, and took the field with them, in support of the Union cause. Yet he now expresses such heretical views concerning the proper use of the American flag as the following: "When the American flag ceases to be the emblem of liberty, let it be hauled down. I know of but one flag, and that is the one which proudly floats 'o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.' It will never float gracefully over a land of slaves." Mr. Henderson is wofully behind the times.

To our other imitations of Spanish methods in the Philippines, it appears that we now propose to add government by bribing and subsidizing. "Money considerations" are said to have entered into the abortive negotiations for the surrender of certain Filipino leaders. However that may be, the State Department makes no concealment of its determination to pay the Sultan of Sulu a subsidy, to induce him to keep the island in order for us. The Sultan is said to be quite enthusiastic on the subject of American sovereignty—with a good subsidy attached. So he formerly was on the subject of Spanish sovereignty. Let who will call himself supreme, so long as the Sultan is allowed to do as he pleases and gets handsomely paid for it besides. But what a light this casts upon Mr. McKinley's proclamation announcing "beneficent assimilation"! How it illuminates the first article of the eleven put forth later by the Philippine Commission, reciting that "the supremacy of the United States must and will be enforced *throughout every part* of the archipelago"! Spain paid the Sultan about $6,000 a year, but if that wily potentate knows how desperately anxious the McKinley Administration now is, and how much money it has, he will demand at least $25,000 under our higher civilization. We have no doubt Hanna would think him cheap at the money.

That was not a very flattering picture of our prospects in the Philippines which the Japanese statesman, Mr. Kaneko, drew at Cambridge, the other day. Of course, the "headline artists" of the press called attention only to the fact that he expected us to stay for ever in the islands; that he said the advent of our flag in those seas was a "portent," and all that sort of thing; and the plodding reader was left to find out for himself that this authority thinks our policy in the Philippines has, so far, been simply mistake upon mistake. We had blundered, he said, just as the Japanese blundered at first in Formosa. They thought, as we thought, that the people would consent to be handed over as booty without a murmur. When that delusion was painfully dissipated, they thought, as we thought, that a vigorous campaign would bring the natives to their senses. Blunder number two for Japanese and Americans alike. Now, says Mr. Kaneko, it is time for Americans to learn from Japan's final policy how to do it. The true method is to give up fighting or attempting to rule in the interior at all; simply garrison the towns on the seacoast, and let the natives do as they please inland, trusting to time and trade and necessary intercourse to bring about a kind of armed neutrality and quasi-peace. This would be an awful come-down for a conqueror; but it is, we beg to observe, almost exactly the position which we at present occupy in the Philippines, and there is no prospect of improvement if the natives continue to resist our troops as obstinately as they have done.

It is said that the "Insular Commission" has prepared and submitted to the Attorney-General an opinion on the legal status of Porto Rico and the other islands ceded to us by Spain by virtue of the treaty of Paris. The Insular Commission itself has no legal status. It is composed of three men appointed by President McKinley to take a survey of things in general, and tell him what they think of the attitude of the ceded islands towards Uncle Sam. The Commission holds that the newly acquired islands, although belonging to us, are no part of the territory of the United States. They are possessions merely. The laws of the United States do not extend to them by virtue of the cession of Spain. The difference between them and the integral territory of the United States lies in the fact that they can be sold, ceded, given away, or declared independent, while the integral territory cannot be alienated even by Congress. The customs laws of the United States do not extend to them. Goods exported to them must pay the duties established for the islands. Goods imported from them must pay the same duties as those from other foreign countries. Our present government of the islands is military, not constitutional, government. It follows that the extension of our navigation laws to Porto Rico was illegal, unless that also was a military order. The upshot of the whole matter is that it rests with Congress to say whether the islands shall be a part of the United States or not. If they become such, their inhabitants must be citizens of the United States, entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizenship, and in due time be represented in Congress and the electoral college. In other words, they must be

our governors at the same time that we are theirs, and our future candidates for the Presidency must cater to the preferences and the prejudices of Luzon as well as to those of Idaho. It is worth remarking that the Commission includes Hawaii in the same category as Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Was it not Palmerston who once said to a challenging colleague that the only distinction between a Premier and any other Minister of the Crown was that, in case of a difference between the two, it was the latter, not the former, who resigned? This is the great truth which, according to all appearances, the President is endeavoring to convey to Secretary Alger. Characteristically, he is trying to do it by indirection. Johnson bluntly asked for Stanton's resignation, and Grant went as directly to the point with Attorney-General Hoar. But that is not McKinley's way. No such rough and brutal methods for him. It is so much more considerate and delicate to "ostracise" and "ignore" Alger, as it is agreed on all hands that he is now doing; to give the hint to all the Washington correspondents that the President would be very glad if the Secretary would only relieve him from great embarrassment by resigning. It will be curious to note the effect of this enfilading fire upon Alger. Why it should disturb him in the least does not appear. If he were a sensitive man—but his worst enemy never accused him of being that. His position has been openly and defiantly indicated by himself. If McKinley wants his resignation, let him ask for it. The implication was, of course, that the President, with the resignation, might get something far less agreeable. For our part, we hope to see Alger stand by his guns.

The Administration has given us a striking example of how well the affairs of the army can be run if politics be left out of consideration. The first list of regular officers selected as field officers for the new volunteer regiments is one that does credit to the War Department and to the army. If one of the fortunate officers is a "son of his father" whose service in the late war was of no particular distinction, he is only the exception to prove the rule of merit which has evidently governed the selection of the others. Of the eight colonels chosen, Kobbé has distinguished himself in the Philippines, where he has had an independent command, although but a major; Rice, Hardin, Pettit, Hare, and Gardner commanded volunteer regiments with signal ability and success last year; Capt. Craig made his mark as an able and conscientious officer long before a war with Spain was thought of; and Major Bell, a veteran of the civil war, was badly wounded at Las Guasimas. With the exception above noted, every officer of the seven majors chosen has made his mark, one as the most dashing of the artillery subalterns, and another as the best horseman in the cavalry. It is among men of this type that our future generals are to be looked for, and if chosen as such on their merits they will do as well as if not better than our Lawtons and Woods and Chaffees.

A formidable protest against the President's recent civil-service order has been drawn up and signed by more than one hundred of the leading business and professional men of Chicago. It declares in plain terms that Mr. McKinley is the first President since the enactment of the civil-service law in 1883 to take a backward step in this fundamental and vital reform. The signers say that it is the conviction of the public that the order was "a concession to the demands of avowed spoilsmen," and they add with admirable frankness:

> "Your action in this matter is something more than a debauchery of the public service. It strikes at the principle of representative government itself."

The protest is signed by Republicans and Democrats in about equal numbers. Among them are the names of Gen. A. C. McClurg, Edwin Burritt Smith, Francis P. Peabody, Robert Mather, Murry Nelson, Prof. von Holst, Hamilton Borden, John J. P. Odell, Frederick C. Gookin, Prof. Laughlin, Judge Tuley, and F. J. Le Moyne. The list is fairly representative of the best element of Chicago. All of our Chicago exchange papers publish the protest except the *Times-Herald*.

Thanks to the phenomenal shortsightedness of Mayor Van Wyck, the municipal service is now completely in the hands of the reformers. He has sent back to the State Civil-Service Commissioners, without his approval, the rules and regulations which were agreed upon at a conference of that Commission, the Municipal Commission, and Mr. McAneny, Secretary of the Civil-Service Reform Association. Under the law, this amounts to a veto of the rules, and bestows upon the State Commission full power to draw up such rules and regulations as it pleases, and to compel their adoption by the city authorities. The State Commission, we have no doubt, will accept this opportunity with pleasure. It can, and doubtless will, put aside, as rejected by the Mayor, the rules and regulations drawn up in conference, and promulgate new and more stringent ones in their stead. Certain concessions made in conference will be eliminated, and the result will be that the reform wall around the city "places" will be made higher and stronger than ever. Just what was passing in the Mayor's mind when he gave the reformers this opportunity, no man can say. He may have assumed that the State Commission would promulgate the conference rules, and that, by refusing to give them his approval, he could win a certain amount of political capital by being able to say that he was in no sense responsible for them. But he will be responsible for the more stringent rules that the State Commission is certain to substitute for them, for he alone has made it possible for these to be drawn. Furthermore, by throwing the whole question over to the State Commission, he has put them in charge of the administration of the civil-service laws in this city, making it their duty to come here at any time and see to it that there is no evasion or violation of any sort.

If the demoralization of the New York police force continues to increase at its present rate of progress, it will be necessary soon to give a separate department to the subject in the newspapers. The daily instalment of news about the shortcomings and brutalities of the force is now very large, and there is little chance of its diminution so long as the present control of the department continues. Nothing quite so bad as that control has ever before existed, even under Tammany government. We have had bipartisan Police Boards which may have been as inefficient and as unscrupulous as the present one, but we have never had a Chief of Police of so low a type as Devery. Whatever else may have been the shortcomings of his predecessors in this office, none of them had, before entering upon it, a record for open and flagrant misconduct as a captain or other subordinate, and none of them ventured in his administration of the office to defy decent public sentiment as Devery does constantly. We have never had before his advent a Chief of Police who supervised a prize-fight. With Devery at the head of the force, and such men as Capt. Price in the most important positions under him, if the force did not lose its morale it would be a marvel.

The achievement of Hogg of Texas at the Fourth of July celebration at Tammany Hall continues to be the occasion of much merriment in the metropolis and elsewhere. Hogg was noted, during his term as Governor of Texas, as the most insufferable demagogue in the Union, not excepting Pingree of Michigan or Tillman of South Carolina. In fact, he overacted his part so outrageously that Texas herself, whose stomach is not weak, sickened of him. He is now seeking to attach himself to some part of the Bryan vehicle. Bryan is popular with the Democratic masses—it would be idle to deny or overlook that fact. In addition to the popularity of martyrdom, it is a great advantage to

him within the party lines that he has no prominent competitor. All the men who had sufficient prominence, arising from their ability, character, and experience, had bolted the ticket in 1896. So the field is left almost bare of candidates—a fact which Hogg of Texas and every Hungry Joe of the Democratic party will naturally make the most of. But Hogg is a heavy weight in more senses than one. He will prove a worse encumbrance to Bryan, if he is put on the ticket with him, than Watson was three years ago.

A year or two ago, and soon after the failure of the Wolcott Commission, the Salisbury Ministry, in order to cover its retreat from bimetallism, appointed a Parliamentary Committee to consider the subject of the monetary standard of India. Their report has just been issued in a Blue Book. It approves the decision of the Government of India not to revert to the silver standard. It argues that it would be impossible to maintain the existing condition permanently, and it recommends that measures be taken to introduce the gold standard. To this end it proposes that the English sovereign be made legal tender, and that the Indian mints be allowed to coin gold without restriction, on the same terms as the Australian mints. The advantage of the latter provision is that it saves the cost of sending the produce of the Indian gold mines to London to be coined. It serves thus to increase the stock of gold with which the standard is to be maintained. The Committee recommends also that the rate of the rupee be fixed at 16 pence in gold. At the time when the Indian Government declined to enter the trap set for it by the Salisbury Ministry at the instance of the Wolcott Commission, all the bimetallists of the habitable world joined in saying that it was a physical impossibility that India should adopt the gold standard, and in this matter they were sustained by Sir Robert Giffen. The latter was among the witnesses questioned by the Parliamentary Committee. In the view of the *Economic Journal* (itself a bimetallic publication) Sir Robert did not appear to advantage in the investigation.

We should be glad to concur with the enthusiast who sends the press dispatches from The Hague, in the view he takes of the latest success of our delegates there. He represents it as a great triumph that they have secured a unanimous vote postponing the question of the immunity of private property at sea to a special conference to be called hereafter. The real triumph consists in the earnestness, intelligence, and vigor of the fight they have made for the principle, not in the fact that the other delegates consented to take it up on some future occasion if their governments should agree to a future conference. Obviously the present conference has no authority to call a future conference to consider matters different from those which have brought them together at The Hague. It can recommend the calling of a future conference—any single government can do that. The United States Government would honor itself by calling it. For the present, however, we have to acknowledge that our views on this subject have not prevailed. It is plain also that the plea put forward by the representatives of the European Powers, that the subject of the immunity of private property at sea was outside the scope of the conference, is a mere pretext for shelving the question.

American lovers of peace are not the only ones to be guilty of bringing on a bloody war. Now it is the English friends of humanity and national honor and arbitration who are doing their best to plunge Great Britain into a war with the Transvaal. At least, that is what the Johannesburg correspondent of the London *Times* alleges. He gravely telegraphs that "the peace party in England is doing much to increase the danger of war." It seems that the Boers, like the Filipinos, need to have "a firm and united front" presented to them. Bluster and bullying, if only unanimous and brazen enough, will cow them; but all talk of justice and good faith and not fighting without a good cause simply incites them to insolence, and makes it absolutely necessary to "lick" them before they will listen to reason. This is the same amusing argument we have heard so often from Manila. If the American people had yelled as one man for the blood of the Filipinos, not a drop of it would have been shed. It was only because a large minority in Congress, and men of light and leading throughout the country, deprecated needless bloodshed, that it became necessary to kill 10,000 men. Perhaps we can better appreciate the unconscious humor of this solemn reasoning when we see the English Jingoes borrowing it from ours.

Mr. Balfour laughed gayly the other day at the assertion that there is at present a swelling tide for the Liberal party in England. How could there be hope or enthusiasm in a party without a policy or a leader? Well, the bye-elections have since gone on scoring Liberal victories, culminating on Thursday in the capture of two Conservative seats in the Oldham constituency. The Liberals gained 1,400 votes, while the Conservatives lost nearly 3,000, which certainly looks as if some kind of Liberal tide were running. It is all very well for a philosopher like Mr. Balfour to prove abstractly that a party without a programme and torn by factions cannot possibly carry elections, but carry them it does, one after the other. A similar disagreeable surprise may be in store for our able Republican reasoners who are so sure that the Democrats cannot win next year because they have no issues and no leaders. If you have no policy of your own, you are all the freer to rail at the policy of the other fellows; and as for the absence of leaders, you can always thank Heaven that you have not such a set of scoundrels in charge of your party as are on the necks of your opponents. Elections are often carried through general dissatisfaction with the party in power, and when that dissatisfaction is very strong, it is issue enough for the opposition party. Some such explanation must account for the succession of Liberal triumphs in England; and we are so very English just now that we may witness a similar course of events here another year.

If anybody, twenty-five years ago, had suggested the construction of a tunnel under the sea, between England and Ireland, he would have been regarded as a lunatic, or, at all events, as an irresponsible dreamer; but the world has become so accustomed to the marvels of modern engineering that the proposition is accepted to-day almost as a matter of course, and the first question asked is not, "Is the thing practicable?" but, "Can it be made profitable?" Lord Londonderry and his associates, who ventilated the whole subject before an influential meeting of members of Parliament the other day, in London, have no doubt that this ought to be answered in the affirmative. But then they could scarcely say otherwise, since they wish the British Government to find the greater part of the needed capital, which is estimated roughly at from $50,000,000 to $75,000,000. It appears that the distance between the two points, in Wigtownshire, Scotland, and County Antrim in Ireland, which have been selected, tentatively, for the ends of the projected tunnel, is twenty-five miles; that the average depth of the water under which it would run is eighty fathoms, and that the geological conditions are favorable, although no less an authority than Lord Rosse hinted at the possibility of unexpected difficulties in this direction. All doubts on this subject, of course, would have to be settled by preliminary surveys. Without such special obstacles the work would simply be a repetition, on a larger scale, of what has been done before, and that, too, without such assistance as is rendered now by the latest machinery and electricity. The project is one in which a great and growing body of Americans are directly concerned. Perhaps, indeed, the most important feature in it is the fact that it would shorten very considerably the transatlantic passage, with obvious disadvantage to Southampton and Liverpool.

THE NECESSARY TRAITOR.

Gaston Deschamps has a witty article in the *Figaro*, accounting in part for the Dreyfus madness as a result of the standing necessity that France should have a "traitor." Without one, Frenchmen cannot long be happy. The villain of the play is as necessary in public life as in the Ambigu theatre. Bazaine had successfully filled the rôle for many years. Every Frenchman knew just how many millions he had from Prince Frederick Charles for surrendering Metz, and it was the greatest comfort to emit hisses and curses at the mention of his name. But Bazaine died in 1888, and the part of national villain was vacant. The nation fumed and fretted, like an impatient audience, at the preposterous situation of having no traitor; but at last, in 1894, one was found, or invented, in the person of Dreyfus, and France smiled again. All the fool fury of the Seine during the past months is simply the fury of a great people seeing itself in danger of being robbed of its favorite traitor.

There is really more in this than excellent fooling. Deschamps's explanation will do not only for France, but for other nations. How necessary it is to Irish peace and happiness to have a traitor, or at least an "informer," every student of Irish history knows. In fact, it looks as if there were a universal need of man, in his public relations, involved in this demand for a traitor. A traitor, in public affairs, takes the place of witchcraft, or the evil eye, or diabolic agency, in private life. Things go wrong: cattle fall ill, crops fail, too much or too little rain falls. The obvious remedy, in a certain stage of human culture, is to drown a witch, or hang up a professor of the black art by his thumbs. Similar and equally powerful reasoning in regard to public misfortunes calls for the production and punishment of the traitor who is responsible. He is the civilized substitute for the adverse "medicine," or the offended fetish, or the unpropitiated Unkulunkulu of the savage. We know that we, as public men, are wise and prudent and patriotic, and that all our plans are conceived in wisdom and justice; yet they fail. What is the reason? Not that we made a mistake, not that we were foolish and reckless. That is contrary to the supposition with which we start. No, the only explanation is that we have been betrayed. Traitors have thwarted us. Thus we see how a traitor is as necessary in public life as daily bread is in our homes.

There is something so rough and ready and slap-dash and juvenile about this theory that Gov. Roosevelt would not be himself if he did not adopt and proclaim it. We were not surprised, therefore, to read his impetuous denunciation in Washington on Saturday of the traitors who are guilty of all the botheration and bloodshed in the Philippines. Not the men who fought, but those who cried out against fighting, are the wretches. Not those who favored the treaty, the mother of all our woes, but those who opposed it, are responsible for all the calamities which have flowed from it. These sentiments, delivered with undergraduate seriousness and shrillness, are the latest proof that Gov. Roosevelt, as a fountain of political wisdom, is really a fountain of perpetual youth. He is very solemn, very truculent, in his apportionment of bloodguiltiness, but it is really impossible to see in his display anything but boyish effervescence. He needs his "traitor" just as much as a Frenchman, or as any of Mr. Dooley's Irish "pathrites." It would take a hard-hearted man to deny him the villain of the piece, so necessary to his peace of mind. We would undertake the rôle ourselves rather than have the play come to an abrupt ending and the Governor's pleasure quite spoiled.

It would be easy, we think, to ask him some puzzling questions, if his deliverance were worth serious discussion. He says that those who "delayed" the vote on the treaty are responsible for all the lives lost in the Philippines since February 6. How many days before that date was it that Senator Gorman offered to take the vote instanter, and Senator Davis objected and delayed? Was it not true that the Republican managers, while desperately hunting for their one or two lacking votes, were really the ones to delay action on the treaty, and so, according to Gov. Roosevelt, to become guilty of blood? But we will not press this. All the talk about traitors marks its authors as such candidates for the home for incurable children that grown-up argument with them is absurd. The traitor is only a necessary harmless toy for them to amuse themselves with, and if he did not exist it would be necessary, as Voltaire said of God, to invent him for their use. We have seen how essential the traitor is in the French and Irish economy. And the Spanish must have him too. Capt. Concas declares with tears and rage that the disasters of the Spanish navy were due, not to officers and men with the fleet, but to "traitors" at home. Evidently we cannot escape the traitor. He has become an absolute necessity of life to the politician caught in his own blunders. So we must resign ourselves, and remember that all the clatter means simply, as M. Deschamps reminds us, that the people who take politics as so much lurid melodrama cannot get along without a deep-dyed traitor, any more than a Bowery theatre can without a dark and bloody villain. Gov. Roosevelt and his frantic chorus are only chanting this song:

"C'est un 'Traître,' un 'Traître,' un 'Traître,'
C'est un 'Traître' qu'il nous faut!"

THE M'KINLEY FAITH.

One characteristic of President McKinley, of which certain of his admirers and supporters are inclined to make much, is his hopefulness. In his public capacity, he seems to have succeeded in convincing these persons that, notwithstanding the great difficulties with which his administration has had to contend, he himself is strong in confidence and faith. No matter how contradictory the news from Manila, how unfriendly the criticism from his own party adherents, or how irreconcilable his promises and his performances, the President, to them, stands unmoved, assured that everything will come out all right in the end. That he avoids hastening the future by positive action of his own is only another proof of his trust; for it is good and right to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord.

The attitude of the President towards the war in the Philippines is a good illustration of this. Our knowledge of the situation in our new twenty-million dollar dependency is, to be sure, mainly such as the authorities at Washington permit us to have. To neutralize the influence of the dreadful anti-imperialists —more to be feared than the "British gold" of former days—it has been necessary to set up a censorship, interfere with the use of the mails by private citizens, and talk about treason and sedition. But these are the necessary accompaniments of war. To the clear and hopeful mind of President McKinley the future is bright, and the outcome in no way doubtful. We must be patient and trustful, and put up with limited information for a brief time; for everything is working as it ought, and, best of all, the end is near. The favorite interval between the present and the "end" was, for some time, about forty-eight hours; and a succession of most extraordinary deliverances from the White House and the War Department kept the public expectantly awaiting the success which was surely coming day after to-morrow. The days have become weeks, and weeks have grown to months. Still Aguinaldo is unsubdued, and the "end" seems as far off as ever. But the President does not waver; he still faces his callers with a mighty confidence, and assures the public, through appropriate channels, that victory is at hand.

This combination of faith and inactivity is strikingly exhibited in connection with the proposed reinforcement of Gen. Otis. Every one qualified, by training or experience, to pass upon the merits of the case, has, from the first, urged the imperative need of a larger army in the islands. Such has been the verdict of military authorities, of travellers, and of newspaper correspondents; while the reports of the losses and exhaustion of the American troops have enforced the demand. Yet no considerable reinforcements, notwithstanding great promises,

have been sent, nor have preparations been made to secure the additional men, save by the slow process of individual enlistment. The chief reason alleged for this dilatoriness has been always the same—the serene confidence of President McKinley that the foolish rebellion would soon collapse. Let others doubt, or waver, or find fault; he, let all men know, had faith.

We should be the last to deny that faith in the future outcome of things is, on the whole, a very desirable quality for a man in public life. There are many anxieties and discouragements in affairs of state, and the leader who can keep a cheerful heart through them all has a vast advantage. But faith, like grace, has to be justified by its fruits; and, in this case, the fruits are difficult of discernment. As a matter of fact, whatever Mr. McKinley or his friends may say about it, everybody knows that there was never much prospect of speedily conquering the Filipinos, and that what little prospect there was, promptly disappeared once our hesitating policy was disclosed. Everybody knows that it is not "faith," but politics, that has kept back the call for more troops, and given it the form in which it has at last gone forth. The war is not popular in the United States. The uncontroverted statements of the soldiers themselves have been a revelation. But it would never do to give the Opposition a chance to score in the next Presidential game; so the President stays his hand, and calls his game of politics faith.

What makes the deception the more dangerous is the remarkable skill with which the part is played. Mr. McKinley has so dignified a bearing and so sympathetic a manner, he has been so much extolled as a man of merciful temper and kind heart, that many of his critics, even, are loath to believe that a man apparently so highly endowed can possibly seem to be what he is not. Yet there is abundant reason to doubt the genuineness of his professions. He avoids positive and definite action, and calls it patience. He bargains and negotiates, and calls it dignity. He hedges and trims, and calls it confidence and trust. But it only smacks of these homely virtues; in reality it is pretence, a part of the game. What he is really hoping for is a reëlection. What he really has confidence in is his ability to remain the titular head of the nation. In short, his so-called faith is the faith of the man who shrewdly orders his conduct with an eye single to his own immediate success. Shall such faith save him?

PROSPERITY, STRIKES, AND POLITICS.

Western Republicans are displaying no little nervousness over the Western strikes. These are becoming too numerous to suit. None of them has as yet approached the magnitude and virulence of the Homestead labor troubles of 1892, but there are ominous mutterings at various points of the labor horizon; an ugly temper among workingmen has shown itself in more than one place; a storm may burst at any moment. The Amalgamated Association of Iron Workers is taking a firm stand and a high tone with the mill-owners. Almost every tin-plate plant in the country is idle, pending a settlement of the dispute about wages. This controversy is one particularly unpleasant for high-tariff Republicans to contemplate. They have shut out foreign tin-plate, only to see a Tin-Plate Trust result, with prices pushed up, and the workingmen are asking where they "come in." They are apparently on the outside, as all the mills are locked. The strike at Homestead is only an incipient and seemingly an insignificant affair, but every Republican politician with a memory is set shivering by the very word Homestead. The dread least the prosperity of 1899-1900 have its seamy side as did that of 1891-1892, is, in fact, frequently reflected in the comments of loyal Republican newspapers of the West.

They have no reason, however, to be surprised at what they are seeing. It is an old story. An upward market and rising prices are the sure precursors of labor agitations. Few or no strikes marked the depression of 1893-'95. The men took even reduced wages then, if they could get them, without formal protest. But now, after wages have been restored, in many cases nearly to the 1892 level, the labor organizations are more threatening and exigent than ever. This is but the natural and normal thing. It may not be the wise thing. We are not arguing; we are simply describing the fact. It is a fact that prosperous times are the very times for workingmen to take all they can get from their employers and then stoutly ask for more. This may be ungrateful of them. It may be foolish. But the men and the unions are built that way; so they always have acted in the past, and so they will act in the future.

And it is the case, also, that wage-contests of this kind always create a certain amount of friction. If the demands of the workmen are readily granted, they immediately curse themselves for not having made their terms higher. They are the more ready to listen to agitators who tell them that the employing corporations are taking more than a due share of the product of labor. If a 10 per cent. advance in wages has been quickly granted, that only shows, so men in labor-unions will argue, that an increase of 20 per cent. could just as well have been given. This is the sort of thing which it will be very taking for labor orators to say, especially just now, when employers are displaying so many of the insignia of suddenly acquired wealth, when capitalizations of industries at fabulous figures are reported on every hand. It will be said in every lodge and hall and saloon where labor discussions are carried on, that the manufacturers and other beneficiaries of the tariff are, to borrow the words of an English Radical M. P., "gilding affluence with luxury," while putting off their employees with beggarly doles in the shape of wages only slightly higher when they should be doubled. And where strikes fail, as in Cleveland and Idaho, and as they have failed here and there in the iron regions, the resentment that is left over, and that spreads from trade to trade and place to place, is a thing which all may deplore, but which all must recognize. How surely the political effect of such ill-feeling in labor circles is adverse to the party in power, a long experience testifies.

We go over these familiar truths, simply, like Mark Antony, telling Republicans that which they all do know, in order to enter a warning against their being politically too much at ease in Zion merely because the country is prosperous. Was not the country mightily prosperous in 1892? And were not the Republicans in that year smitten hip and thigh? President Harrison's last annual message was one long demonstration that prosperity was never so great. This read, indeed, very like a lady's catalogue of her own charms, in spite of which a rival had been chosen; but it was, at any rate, a complete refutation of the theory that a prosperous electorate means a sure renewal of power to its governors. Hanna is loudly proclaiming that theory from across the Atlantic. Every man in America who wants work can get it, he says in London, and of course the only possible inference is that McKinley's calling and reëlection are sure. When he reaches Paris and meets Mr. Harrison, he will find one who can tell him, out of a sad experience, to lay not that flattering unction to his soul. The general course under tariff legislation has been temporary prosperity, strikes, and labor troubles, and then defeat of the tariff party. If that is not to be the course next year, too, the Republicans will have to find some better battle-cry than "prosperity."

THE DETROIT STREET RAILWAY CASE.

The unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of Michigan, holding the act known as the McLeod law unconstitutional, is a good specimen of sound legal reasoning. The act provided for the appointment by the Mayor and Common Council of Detroit of commissioners empowered to buy or lease the street railways of that city and its vicinity, and to maintain and operate them. The price to be paid was left to the discretion of

the commissioners, with the single proviso that no obligation should be incurred except such as should be chargeable only upon the railway property acquired. If such an experiment were to be tried, it would seem that their act provided the most suitable machinery. A commission possessing the same powers as a board of directors, almost unfettered in its policy of management, would probably succeed as well as any governmental agency that could be devised. How long such a commission would remain free from political influence is another matter.

With the particular features of the act, however, the court did not deal, because it found the whole scheme unconstitutional. A judicial opinion upon a railway act can hardly be expected to attract the attention of the general public; but in this case it is much to be desired that the general public should understand the principle involved. Especially important is it that the large number of benevolent people who have taken up the notion of "municipal ownership," should learn why the Michigan Supreme Court found the theory unconstitutional, and why the Constitution was so framed as to prohibit the application of the theory. It is not going too far to say that it is the duty of such people to study this decision, and satisfy themselves that its reasoning is unsound before insisting upon the adoption of their plans. They will find no mere array of dry legal arguments, but an interesting review of the history of Michigan and of the events which caused its Constitution to assume its present form.

To put this matter briefly, the court found that the McLeod act proposed to give the city of Detroit power to engage in a work of internal improvement, whereas the Constitution expressly declares that the State shall not be a party to, or interested in, any work of internal improvement, nor engage in carrying on any such work. It was already law that the Legislature could not empower municipalities to do what the State was prohibited from doing, and thus the principal question was one of fact, viz.: Is the acquisition and operation of a system of street-railways a work of internal improvement? The court gave an affirmative answer to that question.

No doubt such a constitutional restriction seems to many minds absurd. If the State is not to engage in works of internal improvement, how are people to have roads, and sewers, and parks? If works of internal improvement are of public benefit, why should not the State carry them on? If they are profitable to private owners, why should not the public appropriate these profits? What is the State for, if not to carry on improvements of divers kinds? To the present generation such queries sound reasonable; but there is a sufficient answer to all of them. That answer is that the experiment has been tried and failed. In Michigan it was tried thrice, and the results were so disastrous that the people ordained a Constitution which prohibited further enterprises of this character. Some public works, such as parks, roads, and drains, have from time immemorial been carried on in the exercise of the police power; but no extension of the list was to be allowed. The whole matter was thoroughly understood, and the action taken was deliberate, as a brief historical statement will show.

The first Constitution of Michigan explicitly declared that internal improvements should be encouraged by the Government of the State, and made it the duty of the Legislature "to make provision by law for ascertaining the proper objects of improvements in relation to roads, canals, and navigable waters," and to provide for "an equal, systematic, and economical application of the funds." The Legislature promptly obeyed the mandate of the Constitution. Canals and railways were begun. Five millions of bonded debt was incurred, although the State never received all that was borrowed, and then came the collapse. The State made a composition with its creditors, abandoned the most worthless of the "improvements," and sold the others to private corporations. This experience satisfied the existing generation, and resulted in the Constitution of 1850, which prohibited the State from becoming interested in the stock of any corporation.

The following generation, however, found it necessary to be taught wisdom by its own experience. It was observed that towns and counties in other States were bonding themselves to raise money for railroads, and it was thought that the same course should be taken in Michigan. The Legislature passed acts for the purpose, even over the Governor's veto, and the business of voting money to any corporation that promised to use it in building a railroad went merrily on, until the Court decided that it was unconstitutional. There was a wild howl that the Constitution was antiquated, and an attempt to change it was made; but it was unsuccessful, and the public generally came to feel that the constitutional restraint was a valuable safeguard.

The present decision is arousing the same clamor as the earlier ones. The Court observes: "It is said that the Constitution was adopted a long while ago, and that this is a gigantic age in which enterprises are being formed on a scale so vast as to be almost beyond comprehension, and the Constitution ought to be given a construction in keeping with the spirit of the age." The reply to this argument is that "constitutions do not change as public opinion changes. Their provisions do not mean one thing one day and another another day. The written Constitution is the most solemn declaration of the people in relation to the power of the State." Until they show their disapproval in due form of the policy embodied in the Constitution nearly fifty years ago, the courts of Michigan will check all attempts to change that policy. The failure of the former attempt to manage railroads by the State was due to causes that will produce the same result to-day. The business necessarily falls into the hands of the politicians, and they are by the very law of their existence incapable of maintaining sound business management. If proof of this is asked, it is only necessary to look around. Where is the business enterprise carried on by legislative authority which is sound, according to business standards? If any such can be found, what percentage are they of the whole number? These are the questions which the Detroit incident should set people to consider.

PROF. ASHLEY ON TRUSTS.

Prof. W. J. Ashley of Harvard University discusses American Trusts in the June number of the London *Economic Journal*. He considers the movement towards consolidation inevitable. In so far as it is a successful movement, it removes the determination of the price of the monopolized article from the range of competition. "The self-interest of the monopolists," he says, "although some protection, is yet an inadequate protection of the interests of the consumer." The Trust will aim to fix the price at the point which will yield the largest net results to itself. This may be considerably above the price that would yield a fair profit. What is the remedy? Repealing the duties on monopolized articles will apply the corrective of foreign competition to those articles only that are imported, and to those only until the monopolists extend their operations so as to include foreign producers, as the cotton-thread makers have already done.

Even this remedy will not avail, however, as regards articles whose production is not subject to foreign competition. "I see nothing for it," says Prof. Ashley, "but that, in countries where the monopolizing movement is well under way, the governments should assume the duty of in some way controlling prices." He recognizes the fact that in such an event the governments would be compelled to regulate wages also, since labor is the chief element in cost of production. The difficulties to be overcome are enormous, and the scheme is not to be attempted without "a fairly efficient administrative service," but Prof. Ashley thinks that we are gravitating in that direction, and that we might as well face the problem of "the distribution of the social product without the aid of competition."

This is the Socialist programme

brought in by a side wind. Prof. Ashley's position in reference to it can be best stated in his own words, viz.:

"It may be a result of my own penchant for things mediæval, but I cannot help thinking that the economist may soon find himself confronted in modern life with some of the ideas underlying the old demand for 'just prices' and 'reasonable wages' which he has been accustomed to regard as quite out of place in political economy. When, in the great coal strike of a few years ago, the men demanded that 'a living wage' should be treated as a first charge, and that wages should determine prices rather than prices wages, the demand was commonly regarded as obviously foolish. But you may have noticed that the fundamental idea of the successful Birmingham combination, already referred to, is precisely 'the taking out of costs'; the idea that prices should never be set lower than the ordinary cost of production, including a fair profit for the *entrepreneur* and a fair wage for the employee. The subject, I know, is full of enormous difficulties, which every tyro in economics can set forth at a moment's notice."

At the risk of seeming to be a tyro in economics we shall point out some of the difficulties which beset this plan. The substance of it is that in a country governed by universal suffrage the legislative power shall be invoked to fix the prices of sugar, kerosene oil, cotton thread, bicycles, leather, tobacco, and all other things the production of which is or may be controlled by a Trust or other combination, and also the wages in those employments. Possibly this delicate task might, in the first instance, be intrusted to the judicial power. In such event new courts would have to be created for this express purpose, since the present ones are overworked already. It needs no prophet, however, to tell us that the decisions of the courts would constantly tend in the direction of higher wages. Both the feeling of sympathy and the pressure of the wage-earners would push that way, and if the movement were not sufficiently rapid, if the wages were not high enough to satisfy the workers, means would soon be found to abolish the courts and to put the wage-making power in the hands of the Legislature.

Suppose that events in the industrial world should take a turn making a reduction of wages necessary, what Legislature would have the courage to order it? Would any Legislature that has ever sat in the State of Illinois have had the courage to face Mr. Debs and his followers in the Pullman Palace Car Company's crisis a few years ago? In this case, Mr. Pullman said that the wages demanded could not be paid; that the price at which cars were sold netted a loss to the builders, and that stoppage of the works was the alternative, and stop they did. Do we hear the reply that the Legislature would, in that case, fix the price of cars at a higher rate? It depends altogether upon the buyers of cars whether they will order new ones or not, and it is not altogether in their power to say what price they shall pay. It depends upon the travelling and the shipping public to say whether the business of the railroads shall justify the purchase of new cars, and to fix the price which can be paid for them. If a railroad has the yard full of idle rolling-stock, no decree of a Legislature can compel it to take more cars at any price whatsoever. In short, the conditions of trade determine this question, and they will continue to do so in spite of every device that human ingenuity can imagine or contrive.

What was possible in the simple state of society in the mediæval world, and in the prevailing habit of obedience to authority, and in the means for enforcing obedience, would be wholly impracticable in the changed conditions of the present day. Society is too complex. The habit of freedom is too ingrained to submit to the regulation of prices by Government. The law may raise prices by imposing a tax, but it cannot compel people to buy the thing taxed, and for this reason it cannot fix the profits of the producers of it or the wages of their employees. Chaos would be the immediate result of such an attempt in this country or in any other. Prof. Ashley, indeed, says that "any country which thinks of attempting it must provide itself with a fairly efficient administrative service." But there is no country which has an administrative service efficient enough or an army strong enough for this purpose. The German Government is probably better equipped in both respects than any other in the world. It is also saddled with industrial combinations to a deplorable extent. Yet it did not dare to fix the price of tobacco and the wages of the workers in tobacco-factories, even under the iron rule of Bismarck, although the aim was a purely fiscal one, and was justified by the experience of other nations.

THE PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

NEW YORK, July 10, 1899.

The American Philological Association has just held its thirty-first annual meeting, at New York University. There was a time when the name of this society was no misnomer, but now "The American Association of Classical Philologists" would be a more appropriate designation. Of the 144 papers presented during the past five years, 114 have dealt with Greek or Latin subjects, ten with English, one with German, and none whatever with Romance; the remaining treating Oriental or general subjects. Moreover, nine of the ten English papers represent the activity of only three persons: Prof. March of Lafayette, Prof. Hempl of Michigan, and Dr. C. P. G. Scott of Radnor, Pa. The "List of Members" contains the names of nearly all the modern-language men of any importance, but these members do not take part in the work of the Association, and do not even appear at the meetings, unless these chance to occur at their college. This is certainly to be regretted. The common interests of philologists are greater than those that separate the Moderns from the Latin and Greek men, and it is in this Association that these interests should be nourished. It has been said that the Association is a Classical Club, that its official action during the past few years proves it to be wedded to the interests of the classics, and that it is unjust that this partisan action should be presented to the world as representing the judgment of a general philological association. All of this is true; but the blame falls, not on the classical men, but on the modern-language men themselves. If they refrain from attending and participating, they cannot blame others for attending and for voting according to their convictions. The total attendance is never very large, and it always lies in the power of the modern-language men to attend and assume their rights. In fact, it would be as much an assumption of their duty—their duty to the cause they immediately represent, and to language-study in general. At present they herd by themselves, make clear to one another the merits and claims of their common line of work, and their personal excellences, and foster their hostility to and their misunderstanding of the classical men. It is the old story of the need of contact and personal acquaintance. Nor should the modern-language man fancy he will find a less discerning and appreciative audience in the Philological Association than in the Modern-Language Association. A Romance paper is often better understood by Latin scholars than by Germanic, and a paper on an English or a German subject is just as likely to find appreciative listeners among the classical men as among the Romance.

The meetings of the Association are generally held in the East. This is not as unjust as it at first appears. As a rule, the Western men are more anxious to meet the Eastern men than to meet other Western men; this they can do if the meeting is held in the East, but not so well at a Western college town. There is little to attract an Eastern man to the West in the summer time, while many Western men go East anyhow, either on their way to Europe or to spend the summer at the coast. Even Cleveland proved to be too far West for more than a very few New England scholars. The place of meeting always determines, to a certain extent, the representation of the colleges; an idea of the average participation of the various institutions may, however, be obtained from an observation of what has happened during the past five years. Excluding all institutions that have not sent, on an average, one paper a year, the data are as follows:

Yale	15	Barnard,	
North Carolina	9	Brown,	
Bryn Mawr	8	Chicago,	
Pennsylvania	7	Cornell,	each 5
Johns Hopkins,		Harvard,	
Michigan,	each.. 6	Lafayette,	
Stanford,			

It often happens that the large representation of an institution is due to the faithfulness of an individual member. Thus, the five papers from Lafayette College were all presented by the venerable Prof. March, who has attended every meeting of the Association except the first one. Perhaps a juster idea of the representation of the colleges will be obtained from a consideration of a table based on the number of persons presenting papers. Excluding institutions represented by less than three speakers in the five years, we have the following list:

Yale	10	Chicago,	
Cornell	6	Harvard,	
Bryn Mawr	5	Michigan,	each . 3
Johns Hopkins,	each 4	North Carolina,	
Western Reserve,		Stanford,	

In both tables Yale and Bryn Mawr oc-

cupy an enviable position. Yale has sent three times as many papers as Barnard, Brown, Chicago, Cornell, Harvard, or Lafayette, and twice as many men as any other institution except Cornell.

The motives that lead men to attend the meetings of the Association are varied. Most of the participants come, not to see and hear, but to be seen and heard. The college graduate, on his way to Germany, who knows he will want a place in two or three years, the newly made doctor just returned, the young German doctor who, stranded in New York, Boston, or Baltimore, is making a scanty living by giving private lessons; the instructor who wants to be an assistant professor, the assistant professor who wants to be a professor, and the professor in a small college who looks with longing eyes to the larger institution—all these are present, and some come year after year with the same sad smile and mute appeal. The man who was fortunate enough to slip into a place and hold it for a year or two, but is at last dropped, remembers a point that he once made and which he believes to be original, or his wife suggests that he "work up" something and go to the meeting of the Philological Association, and we suddenly find him down for a paper. Higher motives are, however, not wanting. Men who think independently on their subjects or on methods of teaching them, formulate their ideas and present them for the criticism of their colleagues. Such a paper may receive approbation and be published in full in the Proceedings; an abstract only may be printed in the Transactions; or there may appear simply the set phrase: "An abstract of this paper has been withdrawn." Some come not to read, but simply to be present and to keep in touch with their fellow-teachers. They are not productive, and, having good places, they do not need to appear to be producers. They like the atmosphere of the place, and enjoy mingling with the company; and, no doubt, they go back to their work with some addition to their knowledge and greater pedagogical zeal. Certain partners in the leading book firms, usually graduates of Eastern colleges, are members and regular in attendance.

The papers produced under such varied conditions are also varied. Many of them are compilations; all the isolated cases of a certain phenomenon are gathered and sorted, sometimes without interpretation or further inference. At present this is most common in the case of syntactical constructions and certain classes of inscriptions. In good hands such studies, especially if on a subject of popular interest, may assume a literary form, as was the case with Prof. Seymour's entertaining paper on "Homeric Viands." Papers showing original thinking, the discovery of important facts, or independent observation and interpretation, are never numerous. To this class belongs Prof. B. I. Wheeler's paper on "Grammatical Gender," in which, while not going back to Grimm's theory of personification, he took issue with Brugmann and presented a new theory. According to this, inanimate objects were at an early date spoken of as *he* or *she* in the quasi-sexual sense in which *she* is now used in speaking of an engine or other moving object, and this expression of gender passed first to the adjective and then, to a certain extent, to the noun. How this use of the pronoun arose was not explained. Prof. Hempl showed that Latin G is the regular development of the early Italic form of *zeta*, and has always maintained its original position in the alphabet; and that the Z of the first and second centuries B. C. was not imported from Greece, but arose out of the angular S in the Italic dialects that used the Roman alphabet. Prof. J. H. Wright called attention to numerous cases of the loss in Sophocles of one of two like adjacent syllables, whereby the remaining syllable does duty for both—interesting and important cases of syllabic dissimilation.

The meeting was remarkable for a certain smoothness and steadiness. This was in large measure due to the lack of discussion. In certain cases this seemed a pity; on the whole, however, it was doubtless unavoidable and not to be regretted. The more specific the subject of the paper, the less likely is it that others will be in a position to criticise it on the spot, and the practice of anticipatory preparation for discussion is happily restricted to but one or two members. It is usually the man whose knowledge and insight are most limited and who is least open to conviction, who is readiest to engage in discussion.

The address of the President, Prof. Clement L. Smith of Harvard, dealt with "The American College in the Twentieth Century." The paper was largely a justification of the college, and few prophecies were indulged in. That those colleges which have unduly raised their requirements for admission will sooner or later reduce the undergraduate period, and that, by the middle of the next century, the three-years course will be as firmly established as the four-year course is at present, was confidently expressed. In this way the college will again be a true college, a place for the development of symmetrical manliness, and not for the incomplete training of specialists. In the women's college, or rather the "annex," was found the best correspondent of the men's college, namely, a place for the development of symmetrical womanliness; but here, as elsewhere, Prof. Smith cautiously refrained from too confident prophecy.

The social events of the meeting consisted in a reception by the Chancellor and in a drive through Bronx Park and to Poe's cottage, and in an inspection of the municipal improvements in that portion of Greater New York. The President of the Association for the coming year is Prof. Abby Leach of Vassar, whose place as Vice-President is taken by Prof. West of Princeton; the places of Prof. West, Prof. Peck, and Prof. Wright on the executive committee are taken by Prof. Fowler of Western Reserve, Prof. Hempl of Michigan, and Prof. Smith of Wisconsin. The next regular meeting of the Association will be held at Madison, Wis., July 10, 1900, but in the coming winter the Association will unite with the other philological and archæological societies in a joint meeting to be held probably in New York city.

VICTOR CHERBULIEZ.

NEW YORK, July 5, 1899.

About 1860 there appeared at Geneva a singular little book whose title was as odd as its form—'A Horse of Phidias.' It was a fantasy, half romantic, half philosophical, which somewhat recalled the Dialogues of Plato, though with a turn and a wit altogether modern. Four or five tourists, assembled before the frieze of the Parthenon, exchange, apropos of a horse attributed to Phidias, a variety of reflections which touch now upon history, now upon æsthetics, upon literature, upon morality. The book was brilliant, ingenious, and paradoxical, but, owing to its unusual character, it seemed doomed to fail of success. Nevertheless, it found readers, select if not many, and in Paris particularly there were at least two persons who did not let it pass unnoticed. One was George Sand, whom the book captivated, and who spoke of it in enthusiastic terms to Buloz, the famous editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The other was Sainte-Beuve, who was fond of drawing attention to budding talent, and who said at this time to his friend Renan, "Have you read Cherbuliez? He is one of our sort."

Victor Cherbuliez's destiny was peculiar. His works are comprised in some thirty volumes, of which twenty-four are novels. Everything he wrote was published, with one or two exceptions, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The best French critics, from Sainte-Beuve to Anatole France, have testified their admiration of the astonishing richness of his imagination, the depth and scope of his intellectual culture, the flexibility and grace of his style. Moreover, on the death of Octave Feuillet, he found himself almost the sole representative of fiction in the French Academy, to which he was elected in 1881. Finally, his novels were all of the kind most pleasing to the public, the "romanesque." In spite of all this, Cherbuliez never became what can be called a popular writer. He was doubtless known to the great public, but he never succeeded in making a name for himself in the manner of Daudet, Zola, or even Octave Feuillet and Paul Bourget. Some persons affected to speak of him as a second-rate romance-writer; the younger men of letters for the most part ignored him, and many, who had never read him, treated him as a George Ohnet, but with a slight superiority and a style. His most celebrated novels, like 'Comte Kostia,' did not get beyond the fifteenth edition, whereas one of Daudet's might reach its hundredth, of Zola's its two-hundredth, and Ohnet's 'Maître de Forges' attained nearly its three-hundredth. His public was always restricted, composed preponderantly of lettered and university men, who were charmed by the philosophic and literary worth of his books; of women, on whom the plot of his romances, always intensely interesting, took strong hold; and finally of foreigners, who found in the exotic character of his personages and his tales something which they understood and appreciated.

As for the literary historians who are so given to classifying writers into schools and groups, they were much perplexed to find a place for Cherbuliez. Some joined him to the idealistic school, and made him a disciple of George Sand, because they found in him the same imaginative fantasy and the same improbability as in the author of 'Indiana.' Others, despairing of tracing a literary pedigree, classed him by himself as an "independent" and "eclectic." Both were right. Victor Cherbuliez is a figure apart in French contemporary romance and literature. To comprehend and define him, it is necessary to relate his career and to explain how his talent was formed.

Like J. J. Rousseau, Mme. de Staël, and

Benjamin Constant, Cherbuliez was what might be called a Franco-Swiss. He was born at Geneva in 1829, of a family of French refugees driven from their country by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes under Louis XIV. A Protestant, he must needs *ex vi termini* be a free thinker, eager for knowledge, impatient of every yoke, religious or political. He chanced, besides, to have for a father a learned and respected professor of Hebrew, who practised even at the beginning of the present century that "higher criticism" which is but now invading and terrifying America. This is tantamount to saying that Victor Cherbuliez received a good intellectual discipline. As a Genevan, he had another advantage. Brought up in that cosmopolitan city situated at the cross-roads of three civilizations, he imbibed, like Mme. de Staël, Schérer and Édouard Rod, a cosmopolitan culture. In truth, Cherbuliez seemed prepared to become a university professor. At the close of his studies at Geneva, he went to Paris to pursue Burnouf's Sanskrit courses, thence to Bonn and to Berlin, where he became deeply enamoured of the Hegelian philosophy and dreamed of becoming a disciple of the great German thinkers. But this young savant, who spoke fluently four languages, and had been initiated into all the great European literatures, turned out to have, along with his professional science, a roaming imagination and a possessed spirit in which was recognizable the influence of the charming Toeppfer, author of 'Voyages en zig-zag,' who had been his master. Imagination carried the day against science, and, instead of becoming a pedantic professor, he became a novelist.

A providential accident came to his aid. A modest inheritance permitted him, instead of prematurely earning his living, to continue his travels. He visited Greece, the East, Russia. He enriched his mind, already so rich, with all the sights and observations that the spectacle of the world has to offer. He studied the art of ancient Greece, the Italian Renaissance, contemporary Russia and Germany, and when he had amassed this material he began to write novels. Evidently the novels of a man of such a discipline, who had waited till he was thirty before he produced his first work, could not resemble those of a Daudet or a Zola, who, having only a college education, and being under the necessity of supporting themselves as well as being driven by the demon of inspiration, gave to the public the hasty experiments of ardent, enthusiastic, and ignorant writers. Cherbuliez's novels resembled their author. He employed fiction not merely to study characters and types, but to discourse on topics of history, philosophy, and politics. 'Le Prince Vitale' is a veritable study of the Italian Renaissance. 'Le Grand Œuvre' is a work on the philosophy of history. 'Le Comte Kostia' is a study of the Slavic spirit, with digressions on Byzantinism.

It was 'Le Comte Kostia,' first published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* in 1862, which revealed Cherbuliez to the French public at large. The plot of this story is so dramatic, the theme so bold, that its readers followed it with breathless curiosity. The scholar was discovered to be a marvellous romancer. As for his style, it was very pure, very classic, very brilliant—indeed, too brilliant, with far-fetched expressions, rare words, and some Swiss locutions, so that Veuillot, the celebrated pamphleteer, with his customary injustice, accused him of "writing in Swiss." From this epoch, every other year, Cherbuliez never ceased to give a romance regularly to the *Revue*, of which he had become a standing contributor. He studied in succession types of every country. After the Slavs of 'Le Comte Kostia' he analyzed his countrymen, the Genevans, in 'Paule Méré'; not without an ironic malevolence which grieved them. Then he created some admirable types of foreign women like 'Meta Holdenis,' the sentimental and designing German, and 'Miss Rovel,' a ravishing young English girl. His work is thoroughly penetrated with exoticism, and in it every people has its representatives, drawn with a crayon sometimes unjust, but invariably witty.

"L'esprit" is truly the most general characteristic of the work and talent of Cherbuliez. It is a delicate, subtle, and fine irony which plays across every page, and is above all discernible in the dialogue of his heroes, in the author's reflections, and even in his style. It has been said that in his novels everybody, even imbeciles, show wit—and this is true; it is what makes every page a feast. Those who take no interest in his stories, always captivatingly related, or are intolerant of the occasional improbability of the fable, can but enjoy the gentle philosophizing, the mocking good sense, the jovial wisdom—qualities unrivalled in contemporary fiction, and which justly reminded M. Lanson of Voltaire's *Contes*. One might compile an admirable book of Thoughts with phrases picked here and there from pages full of humor and occasionally of profound philosophy. I have for my part gathered them by the hundred. As for the psychology of his romances, it has been accused of being conventional and even superficial. So it may be, though no one has created subordinate figures more alive and more truthful-seeming than those of M. Cherbuliez's imagining. The American reader will find in 'Le Secret du Précepteur,' for example, an amusing type, very little caricatured, of an American old lady which cannot fail to divert him.

I repeat that his novels were not universally enjoyed; but such as did like them, liked them passionately. It happened to him, when one of them was in course of publication, to receive letters from his readers begging him not to give a bad end to this or that hero or heroine for whom he had excited sympathy. Old Buloz, a very fantastic character, doted on Cherbuliez's novels. One day he had a numerous company of friends at his country house in Savoy. The guests had amused themselves by gathering mushrooms in the woods, and had had them cooked for dinner. Some of the number, distrusting the competence of the gatherers, hesitated to partake. Cherbuliez alone bravely attacked the dish, when Buloz, alarmed, cried out to him: "What are you about, Cherbuliez? Remember that you haven't finished your romance in the *Revue!*"

To this magazine Cherbuliez did not contribute fiction alone. After 1875, under the pseudonym of Valbert, he published every month an essay in which, on pretext of a German, English, or Italian book, he unlocked the treasures of his erudition and his fancy, treating with a light touch the gravest subjects, and making the most difficult questions attractive. He thus rendered his pseudonym famous, and many who cared little for his novels awaited with impatience these articles of Valbert's, which for twenty years were one of the successes of the *Revue*. Renan, who declared that he could not understand how serious-minded men could write fiction, pleasantly expressed his surprise, on receiving Cherbuliez into the Academy, that a man like him, who was able to be Valbert, should continue to be Cherbuliez. But Cherbuliez found means to satisfy the most exacting by at the same time being an essayist in his romances, and introducing into his essays the grace and imagination of the romancer.

The death of this rare writer causes a void in French letters which no one can fill. Unlike many writers, Cherbuliez was the man of his books. The mild philosophy, the serene goodness, and the large tolerance which characterize all his writings, also distinguished his life. He was gentle, simple, modest. All who came near him loved him. He knew nothing of the fussy and intriguing vanity of men of letters. He never got himself advertised. The fame he acquired came to him unaided. After the war of 1870, he removed his home to France, and in Paris his whole time was divided between his family, who adored him, his works, and his duties to the French Academy, before which he pronounced several charming discourses. His summers he spent in the country near Paris amidst the flowers of which he was so fond. To the end of his life, which was clouded by the death of a beloved wife and of a son of great merit, he preserved his intellect and his talent intact. His last novel, 'Jacquine Vanesse,' betrays no fatigue, and is as brilliant as those of his very beginning.

His influence, less resounding than that of certain novelists who came after him, will be more beneficial and profound. Though a sceptic in metaphysics, the philosophy which exhales from his works is neither frivolous nor immoral. He believed in toil, in justice, in goodness. His raillery was reserved for two kinds of men, knaves and fools. He preached incessantly resignation, sacrifice, mutual respect, and toleration. He taught wisdom while practising it. I make bold to say that with him disappears the most sympathetic and estimable French man of letters of the present time.

OTHON GUERLAC.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN ITALY.

ROME, May 31, 1899.

The days that are now passing offer exceptional interest to those who care for the present and future welfare of Italy. This is not so much because of the actual excitement in the political world, owing to the discussion in Parliament of the question of the harbor of San-Mun and the consequent fall of the ministry, but because of the fact that while the new ministry which has just been formed is a good one, there is reason to hope that before long there may be a still better one, and Italy herself be under way towards more happy conditions than have for many years fallen to her lot. If this hope be realized, its consummation will, in a large measure, be due to the honesty of purpose, the untiring effort, and the unselfishness of one man—Baron Sonnino.

The fall of the late ministry, of which Gen. Pelloux was Prime Minister, as he is of the new one, was consequent on the discussion

regarding the advisability of demanding the cession of the port of San-Mun from the Chinese Government. This discussion was embittered by the fact that the Italian Government had seen fit to buy a cruiser from Armstrong & Co. which had been made by them for China. This might seem a clever stroke of policy, but Italy has shipyards of her own, and the ambition of a large party is to have these yards produce whatever boats the navy needs, so that it will be readily understood how this new acquisition led to bitterness among the Deputies. Furthermore, the country at large is by no means of one mind in regard to the advisability of demanding a cession of territory from China. The sentiment of Lombardy in particular was entirely against the venture, probably in the main because of the realization that Lombard interests in East Africa would be prejudiced by any new attraction in China. Then, too, Italy has by no means recovered from the shock occasioned by the failure of the Abyssinian enterprise; and the refusal of the Tsung-li-Yamen to accede to her demand for the port of San-Mun, and to grant her rights similar to those exercised by England, Germany, and Russia over the ports taken by them, had been a serious setback, while the exposure in the *Times*, by its Pekin correspondent, of the extraordinary manner in which the negotiation had been bungled by the Italian official in charge of the affair, strengthened the hands of the opponents of the Government. The result was that Gen. Pelloux, recognizing that the feeling of the Chamber was against the policy pursued by the Government, without waiting for a vote of the Chamber, most unexpectedly handed in the resignation of the ministry. Had he not done this, and had a vote passed contrary to the Government, the fleet gathered near San-Mun would have had to be recalled. The position of Italy would have been awkward.

The King, however, called Gen. Pelloux to make a new ministry, a business by no means easy. For ten days everything was uncertain, for, while there were good men enough to pick and choose from, it was difficult to find a group who would make a homogeneous cabinet. Baron Sonnino was offered and refused the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, but, notwithstanding his refusal to accept a portfolio, it was evident that his advice regarding the formation of the cabinet was of great weight with the King and Gen. Pelloux.

Born in 1847, Baron Sonnino studied under the faculty of law at Pisa and then entered upon a diplomatic career. From 1865-'71 he was attached to the embassies of Spain, Austria, Germany, and France. On returning to Italy he began a study of the economic conditions of the country, with special reference to the *contadini*, of which study one result was a book entitled 'Contadini in Sicilia.' He continued this work, extending his investigations to such subjects as the labor of children and women, mining, and emigration. That he did the work with thoroughness is shown by his journey in 1889 to Eritrea, whither he went to investigate the colony there situate. Since 1880 he has been in Parliament, his seat being on the left centre. His parliamentary career has been noticeable chiefly for his treatment of financial and economic questions. He attacked during the earlier years the financial policy of the Giolitti ministry, and when, under Crispi, power was in his hands, he showed that these attacks had not been based on any mere personal feeling, but on a correct knowledge of the subject dealt with. From 1887 to 1889 (in the latter year Crispi fell) he was Under Secretary of State for Treasury. In December, 1893, when Crispi returned to power, Sonnino became Minister of the Treasury, taking this office only after receiving assurances from Crispi that the Government would support such measures as he might see fit to institute to strengthen the country's finances, and to wipe out the deficit that then amounted to some 130,000,000 lire. The country was at the time on the verge of serious revolution, and radical measures were needed.

This deficit had been brought about, in great part, by the abolishment of the grist tax, and by the unsound methods adopted by the Government in a futile attempt to keep up the value of its securities. When Sonnino entered the Ministry, the pound sterling was worth 33 lire, and, owing to the fact that Italian silver was current outside of the peninsula, it was bought up in large amounts, exported, and then had to be bought back again by the Italian Government at its face value. Sonnino's idea was to make up the deficit by wisely placed taxes. He cut the interest paid by Government securities 1-3 of 1 per cent., laid two soldi a kilo on salt, and a stamp tax on matches. Furthermore, he economized along many lines. His general idea was to make the taxes fall equally on rich and poor, and he succeeded in wiping out the deficit. Naturally, his action caused him to be bitterly hated. His various measures were all passed by royal decree, for Parliament was not then in session. When Parliament met, the discussion occasioned by the imposition of the taxes was so bitter that his colleagues begged Crispi to throw over the originator of them. This, however, he refused to do, and Parliament ratified the measures. It was only when Crispi fell, in March, 1896, that Sonnino passed out of office.

To return to present times. When Sonnino in April refused the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he urged that it be given to the Marchese Visconti-Venosta, one of the older generation, who he thought would counteract the more intense conservatives, and in whom there is a widespread feeling of confidence. This was done. Although since 1876 Visconti-Venosta has been but little in active politics, he is a man whose diplomatic training, absolute honesty, and ideas in regard to the advisability of drawing Italy and France together render him generally acceptable to the country. With Gen. Pelloux as Minister of the Interior and Visconti-Venosta in charge of Foreign Affairs, two of the offices are in competent hands. The Ministry of the Treasury has been confided to Boselli, a man of no great originality, but a firm follower of Sonnino. The Ministry of Instruction remains in the hands of Baccelli, who has given so much satisfaction to scholars during the past six months by his sanctioning the excavations in the Forum. Carmine becomes Minister of Finance, and Bonasi is made Minister of Justice. Lacava receives the Ministry of Public Works, Gen. Mirri that of War, Admiral Bettolo that of the Navy, Salandra that of Agriculture, and San Giuliano that of Posts and Telegraphs. This cabinet is distinguished from any that has recently preceded it by the presence of men of Sonnino's party in the chief offices, and by its most important members belonging to the Right.

The Left has been in power a long time, and, realizing that it is running a great danger of losing the control it has held, it began its opposition as soon as Parliament came together after the new ministry was made up. The opportunity for attack proceeded from an apparently insignificant cause. Zanardelli, the President of the Chamber, was, contrary to custom, not consulted by the King as to the choice of the new ministers. Piqued by this, and believing that he would have to lose the leadership of the Left to Crispi and Giolitti if he did not resign the Presidency so as to take his seat on the floor of the Chamber, he gave up his office, and, contrary to the wish of the Chamber, persisted in maintaining his resignation. He did so, however, in an unfortunate manner, for he wrote a letter in which he made remarks about the methods employed in choosing the new ministers that were a direct insult to the King. A new President had then to be chosen, and the Socialists and the left urged that it be done at once. Pelloux stated that such action would be most unwise, the position to be filled being one of importance, and not to be voted on without allowing time both for careful consideration and for summoning absent Deputies; hence he demanded that the voting should not take place for four days—that is, until yesterday. The decision of this question was finally put to the vote. The special interest of the vote lay in the fact that, owing to the position and character of Zanardelli, it was not a vote of secondary importance, but was one of definite political and party signficance, which would be an index of the power of the new ministry, and show it what support it could count upon in its plans in respect to China and to the *provedimenti politici*, which are (in broad terms) a scheme of censorship over meetings, newspapers, etc., induced by the outbreaks last spring. Had the vote been a secret one, the Government would have derived little good from it, so by clever manipulation the Chamber was persuaded to vote openly, thus showing the Government what men could be counted on for support. The result was a majority of eighty-one—much larger than had been hoped for—in favor of the delay advocated by Pelloux. In this vote Crispi supported the Government. Yesterday the Chamber met and voted on the main question, the election of a new President. Zanardelli was put up as the candidate of the Opposition, but was beaten by Chinaglia, the Government candidate, though the majority fell nearly two-thirds.

This is where matters stand, with the important questions of China and the *provedimenti politici* still to be settled. The Right is in power, however. Considering his age and influence, it will not be surprising if, when this particular Ministry falls, Sonnino should be seen to exert even more influence than he does at present. In such a case he will have the chance to forward his programme, and it is an interesting one. It is his opinion that the principal danger to which Italy is exposed is that of revolution. The present Government sprang from revolution, and the revolutionary idea is rampant. Another danger comes from the Church, and this works in a two-fold manner. On the one hand she neutralizes the conservatives who would, by inclination, favor the Government, by her teaching that as Catholics they ought to oppose the estab-

lished order of things; on the other hand, the more powerful part of the Jesuits are actual enemies of the present conditions. This being the condition according to Sonnino's belief, he thinks the King should possess and exert the power to counteract these evils. That is to say, the King should refuse to accept (as is the custom now) the resignation of a ministry whenever any vote, no matter how unimportant, goes against it; but a ministry should endure long enough to try thoroughly any given policy, and for the country to have time to form a judgment concerning it. Under the present system, no continuous policy is possible. Many of the occurrences last spring certainly lend color to these ideas. At any rate, as being those held by a man who endeavors to promote the welfare of his country rather than to satisfy personal ambitions, they are worthy of consideration and not impossibly of trial.

Correspondence.

THE DRAUGHTSMAN OF THE ORDER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: After reading your "Honest Politics" in the *Nation* of June 29, I am led to ask what you make of the statement, which I believe has not been challenged, that the President's recent civil-service order was both advised and engineered by *Mr. Lyman*, one of the very leaders, I take it, now that Mr. Curtis is gone, of the great reform itself.—Respectfully yours, H. D. C.

Gouverneur, N. Y., July 6, 1899.

[The statement has not been challenged, because it is true. We have the authority of a leading member of the Cabinet for saying that when the President, after vainly trying to assort the mass of recommendations, drafts of new rules, etc., which lay on his desk, appealed to his advisers to name some one who could bring order out of the chaos, Secretary Gage suggested that Mr. Lyman, who had formerly been a Civil-Service Commissioner and was then employed as Appointment Clerk in the Treasury, possessed the necessary expert knowledge. To Mr. Lyman, therefore, the President turned over the whole bundle of papers, and from him received back, in due course, the formal amendments promulgated on May 29.

Mr. Lyman was never a "leader" in the reform movement. He began his career as a department clerk in Washington, was at various times Secretary and Chief Examiner of the Civil-Service Commission, and, having a rather remarkable taste for, and grasp of, legal technicalities, was promoted to a Commissionership. Mr. Eaton and others recommended his appointment on the ground that, with his familiarity with the law and rules and bureau precedents, he would prove a valuable balance-wheel in a Commission whose other members were liable to change with the vicissitudes of national politics. His alleged inactivity at the time of the looting of the railway-mail service aroused a very bitter feeling against him among Democrats everywhere; and President Cleveland, though reluctant to make any change in the Commission till the "blanket order" of May, 1896, had been issued, felt compelled to call for his resignation in order to save the machinery of the merit system from an assault in Congress of such magnitude as bade fair to wreck it utterly. When the McKinley Administration came in, Mr. Lyman, as a Union veteran, was reinstated in the civil service as chief of the Stationery Division of the Treasury; and, a vacancy occurring soon afterward in the Appointment Clerk's office, he was transferred thither, again on the ground of his technical knowledge.—Ed. Nation.]

CIVILIZED WARFARE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We hear a vast deal nowadays about "civilized warfare." Many estimable people are losing sleep because of their fear that our troops in the Philippines are disregarding the rules and usages of "civilized warfare," and justify their apprehensions by quoting letters from American soldiers in the field telling of death and horror. Indeed, a conference of all the principal Powers is even now being held at The Hague, one of the principal purposes of which is said to be a codification and modification of the rules of this same "civilized warfare," and an effort to get everybody to live up to them. The interest in this conference is even greater than that aroused by the Whist Congress, which is to meet in Chicago this month, to codify and modify the rules of that game.

I should like to know what grim and gruesome humorist invented the term "civilized warfare." I would give much to have seen the sardonic grin that overspread his mocking countenance when he found his ghastly joke taken seriously by the world, and what was surely, in its origin, a ribald gibe become a commonplace of sober conversation, and of editorial, diplomatic, and religious utterance. De Quincey, with fine, unfettered fancy, wrote of murder as a fine art, but not even the imaginings of the Opium-eater suggested any connection between warfare and civilization. I fancy the author of this side-splitting phrase must be that Edward Carpenter who wrote a book called 'Civilization, Its Cause and Cure.'

The trouble is we cant too much about war, as about so many other things. In one breath we say, "War is hell," and in the next we dispute gravely and strenuously as to the rules by which it shall be played. If, indeed, war is hell, let us substitute one term for the other, and call it "civilized hellishness" instead of "civilized warfare." Much good may come from such plain talk. We shall surely not be able to keep our faces straight, or look each other in the eye, while we summon grave congresses together to consider and revise the rules of "civilized hellishness." The facial muscles will stand much, but certainly not this. Much harm comes from the grandiose glossing over of barbarism by the use of such terms as "civilized warfare," and the attempt to formulate rules by which it is to be carried on. Unthinking people are thereby led to forget that civilization and warfare are the zenith and the nadir of thought and aspiration.

Even such a consistent and undoubted enemy of war as Mr. William T. Stead, in a recent letter from The Hague, describing the Peace Conference, allows himself to be betrayed into this fashion of talk, referring to the inhabitants of an invaded country: "If they persist in refusing to play the game fair and prefer to resort to what is regarded as foul play, then they must be prepared to take the consequences." Think of the defender of his hearthstone against an invading tyrant, whose wife is a corpse by his side or the sport of ribald soldiers, whose children have been bayoneted before his eyes, and whose own shattered and bloody members hang useless from his body, amid the blazing ruins of what was once his home—trying to recollect what Rule 17 of the game called "civilized warfare" requires of him at that juncture!

Howard Leslie Smith.

Chicago, July 8, 1899.

"DONE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One of your correspondents on the subject of dialect has referred to the word "done" as it is used by the Southern negro as an intensification of the past tense. It may be well known, though I have never seen the fact mentioned in print, that this is a pure Africanism. That it is so is proved by the analogous violence done to the French language where it was attempted to be spoken by the negro slave. In the "Creole" patois of Mauritius the past tense is always formed by placing the word "fin" (a contraction, of course, of *finir*) before the verb, and the future by the similar use of "allé." Thus, one hears "Mou fin aller," "Mou allé faire ça," exactly corresponding to the "I done went," "I'se gwine do it," of the American negro.

It may be remarked that the "Creole" of Mauritius is so far removed from the French as not to be intelligible to a French immigrant without much practice, and consequently may be assumed to be closer to the African tongues than the dialect of the Southern States darkey. May not other of the peculiarities of speech of these latter be traceable also to ancestral origin? C. M. O'D.

New Mexico, June 25, 1899.

Notes.

A Life of Horace Bushnell, by Dr. Munger; 'The Reminiscences of Julia Ward Howe'; a Life of Salmon P. Chase, by Prof. A. B. Hart; and 'Square Pegs,' a novel by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, will be published in the autumn by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

'The Life and Letters of Sir John Everett Millais,' by his son J. G. Millais, will be published in this country in a few months by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish in the early fall 'A Prisoner of the Khaleefa; Twelve Years' Captivity at Omdurman,' by Charles Neufeld, with numerous photographic illustrations.

The musical reminiscences of a veteran artist, Mr. Thomas Ryan of Boston, founder of the widely known Mendelssohn Quintette

Club, are to be brought out by E. P. Dutton & Co. Mr. Ryan was in at the very beginnings of orchestral organization in this country.

'Snow on the Headlight,' a story of the great Burlington strike, by Cy Warman, is about to be issued by D. Appleton & Co.

Bonnell, Silver & Co. will soon have ready 'A Pocket History of the American Navy and Naval Commanders,' compiled by Cromwell Childe.

Miss Rose G. Kingsley's 'History of French Art' (Longmans, Green & Co.) was written, as she informs us, at the request of M. Antonin Barthélemy, and with the assistance of M. Roujon, Directeur des Beaux-Arts, M. Léonce Bénédite, Conservateur du Musée du Luxembourg, and a long list of other officials and authorities. As might, therefore, be expected, it is an unusually solid and authoritative work, giving a fairly clear and just view of the general progress and development of painting, sculpture, and architecture in France, and of the achievements of individual artists in these several arts, but with no special originality of view, brilliancy of exposition, or illuminating criticism. It may be highly recommended as a text-book for general study, and it makes no pretence to be a personal contribution to art-criticism. We have detected no errors in it, and only a few obvious misprints. It is a pity that the style is marred by one or two mannerisms and a few solecisms.

An exceptionally finely illustrated work of travels in the Orient, in which the interests of scientific research and of history are well looked after, is being published by Dietrich Reimer of Berlin, the author being Dr. Max Freiherr von Oppenheim. It is entitled 'Vom Mittelmeer zum Persischen Golf, durch den Hauran, die Syrische Wüste und Mesopotamien.' Of the two volumes promised the first has appeared, and the whole work will contain 72 full-page illustrations and 200 smaller pictures in the text, together with a new map of Syria and Mesopotamia on a scale of 1:850,000, prepared by Richard Kiepert, son of the late veteran cartographer, Henry Kiepert; and secondly a political map of the autonomous district of Lebanon on a scale of 1:300,000, as also a chart of the author's journey, made in 1893.

A striking sign of the revolution which has displaced omnibuses and horse-cars is the publication of handbooks of electric travel, quite as serious and as useful as those for steam-journeying. Miss Katharine M. Abbott of Lowell, Mass., who has already issued 'Trolley Trips on a Bay State Triangle,' and 'South Shore [Mass.] Trolley Trips,' now puts forth 'Trolley Trips: The Historic New England Coast,' embracing the Long Island shore, Connecticut Valley, Narragansett Bay, Buzzard's Bay, and Massachusetts (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons). Like its predecessors, it is a little paper-covered volume for the pocket, profusely and well illustrated, mapped, and indexed, and is dedicated to the Patriotic Societies of Connecticut. The text has a quality superior to that of most guide-books.

The second issue of the quarterly *Mayflower Descendant* is due, but it may not be too late to speak of the January issue as full of promise to those interested in tracing their descent from the Pilgrims of 1620. It is published by the Massachusetts Society of Mayflower Descendants at their rooms, No. 623 Tremont Street, Boston; this society being one of seven whose organization or annual proceedings are recorded in number one (add Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Ohio, Illinois). Publication has been begun in this periodical of the entries in the Brewster Book, and of Plymouth Colony Wills and Inventories; and there is much other valuable matter. The Massachusetts Society is endeavoring to raise a fund to prosecute researches into the pedigree of the *Mayflower* passengers, and subscriptions may be sent to the editor, who also invites any information touching said pedigree.

The *American Journal of Philology* begins its twentieth volume with the number for January, February, and March, 1899, which was issued late in June, replete with its usual number of learned articles. Among the book notices, Norden's 'Die Antike Kunstprosa' is the subject of a long review, while Prof. Gildersleeve, the editor of the *Journal*, writes in a characteristic way of Terret's 'Homère.' There are also the usual reports on foreign philological journals, the department called "Brief Mention," ever bright with the wit of the accomplished editor, and lists of recent publications.

The June number of the *Classical Review* publishes a letter from Mr. H. Furneaux which completely disposes of any hope, at least for the present, of a collation of the Toledo MS. of the 'Agricola' of Tacitus. Dr. Gudeman of the University of Pennsylvania announced some months ago that he had arranged for a collation of this MS., but it is evident that his agent in the matter has met with the same difficulty that beset Dr. Wünsch of Breslau in 1896, when he attempted to examine the MS. He was denied such privilege by the Bishop of Toledo, who claimed that the publication of any collation would depreciate the value of the document. Upon this fact, Mr. Postgate remarks in an editorial note, "If the Bishop of Toledo can take only the commercial view of learning, let him sell the manuscript, of which he is no fit custodian."

In *McClure's Magazine* for July, Prof. Newcomb sketches, with his usual exceptional lucidity, the unsolved problems of astronomy, and his text is illumined by the rarely fine photographs of the heavenly bodies by Prof. Barnard and Sir Isaac Roberts. If there is disappointment at what is yet unknown, there is at the same time cause for great gratulation at the progress and present extent of astronomical discovery.

European Turkey, especially Macedonia, is the theatre of a unique contest graphically described by Rich. von Mach in number five of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*. It is a struggle for supremacy between Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, and Rumania, and schools are the standing armies, teachers the officers, inspectors and bishops the general staff. Greece was first in the field, and her schools are still the most numerous, though from certain districts she has been driven out by the Bulgarians, who were not slow to recognize the importance of the Greek movement in the coveted territory Her educational army is better manned and more alert and enterprising than that of either of her rivals, and its success has been remarkable. The Servians have shown the least intelligence and energy, and are now confining their efforts to districts just over their southern frontier. Latest of all, Rumania is taking a vigorous part in the contest, and her schools among the Wallachs of central and southern Macedonia threaten wholly to supplant those of her rivals. The Turkish officials look on with characteristic indifference at this strange international strife. Accurate statistics are difficult to get in Turkey, but, according to the reports of consuls and the various religious authorities, there were, in 1895-'96, of elementary schools only, Greek 1,286, with 85,015 scholars; Bulgarian 821, with 29,846; Servian 162, with 7,511; and Rumanian 80, with 3,678. A series of four maps, one for each nationality, show the scene and the strength of this educational propaganda.

A supplemental number, 128, is a geographical monograph on the island of Cerigo, the ancient Cythera, by Dr. R. Leonhard. He treats of its geographical characteristics, its geology, climate, and scanty fauna and flora. Its bird-life is enriched, however, by the fact that the birds use it as a station in their annual migrations. He also gives a short sketch of the island's history, and some statistics and facts in regard to the inhabitants and their occupations.

In the *Biblioteca Storico-critica della Letteratura Dantesca*, Prof. Enrico Rostagno has published the 'Compendio della Vita di Dante' attributed to Boccaccio, using sundry MSS., and prefacing the result of his editorial labors with a discussion in which he concludes that the Compendium was a rough draft of the full Life. A serviceable edition of the Compendium has hitherto been a desideratum.

According to official reports, there were published in the city of Paris at the beginning of the present year no fewer than 296 technical medical journals, and the list has been increased, it is thought, by several dozen since that time. The *Allgemeine Medizinische Centralzeitung* draws attention to this phenomenal growth, which it declares entirely abnormal and unhealthy, and gives some peculiar facts that explain the existence of such a multitude of medical magazines. It appears that the publication of a technical medical journal has in recent years become the approved and popular means for the advertisement of all kinds of medical and hygienic articles. Druggists, apothecaries, chemical factories, laboratories, instrument-makers, bathing establishments, societies of nurses, milk-venders, publishers of medical journals, manufacturers of patent medicines, and the like, have all begun to issue a "medical journal," in which several of the opening pages are devoted to harmless reports of the transactions of medical societies and the like, while the bulk of the periodical is filled with more or less skilfully worded advertisements of the wares offered by the publishers. Quite naturally these medical journals do not have paying subscribers, but are sent out gratis to physicians and other possible customers, in Paris and throughout France.

It appears that the Deutsche Orientgesellschaft has proved to be very popular, and has enlisted the coöperation not only of technical scholars, as is the case with the older Oriental Society and the more recently established Palestine Society, but of a large number of merchants and others interested in the Orient. As a consequence, the first year has already brought an income of 66,882 marks, of which sum

20,000 marks were the gift of the Emperor, from whom the same amount is confidently expected for the current year. The expedition sent out by the Society at the beginning of the year, headed by Dr. Koldewey, arrived at Babylon on the 26th of March, and began its labors on the famous Kasr mound with thirty-nine Arab laborers; the number has now increased to over one hundred. More than 200 fragments of lion and cat sculptures, brick reliefs, and rosette-ornaments have been found, the bricks of the wall enclosing the mound all being of the well-known Nebuchadnezzar type. Prof. Frederick Delitzsch, who has recently been transferred from his quasi-banishment in Breslau to that goal of academic ambition in Germany, a professorship in Berlin, is very sanguine in his expectation of tangible results from the work of this expedition. He thinks that the thorough investigation of the Kasr mound, which covers a space of 25 hectares and attains a height of 20 metres, will reveal those mosaic friezes of which Diodorus reports, and such as were found by Dieulafoy and his wife in the ruins of Susa.

The "Calaveras Skull," concerning which so fierce a controversy arose in 1866, has recently become the subject of renewed discussion. The views of Mr. W. H. Dall, the only survivor of the group of naturalists who examined the skull at the office of the State Geologist of California in June, 1866, are published in the current number of the Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. According to the statement of the finder, a respectable mine-owner, the skull was discovered in a bed of gravel 132 feet below the surface of the uppermost lava bed of Bald Hill, one of the table mountains of Calaveras County. It was covered and filled with a hard mass of gravel stones, mixed with particles of other human bones and fossil shells, cemented together with iron oxide and calcareous cement. It is Mr. Dall's opinion that no artificial agency could have assembled such a conglomerate about a recent skull, and he dismisses as unworthy of notice the insinuation that the relic was taken from a modern Indian burial-place subject to the lime deposit of springs, and fraudulently foisted upon the State Geologist. He believes that the attempts on the part of unscientific persons to discredit the authenticity of the skull were due to the spirit which leads the ignorant to disparage discoveries in which they have no share. He is convinced, in common with scientific men generally, that no sufficient reason exists for doubting the genuine character of the skull or its original situs below the lava. As to the coexistence of man and the extinct mammals whose remains have been found in the same gravels, he expresses no opinion, as that is an entirely distinct question.

Unusual interest attaches to the Cambridge University expedition, under the leadership of Dr. A. C. Haddon, to New Guinea and Borneo, which has just returned after a year's absence, from the fact that, according to the London *Times*, it is "the first purely anthropological expedition that has left England." The principal field work was in the Murray Islands, which were selected because of their position between Australia and New Guinea. These countries are inhabited by very different peoples, and the study of a geographically intermediate people was sure to suggest several interesting problems. Numerous natives were photographed and measured, and they also were subjected to a careful examination by Dr. Rivers and his colleagues in the psychological laboratory that had been organized. This is the first occasion on which trained psychologists have experimented in the field on a primitive people, and the reports of this section of the expedition are looked forward to with eagerness.

—The *Century* for July is heralded as a "Story Tellers' Number," about half of its contents being fiction of the long or short order. A tale which will attract attention to Chicago and to the author at the same time is "A Day in Wheat," by Will Payne. It is a story of love and the wheat-pit, and shows how the course of true affection may unite the daughter of one swindler with the son of another, even by the very aid and medium of their swindling. Or rather, perhaps, we ought to say that the reader may extract this moral for himself, the author probably dwelling in the serene atmosphere of art for art's sake, which is above morality. Thirty years ago, such a story, founded on the assumption that speculation and swindling in the metropolis of the Middle West are synonymous, would have been locally resented. Now we notice that the tale, with its repulsive flavor, is thought "strong"! This is the fiction, presumably, that breeds Socialists, and which leads to the passage of anti-Trust laws. Henry Rutgers Marshall has an article on "Rudyard Kipling and the Racial Instinct," in which he endeavors to analyze the sources of the poet's popularity. "The secret of his strength lies in the fact that he expresses the force of the deeper-lying human instincts as they are stimulated by the demands of modern life." He also preaches the "dignity of arduous work," and the "nobility of the willingness to curb individual desire, to the end that greater results may be accomplished by all than was possible if individuals labored in isolation." His vigorous imperialism tells "the same story." Mr. Marshall seems to think that Kipling falls a little short of Shakspere, but shows traits which we find in "the writings of the great masters." Is this all? Add to it, we should say, an extraordinary mastery of jingling metre and of a blackguard "dialect," and a profound indifference to what old fogies call "good taste." A bard must have the defects as well as the other qualities of his audience. Among the longer articles, most interest, perhaps, attaches to the account of "Sir Walter Scott's First Love," by F. M. F. Skene, accompanied by a portrait, and "The Making of Robinson Crusoe," by J. Cuthbert Hadden.

—By far the most interesting paper in the *Atlantic* is Prince Kropotkin's ninth instalment of his "Autobiography of a Revolutionist." It gives the story of his incarceration in and escape from a Russian prison—a terrible story (such as recalls the days of 1848) of tyranny; and also of heroic endurance and successful daring and ingenuity. In this narrative we get an intelligible account of the system of secret communication between prisoners, by means of knocking on the walls, which turns out, when explained, to be far simpler than other expositors would have had it. "English Imperialism," by William Cunningham (inferentially, Dr. Cunningham of the two Cambridges), is an attempt to explain a system which is really a growth of centuries, by means of formulas. Formula No. 1 is that "England is being gradually excluded from the markets of foreign countries," by the expansion of protectionist nations, and therefore must have foreign territory and markets of her own. Formula No. 2 is that it is necessary that "some civilized Power should exercise effective police control in every part of the globe." So far, so good; but after this it is rather startling to find the fact plainly and truthfully stated that England never, by means of imperialism, gets any advantages in her foreign markets at all, but opens them at once to all the world on the same terms. This makes nonsense of the market argument, and makes imperialism a sort of military altruism. Dr. Cunningham very justly says that this policy has nothing in common with the nationalistic, protectionist policy of other countries, such as Russia and Germany; as explained by him, it is the use of force to introduce compulsory freedom of trade, wherever it goes, and thus to help, wherever the English power extends, commercial rivals. In other words, it defeats its own chief end. England assumes the burden, while her rivals get the benefit. "The Plot of 'Much Ado about Nothing'" is the subject of a learned and entertaining article by Dr. Horace Howard Furness, condensed from the Introduction to the play, to be published in his forthcoming Variorum edition.

—*Harper's* contains the final instalment of Mr. Lodge's "Spanish-American War." The author makes the prediction that "whatever the final disposition of the islands," and "whether we hold and govern much or little," "in the East we shall remain, because we are entitled to, and will surely have, our share of the great commerce with the millions of China, from which we shall refuse to be shut out." This should be compared with the hints thrown out by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and tends to confirm the inference drawn by some that statesmen who buy the right to subjugate will prove equally ready to sell out at a profit. "Transitional," a story, by I. Zangwill, is a good example, probably, of the powers of that writer, though not throughout what it is the fashion to call "convincing." The old Jew is good, and there is real pathos in the story, but would it have ended so? Mr. Russell Sturgis's third instalment of "The Interior Decorations of the City House" is worth careful examination. He is not the first writer who has made "constructional necessity" the foundation of his system, but he has an individual way of elucidating the fundamental connection between beauty and construction which makes whatever he has to say about the matter interesting. For instance, who that has ever "done a house over," or built one, has not found the proper manner of dealing with ceilings a terrible difficulty? Mr. Sturgis lays down two golden rules, which should be deeply pondered: (1) "A ceiling is properly the top of the room—that is to say, the under surface of the floor above—and it should be treated frankly as such"; and (2) "The best ceiling is probably that which does not attract the eye, which is so subordinated to the walls, in the decorative sense, that one leaves the room with no idea of it except that it was not a disagreeable match to the walls, which have a right to catch the eye." Blackguard military verse is so much in favor now that it is hardly necessary to call attention

to "Trooper Jackson," by Thomas Edward Grafton. As a specimen of poetry in this style it has all the necessary qualities—the jingle, the bad English, the glorious story of fighting against heavy odds, the over-emphasis; yet it is flat, notwithstanding the full-page accompanying illustration of the "cussin', fightin' trooper." There is evidently danger that the blackguard business in literature will be overdone, just as "realism," of which it is an offshoot, has been overdone. Then there will be a reaction, and it will be seen that, in our editorial enthusiasm, we overestimated the power and potency of the blackguardly heroic.

—Mr. Russell Sturgis has an article in *Scribner's*, also, which deserves attention. The subject is John La Farge, and the text is accompanied by a number of striking illustrations. Mr. Sturgis says: "It is noticeable in Mr. La Farge's life that he should be, in many ways, like a painter of old time"—that is, he is not a mere painter, but has cultivated his talents in many directions, and so has avoided shibboleths and provincialism. It is probably not generally known that the illustrations for Browning's book 'Men and Women,' as originally published in 1855, were made by La Farge; some of these are here reproduced. The well-known face of Daniel Webster (engraved by Gustav Kruell after a daguerreotype) appears in a frontispiece to accompany some reminiscences by Mr. G. F. Hoar. These reproduce unpublished manuscripts and "examples of his preparation for public speaking." Mr. Hoar points out that in general his style was of a "somewhat ponderous Latinity," but derived its strength from the "solidity," sincerity, gravity, self-restraint" which marked everything he said. The whole was founded on a complete mastery of his subject. Mr. Robert Grant contributes a "Search-Light Letter" to "a young man wishing to be an American." A great deal of what he says is undeniably true, though we take it that the desire to be an "American" is not really what animates the young man at all. To our minds, what he appears to desire is not to be a snob, or hypocrite, or a mere moneybags, or a worshipper of false gods—all good aims, but which do not exclude the idea of his adopting French, or even English, citizenship. We should like to believe that to wish to be an American was to wish to have all the good qualities which Mr. Grant identifies with Americanism. There is a difficulty underlying the appeal to "Americanism" as a motive to a lofty ideal which Mr. Grant and, we may add, dozens of other writers do not seem to perceive. Tammany Hall, and the boss system, and the pension system, and the spoils system, are all peculiarly characteristic of this country, and their upholders can and do confidently appeal to Americanism to uphold these abuses. Those who wish to eradicate them should appeal to something else. Because Americans can always safely appeal to moral ideas, it does not follow that moralists can always safely appeal to "Americanism."

—One more has been added to the various processes of color photography—this time one which is of great simplicity and which promises to have a large field of usefulness. Prof. R. W. Wood of the University of Wisconsin describes in *Science* a method for making colored photographs which it is not a little surprising that those who are in the habit of working with diffraction gratings did not discover years ago. A diffraction grating is nothing but a sheet of glass or metal with fine straight parallel lines ruled on it—several thousands in the space of an inch. Light transmitted through a diffraction grating of glass suffers dispersion and gives the colors of the spectrum, the position of any spectral color depending upon the distance apart of the lines. Now if light is made to go through two gratings, of a different number of lines to the inch, the two spectra formed can be caused to overlap to any extent that is desired, and a third grating will permit of the mixing of any three spectral colors together; and three spectral colors, properly chosen, will give white light, as well as all the unsaturated colors of nature. But the crux of Professor Wood's invention lies in the application of this idea to the printing of photographs, and it depends on the fact that a ruled grating can be perfectly copied on to a sheet of glass coated with bichromated gelatin by means of contact printing in sunlight. It is necessary to take (as in several of the other processes) a photograph first of all the red light in a variegated scene, then of all the green light, and then of all the blue light (as can be done by filtering the light through suitably colored glasses). Then, upon a piece of gelatin-coated glass is placed one of the ruled gratings, and over this the (positive) photograph on glass which represents the action of the red light of the original scene. Thirty seconds' exposure to sunlight impresses the lines of the grating upon the sensitive plate in those places, and in those places only, where the photograph is transparent. The green portion of the picture is now impressed upon the sensitive plate in the same way, but through a grating of a different degree of fineness; and the same thing is done with the blue light of the picture and still another grating. The gratings used by Professor Wood had lines of the fineness of 2000, 2400, and 2750 to the inch, for such was found to be the right proportion in order to cause the blue light, the green light, and the red light of the several spectra to overlap exactly. When finished, the plate is itself a diffraction grating, but one of different degrees of fineness in its different parts, and such that light transmitted through it produces, for the eye of an observer looking through a narrow aperture placed in the right position, all the colors of the original picture in their correct distribution and their correct blending. The colors are stated to be of an extreme brilliancy. But still more important is the fact that the plate thus formed can be again printed from, and thus any number of these photographs prepared with very little difficulty. It looks as if color photography were at last an assured, and a practical, acquisition.

—It is strange that Mr. Whistler, now one of the most celebrated and, perhaps, the most widely influential artist living, should still think it worth his while to exercise the "Gentle Art of Making Enemies" and to continue to act, as we believe his friend Dégas once said of him, "like a man who couldn't paint." The witty irresponsibility which was so amusing in the artistic Ishmaelite, seems hardly necessary or becoming in the recognized *chef d'école;* but, the butterfly having once found the sharp sting in its tail, its use has become second nature, and it is safe to assume that Mr. Whistler will remain to the end the "Jimmy Whistler" of the past. Age cannot wither him nor custom stale. 'The Baronet and the Butterfly' (R. H. Russell) is the latest of the thin brown volumes in which he delights to record his prowess and sing his triumphs. In this case his triumph consisted of a condemnation to pay one hundred guineas with interest for four years, and forty pounds damages additional; but as he retained the picture which was the cause of the suit, without the right "to make any use of it, public or private, until it shall be completely transformed," he considers that the moral victory rests with him, and that art and the artist are vindicated in his person. As the outcome of Sir William Eden's suit against Mr. Whistler seems to have established (though not for the first time—see, on p. 71, the account of the suit against Rosa Bonheur) the fact that, under French law, an artist cannot be compelled to deliver any work of his hands against his will, but can only be sued for damages, a sober account of the trial would have had a certain interest and utility. Mr. Whistler's fantastic embroidery of comment and annotation certainly does not add to this utility, and is unnecessary to his revenge on Sir William Eden, the bare statement of the facts in the case being sufficient to show the nature of that gentleman's patronage of art; but one more scalp must be added to the collection, and the war-dance must be duly executed, or Mr. Whistler would not be Mr. Whistler.

MURRAY'S BYRON AGAIN.

The Works of Lord Byron: Letters and Journals. Volume II. Edited by Rowland E. Prothero. Poetry. Volume II. Edited by E. H. Coleridge. London: John Murray; New York: Scribners.

Mr. John Murray's "new and enlarged edition" of Byron progresses steadily, and as rapidly as can be expected of so considerable an undertaking. We have already given an account of the general plan of the work, and have examined the first two volumes with some fulness. Two more volumes have since appeared—the second of the 'Letters and Journals,' published some months ago, and the second of the 'Poetry,' which has just been issued. Both are worthy of special notice.

The letters in volume ii. extend from August 23, 1811, to December 27, 1813. In addition, the volume contains Byron's journal from November, 1813, to April, 1814. An appendix includes two articles contributed by Byron to the *Monthly Review*, his speeches on the Framework Bill, on the Roman Catholic Claims, and on Cartwright's Petition, letters from Lady Caroline Lamb and Bernard Barton (the Quaker poet), and finally an interesting series of extracts from the newspapers of February and March, 1814, exhibiting the violent assault made upon the poet by the Tory press when it became known that he was the author of the poem, "Weep, daughter of a royal line." The volume, it will be observed, covers the whole of Byron's short parliamentary career, as well as the whole period of his personal vogue in English society. It begins with the publication of cantos i. and ii. of "Childe Harold," and includes the publication of the "Giaour" and the "Bride of Abydos." It closes with Byron's acknowledgment of the lines on the Prince Regent, the incredible vituperation

that followed, and the poet's resolution to write no more. Within this period falls the extraordinary episode of Lady Caroline Lamb, which becomes less and less intelligible the more it is cleared up. The 'Journal' carries the record of Byron's life some months beyond the latest letter printed in the volume. This latest letter (to Murray, December 27, 1813) coincides with that which concludes volume i. of Mr. Henley's edition. Comparison shows in a moment the wealth of new material which Mr. Murray's editors command, and the hopelessness of competition. Mr. Henley has printed two hundred and thirty-two letters, to which Mr. Prothero adds one hundred and fifty-six, very few of which have ever been published before.

In one particular Mr. Prothero's preface to volume ii. supplies, in part, a serious omission to which we had occasion to refer in our notice of volume i., in that it gives some account of the sources and authority of the text. Of the three hundred and twenty-eight letters contained in these two volumes, two hundred and twenty, we are informed, "including practically the whole of the new material," have been printed from the originals. The old material, already printed by Moore, Dallas, Leigh Hunt, and others, has not been treated in the same way, for the reason that most of the orginals are undiscoverable; many of them, apparently, having been destroyed by their possessors. It is, however, reassuring to learn that the originals of most of the letters from 1816 to 1824 published by Moore in his 'Life of Byron' are in Mr. Murray's possession or under his control, and that for this period, therefore, the bulk of the old material can and will be restored to its authentic form. This is a particularly fortunate circumstance, for Moore seems to have taken far greater liberties with the later correspondence in the way of omission, modification, and transposition than he found it necessary to take with those letters included in the two volumes already published. The account thus given by Mr. Prothero of the sources and authority of the text is apparently as full as the conditions of the publishing business allow. Such, at least, is the only interpretation which can be put on the remark that, "in the present circumstances, to state the sources whence the letters are derived—at all events for the present—would be so impolitic as to be impossible." We do not, however, see that bookselling politics need hinder the editor from stating in connection with each letter whether it has been printed before, and, if so, where. This appears to us a part of the necessary apparatus of his book. Nor could it disclose any secrets of which rival editors or publishers might take advantage, for it would convey only information that is already within the reach of anybody who has the patience to compare printed books with each other. Since, then, Mr. Prothero has so far yielded to his critics as to indicate in a rough way what the new material is, we must express the hope that the final volume of the series may contain, as a part of the promised bibliography, if in no other form, a list of those letters which have been printed before, with an exact statement of where they may be found.

In the matter of annotation, Mr. Prothero is certainly one of the best of editors. We have already commended his notes in the first volume; those in volume ii. are, if possible, even better. They are singularly full, without losing form or overloading the text; their unpedantic accuracy is quite remarkable, and, in spite of their multitude of names and dates, they are almost always entertaining. Here and there Mr. Prothero prints letters written to Byron or about him. Especially noteworthy is the long and extraordinary letter addressed by Lady Caroline to Medwin in 1824, after Byron's death, and serving to correct some errors in the received account of her relations with the poet. One may hope that the plan of occasionally giving both sides of the correspondence will be continued and extended, so far as space allows and material is accessible.

Volume ii. of the 'Poetry' is entirely occupied with "Childe Harold," which is edited by Mr. Coleridge with a particularity and a profusion of apparatus proportionate to its importance. In one particular, however, Mr. Coleridge seems to find it impossible to make himself clear. We refer to the matter of text. The statement made on this subject in his first preface was confused to the verge of unintelligibility, and in the case of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" the supplementary corrections resulted in contradiction, and at last in a desperate "forward reference" to a promised collation in volume vi. There is, fortunately, no such imbroglio in volume ii. Indeed, a distinct effort is made to set forth the facts, for the preface begins with what at first appears to be a punctilious account of the whole matter. His text of "Childe Harold," Mr. Coleridge writes, is "based upon a collation of the library edition of 1855" with certain manuscripts, which are enumerated, and, it is added, "collations have also been made" with certain earlier editions, also enumerated. This is all very well, but it does not go far enough. We know the basis of the text, but what is the principle on which, given the basis, the text is constituted? Again, how minutely are variants registered; and, if they are not given in their entirety, from what point of view is the selection made? These are questions which an editor is in duty bound to answer. The curiosity of the whole incident is that Mr. Coleridge no doubt thinks he *has* answered them. But a strange fatality pursues him. We hesitate to advise him to try again. It would probably be better for him to unbosom himself on this particular point to some friend, who might then be commissioned to redact the appropriate paragraph in the next volume. Meantime, a comparison of Mr. Coleridge's variants with Prof. Kölbing's collation of the "Dallas transcript" shows that, so far as this manuscript is concerned, Mr. Murray's editor has meant to be pretty minute but not absolutely exhaustive.

Mr. Coleridge's notes are very full, and will probably be regarded as lavish by some critics. On the whole, however, we think the editor's system is right; for, as he well says, although every one is more or less familiar with the subject-matter of the poem, "details and particulars are out of the reach of even the most cultivated readers." Indeed, in thus supplying much explanatory comment and supplementary information, he is but following the example of the poet himself. He is, to be sure, not quite so finished a scholiast as his coworker, Mr. Prothero, and sometimes rambles a trifle; but in the main he has performed his difficult task with judgment and learning. A few matters of detail, however, challenge remark.

Now and then the notes fall into a kind of preaching vein which ought to have been avoided. Magisterial comment on particular passages in a poem that has been before the world for three-quarters of a century, is out of place in an edition meant to be definitive, however useful it may be in a schoolbook. Again, the exposition of obscure or carelessly expressed passages is not always conceived or executed in the best manner. Several of the notes in this category are quite unnecessary, and a round half-dozen of them are almost irritating. There are a few notes of the kind usually called "philological," and these, though more accurate than one might expect, are sometimes pretty feeble. Why, for example, should twelve lines, with extracts from "Titus Andronicus" and the "Ancient Mariner," be thought necessary to illustrate *feere* in the sense of "companion"? The word is no curiosity, and might have been dismissed with the simple gloss which Byron himself allowed it. Similarly needless is the remark that *brast* for *burst* still survives in the Lancashire dialect (p. 71). At p. 155, apropos of Byron's accentuation of *record* on the last syllable, we are referred to Chaucer, and the implication appears to be that the form in question is something very old and rather unusual. Mr. Coleridge might have remembered a famous passage in "Hudibras." But there is not much of this kind of thing.

We throw together a number of observations on other matters neglected or insufficiently treated. The Courts of Love (p. 6) were not understood by Byron, but his editor ought to be better instructed. When one remembers, however, that even Prof. Skeat, in editing the 'Chaucerian Pieces,' can refer with approbation to Mr. Rowbotham's preposterous essay on this subject, and that Prof. Courthope, in his 'History of English Poetry,' had no information that was not ninety years old, we are not disposed to insist on Mr. Coleridge's oversight. The note on 'Sir Tristrem' (p. 203) leaves the reader with the impression that Scott's ascription of this romance to Thomas of Erceldoun was correct. The note on gibbering and shrieking ghosts at p. 255 is too long to quote, but will excite the mirth of the pneumatologist. At p. 236 one wonders why a comparison with Carew is preferred to a far more pertinent and really famous passage in Donne's "Broken Heart." The note on stars (p. 270) is oddly pedantic, a fault seldom discoverable in Mr. Coleridge's work. At p. 291 the drinking song (σκόλιον) on Harmodius and Aristogiton is amusingly called a *scholium*, whether by misprint or confusion of thought. The quotation from Hofmann (p. 228) is disagreeable and not to the point. The abbreviation *ap.* (p. 295), followed by the name of a book and not of an author, is none the less objectionable because it is common.

These are all trifles and would not be worth mentioning in the criticism of an ordinary book. The editorial work of these volumes, however, is so uncommonly good in almost every respect that slight flaws of this kind immediately attract the eye. Most of them may easily be repaired in a second impression. They might be far more numerous than they are without depriving Mr. Murray's 'Byron' of the reputation that it bids fair to achieve—that of being one of the very best editions of any modern classic.

THE RELIGIOUS IDEAS OF MARGARET OF NAVARRE.

Les Idées Religieuses de Marguerite de Navarre. Par Abel Lefranc. Paris: Fischbacher. 8vo, pp. 136.

Many writers have much discussed various doubtful points regarding the religious ideas of Margaret of Navarre and her attitude towards the doctrines of the Reform; but before entering in among these discussions, and still more after coming out from them, one is inclined to question their intrinsic value. What does it matter to us what Margaret believed, or thought she believed? There is no doubt about what she was, or about the spiritual conditions that were the sources and motives of her actions; and what a man or woman believes is of interest only as throwing light on these secret springs. It is, too, not unreasonable to feel that those beliefs which have never been professed should lie buried with the heart that held them; and though M. Lefranc is of the opinion that Margaret did, in her poems, profess her beliefs, and that they were Protestant beliefs —that she professed them very openly and distinctly and boldly—this opinion is not shared by many of those who have most carefully studied her writings.

How diverse may be the impression made on different minds by the same words is shown by the fact that within the past two or three years—since the last evidence on these points was put in with the publication by M. Lefranc of the 'Dernières Poésies de Marguerite de Navarre'—two of the best-informed and most trustworthy critics of the day, M. Doumic and M. Faguet, have expressed opposite judgments, the one asserting that Margaret, at the close of her life, clung with all her strength to the dogmas of the Catholic faith, which had always been hers, the other observing that the "fond," the soul, of one of her poems (a poem of six thousand lines is Protestant thought, Calvinistic thought. M. Lefranc thinks she was more Lutheran than Calvinistic in her tone.

Is it not possible with one touch of the wand of imagination, with one throb of that dramatic sympathy which alone gives us true knowledge of our fellow-creatures, to transform these seeming opposites into a coherent whole? A fact, that is scarcely referred to in these multitudinous and multiform debates on the shades and degrees and dates of Margaret's beliefs—beliefs which, in the present writer's opinion, were continually changing their shades, and altering their degrees, and mixing their dates—one fact may be considered. In 1530, a year before the first publication of any of Margaret's poems, appeared the first French translation of the Bible by Le Fèvre d'Étaples. It had been ten years or more in preparation, during all which time—as for the rest of his life—Margaret was in close relations with the translator, as his friend and protectress. Le Fèvre d'Étaples was not a Protestant (the Protestants published their translation five years later); he and his Queen read the Scriptures as children of the mother-church. It is to be remembered that, before the Council of Trent, Catholicism was far from having, even in the eyes of men of learning, the distinct outlines with which we are familiar, and consequently, many thoughtful minds, when the teachings of the Gospel were made known to them, were far from perceiving that they were or could be at variance with the teachings of the Church; at most they conceived that the Church had left on one side some special points, but in due time would be ready to bring them into the light.

That Margaret studied the Bible with eager interest, that especially she absorbed the writings of St. Paul with the same intellectual ardor that made her familiar with Plato and with Dante, every page of her writings indicates; and when M. Lefranc brings forward line after line which seems to him "Protestant," the necessary rejoinder is to point to the passage in the Bible of which Margaret's expression is a simple transcript. The immediate, direct connection is patent; Margaret herself in one poem constantly noted it in the margin. M. Lafranc, of course, admits the connection, but he admits it as if it meant little or nothing. On the contrary, it means everything, not only as regards the passages of pure paraphrase, but as regards other passages in which the same doctrinal phrases are employed in personal connections. What Margaret read in the Bible, she had no hesitation in repeating in other terms; but that does not imply that what she read and what she said meant to her what it meant to Luther and to Calvin. There is no indication that, as M. Lefranc fancies, her beliefs were derived from the 'Institution Chrétienne' of Calvin; they were visibly derived from the Epistles of St. Paul. The words of her poet Marot come to mind, when he was suspected of the "errors" of Luther:

> "Point ne suis lutheriste
> Ne zuinglien, et moins anabaptiste;
> Je suis de Dieu par son filz Jesuchrist."

That Margaret was probably led to intimate familiarity with the Bible by friendship is in perfect keeping with the general quality of Margaret's mind. The thing, the person, next her had always peculiar weight, a peculiar emotional weight with her. M. Lefranc imagines her a thinker, a logical thinker; to others she seems to have had the brain of a mystic, a tender, suffering heart, and a winged soul, sometimes capable of soaring to great heights in vague spiritual spaces, but for the most part feebly fluttering among the woes upon woes, the misdeeds and misfortunes, of those dear to her.

If she had held with any long conviction any doctrines peculiar to Protestants, it seems impossible that it should not have been known to Protestants, and that they should not, during her lifetime or afterwards, have recognized her as one of them. Still stranger would be the fact that, the year of her brother's death, both before and after the event, she withdrew in her overwhelming grief to a convent, where she had a temporary building erected for her use, and where she passed four months in the strictest seclusion; often kneeling, it is said, for long hours before the altar, and sometimes assuming the position of Abbess and chanting with the nuns. This was only two years and a half before her own death.

Immediately after her reappearance in the world, she had performed before her "a comedy" composed by herself, which is one of the most interesting and especially one of the most charming of all her works. It is "a morality" of which the personages are *la Mondaine, la Superstitieuse, la Sage,* and *la Bergère* ("ravie de l'amour de Dieu"), Margaret herself.* M. Lefranc points out that the sentiments expressed by *la Bergère* are akin to those of the "libertins spirituels" whom Calvin had violently attacked three and two years previously in two of his most famous treatises. M. Lefranc puts forward the somewhat original opinion that the pantheistic doctrines of this sect were at bottom "only a systematic exaggeration of certain fundamental principles of the Reform," and from this draws the conclusion that Margaret's hereticalness was even bolder than that of Geneva.

It was certainly not of a kind agreeable to Calvin. In his treatises against the "libertins," he attacked members of Margaret's own household, and, on hearing of her consequent displeasure, he wrote her, to exculpate himself, a letter in which occurs what M. Lefranc considers, and perhaps justly, as "the most authorized testimony ever given to Margaret regarding the services for which the Protestant cause was indebted to her." It is the official compliment of one magnate to another, his secret enemy. The severity and injustice of Calvin's criticisms make it seem very probable that there was some mingling of personal indignation and personal antagonism in the public expression of the beautiful ardors of *la Bergère.*

The soaring songs of this other self are the last utterances of Margaret, "la ravie de l'amour de Dieu"; and in reading them one feels that it would be as reasonable to class Mme. Guyon among Protestants as the Queen of Navarre. Her personal relations with Calvin had been of kindness in his youth; but as his character showed itself, and his position became defined, the earlier sympathies disappeared on both sides, and gave place, in M. Lefranc's own words, to "a coldness approaching animosity." Margaret's unfailing sympathies were with Catholics accused of heresy: it was round them, not over real heretics, that she drew the cloak of her protection. Her position in this respect was in contrast to that of her friend and kinswoman Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara, whom she might have resembled except for a good many reasons; her love for the King, her brother, being one. But this love, one may be sure, controlled her beliefs, not simply the avowal of her beliefs.

M. Lefranc thinks he has cleared up not only the mystery of Margaret's religious ideas, but also the mystery which has surrounded one of her poems, "La Complainte pour un déténu prisonnier." Some critics have believed the "prisoner" to be King Francis; some that he was the preacher, Gérard Roussel; some that he was an allegorical personage. It is of the smallest possible consequence who he was, since the obscurity of the poem deprives it of any real historic or personal value; but M. Lefranc has made himself happy by convincing himself that the unfortunate "I" (the poem is in the first person; Margaret borrows the voice of the prisoner) is Clément Marot. His proofs are not such as to carry much conviction to other minds, any more than his extraordinary assertions regarding Marot as "un conducteur d'âmes" and concerning "le caractère profondément évangélique" of his "activity." But the reader of M. Lefranc's

*It is characteristic of M. Lefranc that, when editing this work two years ago, he misread in the MS. the constantly recurring word "ravie" and printed it "raine." He now makes this correction in a note.

pages is not ungrateful for being startled into attention by such passages as these, and by his extravagant praises of Margaret's poetical achievements. A great, original Poet, a conscious, avowed Protestant—that is our author's conception of Margaret of Navarre.

General Sherman. By General Manning F. Force. [Great Commanders.] D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

This volume of a series intended to be an epitome for the general reader of the more elaborate histories of leading actors in the war for the Union, was begun, with love, by Gen. Force, a soldier of honorable service in the campaigns which he undertook to describe; but growing disease, from which he died almost at the time when the book was being published, compelled him to turn over his unfinished task to his friend Gen. Jacob D. Cox, who is, therefore, responsible for the latter (and, measured by the significance of its attempt to fix Sherman's fame among soldiers of genius, the more important) part of the biography. The completion of the work could not have fallen to better hands. Gen. Cox, an admirable officer in many of the campaigns which he describes, also enjoyed a long personal friendship with Sherman, such as gave Gen. Force a right to undertake the story of Sherman's life; and besides having been, before and since the war, an enlightened student of military history, he had written several notable books of discussion of the operations in Georgia and Tennessee, where Sherman won his most distinguished reputation. We have, therefore, an account of Sherman which, as it reaches the fields in which Sherman was a recognized and responsible leader, depicts with spirit and freshness of particulars the man of vigorous intellect, fertile resource, clear and prompt judgment of men and affairs, and attractive and noble personality, which will long cause him to stand out as one of the greatest of Americans.

The early portions of the book are of unequal satisfactoriness as a specific biography of the man. There are effective representations of the characteristic qualities which from the first marked him as an exceptional mind—his voracity for all sorts of useful knowledge, his quickness of decision in emergencies (as when he quietly disposed of an incipient rebellion against the newly constituted military authorities in California of 1847, by the settlers of Yerba Buena, afterwards San Francisco, by carrying off the candidate for Alcalde, around whom the rebellion was rallying); his courage and independence in withstanding, in the interest of the lawful mode of dealing with crime, the actions of the vigilance committee; his observations of the topography and food resources of the country around Marietta, Georgia, in 1844, which were to play so great a part in his conquest of that country in 1864; and the well-known case of military common sense when, in October, 1862, he insisted that, to hold Kentucky, at least sixty thousand men (not two hundred thousand, as the sensation-mongers reported it) were indispensable. But the campaigns of 1862 and '63, in which he was a subordinate officer, are rather devoted to repeating the thrice-told tale of Shiloh and Vicksburg for the purpose of settling disputed questions of those battles than, as we might have expected, to showing how they were the field in which the new soldier was trained into that superiority to nearly all his associates which he soon displayed.

The movement of the narrative, after Sherman's appearance at the relief of Chattanooga, in October of 1863, leaves nothing for criticism. Especially interesting are the accounts of Sherman's relations towards his peers, like Grant and Thomas. Thomas and he were West Point classmates, and, notwithstanding the frequent attempts of admirers and politicians to set them up as rivals, their mutual regard and loyalty continued unbroken to the end. When the March to the Sea began and Thomas was assigned the responsibility of taking care of Hood's army, and preventing his invasion of Kentucky, the distribution of troops between Sherman and Thomas was entirely satisfactory to the latter, although Sherman has received severe criticism for having left Thomas with the odds and ends of his army. But it was at the suggestion of Schofield that the Twenty-third Corps reinforced Thomas, and not as a result of any complaint of the inadequacy of his forces by Thomas, who wrote to Sherman that, with what troops had already been given him, he would undertake to deal with all his adversaries. The proverbial friendship between Sherman and Grant received but one shock during all the years of their public life, and that single break has its forcible moral for existing conditions in the conduct of the War Department.

One of the first acts of Grant upon becoming President was to order that change in the relations of the general in command of the army and the Secretary of War which the experience of Grant, and of all other commanding generals, had demonstrated to be imperative for the efficiency of the army and the self-respect of the general—that is, giving the latter officer actual instead of nominal command of the army, so that all chiefs of staff corps and all departments and bureaus of the army should report to him. Up to that time, as now, the Secretary of War received all the reports and issued such orders as seemed to him good, while the name of the general was signed to them as a mere ceremony. Sherman felt that he might now add to his other fame by carrying out this reform, with the assurance that President Grant would support the measures which, as general, he had urgently tried to bring about. The project of army reformation lived three weeks. Rawlins, Secretary of War, was too feeble of body and mind to resist the pressure of the wire-pullers and place-hunters who insisted that his office had been shorn of its rights and dignities, and on the 27th of March the earlier order of March 5 was rescinded by the President. Sherman, profoundly agitated, went to Grant for explanation and remonstrance, but the conversation, beginning with the old-time intimacies of comrades and friends, ended with the usual argument of the man who has been convicted of wrong—a petulant declaration from Grant that he could rescind his own orders when it seemed best. To which finality Sherman replied, dropping the phraseology of friendship: "Yes, Mr. President, you have the power to revoke your own order. You shall be obeyed. Good-morning, sir." Rawlins soon died, and the era of scandal under Gen. Belknap followed, and to this day the War Department is impervious to reform.

The March to the Sea, like all similar campaigns of living upon the country by foraging, has been suspected of encouraging loose discipline. Two notable instances to the contrary are cited with regard to the beginning of the movement towards Savannah. A brigade of Leggett's division was assigned a place in the morning column of march, but, after two notifications to set out, was found unprepared. When camp was reached at night, the colonel commanding the brigade was ordered to report back to his regiment, and the brigade was distributed among other brigades. So a soldier of the Seventeenth Corps was ordered by court-martial to be shot for stealing a quilt, and he actually served his commuted sentence to the Dry Tortugas for the rest of the war. Whatever may justly be said of the vigor which was shown throughout the column of advance through Georgia in keeping the forces firmly in hand, the demoralizing influences of foraging have been proved too often to be offset by an occasional example of severe punishment. There is ample testimony of eye-witnesses that the contents of houses found deserted by their owners were often scattered to the winds in sheer wantonness of destruction; and the hosts of "bummers" who increasingly constituted an army without a head, were often, under the opportunities of plunder, a set of unscrupulous wretches who were not contented with the necessary forage, but took whatever caught their fancy. Authorized pillaging is warrantable only under the inexorable necessity of beating an enemy with all available weapons.

A History of Bohemian Literature. By Francis, Count Lützow. D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

It is now more than a century since literature began to shape the fates of nations to an extent entirely unknown before. It is asserted that the Finnish question arose from an interpretation put on a short sentence in Prof. Jellinek's work on state unions, published in 1882, and this is borne out by the repeated references of the friends and foes of Finland to that professor's utterance as the starting-point for all discussions. In a similar manner the growth of national consciousness in the disjected members of the Slavic race has given rise to that unusual intellectual activity with which Bohemians, Slovaks, Lusatians, Slovenians, Serbs, Croatians, Bulgarians, have for less than a century taken part in the problems of European civilization. But this national consciousness is directly attributable to the preoccupations of a few learned men with the creations of the popular mind, as the outcome of the flood of romantic literature which has swept over Europe for the last hundred years, and dates its beginning from Macpherson's forgery of 'Ossian.'

Up to within fifty years Bohemian was the coarse dialect of a rude country population; men of polite society did not venture to speak their native tongue, for fear of being spat upon by their own countrymen. Only a few folk-lorists and historians, like Safarik, Hanka, Palacky, dared to write at all in Bohemian, in spite of the persecutions they had to undergo in consequence. There is a well-attested story of the time which tells of a gathering of a small number of friends at the house of the historian Palacky. The question was proposed: "What would happen to the regeneration of Bohemian letters and of the nation if the roof should fall and kill all present?" The unanimous opinion was

that it would have been the death-knell of the Bohemian language. This anecdote is literally true, for up to 1850 that literature was fostered only by a coterie of men whom the romantic spirit in literature had brought together for a common cause. Since then the development of the language has been remarkable, for with astounding rapidity it has ousted German from all branches of literature.

Previous to the fourteenth century, Bohemia can boast of a number of legendary poems, chronicles, and prose stories, not unlike those then current in Germany, of which they are frequently only remodellings or translations. Then began the religious awakening under the influence of the teachings of Wycliffe, which culminated in the Hussite movement. This period gave rise to a vast theological literature, most of it in Latin, but some also in Bohemian. The chief representative of that time is Huss himself. This department of literature was increased in the next two centuries by the controversial writings of the Brotherhood of Unity. After the downfall of Bohemia in 1620, Bohemian books almost entirely disappear, not more than a mere handful having been printed before our own century. The only shining light in the first half of the seventeenth century is Komensky, better known by his Latinized name of Comenius, that great teacher and credulous visionary, to whom even the schools of the present age owe much. Only one hundred years ago Dobrovsky began to study the Bohemian language, and he became the forerunner of Slavic philology. Then the visionary Kollar, the learned Safarik, the historian Palacky placed Bohemian, so to speak, on its legs, and prepared the way for the present era. Not an inconsiderable amount of the enthusiasm of those writers, and of others as well, was derived from the manuscripts of Grüneberg and Königinhof, which are forgeries after the manner of Macpherson, and in which Hanka is said to have had a hand.

Two things must interest the average English reader in the history of Bohemian literature: the history of the religious awakening which received its impetus from England, and the development of belles-lettres in the present century. All else is rather of a special character, and is accessible to the scholar not only through native sources, but also through a number of German and English works, of which a succinct bibliography is given in the work under review. The former subject the author has well treated—in fact, too well, for he has devoted 350 of his 410 pages to the period preceding the nineteenth century. He has everywhere in view the English reader, and his references to England are prominent. The second subject is well handled up to the year 1850, after which the treatment must be regarded as a complete failure. Imagine the entire belles-lettres of the nineteenth century treated in a single page! Moreover, nearly all that space is given to the poet Vrchlicky. Mrs. Svetla, a name to conjure with among Bohemians, is but mentioned; Schulz, the historian, critic, and writer of charming novels, has no place here; of the development of the modern novel, of the boasted Bohemian stories of peasant life, not a word is said. And yet the author informs us himself that "the critics of the future will perhaps call the last quarter of the nineteenth century the 'golden age' of Bohemian literature." He cannot complain of a lack of works bearing on that period, for there are the scattered articles of the Bohemian Tieftrunk and the admirable work of the Pole Czajewski, the latter of which covers every detail of the period of regeneration up to 1886. One is at a loss to explain the idiosyncrasy of the author's procedure except on the ground that he had talked himself out in 400 pages, and was compelled to stop short. This is the more probable since his style is unduly familiar and discursive, and the many quotations from the older authors are unnecessarily literal and inelegant; the English reader can hardly recognize the meaning of such phrases as "A Pilgrimage to the Grave of God." Similar interlinear translations may do for the schoolroom, but they ought to have no place in a history of literature. Then, too, the typographical execution of the book is very defective, for more than half the diacritical marks are omitted, the Bohemian words are frequently spelled incorrectly (the most annoying of these mistakes being the ever recurring Bohnslav for Bohuslav), and worst of all is the entire absence of a guide to the pronunciation of the Bohemian names and words with which the work teems.

Fashion in Paris: The Various Phases of Feminine Taste and Æsthetics from 1797 to 1897. By Octave Uzanne. From the French by Lady Mary Lloyd. With one hundred hand-colored plates and two hundred and fifty text illustrations by François Courboin. London: William Heinemann; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This fashion book is a sumptuous piece of bookmaking. Its colored plates for each year of the century, and its myriad little black-and-white vignette illustrations of dress and pastime, throw a vivid light on life and manners. The illustrator has given to each of his drawings a background reminiscent of some appropriate building or pleasure resort, and finally the author has delved deep into the chronicles of the time to bring forth treasures, not of the fashions of clothes alone, but of the amusements and pursuits that have gone to the making of a century of Paris, both street and salon.

With the French, above all people, dress is inseparable from politics, history, and sociology, reflecting every new turn in public matters and every fresh intellectual revolution. From the wild and wanton pleasures of the Directory down to the athletic cast of the present nineties, every period has had its expression in costume. The people who, in reaction from the Revolution, instituted the "Bal des Victimes," with salutations and coiffures copied from the exigencies of the guillotine, would naturally rush into every extravagance of dress that the passing hour prompted. So, with Josephine, we find them reflecting in their gorgeous Eastern shawls and embroideries the Egyptian expedition. With the Restoration the fleur-de-lis reappears, and the foreign adornments that the presence of English, Russian, and Polish troops brought into vogue. In the year 1830, Romanticism in literature having become the fashion, a mincing style of dress, manners, and talk marks the Parisian belle; affectation in every form rules the hour. As might be expected, the rebound from the simpering, sensitive, Byron-reading woman of this period was the "Lionne" of the forties, all restlessness and excitability, devoted alike to "sport, the turf, pleasure, and elegance"; reading her hunting and fashion gazettes with equal zeal, making her home luxurious, yet able to ride, shoot, smoke, with the best of her cavaliers. There was the Lionne fashionable, literary, and political. Of all the century's array of women she seems the likest ancestress to the active, unresting woman of to-day, rushing from her athletics to the extremest lengths of luxury. But her dress, reacting from that of the Romantic, who would have been historically clad under all circumstances, became individual, "though less faithful to local color"—the archaic color, that is, of her house decoration, which was one of her pet hobbies. The Lionne of sport ignored literature. She "does not seem to have been aware of the fact that Victor Hugo had just entered the Academy, that Alfred de Musset was publishing his poems, that Lamartine had plunged into politics"; that Mérimée, Théophile Gautier, Henry Heine, and Dumas were writing masterpieces. Hearts were steady, and "Love in fact, during this 1840 period, is only to be found in the student's Bohemia and among the populace." So-called "Snobisme," an "exaggerated parody of a certain class of English habits," stamped the time. The motto of "Lions" and "Lionnes" alike was "to seem, or not to be."

But with the stormy days of '48, the Lionnes depart, to be succeeded by two schools of fashionables, the "showy" and the "mysterious"; the former affecting the audacious in dress, the latter the artistic and the copying of famous pictures. "Mme. de M.'s becoming head-dress" was an "exact copy of the veil in the Vierge aux Raisins," with an addition of gold and spangles. The year '50 brings mention of an eccentric dilettante, Carnavale, who was the last man to walk the boulevards in colored habiliments.

"His garb varied according to the weather, the color of his own thoughts, and the performances at the Italian Opera. When the 'Barber of Seville' was to be played, he put on a canary-colored coat; for the 'Tancrède' he donned an apple-green jacket; for 'Semiramide' he wore a red frock-coat; and for 'Lucia' he affected a sky-blue garment."

With the middle of the century he disappeared, leaving men's attire to darkness. And now the Second Empire looms in sight, with certainly the ugliest clothes that man can remember; due, says our author, to railroads, travelling, and the bringing to the front of parvenus and of the baser sort, who "inaugurated a reign of ugliness, of huckstering, of moral corruption, and vulgarity." The plates amply attest this statement, and give a curious illustration of the connection between bad morals and hideous costuming. The rule of crinoline is synonymous with one long offence against taste in dress and manners, ushered in by courtesans and by women of the great world, who aped their sisters of the lesser one. For fifteen years the world suffered under the crinoline and its attendant monstrosities of taste in art and manners. It disappeared just as the war of '70 darkened the horizon. With the opportunities of heroism during that awful year, the dress of Frenchwomen grew moddest, and, for the moment, the same in all ranks. Veiled in crape, great ladies, nuns, and opera singers faced sorrow together.

Then, from '72 to '78, came political and industrial revival, leading up to the great Exhibition; and during these years France grew, as always after public disturbance, busy, prosperous, and gay. With Alsace and Lorraine to weep for, with peace to rejoice in, patriotism became the watchword of society. Interest in everything military, adulation of Regnault, of Erckmann-Chatrian, testified to the passion of the hour, and fashion reflected the sentiment in lines of Japanese simplicity, in styles quiet and uniform.

In another decade arrived the bicycle, and, "mounted on that iron steed, the last remnant of girlish shyness departed." The huddling and shouldering together of all classes is the symptom of the latest phases of Parisian life, as elsewhere; even in a book on fashions there is less to say of woman's clothes in the past five years than of her strides in the direction of art and science.

"Who can say," concludes M. Uzanne, "whether the Parisian of the present day represents the end of a race, the last expression of a state of being shortly to disappear, or whether she should be accepted as an evident type of evolution, an embryonic form of the woman of the future, called to play her part in the birth of a new society?"

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Banks, Rev. L. A. John and his Friends. Sermons. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.50.
Bard, E. Les Chinois chez Eux. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Bellamy, Edward. Equality. Appletons. 50c.
Bowker, Alfred. Alfred the Great. Containing Chapters on his Life and Times. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan.
Briscoe, Margaret S. The Sixth Sense, and Other Stories. Harpers. $1.25.
Buchan, John. A Lost Lady of Old Years. John Lane. $1.50.
Channing, Grace E. Sea Drift. Poems. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.
Cussons, John. A Glance at Current History. Glen Allen, Va.: Cussons, May & Co.
Dubois, Marcel, and Guy, Camille. Album Géographique. Tome III. Les Régions Tempérées. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Gallon, T. The Kingdom of Hate: A Romance. Appletons.
Green, Prof. J. R. The Soluble Ferments and Fermentation. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan.
Green, Anna Katharine. Agatha Webb. Putnams. $1.25.
Hauptman, Gerhart. The Sunken Bell. R. H. Russell.
Holder, C. F. Stories of Animal Life. American Book Co. 60c.
Lacombe, Paul. Esquisse d'un Enseignement posé sur la Psychologie de l'Enfant. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. LIV. Wakeman—Watkins. Macmillan. $3.75.
Leonard, J. W. Who's Who in America. Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.
Lyte, E. O. Advanced Grammar and Composition. American Book Co. 75c.
Mackail, J. W. The Life of William Morris. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co. $7.50.
Minchin, H. C. The Arcadians. London: Unwin.
Pinkerton, T. Sun-Beetles. John Lane. $1.25.
Pratt, C. S. Stick-and-Pea Plays. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.
Purrington, W. A. A Review of Recent Medico-Legal Decisions. E. B. Treat & Co.
Quaint Corners in Philadelphia. Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. 90c.
Ripley, Prof. W. Z. The Races of Europe. Accompanied by a Supplementary Bibliography. Appletons.
Roberts, Evelyn H. The Pure Causeway. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 50c.
Robertson, J. M. A Short History of Free Thought. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Rose, Heloïse D. A Ducal Skeleton. F. T. Neely.
Sephton, J. The Saga of King Sveri of Norway. London: David Nutt.
Short, Rev. William. Christian Science. Whittaker. 25c.
The Beacon Biographies. Webster, Lowell, Farragut, Lee, Phillips Brooks. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Each 75c.
The Untold Half. By "Alien." Putnams. $1.
Thwaites, R. G. The Jesuit Relations. Vols. XLV. and XLVI. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.
Tucker, J. R. The Constitution of the United States. A Critical Discussion. 2 vols. Chicago: Callaghan & Co.
Waddington, Richard. La Guerre de Sept Ans. Paris: Firmin-Didot & Cie.
Way, A. S. Euripides in English Verse. Vol. III. Macmillan. $2.

IN THE DIAL'S LIST OF 100 BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1899.

The Week.

In unconcealed consternation, our Imperialists at Washington and throughout the country discovered on Monday that their policy of suppression and deceit is a melancholy ruin. The exposure by the newspaper correspondents at Manila of the fraud which has been deliberately practised upon the American people, is the most terrible blow which President McKinley has received. For to him it comes back. This futile war in the Philippines is his war. If his underlings have acted like knaves or fools, they are still his underlings, chosen by him, kept in office by him, directed in all things by him. Attempt to dodge responsibility as he may, the American people know where to fix and fasten it. If they have been tricked into thinking this war on the Filipinos anything but a criminal blunder, if they have been steadily deceived as to its causes and course and the prospect of its speedy termination, William McKinley is the man to be held ultimately responsible. Politically, that is the most momentous inference to be drawn from the collapse of imperialistic lying, brought about by the united action of the American correspondents in Manila. There is really no surprise about the revelations. They came in a dramatic way, and will shock the country, but they only confirm indications which have been accumulating for many weeks. Private letters, talks with returned correspondents and volunteer officers and men, and information obtained from naval officers, all have pointed to the fact that official deception had been practised on a monstrous scale.

As for Gen. Otis, we think of him mainly as an unlucky subordinate blunderingly carrying out his orders. There can be no doubt where he got his inspiration to secrecy and deception. The phrases of his which the correspondents quote—that certain facts "would alarm the people at home," or would "have the people of the United States by the ears"—show that he was acting not as a general but as a politician. That is, he was taking the White House view that this is "a Republican war," and must be conducted not so as to win battles but to win votes. In this, Gen. Otis no doubt thought he was just as faithfully serving his master at Washington as he was by telegraphing the manifest absurdity the other day, that only the encouragement derived from anti-imperialists in America prevented the Filipinos from surrendering. That there was no military reason for the censorship is proved beyond all dispute by the correspondents, who show that the very statements of fact which Gen. Otis would not permit them to telegraph to this country, lest somehow the news get to the ears of the Filipinos, were printed in newspapers in Manila which freely circulated among the insurgents. It is clear enough that Gen. Otis was acting in all this matter of the censorship from political motives, under political instructions from Washington. This is the main reason why the exposure leaves him, as a mere general, in so ridiculous a position.

Gen. Funston, who is frequently alluded to as the "Roosevelt of the Philippine war," and who is undoubtedly the popular hero of that war, is credited with sentiments about it which are extremely likely to be regarded as "treasonable" at Washington. Mr. Wildman, our Consul at Hong Kong, represents him as saying, in a statement of his views, that there "should be a little less gunpowder and more diplomacy" in our Philippine policy; that a "little diplomacy at this time would go a long way towards settling the trouble and bringing peace and prosperity to these unfortunate islands"; that, strange as it may seem, he is "almost a peace-at-any-price man"; that "when life and property can be saved, it is almost crime not to follow that rule, whatever may be the circumstances arguing against it," and that, though he is a Republican he is an anti-expansionist, but not a bitter one. His view of the future possibilities of the islands seems to touch upon some of the hidden forces which are behind this extraordinary "war for humanity":

> "Big syndicates and capitalists will be greatly benefited by the retention of these islands, but, outside a few exceptional individual cases, I can see no advantage in their possession by the United States. The islands are so thickly populated and labor so cheap, there certainly is no inducement for the American laborer."

Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture confirms this view of syndicates and capitalists by his glowing picture of Old Glory floating over the butter cans of the Pacific Coast, which the Filipinos will buy by thousands after they have been subdued.

Washington confirms, albeit with a little shame, the statement from Manila that this Government is going to subsidize the Sultan of Sulu. Not only that, it is going to make him a little present of $10,000, or so, to start with, just to put him in a good humor. This is a good deal of a novelty in the way of republican government, but the State Department officials put on a grave face and say that here is a shining proof of our sincerity in promising to give the Philippines self-government. The dear public, how it does like to be humbugged, if it swallows this! Anybody who reads Foreman or Worcester can see for himself the kind of "self-government" which the island of Sulu enjoys under its Sultan. It is the regular system of Mohammedan absolutism. The plain truth is, that the Administration has its hands so uncomfortably full in Luzon that it is appalled at the idea of having to fight in Sulu also. So it comes down with the dust, and tells the Sultan to do whatever he pleases in the way of oppression and arbitrary rule if he will only fly the American flag.

The report comes from Boston that the Republican machine in Massachusetts will oppose the reëlection of Senator Hoar because he is not in harmony with the Administration on the subject of the Philippines, and because he (Hoar) is reckoned an anti-Imperialist. It seems to us that it would be wiser for the machinists to wait and see what the McKinley policy is, before throwing Senator Hoar overboard. It may prove that McKinley is in harmony with Hoar. Such a vacillating person is liable to turn up anywhere at any time. It would be most embarrassing if Senator Hoar and all the Massachusetts Republicans who agree with him were read out of the party for anti-Imperialism, and at the last moment McKinley himself should turn around and become an anti-Imperialist also. However that may be, Senator Hoar cannot change his position. He has won a crown of exceeding glory by upholding the Declaration of Independence as a document of world-wide truth, applicable to all people struggling for liberty, whether white or black, whether the Malay or Caucasian, whether of the New World or of the Old. If Massachusetts throws him overboard for this reason, the dishonor will be great, but it will be all her own.

Unwitting confession of wrong-doing is often more conclusive than open beating of the breast and acknowledging one's self a miserable sinner, and this is what we are now getting from the Administration. Its virtuous declaration that all the commissions for the volunteer army are to be given strictly for merit, is indirectly the plainest kind of admission that its different course last year was all wrong. One of its thick-and-thin defenders has a dim perception of the awkwardness of praising the new departure, and inserts a solemn explanation that to laud the new method is not to admit that the old method was nefarious. But if the old way of handing

over commissions to a "pull" or a purse was commendable, why abandon it? That is what the politicians are asking who are now overrunning the White House in search of military appointments. If their demands must be refused this year, as calculated to injure the army, why were they not refused last year for the same reason? If a stern sense of duty compels the President to appoint only experienced and capable officers now, where was his sense of duty last year?

The baleful effect of President McKinley's act in removing 10,000 offices from the merit system at the instance of the spoilsmen finds a fresh illustration in the resolutions adopted by the Republican State convention of Kentucky on Thursday. The politicians there assembled hailed the new order with delight. They so far forgot themselves that they repudiated that part of their own national platform which relates to civil-service reform, although it is binding on the party until repealed or until a new platform is adopted. They forgot, also, that Mr. McKinley, or at all events his Secretary of the Treasury, adheres to the St. Louis platform, and maintains that the recent executive order is not in conflict with it. These trifling incongruities were not noticed by the Kentucky politicians. They went to the heart of the matter at once, and passed two resolutions on the subject, viz.:

"We reaffirm our adherence to principles and to policies proclaimed by the last national Republican convention, except as to the civil service.

"We commend the present amendment of civil-service rules by the President, and declare our belief that further modifications of existing civil-service legislation may be made with advantage to the public service."

For the purpose of contrast, we reprint the clause of the last Republican national platform, which the party in Kentucky now repudiates in express terms:

"The civil-service law was placed on the statute book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced, and extended wherever practicable."

An edifying controversy sprang up last week in New Hampshire, when Senator Chandler and Senator Gallinger appeared on opposite sides in a prosecution of the latter for levying contributions on federal office-holders for campaign purposes. This is a violation of the civil-service law, and ex-Governor Busiel took the initiative in calling Gallinger to account for it. Gallinger thought that Chandler had inspired this movement against him, and he asked in the preliminary investigation whether that was not the fact. When it came Chandler's turn to testify, he said that he had withdrawn from membership of the campaign committees of his State on account of the passage of the civil-service law, and had advised Gallinger to do the same, and that when he found that Gallinger was assessing federal office-holders he left the committee rooms altogether. This was very becoming on the part of Chandler, and we set it down to his credit that, although not a friend of the civil-service law, he would not openly violate it or countenance its violation by remaining in the company of those who were levying assessments on office-holders.

The real significance of the row between these worthies is the neglect and contempt into which the whole civil-service law has fallen under the present Administration. As we have repeatedly shown, the system had been honeycombed, through unrebuked violations of the law, long before Mr. McKinley threw off the mask in his order turning over 10,000 offices to the spoilsmen. It is well known that case after case of flagrant disregard of the civil-service law and regulations has been brought to the attention of the President, who has effusively thanked and flattered his informants, and then done precisely nothing to bring the offenders to justice. With the Chief Magistrate thus consenting to see the law made a mockery, what wonder that senatorial bosses like Gallinger should go back unblushingly to the old system of blackmailing federal employees? The violation of the law in New Hampshire was notorious. A copy of the assessing circular, with Senator Gallinger's name on it, was produced. Now such assessments are criminal. A statute of the United States so declares, and provides a penalty of $500 for each offence. It is a statute, moreover, which was enforced under President Arthur, and offenders convicted. A vigilant Executive, eager to put down this form of crime against the United States as well as all others, would long ago have instructed the United States District Attorney to look into the matter and see that the law was respected and enforced. But Mr. McKinley has been so busy sending greetings to the Christian Endeavor Convention that he has had no time to attend to his sworn duty.

The importers of Swiss embroideries, in their proceedings to test the law under which Appraiser Wakeman acted in his harassing movements against them, drew out some facts of importance last week. One was, that the Collector of the Port did not, of his own motion, order a reappraisement of the goods; that he was satisfied with the first appraisement, but that he was instructed by Mr. Howell, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, to order such reappraisement. The law does not authorize the Assistant Secretary, or anybody except the Collector, to order the reappraisement of goods that have once been passed. The question which the Board of General Appraisers have now to pass upon is, whether the Treasury Department is vested with such general powers of oversight that it can contravene or supplement the mandate of the law relating to the importation of merchandise in such a way as to inflict losses upon merchants for which they have no remedy. We trust that this question may be brought before the courts, and that it may be made known whether there is any limit to the persecution of that portion of the community whose business supplies the Government with two-thirds of its revenue.

The republic of Mexico desires to consolidate its debt in a 5 per cent. gold bond to the amount of about $110,000,000, of which about $25,000,000 has been allotted by the contracting syndicate to the United States and Holland. The remainder goes to England and Germany. The loan has been underwritten by the syndicate of which the American branch is the house of J. P. Morgan & Co. The amount allotted to this country is small, but it has some significance in the fact that it is the first introduction of foreign government loans to this market. It may have a further significance as being the first step of the republic of Mexico towards the gold standard. Mexico has the double standard in law, but the single silver standard in fact. All her revenues are collected in silver, and all her obligations are paid in that metal except such as are made specifically payable in London or Berlin. We shall hope to hear from our silver doctrinaires on this subject in due time. Senator Jones of Nevada might well devote a couple of days to it, and Mr. Charles A. Towne of Minnesota might prove to the satisfaction of himself and George Fred Williams that the gold standard can never be adopted in Mexico even if her people and rulers desire it.

The American-China Development Company is one of the evidences of the superabundance of capital in the United States for domestic use. The surplus which has been accumulating since our own Western territory was supplied with rather more railway mileage than was needful, must and will find an outlet. China presents a field that is inviting in the sense that it is a country of large resources as yet undeveloped. It is not yet known publicly what kind of a charter the American company has obtained for a railway from Han-Kow to Canton, or what, if any, obstacles have been put in the way of its realization by the Chinese authorities. It is reported from Washington, however, that Minister Conger has been instructed to use his good offices and influence to secure the effectual carrying out of the contract,

and the securing of other privileges of trade and investment in the Celestial Empire, but not to take joint action with any other Power in such a way as to form an international engagement. To this there can be no objection.

That a large increase in importations of foreign goods follows a year of extraordinary domestic prosperity and profit has often been manifested in our history. It is not surprising, therefore, that imports for the fiscal year 1899, as last week's statement shows, have increased $81,027,000 over 1898. Nevertheless, the total importations of the year are smaller by far than those of any year in the decade past except 1898 and 1894. Two explanations are advanced for this remarkable result. Now and then, some belated protectionist will point with pride to the Dingley law as the cause of our relatively slow recourse to foreign markets. But this explanation can be easily blown away. Of the eighty-one millions increase in importations, seventy-two millions came from dutiable goods. In the similar trade year, 1880, under a similar tariff, imports increased no less than $222,000,000, or nearly three times their present increase. Furthermore, the folly of talking of protectionist barriers when our own manufacturers were invading the foreign markets, is so plain that he who runs may read. The simple fact, proved as conclusively by our export trade as by our imports, is that American capital and American ingenuity have so far broken the fetters of protection that we no longer depend on foreign markets to meet an increasing home demand. This year, it is the foreign markets, even for manufactured iron goods, which depend on us to make good their shortage. Last May's report, which showed for the eleven months an increase of $45,000,000 in imports of raw material for the use of our own exporting manufacturers, gives a hint at the great industrial change which has been in progress.

What is most likely to strike the reader's attention, in the foreign trade statement for the fiscal year ending with June, is the fact that the total export trade virtually shows no decrease whatever from the fiscal year 1898. Such a result would hardly have been predicted, a year ago, by any experienced observer. The corner in wheat had then collapsed. Exportation of cereals from the United States had fallen to barely half the monthly average of May and June. The European famine and the European alarm over a possible blockade of wheat supplies were both ended. Europe, through its urgent purchases of our wheat in May and June, had raised its own storehouse reserves nearly fourteen million bushels beyond their total of the year before, and this great increase in the supply at hand came at the moment when European farmers, for the first time in three years, were reaping an abundant grain harvest. A heavy decrease, both in quantity and in value, of agricultural exports from the United States was thus inevitable. Since agricultural shipments had made nearly 70 per cent. of the total American exports in the fiscal year 1898, it was natural to expect a rapid decrease in our export trade. As a matter of fact, agricultural exports in the fiscal year just ended were less by nearly $86,000,000 than in the fiscal year 1898. But what had not been reckoned on by the commercial prophets was the sudden development of a world-wide famine in iron, which, like the wheat famine of 1897 and 1898, was by far most acutely felt in Europe. The result was an increase in our steel and iron shipments for eleven months, shown by the May report (the latest classified summary available), exceeding by $21,000,000 those of the similar period in 1898. Simultaneously, the foreign demand for other commodities of manufacture expanded rapidly, and the increase during the fiscal year, in all manufactured goods, can hardly have fallen short of $50,000,000. A similar increase in the foreign demand for products of the mines raised the total exports almost to the level of 1898.

When the Tammany rank and file grasp the full meaning and effect of the new rules and regulations which the State Civil-Service Commissioners have prepared for this city, they will not only agree with ex-Senator Plunkitt about the "civil-service curse," but will, unconsciously, of course, parody the exclamation of Shylock by saying the "curse never fell upon Tammany till now"! The State Commissioners have eliminated most of the concessions which they made in the conference with the City Commissioners, greatly reducing the number of places which are to be exempt from competitive examinations, and placing in the competitive class many which have hitherto not been there. They have also taken from the appointing powers the right to set aside persons heading the eligible lists and to substitute others for them, and have inserted such perfectly fiendish requirements as that causes for removal must be filed, and that sworn certification must be made that an office-holder has actually done the work for which he is paid a salary, before he can get his money. There will be groans and writhings in Tammany when this "curse" falls, and the feeling towards Mayor Van Wyck, who made it possible, is not likely to be kindly.

An acute English statesman said long ago that Mr. Chamberlain was the nearest approach to an American politician known in English public life. Recent occurrences will not make that opinion seem less just. There was the revelation in Parliament the other day that Chamberlain owned stock in the Niger Company, just bought up by the Government. He confessed a certain indelicacy in the situation, but indignantly repelled any suspicion of official impropriety. Yet it is matter of public notoriety that he visited with severe denunciation another public officer for doing the same thing. But he jauntily puts this all aside in a manner that is not only American but Blaineish, which is, of course, another way of saying "intensely American." And he has a true American agility in slipping away when "cornered." Thus, in the debate a little while ago on the Indian sugar duties, Sir Henry Fowler produced a formal opinion by Mr. Chamberlain, both as public man and as economist, flatly opposed to the course which he is now eagerly advocating. But did this trouble the Colonial Secretary? Not in the least. Why rake up his old speeches? Whatever he may have said in the past, *this* is what he says now, and honorable gentlemen who differ with him had better look out or they will lose their seats. Truly, the sincerest flattery—by imitation—of the ways of the American politician.

English war preparations go on, but it is difficult to see how there can be a war with the Transvaal. Mr. Chamberlain thinks that President Krüger's concessions respecting the franchise for the Outlanders are tricky and may be illusory in practice; but the Prime Minister of the Cape declares, on the contrary, that they are generous and satisfactory. This must have great weight with English public opinion. Though the Government is plainly determined to be ready for the war, if war must come, yet it just as plainly expects a peaceful solution. One curious item in the war measures is the announcement that the English troops are supplied with the Dum-Dum bullet. This shattering missile has been defended as necessary for use against savages, and on that ground alone the English delegates at The Hague voted that it might be used in war. A civilized soldier, when he gets a small-calibre steel bullet through his diaphragm, knows enough to stop right where he is. But Zulus and Dervishes and Pathans rather like being made a sieve of in that way, and come rushing on as before. Hence the necessity of a ball that will "stop" them when it hits. But how about the Boers? Is the use of the Dum-Dum against them intended as an insulting suggestion that they are no better than savages? Or will they take it as a tribute to their prowess? It seems a very doubtful form of compliment, as well as, we must say, a very doubtful proof of England's desire to make war "humane."

THE SILENCE OF M'KINLEY.

Among the great men to whom the President's adulators compare him, simply by way of showing what a composite picture of greatness he is, we often see the name of Lincoln. That patient and humor-supported man, having gone where envy is extinguished, will not feel outraged by the comparison; and his admirers can afford to smile at it as he might have done. But they may, however, even granting the asserted likeness, reluctantly point out some differences. Perhaps the chief one, which instantly turns the comparison into contrast, is to be found in Lincoln's habit of freely informing the country of his plans and policies; of frankly and in person answering criticism; of pursuing, in short, the method of reasonable publicity.

It is said that the President resembles Lincoln in carefully watching the development of public opinion, and never getting too far in advance of it. McKinley's friends proudly accept the description of him as a man with "his ear to the ground." It shows how like Lincoln he is. Well, if it is true that Lincoln listened, it is also true that he gave people something to listen to. His public utterances were as frequent as they were frank. One has only to run over the index to Hay and Nicolay to see how numerous are the letters which Lincoln wrote and published to explain and defend his policy. His letter to Greeley of 1862; his letter concerning Vallandigham's arrest and imprisonment; his great letter to the Illinois Republicans in 1863—"The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea"—all are specimens. It was Lincoln's habit, at strategic moments and under adverse criticism, to throw out these letters of his which were truly half-battles. He not only followed but formed public sentiment.

Now no one could reasonably ask Mr. McKinley to write letters worthy of being named the same day with those of Abraham Lincoln, one of the greatest masters of style that ever lived. Any man living might well shrink from that comparison. But if the President cannot be expected to put pen to paper and rout his opponents as Lincoln did, he can at least be expected to say something. It will not do for him to fall back on the dignity of his office as a justification of his silence. Lincoln did not make the same office undignified by his way of speaking out in person. In critical times like these, when so many questions of domestic and foreign policy are hotly debated, it is the duty of the President to take the people into his confidence; it is their right to know what he thinks and means to do. But where Lincoln was ready and willing to tell what he thought and intended, McKinley wraps himself in silence as in a garment.

Take the civil-service order. Expert reformers agree with expert spoilsmen that it is a step not only backward, but downward—not only off the platform, but into the mud. Various half-hearted and inconsistent explanations have been attempted by McKinley's subordinates, but he himself remains dumb. Why does he not come forward in person to defend the order, if it can be defended? A special duty to do so is laid upon him. He has not always been so voiceless about civil-service reform. He spoke and voted for it in Congress. He committed himself to it explicitly in his letter of acceptance. Yet thousands of his friends and supporters are sorrowfully saying that his acts have eaten his words. Can any one imagine Lincoln remaining silent under such circumstances? Is it "dignity" on McKinley's part, or is it confusion of face and uncertainty and dismay? He may be sure that as long as he says nothing, people will think the worst.

As to his Philippine policy, the case is even more flagrant. All the light the President has given us on that subject is but darkness intensified. His brief references to it in his message to Congress, his studiously non-committal speech in Boston, and his car-platform platitudes in the South are all we have to go upon, and they do not get us forward one inch. What Mr. McKinley is now doing in the Philippines, what he means to do, the country does not know. His angriest defenders do not agree in their statements of his policy. Is he going to kill the Filipinos with kindness or with bullets? Is he going to buy up Aguinaldo as he has undertaken to buy up the Sultan of Sulu? Is his policy peace or a sword? The country is left in blank ignorance about all this. The oracles are dumb. McKinley lies with his ear glued to the ground, but not one stroke does he himself give to convey a vibration to the ears of others.

This persistent and astonishing silence of the chosen leader of the people, when so great a crisis is upon us, is susceptible of various explanations. We think the most plausible one is that the President does not speak because he has nothing to say. This was Sydney Smith's explanation of the taciturnity of Englishmen; they kept still because there was nothing in their heads. If Mr. McKinley cannot defend his civil-service order, no doubt his true plan is silence, and mighty little of that, as the Irish magistrate said. If he has no Philippine policy except one of drift, he is wise to keep close-mouthed, and, like Hotspur's wife, refuse to utter what he does not know. His silence is a good deal of a puzzle if he is a second Lincoln; but there is a theory of portentous and solemn silence which an increasing number of people are saying exactly fits McKinley's case. It is laid down in Shakspere:

> "O my Antonio, I do know of these
> That therefore only are reputed wise
> For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,
> If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
> Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools."

IT WAS A "BACKWARD STEP."

In one respect it is to be regretted that proof of the inaccuracy of Secretary Gage's defence of President McKinley's recent civil-service order is so abundant. It swells the answer which the Secretary of the Civil-Service Reform League makes, to such a volume as greatly to reduce the number of persons who would naturally be inclined to read it. Yet every word of it is well worth reading, for there is scarcely a sentence in it which does not contain an item of proof that the President has violated his most solemn pledges, and that the worst offender in breaking down the law is Secretary Gage himself. Whoever else may be fitted to speak as an authority on civil-service reform, Mr. Gage clearly is not. He has been one of the worst enemies, if not the very worst enemy, the cause has had in official life since the original law was enacted.

In formulating his evidence that the President's order is a "backward step," and does restore to the spoilsmen a large number of places which had been taken from them, Mr. McAneny has very wisely put the proceedings of the Treasury Department first. Secretary Gage invited this distinction when he made himself the champion of the President's course; but if he had not done so, the record of his department so far eclipses all others in assault upon the system that it is thereby entitled to first place in the assembling of the proof. Whatever else he may read, or omit to read, we entreat every one interested in good government to peruse carefully the passages in Mr. McAneny's reply which relate to the conduct of the Treasury Department. Mr. McAneny shows, in the first place, that Secretary Gage, when he entered upon office, found the Internal Revenue Service wholly subject to civil-service rules; that he began, long before the recent order was issued, to permit such violations of the law as freed a large portion of the service from these rules, and that at present the entire service has been restored to spoils politics. When it is remembered that, under our new internal-revenue laws, the chief portion of the income of the Government, aggregating no less than $276,000,000 during the year ending July 1, is collected through this branch of the service, the full meanng of this betrayal becomes apparent.

In the second place, Mr. McAneny shows how, under the guise of war-emergency appointments, the rules have been broken down so completely, by one piece of hostile legislation after another, that all appointments, in both the Treasury and War Departments, are now made without competitive examination. All temporary appointments, of which there

have been a great many, have been made permanent by the President's order. In instance after instance where the law was violated, Secretary Gage, though requested to interfere and assert his authority to enforce the law, has declined to do so. The mass of evidence against him is overwhelming, and furnishes melancholy reading for reformers who thought they had a champion of the first order in Mr. Gage when he was made Secretary.

The original charge of the Civil-Service-Reform League, that the President's order withdraws fully 10,000 places from the classified service, is shown by official records to be strictly accurate. Equally conclusive proof is advanced in support of the League's other charges. Temporary appointments are shown to have been made permanent, and persons appointed after passing one of the lower grades of competitive examination are being transferred, after a "pass" examination only, to higher grades. "The effect of this practice," as Mr. McAneny says, "is likely to be that the higher grades, in time, will be placed on a virtually non-competitive basis"—that is, the whole system will be overthrown. This destructive process will be assisted by the other provision of the President's order which permits the reinstatement, at the discretion of department officials, of persons who have been removed from the service for any stated reason. This opens the door for the return of incompetent and unfit men, and nobody who knows anything about politics will question that the opportunity will be fully improved.

We have given only a cursory and incomplete outline of Mr. McAneny's reply. He devotes small space, and very properly so, to Secretary Gage's ingenuous contention that the opportunities which the President's order gives for evasion of the law will not be improved because the Administration does not intend to use them. If the power was not intended for use, why was it conferred? Has it not always been the chief aim of every spoilsman to "beat the law," if he could? Is it not a fact that every opportunity to "beat" it which the new order affords is already being improved? And this is not the worst aspect of the situation at Washington. Mr. McAneny declares that, for the first time since the National Civil-Service Commission was created, access to its records has been refused to him, because he wished to find there proof of the Administration's bad faith. This fact, coupled with the spectacle of a Civil-Service Commissioner, appointed by President McKinley, defending publicly this "backward step," shows clearly enough what the friendly professions of the Administration towards the reform are worth. The first step towards the overthrow of the entire system has been taken, and all efforts to disguise the crime or confuse the public judgment about it will be unavailing.

RESPONSIBILITY OF LAWYERS AS CITIZENS.

The recent meeting of the Bar Association of Pennsylvania was in several ways of unusual importance. Mr. Hornblower's address was itself worthy of public attention, and the fact that he was heartily applauded for defending the political ideals which have distinguished our country, is extremely encouraging to the truly patriotic. To the mass of the people the Constitution is but a meaningless name. To most of the educated it is a technical term, which they can perhaps define, but do not comprehend. To lawyers, however, such an instrument is full of the profoundest significance. They know what wonderful skill, what patient thought, what prolonged labor, were employed in its fabrication, and they alone can fully appreciate the prodigious blessings that have resulted from its existence. They are in position to understand the mischief that will follow from disregarding it, and they, more than any other class, can effectively protest against its violation. They are called on as citizens to use their professional skill in the public interest, just as doctors are called on for similar exertions in times of pestilence. The more they uplift their voices, like Mr. Hornblower, the sooner will sane counsels be listened to by our politicians.

As an illustration of what can be done in the way of procuring better laws by combined and persistent professional action, the report of the committee on uniform legislation may be referred to. It is now about eight years since this matter was seriously taken up by the profession, and in many of the States Commissioners have been appointed whose conferences have had very substantial results. Legislatures have been brought to recognize the importance of enacting laws with some reference to those already existing in neighboring communities. Bills have been perfected which systematize the acknowledgment and execution of written instruments, the sealing of deeds, the execution of wills, and the law of negotiable paper. Some States have already adopted these bills, and, the way having been broken, other States will more easily be induced to follow. Here, we may fairly say, we have genuine reforms due to a recognition by lawyers of their responsibility as members of our society.

This illustration serves to give additional force to the address of Justice Mitchell of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. His theme was "Fidelity to Court and Client in Criminal Cases." He referred to the alarming increase of crimes committed, not by the criminal classes, but against them, which go under the general name of lynch law. This description of crime he attributed largely to the feeling of impatience with legal delay, and distrust of the enforcement of justice. "Men not criminals themselves in intent refuse to wait for the law, and commit crime in the name and for the purpose of justice." The number of homicides in the country at large is appalling. No very trustworthy figures exist, but those which are presented may be reduced one-half and the result is still frightful. Judge Parker of the United States District Court, Arkansas, states that from 1890 to 1895, inclusive, there were nearly 44,000 homicides in the United States, while in the same period there were 723 legal executions and 1,118 lynchings. The Attorney-General has reported to Congress that in a single year there were 10,500 homicides, 100 convictions of murder by the courts, and 240 executions by illegal agencies. Judge Hillyer of Georgia declares that in 1896 there were more men murdered than fell at Gettysburg. Many States are comparatively free from this stain of bloodshed, but in Ohio, and Indiana, and Illinois there have been episodes that indicate the existence of dangerous tendencies.

As one cause of this deplorable blot on our civilization, Justice Mitchell did not hesitate to assign the inexcusable delays of the law. It has long been recognized that the efficacy of punishment as a deterrent from crime depends more on celerity than severity. Lawyers are always present in our legislatures, and they can generally shape laws as they desire. In the administration of justice they have almost complete control. Were they to devote themselves to accelerating the course of justice, they would be successful. Lawyers are often unjustly blamed, as individuals, for delay in bringing cases to trial. But for delays and hindrances and obstructions in the course of the trial and afterwards, Judge Mitchell said, counsel must accept the heaviest responsibility. They have a duty to the court as well as to the client. "Counsel represents the prisoner to defend his rights. In so doing he is bound to exercise competent learning, and to be faithful, vigilant, and resolute. But he is at the same time an officer of the court, part of the system which the law provides for the preservation of individual rights in the administration of justice, and bound by his official oath to fidelity as well to the court as to the client."

While individual lawyers were to blame for abuse of their position, Justice Mitchell held that the criminal law was full of unreasonable technicalities. Under the sanguinary code of an earlier day, these technical devices protected the interests of humanity, but under our milder laws they merely defeat the ends of justice. "The bar must take care that it shall not fail of its proper share in the right establishment of a new order

of things, lest a whirlwind of popular impatience and distrust shall sweep away not only the hurtful obstructions, but with them some barriers that are true safeguards of innocence." These are wise words. They are addressed to those who are peculiarly responsible for the preservation of life and property from violence. If there is to be any reform, it must be carried through by lawyers. If lynching is to be checked, it must be by means of such reform. The profession is called on to act, both by its own members and by the laity. As they have shown what they can accomplish in other directions, let them now direct their efforts to this end. It may be called a "parochial" question; but 10,000 homicides a year is a phenomenon large enough to demand serious consideration.

COURTS AND COMBINATIONS.

The signs are abundant that the politicians of both parties will declare war against what they call "Trusts." The term "Trust" has established itself in the political vocabulary, and lack of significance will not displace it. It is a substitute for the "money power," a term which has done service for so many years that it may be regarded as worn out. The "money power" was the great bugbear during the early part of the century; and when Jackson was carrying on war against the Bank, the fury of the demagogues over the diabolical malignities of wealthy corporations exceeded the present display. The real object of attack then was accumulated wealth, and that is the object now. Corporations are denounced, but it is, of course, the men composing the corporations and owning their wealth that are really guilty, and they are capable of oppressing the people severally as well as by combination.

The obstacles which the demagogues will encounter when they undertake to legislate against combinations of capitalists are set forth in a judgment recently pronounced by the Court of Errors of New Jersey. A number of concerns engaged in making pottery in that State were bought and their works carried on by a corporation; a condition of the purchase being that the men bought out should not engage in the pottery business again within fifty years, except in a few remote States and Territories. Having received their money, some of these men proceeded to establish new potteries, and to compete actively with the larger corporation. On application by the latter, the Court of Errors held that the operation of the new potteries by these men should be enjoined. Their only justification for refusing to be bound by their contract was that such a contract was contrary to public policy, and the Court of Errors held that it was not.

For, in the first place, it was shown that a contract by the vendor of a business and its good-will that he will not compete with the purchaser, although a contract in restraint of trade, is not opposed to public policy when it is not absolute, and is reasonably required for the protection of the purchaser in his enjoyment of the business purchased. On any other principle, the good-will of a business would have no market value. No one could afford to pay anything for it if the seller could at once resume it. As Sir George Jessel said: "If there is one thing which more than another public policy requires, it is that men of full age and competent understanding shall have the utmost liberty of contract, and that their contracts, when entered into freely and voluntarily, shall be held sacred and shall be enforced by courts of justice." In other words, freedom of contract is more important than almost anything else. To allow a person to enter into a contract, obtain the benefits of it, and then repudiate his obligations under it, is, as another English judge has said, "*prima facie*, at all events, contrary to the interests of any and every country." And so our Federal Courts have held that the burden is on him who would avoid a contract because it is against public policy. Unless the Legislature is prepared to enact that no sale of the good-will of a business shall be valid, it cannot enact that no agreement not to compete in business shall be valid; or rather if it enacts the latter rule, this involves the former one.

Furthermore, if a man may lawfully buy the good-will of one business, how shall he be prevented from buying that of two? And if he may go so far, why may he not go further, and finally acquire all the concerns engaged in a particular industry? In the New Jersey case, it was urged that the five potteries bought were the only ones in the country making what is called sanitary ware, which has become one of the necessaries of life, and that the intention of the purchaser was to obtain a monopoly. Shall the Legislature then enact that no one shall buy all the factories making a certain necessary thing? Or shall it be lawful to buy all but one or all but 10 per cent. of them? And shall it forbid the purchaser of a part to have any interest in the remainder? Or shall there be unlimited freedom of purchase if the purchaser does not intend a monopoly? And who is to tell, and how, whether he does or not? According to the New Jersey court, "the contracts in question were not intended to withdraw, and do not appear to have withdrawn, from work a single workman in that industry. They restrain a comparatively small number of capitalists, who had previously employed their capital in such manufacture, from continuing to do so. The entire capital of the country, except theirs, is free to be employed in the manufacture." There was no proof that the public would suffer under such a consolidation as was effected.

The situation had no peculiarity because a corporation did what an individual might do. The New Jersey law authorizes a corporation to buy the stock of another corporation. If such purchases are prohibited, as has been elsewhere done, individuals may make the purchase, and organize a corporation afterwards to carry on the business. What the demagogues must do, if they wish to prevent the carrying on of business by combinations, is to forbid not only corporations but also firms and individuals from agreeing to carry on any industry. Unless this is done, individuals will direct the policy of competing corporations by controlling their stock. Such management may be inconvenient and expensive, but it is possible. The cost of production would be increased, and the public would have to pay a part at least of the increased cost of products. Perhaps we shall try the experiment, but it is doubtful if the public will like the results of the policy after it is adopted. All coöperation involves combination, and it is not yet the fashion to denounce coöperation. Combination on a great scale is the consequence of doing business on a great scale. It results from the great accumulation of wealth in modern times. Our governments can do much to hinder the accumulation of wealth, and thus limit combinations. We have yet to see how they can otherwise prevent them; nor is it easy to frame a statute against great combinations without including small ones.

TAXES AND INTEREST.

It was laid down as a maxim by Adam Smith, that wherever a great deal can be made by the use of money, a great deal will commonly be given for the use of it; and that wherever little can be made by it, less will commonly be given for it. Hence it may be inferred, in a rough way, that profits vary with the rate of interest. Accepting this rule, we cannot fail to be impressed with the decline that has taken place in the rate of profit in this country within the last twenty-five or thirty years. Before 1873, seven per cent. was a common rate for money loaned on bond and mortgage in the city of New York, and a not uncommon rate for railroad mortgages. Five per cent. was a rate hardly thought of even by persons and corporations enjoying the best credit. As money was freely borrowed at those rates, it would follow that the average rate of profit was from 12 to 15 per cent., taking the country at large. In many lines of business, and in certain parts of the country, the rate was higher than this; but in the older and richer regions this rate was probably not generally exceeded.

At the present moment, the rate of interest is little, if any, more than one-half what it was in 1870. A great deal of money is loaned at 3 per cent., and many very large issues of 3½ per cent. bonds are quoted above par. Frequently the rates for call loans are even lower, and the lending capacity of the country seems to be unlimited. Under these circumstances we know, *a priori*, that the rate of profit must fall. Competition settles that. If money can be borrowed at 3 or 4 per cent., there are plenty of alert men who will borrow it and undersell those who are trying to maintain the old-fashioned rate of profit. Whether profits of 6 or 7 per cent. are sufficient to content the ordinary business man cannot as yet be accurately determined; but under present conditions the average rate of profit cannot long be maintained above that figure. The firm or corporation that can earn, year in and year out, 7 per cent. on its capital, is doing as well as can be expected.

Such a decline in the rate of profit has necessarily many important economic, as well as social, results. One of these is the extinction of business enterprises having small capitals. Their earnings are not enough to pay the wages of management in addition to the wages of labor. Another result, no doubt, is the combination of business concerns. The steadily falling rate of profit compels attention to economies, and in the office expenses and the cost of marketing goods very great economies have been effected. Such economies enable particular concerns to maintain for a time a high rate of profit; but such success can be, in most cases, only temporary. By the aid of protective duties, patents, and other conditions favoring monopoly, many enterprises will doubtless long continue to pay very high profits on the capital originally invested, but even they will be unable to maintain such profits indefinitely.

Such being the return of capital, the amount demanded by the tax-gatherer becomes a very important subject of consideration. Here we find no such tendency as is seen in the case of interest and profits. Taxes have very generally increased. The indirect taxes collected by the United States authorities have been enlarged in number and in rate. The direct taxes levied in the States and municipalities, while not generally much higher in rate, are double what they were, if we compare them with the rate of interest. It is this fact to which public attention should be directed, for it is never referred to. Little dependence can be placed on the census statistics, but we know from other sources the condition of affairs in most of our cities. In some few cases, and those not unimportant, the valuation of property has not been raised in the proportion in which its real value has been enhanced; but as a general rule assessments have kept pace with the advance in values, and in some cases have surpassed it. Hence, it may fairly be said that even if the nominal rate of taxation were the same as formerly, the actual burden would be twice what it was. In other words, the taxes levied on accumulated property are as high as ever, while the revenue derived from such property is only one-half what it was.

Such an increase of the burden of government cannot be regarded without alarm. It is, of course, to be remembered that many things are done by the State that were formerly not done. There have been great improvements in streets and parks, in water and light, in public buildings, in police, and in education. Such improvements, however, could have been made and could be maintained for much less than they cost. The manner in which our rulers spend the taxes in all large communities has long been a scandal. Every one knows the condition of affairs in Illinois, in Pennsylvania, and in New York. In our own State many millions of dollars have been wasted within a few years, under the pretence of improving the canals. The evidence is overwhelming that our rulers spend the taxes badly, and the increase of taxation must therefore be regarded as an economic evil. Little further fall in the rate of interest can be anticipated, and if the increase in taxation is not arrested, the prosperity of the country cannot continue. At least we must be prepared for a material reduction in the rate at which wealth and population have heretofore increased.

A MODERN MASQUE.

LONDON, July 1, 1899.

The Art Workers' Guild is little known, even by name, to the outside world, but it is probably the most genuine society of artists in London. It includes men who practise every art and every craft, from the painter and sculptor to the basket-maker and metal-worker, from the illustrator and architect to the painter and designer. It finds a place for artists as entirely opposed in intention and method as Sir Edward Poynter and Mr. Sargent, as Mr. Walter Crane and Sir L. Alma-Tadema; in a word, so far from imitating the foolish exclusiveness of the Royal Academy, it aims at being as representative as possible, and at encouraging a practical union of all the arts. It has its headquarters at Clifford's Inn, one of the picturesque old inns of court just off Fleet Street, where the members are understood to meet and talk, speaking their minds with a freedom that would be alarming to the seeker after Academic honors. But such is the Guild's rare talent for keeping its own affairs to itself that, beyond this, little can be said of it with authority. Its performance of a Masque at the Guildhall this week is its first appearance before the public.

Why it should have decided to make a public appearance at all, may not be easy to explain. But perhaps the example of the balls and processions arranged, from time immemorial almost, by the artists of Paris and Munich, together with the knowledge of the Guild's ability to rival them, had something to do with it; or perhaps it was simply the desire to create a beautiful pageant. If the Masque was the form in which this desire was eventually expressed, it was probably because no other manner of pageant is so essentially English, and gives such a chance to the invention and fancy of every kind of artist and craftsman. In the days of the famous masques, the spectacle was always the great thing. While the legitimate boards were still as bare and unadorned as the Elizabethan Stage Society loves to show them, the Masque was as splendid and gorgeous and lovely as the artist, with a royal or princely purse at his command, could make it. Ben Jonson might write for the theatre, too, but it was only for the Masque that the services of Inigo Jones were in request, and this calling-in of the artist was its special distinction. The theatre gradually borrowed the gorgeousness but left out the artist, and in the gaudy glitter of Drury Lane, in the showy pretentiousness of the Lyceum and Her Majesty's, most people to-day have forgotten that there is no reason in the world why the picture on the stage should not be as beautiful, as dignified, as harmonious as the picture on canvas. There have been two or three revivals of the Masque during the present century, but the object then was rather to borrow the pretty, artificial old fashion of celebrating a royal event than to take advantage of a delightful form of pictorial expression. The Art Workers, on the contrary, have been interested above all in the pictorial possibilities. What they wanted to revive was, not Ben Jonson's, but Inigo Jones's share in the pageant.

But, of course, there had to be a play, or dramatic allegory, as motive for the picture, and this they undertook to write themselves, for the Masque was to be from beginning to end their own creation. If they may not be able to boast a Milton, there are two among their number, Mr. Selwyn Image and Mr. Henry Wilson, who write admirable verse, and three or four others, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Christopher Whall, Mr. C. R. Ashbee, Mr. Harrison Townsend, who can at least versify fluently. The regret is that William Morris, for many years an active member, and for one the Master, of the Guild, did not live long enough to join in the work, for he could have made it worthy to rank as a poem with the Masques of Tudor and Stuart days. However, as it was, "Beauty's Awakening" answered its purpose excellently. The princess of the fairy tale was transformed into the Spirit of All Things Beautiful, the redemption of London was the joyous result of the kiss of the Prince in his new rôle as the good Knight Trueheart; and, if this seems very naïve, it must be remembered that not even Milton in "Comus" ventured upon a subtle or intricate plot.

As the pageant slowly took shape, as the scheme for it, that originated about a year ago, was more and more developed, it was realized, no less to the astonishment of the Art Workers than of any one else, what a big thing had been undertaken. Big as it was, however, professional assistance was called in only for the music, composed by Mr. Malcolm Lawson—though at the performance it was a member of the Guild, Mr. Belcher, an architect, who led the orchestra

—and for the stage management, as it was found absolutely indispensable to have some one who could devote the necessary time and attention to every rehearsal, and also to the proper drilling of the dancers. But it was a more serious matter when it became evident that the scheme had outgrown the limits of the Guild's own hall in Clifford's Inn, where it was first intended that the Masque should be given. The new version of the old story meant many dancers and groupings and processions; it meant, besides, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred performers. In Clifford's Inn hall was scarcely more space than for a stage of the required size. It was useless to think of the ordinary theatre with its tinsel and gilding and sham; a more discordant frame could not be imagined. But, with nothing less than a stroke of genius, the Art Workers determined to ask the Lord Mayor to lend them the Guildhall. There is no more beautiful or statelier hall in London; it is in the very midst of the richest and most commercial part of a town where, according to some authorities, the Spirit of All Things Beautiful sleeps her soundest. Moreover, it is the scene of the most impressive and magnificent official pageants still left in the world, though, it must be confessed, the actors in these are apt to look rather sheepish and ashamed of themselves. Somehow, it is hard to say just how, but largely through the intervention of Mr. Merwyn Macartney, the Master of the Guild, the Lord Mayor and the Corporation were induced to consent, and though, afterwards, the County Council, by the imposition of tedious and vexatious restrictions, did its best to prevent the Guild's profiting by the generosity of the City, in the end the Guildhall was delivered over to the carpenter for the great part of one week, and to the performers for the greater part of the next. And, indeed, this has proved but another of numerous occasions when the City refuses to justify its reputation for outer barbarianism. I think most people, when they came away from the finest pageant seen in London for many a long day, must have felt, with me, that the County Council, for all its pretensions as a refining influence and a promoter of art, can still take a lesson or two from the much-abused Corporation.

The stage, set up at that end of the Guildhall over which Gog and Magog preside, was the triumph of the Masque. It was designed by Mr. Henry Wilson, an architect of whom the world will be sure to hear more in the future, and it was as little as possible like the usual big, bare stage, with its flimsy scenery and stale devices—it was a "lordly pleasure-house" rather, a Palace of Art, its architecture as stately and sumptuous a setting for the groups and figures that passed across it, as the arcades and terraces of Veronese are for his painted courts and ceremonies. Wide steps led up from the audience to a great central portal, flanked on either side by graceful columns, gray and cool in color, harmonizing with the surrounding stone-work. Above the great golden arch, above the spreading colonnades, towering to the mysterious roof, was a majestic vague veil of blue, over it no meaningless arabesques, no bedraggled flowers, but only one single silver figure keeping guard in the centre. The solemn, the immense mystery of the proscenium concentrated the eye on the stage; nor was there in the detail and ornament any of the tawdry prettiness or glaring tinsel, so dear to the professional stage decorator, to distract it. At the back of the stage were three rounded arches, filled as low as the capitals with a dull gold lattice; and every capital—the design of Mr. Wilson, carried out by Mr. Stirling Lee and Mr. Murphy—was delicately sculptured, and painted in green and red and the same dull gold, giving just the right notes of color. Hangings, like rare tapestries, fell between the columns at the sides. A drop-curtain, for certain scenes, represented, very conventionally, a wood; for others, it rose, showing the three arches, with, beyond, the hedge of flowers and briers that must enclose the palace of every Sleeping Beauty, and that was replaced for the last scene of all by "arras green and blue." Nothing could have been simpler, nothing more imposing. When the stage was dimly lit, and you looked through the Romanesque portal to where the gold of lattice and capitals glowed in the tender gloom, it was like looking into one of the shadowy chapels of St. Mark's, somebody said to me.

Mystery is essential to all great art, we have been told. It was the element of mystery Mr. Wilson introduced in his stage that was one reason of his success, nor was the importance of this quality undervalued in the arrangement and action of the several scenes. On the professional stage there is always either a uniform illumination or a uniform darkness, or else a sudden, abrupt flash upon one figure. Gradation of light and shade is not understood by the professional managers. But the Art Workers knew its value in a picture, and their sole idea was to produce pictures. Every costume, down to the most minute ornament, the most trivial detail, had been designed by one or another among their number; every emblem borne by the different characters, every chair set upon the stage, was their work; and yet they never hesitated to subordinate the beauty of the various parts, when necessary, to make a perfect whole. There were no footlights; but why should there have been? There are no footlights in a picture. The illumination came from the sides, it seemed to issue mysteriously from the clustered columns. Some critics have found fault with this, as is natural, for critics have a way of damning everything they do not understand because it is new to them. But in the crude glare to which the conventions of the theatre have accustomed us, the daintiest or most splendid color-schemes would inevitably lose. When, after the Prolocutor, who, in his red and black robes and laurel wreath of gold, introduced every scene, had made his first announcement, and the curtains were drawn, and at the back of the stage, below the golden lattice, the Sleeping Beauty, with her Seven Lamps grouped about her, was seen in a soft pale green light, it was in very truth like an enchanted palace. And when, into the midst of these "perfect forms in perfect rest," the Fallen Leaves of the Forest—children in russet and green and gold and scarlet—were blown by the Four Winds and sent whirling and swirling in a rhythmical flight, to the strange, old, wind-like music of Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and his orchestra, now they were but dim, shadowy shapes, as if clouds were sweeping across the unseen sky, now they shone forth radiantly, as if in a sudden gleam of sunshine, so gay that a little butterfly, with orange-streaked wings, came fluttering down the stage. The management of the light was masterly, both from the symbolical and pictorial standpoint. Without it, the dance would have been charming, for the dresses designed by Mr. Louis Davis were very pretty and graceful, and Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch and his musicians, in their antique costumes, with their curious old instruments, grouped at the foot of the steps, were as picturesque. But the play of light made it more than charming—as exquisite a poem as the dance of the nymphs in Corot's glades. I was sitting at the far end of the hall; the audience was in all but complete darkness, out of which loomed up the gray walls of the ancient building and the ghostly monuments of Pitt and Wellington; and the stage in the distance, with its shifting lights and shadows and its dancing leaves, was as unreal, as fantastic as a Midsummer Night's Dream.

There was another lovely picture when the Knight Trueheart in his glittering armor slept in a mystical forest that made one think of Meriin and Vivian in the wild woods of Broceliande; and again when, armed by Fortitude and Hope, he met and slew the horrid dragon Aschemon, and vanquished the whole tribe of modern demons, as uncouth as the "monstrous rout" of Comus. These demons, Jerrybuiltas, Slumdum, and the others, held their own high revels in the dusky twilight best adapted to such an evil crew. But it was when the drop-curtain was raised and the palace within once more revealed, that the richest and most sumptuous scenes followed, that some of the most marvellous effects were rendered. At the bidding of Clio, the Muse of History, the Fair Cities of the World with their attendants, passed, as in a vision, by the couch of the Sleeping Beauty, whose sway they had once owned. Each of these groups was composed by a member of the Guild, each was as historically accurate as pictorially it was splendid, and, in several, well-known artists themselves figured—Mr. Walter Crane as Dürer in the train of Nuremberg; Mr. Pomeroy, the sculptor, as Phidias, with Athens; Mr. Stannus, the architect, as Titian, with Venice; Mr. Hughes, as his own St. Louis, with Paris. Miss May Morris, who, in her severe white draperies, might have stepped down from some old Byzantine mosaic, led the way as St. Helena, for Byzantium. Each group appeared beyond the arcade, paused a moment by the Sleeping Beauty and her unlit Lamps, then passed out into the full light of the stage to be lost slowly in the shadows of the colonnades. I have never seen anything like this on the stage before; it reminded me of the effect in certain pictures, in the "Night Watch," for instance, with the few figures brilliant in the centre, and the others gradually disappearing, merged into the mysterious glooms and distances. And the arrangement of the scene pointed to another mistake made on the ordinary spectacular stage, for it was shown clearly that it is less by numbers and crowding that grandeur and splendor are to be suggested than by two or three figures well placed. Thebes, with her single attendant, Rameses II., in simple white draperies, seemed to fill the stage far more effectively than the endless battalions of a Drury Lane spectacle.

One by one, the Cities passed separate-

ly, to the dramatically appropriate melody of Mr. Lawson's music, and then, in long procession, they passed again: lotus-bearing Thebes; Athens, with, for insignia, a Venus held aloft; Rome, with globe of power; Byzantium, with cross and scroll of the law; Florence, lily-laden, scattering flowers in her path, accompanied by two of her greatest sons, Dante and Cimabue; Venice (jewels her burden), large and resplendent as the women of Giorgione and Tintoretto, a Doge and Titian in her guard of honor; Nuremberg and her craftsmen "born of Toil and Liberty," with whom it was only in keeping that Mr. Walter Crane should enroll himself; Paris, with St. Louis, Joan of Arc, and the Three Graces to explain her greatness and her charm; Oxford, with her band of students. And when, at the kiss of Trueheart, the spirit of All Things Beautiful awoke, and the lights burned once more in her Seven Lamps, London at last, like the Lady in Comus, was set free from the demons, and took her place with the Fair Cities; Labor and Invention, Freedom and Commerce waiting upon her. The Five Senses, gay and many-hued as a garden of flowers, celebrated their deliverance in a joyful dance, and all the performers, Fallen Leaves and Demons and Fair Cities, joined in a triumphal procession. The stage now was one great blaze of light, and so was the hall, and the music burst into a stirring march, and in and out among the columns, even down the steps where the Prolocutor stood, and in and out among the audience, just as the performers in the old Masques marched through the streets of Whitehall with all London looking on, the procession passed, a winding line of rich, iridescent color. The pageants that Carpaccio watched, that Veronese painted, were not more gorgeous.

I know that as a revival the Masque has an historic interest. I know that to many the ethical intention of the allegory has seemed a recommendation. But its importance really, the one thing that distinguished it from other revivals and moral allegories, was its pictorial beauty. There may have been defects, here and there a slightly discordant note may have been struck. In the course of time it might have been still further perfected—indeed, the fourth performance, in many ways, was an improvement upon the first. But it is useless to search for defects when they were overshadowed by so much beauty. If any lesson was taught it was that, on a finely built stage, in a carefully graduated light, with the costumes and groups and movements designed by the artist, pictures may be composed as great as those of the greatest painter; that the crude conventions of the theatre are as inartistic as they are needless. And this lesson, if lesson you can call it, was taught by the Art Workers solely and entirely for their own amusement. Only the four performances were given: three for the public that chose to pay and so help to meet expenses, one for the Lord Mayor and the Corporation, who certainly deserved it, and who are so used to be themselves the performers in the Guildhall spectacles that they must have found it a strange experience to take part as lookers-on. Nor will the Masque be repeated. But I do not believe the true Art Worker ever grudges time and trouble to create a thing of beauty even if merely for a day.

N. N.

A MILANESE ART FOUNDATION.

ANDERMATT, June 29, 1899.

Municipal ardor has been, during the entire course of Italian history, the source of most of the good, as it has been of most of the evil, that has befallen the Peninsula. Town no longer meets town on the field of battle, but rivalry is not dead. It finds less bloody outlets. On the cruder side it has become a race to outdo each other in the number and noisiness of electric trains running through broad, new streets, lined with hideous blocks. But the same rivalry leads to endless pride in the past, to exultation in its artistic achievement, and—in rarer instances—to a sincere desire to preserve the artistic patrimony. Here also we encounter a nobler and a less noble tendency. The same spirit has led towns to admire their own artists beyond all bounds of considered criticism, and has inspired such foundations as the Querini-Stampalia at Venice, the Filangieri at Naples, the Galliera at Genoa, the Carrara-Lochis-Morelli at Bergamo, and, best of all, the Poldi-Pezzoli at Milan.

Where energy abounds, everything is possible. Milan, which led in tramways—it should be added that they have been "municipalized," and are the best and cheapest in Europe—is now leading in the recovery and intelligent arrangement of its art treasures. Milan was the home of Morelli and is still the home of the scarcely less eminent Signor Frizzoni, and of that alchemist in the restitution of begrimed and ruined pictures to their original state of perfection, Signor Cavenaghi. At his studio you find old and young of the best and most cultivated society, come to see the paintings received for restoration, and to watch the scrupulous magician at work. There also congregate the amateurs and students from all over Europe who happen to be passing through Milan. The interest in art aroused by these meetings has happily passed from words to deeds. It has led to the saving from demolition, and to the restoration, of the Castle of Milan, which bids fair, when completed, to be one of the most delightful and artistically instructive sights in Italy. It has induced a number of Milanese gentlemen to give their best energies to the proper installation of the works of art already collected. On some other occasion I hope to speak of the various treasures which Signor Vittadini is arranging in the Castle. Here I will say a few words about the Poldi-Pezzoli Museum which MM. Frizzoni, Boito, and Noseda have just ordered anew.

It was the private collection of the Milanese patrician, Cav. Poldi-Pezzoli, which he left to the town, adding an endowment for further purchases. The collection consists of bronzes, ivories, enamels, arms, tapestries, and pictures by the old Italian masters. All is interesting and of a high quality, but it is the pictures which give this museum its now almost world-wide fame. The other treasures are there by way of relief. It lacks but little of being an ideal show. There is not too much, and almost nothing of the sort of stuff which, instead of being discreetly hid away where the devout and forgiving eye of the archæologist alone shall see it, is too often flauntingly displayed to the puzzled or jeering gaze of the tourist or scoffer. You could spend a morning there in rooms not too large, among masterpieces not too overwhelming, amidst works of art which do not hate each other's company. It is in many ways a model that our collectors should study, and it will perhaps decide them not to leave their acquisitions to those monster storehouses where one perhaps may study, but scarcely ever enjoy, a work of art, but to endow them as separate small foundations containing only such objects as will give refined and elevated pleasure.

Unhappily, Cav. Poldi-Pezzoli combined with his passion for what was best in the art of the past a taste naturally bad in the art of the present. The wood carvings, the stained glass, the one or two pieces of modern statuary which still disfigure what was once the Cavaliere's private apartment, one fervently wishes away. The greatest eyesore was a huge bed, a nightmare of skilled and odious modern carving, which filled one entire room. This has been banished by the new arrangement, and the paintings and other works of art have been put in better light, and in such wise that they shall produce the greatest sensuous and æsthetic harmony.

One entire room is given up to the painters of the Milanese school. I regret that among them neither Foppa, nor Borgognone, nor even Bramantino is to be seen—none, in short, of the heroic or grandly decorative artists of the Quattrocento, but only the later brood whose prettiness renders them popular, and whose value Milanese critics (Morelli was a Milanese) have succeeded in raising far beyond their deserts, but who impress me as more or less empty echoes of Leonardo, mirroring his smile, catching much of his technique, but possessing neither his sovereign sense for form, his command of action, nor his deep insight into the human heart. The best of these followers was Beltraffio, who is represented by two Madonnas, the one beautiful in color, and reflecting more than a little of Leonardo's gracious, mysterious beauty; the other, a recent acquisition, badly drawn, hard, and bricky. Here also is Solario's masterpiece, the famous "Ecce Homo," in sentiment on the very edge of the Bolognese abyss, but technically a masterpiece of oil painting. Luini appears with a "Marriage of St. Catherine," one of his least glassy and vapid works. Even Cesare da Sesto is here somewhat less distasteful than usual. To him Signor Frizzoni now ascribes a small chromo-like version of Leonardo's "Madonna with St. Anne," but with St. Anne left out—a picture which bears some such relation to Leonardo as an abbreviated arrangement for an accordion might have to a Beethoven symphony. Finally, Leonardo's assistant, Ambrogio da Predis, author of the "Vierge aux Rochers" in the National Gallery, displays his not mean talents in a stately profile of an elderly gentleman. One of the very loveliest portraits ever painted in Italy hangs here. It is the likeness of herself in all the charm of young womanhood, with not a little of a great lady's elegance and grace, by Sofonisba Angussola of Cremona, one of the few women who have left their mark on art. Heiress of Brescian and Venetian traditions, she spent much of her life at the Court of Spain, and lived on into the seventeenth century, becoming in extreme old age an

Egeria to the happy young Van Dyck at Genoa.

I shall mention but one picture of the Veronese school. It represents Samson stretched out on a bench in the foreground of a romantic, joyous landscape. He is sound asleep, and Delilah, in the bravery of all her beauty, sits by listlessly shearing his hair, while her paramour kneels watching. If this work of glowing deep color, quiet lyrical feeling, and exquisite arrangement of masses did not bear the forged signature of Carpaccio, it surely would pass for Giorgione's. Few pictures have more right to this title, and indeed a far inferior work in the Uffizi by the same hand bore it until the other day. The real author is Michele da Verona, a third-rate painter usually, but at times lucky.

The painters of Venice and her subject States have a well-lit room all to themselves. There you see first and foremost a Madonna by Montagna, a canvas of his latest years, dark but comely in color, and of intimate feeling. Around him are grouped the rugged, patriarchal masters of the Venetian Quattrocento. The heroic Montagna, majestic in form, in color mighty, is here with two splendid figures, a St. Paul and a St. Jerome, parts, doubtless, of some scattered polyptych. Cima shows the head of a female saint, done in his last years, when his porcelain-like surfaces were more than ever enamelled and transparent. Crivelli has two tiny pictures; in the one a St. Sebastian, in the other a St. Francis kneeling at the feet of the Man of Sorrows—tiny pictures, and precise, yet done in his unrivalled large decorative style. The unequal but grand Bonsignori is represented by at least three works. The bust of a female saint with pearls on her forehead and loose yellow hair is of radiant beauty—unhappily not altogether original. Better preserved and more rugged are the bust in profile of an old man, and another bust, full face, of a Venetian senator. Neither Giovanni Bellini nor Alvise Vivarini is to be seen here, although pictures bear these names. The Venice of the sixteenth century is represented by an indifferent Holy Family of Lotto's decline. On the other hand, the eighteenth century can boast of little or nothing to surpass the small Guardi recently bought, a view across the lagoon to the Lido, a delicate study in opalescent effect of sky and sea, diaphanous, evanescent, yet intensely real and intensely poetical—a prophecy of Whistler, if ever there was one.

Tuscany has sent few pictures to this delightful show, but all are interesting, and one at least of the highest order. The deep and intense but slovenly Pietro Lorenzetti is here with an unusually lovely Madonna and angels, replete with the ardor of Trecento Siena. Here Pietro makes his nearest approach to his brother, the great Ambrogio, but there is yet a gulf between them. The earliest of the Florentines at the Poldi-Pezzoli is Pesellino, one of the most gifted of Tuscan artists, rousing among his townsfolk the highest expectations, but dying in his prime—a Florentine Giorgione. His work here is a smallish Pietà, so close in form and color to Filippo Lippi that it took the piercing eye of Dr. Bode to see that it was not Lippi's but Pesellino's. There is yet another panel which at first glance (or if one saw a photograph only and not the original) one might be tempted to ascribe to Pesellino. It is a lunette of but a span long, containing an Annunciation. The composition was certainly Pesellino's, but the color and the technique are of two generations later. It is probably a copy after a lost original by Pesellino, made by Albertinelli or perhaps Sogliani. It is charming and interesting nevertheless. Albertinelli himself is represented by one of his most attractive and successful achievements, a small triptych of dainty finish and jewel-like color, both due to Flemish influence. Two panels are ascribed to Botticelli. One, a Pietà, is an unhappy caricature of the master's style, such, however, as pleases those who, caring little for his art and much for the emotions he depicts, find these emotions emphasized enough for rapid comprehension. The Madonna is much prettier now than when it left Sandro's hand, but is still his work.

I have properly left to the last the choicest morsel of the collection. It is the most famous of all the profiles of women attributed to Piero dei Franceschi. So famous is it that if at Milan you ask for a post-card you run the chance of receiving one with its reproduction on the back. You see against the sky the bust, in profile to the left, of a young woman, robust yet refined, simple yet elegant, with no self-consciousness—I need scarcely add, no grain of affectation. Artistically, the supreme charm of this work is in the outlines, firm and sinuous, leaving but little for the modelling to fill in. The tone tends to blondness, the gracefully coiffed hair is almost straw-colored, the sky is pale blue, the dress is of brocade, with a dazzling pattern. Few if any works of art have, like this bust, united critics and divided connoisseurs. All agree about its quality, but each has his own attribution. I have mine. I would ascribe it to Verrocchio in his earlier years. This is not the place to give my reasons. This much I may say, that while the resemblance between this work, both in quality and technique, to certain others by Verrocchio is great, you need only look at the bust of Battista Sforza in the Uffizi or the frescoes at Arezzo to see that it is not by Piero dei Franceschi; you need only look at the altar-piece in the Uffizi also to see that it is not by Domenico Veneziano; you need but look at the profile in the Hainauer collection at Berlin to see that it is not by Pollajuolo. By whom, then, can it be? Surely not by Baldovinetti. Yet it certainly is Florentine, and my conclusion is that the painter of this marvellous profile was *aut Verrocchius aut—discipulus*. B. BERENSON.

POISONING IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

PARIS, June 26, 1899.

The seventeenth century remains in our imagination as the culminating point of all the elegance and greatness of France. We call it *le grand siècle*, and Louis XIV. is *le grand roi*. If we would form a better opinion of our own time, in contrast with past ages, and see the shadows behind the glaring light of the seventeenth century, we can do no better than to read a work just published on the 'Drama of the Poisons,' by M. Funck-Brentano. This elaborate work is very fully documented, if I may be allowed to use a modern expression applied to all historical works which are considered worth reading. M. Funck-Brentano has plunged into the Archives of the Bastille in the Archives of the Prefecture of Police, where all the papers concerning the "affaire" of the poisons are preserved; he has found in the Library of Rouen the papers concerning Le Voisin, one of the women who made a trade of furnishing poison. The trial of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, who was one of the chief poisoners, is still remembered. Her rank has given her an historic notoriety; but she was only one among a number of men and women who used poison freely in the seventeenth century. There were regular associations of alchemists, magicians, sorcerers, poisoners. When the Lieutenant of Police, La Reynie, first penetrated this world of crime, he was so moved that he wrote: "Human life has become a matter of trade; poisoning is the great remedy in all family embarrassments; impiety, sacrilege, abominations are common practices in Paris, in the country, in the provinces."

The belief in sorcery was still popular in the seventeenth century. Jean Bodin, the illustrious author of 'Six Books on the Republic,' wrote a treatise called 'Demonomania, or a Treatise on Sorcerers.' His definition of the sorcerer is this: A person who, by diabolical and forbidden means, attempts to obtain something. "Sorcerers, men and women, formed a sort of vast association; they had traditional secrets, formulas, habits, ceremonies, generally of the most infamous, impious, and indecent character." They had their own mass, called the black mass. They were doctors and chemists. They revealed the future, they found hidden treasure; they were alchemists, and tried to discover the philosopher's stone for converting all metals into gold.

The woman called Le Voisin was a typical specimen of the sorceress of the seventeenth century, very different from the more ancient sorceress described by Michelet. She earned annually as much as 400,000 francs; she had many lovers, and gave dinners. Among her lovers was the executioner of Paris, André Guillaume, who beheaded Mme. de Brinvilliers. Le Voisin was a mere charlatan; she delivered her oracles to persons of all ranks in a splendid gown, and with a mantle covered with golden eagles. She was a real believer in alchemy. She was also a doctor, like all sorceresses, and had receipts for every malady. She was known to help abortive practices, and once, in a moment of sincerity, she confessed having burned or interred in her garden the bodies of more than 2,500 children, prematurely born. Curiously enough, she insisted upon these children being baptized. The crimes of this horrible creature were such that the Lieutenant of Police was appalled by the confession of them. One can easily imagine the stupor of Louis XIV. when they were revealed to him. A special commission was appointed to investigate what was called the affair of the poisons. This commission is known in history under the name of the "chambre ardente."

The arrests were made by *lettre de cachet*. Four hundred and forty-two persons appeared before the special commission, and two hundred and eighteen persons were kept in prison. Thirty-six prisoners were condemned to death and executed, five were condemned to the gallows, twenty-three were banished. The most guilty prisoners had accomplices in very high places. Madame de Dreux, the wife of a member of the Parlement, is a type of these accomplices. She was in love with M. de Richelieu, and em-

ployed the services of one of the sorceresses brought before the *chambre ardente*. She wished to be relieved by poison of her own husband, and by sorcery of Madame de Richelieu. She was accused of having herself poisoned some people—one of her lovers among the number. She was a cousin of two members of the special commission, and she received a mere admonition. "M. de Dreux and his entire family," writes Madame de Sévigné, "went to get her at the Chambre de l'Arsenal. . . . It was a joy and a triumph, and she was embraced by all her family and friends. M. de Richelieu has done wonders in all this affair." What seems incredible is, that, after having left the prison of Vincennes, Madame de Dreux resorted again to a sorceress, named Joly, and got from her powders for poisoning a person whom M. de Richelieu "considered." "To be sure," says M. Funck-Brentano, "the woman Joly having been arrested and having made revelations, a new warrant was issued against Madame de Dreux; but she was advised of it and fled." Madame de Dreux was condemned to banishment, but the King allowed her to remain in France, on condition that she would live with her husband in Paris. The wife of President Laféron was also implicated in the trial; she got powders from the woman Le Voisin, and her husband died soon after. She too was condemned to banishment. Madame de Poulaillon was, by *lettre de cachet*, shut up in a house of detention, the Pénitentes of Angers.

The declarations of the venders of poison before the *chambre ardente* were of such gravity that Louis XIV. gave special orders that they should be kept secret. The name of Madame de Montespan, the King's favorite, was pronounced. Her ambition was extreme; she had made great efforts to supplant Mademoiselle de la Vallière, and by degrees had established her empire over the King. Her favor lasted fourteen years, and she had no less than seven children by Louis XIV., the eldest being the Duke du Maine; the eldest daughter, Mademoiselle de Nantes, married the Duc de Bourbon; another daughter, Mademoiselle de Blois, married the Duke d'Orléans. Marguerite Le Voisin, the daughter, declared before the judges that Madame de Montespan paid frequent visits to her mother, whenever she feared a diminution of the King's good graces, and a rival; her mother then had recourse to some priests, who said special masses and gave her philters for the King, in the form of powders. When Marguerite Le Voisin made this deposition, her mother had been burned on the scaffold several months before.

Many historians have thought that if the sorceresses tried to compromise people in high positions, it was in the hope of saving their own lives; but Le Voisin never pronounced the name of Mme. de Montespan, perhaps because she feared the terrible punishment of the regicides. The relations of Mme. de Montespan with the sorceress seem to have begun in 1667, when the King first turned his eyes towards her.

"In 1667," writes M. Funck-Brentano, "we find her in the Rue de la Tannerie, in company with the magician Lesage and the Abbé Mariette, a priest of Saint-Sévérin. . . . In a little chamber stood an altar. Mariette, in sacerdotal vestments, pronounced incantations. Lesage sang the *Veni Creator*, then Mariette read a chapter of the Gospel over the head of Madame de Montespan kneeling before him, and recited conjurations against Louise de la Vallière. She said (the very words are found in one of the interrogatories of Lesage): 'I beg that the friendship of the King and of Monseigneur the Dauphin may be continued to me, that the Queen may be barren, that the King may leave his bed and his table for me, that I may obtain from him all that I ask for myself and my relations, . . . that I may be called to the councils of the King, and that, his friendship increasing still more, the King may leave La Vallière, and that, the Queen being repudiated, I may marry the King.' "

In 1688, Mariette and Lesage had the impudence to recommence their incantations at court, in the Château of St. Germain. It was in this very year that Madame de Montespan took the place of La Vallière; in 1669, she had the first of her seven children by Louis XIV. Mariette and Lesage had made the acquaintance of Madame de Montespan by means of Le Voisin, who several times gave powders to the favorite. She fell so low as to enter into communication also with a certain Abbé Guibourg, who said the black mass. The ceremony took place near Monthéry, in a house which still exists, called Villebousin. It is difficult to go into the details of this infamous black mass, and difficult to believe that Madame de Montespan took in it the part ascribed to her in some depositions. Can we believe that a second black mass was said for her at Saint-Denis, a third at Paris? We cannot forget that the evidence of such witnesses as appeared in the affair of the poisons had but little value; at the same time, there is some truth in the old proverb, "There is no fire without some smoke." It is certain, also, that at various times Madame de Montespan lost her hold on Louis XIV.; that the King had fits of devoutness, and was on the point of separating from her; that once a separation really took place for a month. Must we believe that Madame de Montespan, frantic with fear, full of superstitious notions, really addressed herself to criminal women like Le Voisin and others?

It is curious to follow in Madame de Sévigné's correspondence the ups and downs of the favor of Madame de Montespan, whom she calls *Quanto* or *Quantova;* and to compare her dates with the dates given in the trial of the poisons. In one letter she writes (September 2, 1676): "The vision of Madame de Soubise [for whom the King had a short caprice] has passed like lightning; everything is arranged. *Quanto*, the other day, at the play, had her head familiarly on the shoulder of her friend; this affection meant: 'I am better than ever.' " On the 11th of September things are changed. "Everybody believes that the star of Madame de Montespan is waning. There are tears, natural sorrows, affected gayeties; well, my dear, everything comes to an end; some tremble, the rest are glad; some desire immutability, the others a change in the play." The anxieties of Madame de Montespan became greater when she saw the King take a growing interest in Madame de Maintenon; the governess threatened to become the mistress. Were new black masses said at this juncture? Did Madame de Montespan, wounded in her pride and ambition, take diabolical means to get rid of a rival? The depositions of the Abbé Guibourg are truly terrible; but I must repeat that the testimony of such people as he can be accepted only with great hesitation.

Louis XIV. took the royal part in this terrible affair; he did not allow the mother of several of his children to be disgraced. He had much affection for these children, and gave them a sort of legitimacy. Without going into further details, I will only say that M. Funck-Brentano's book is well worth reading throughout. It throws a lurid light on the substructure of the splendid edifice of the most brilliant age of France.

Correspondence.

DEMOCRATIC AGITATION AGAINST TRUSTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your discussion of Prof. W. J. Ashley's suggestions for legally safe-guarding "just prices" and "reasonable wages" against the work of Trusts, you touch on the disposition of legislators to demand high wages for workingmen, and on the difficulty of marketing product at the prices which these wages make necessary. Might you not have said, much more generally, that there are the same objections to the present agitation against Trusts as to protectionism? Before the Trust question can come to a vote by the whole American people it must be recognized that, on very important points, the current denunciation of the Trust system clashes with the ancient Democratic faith. We who have held out for cheapness of the necessaries of life, can we be heard to complain of the Trusts that they have cut out redundant expenses of production, or that they have shut down ill-conditioned enterprises which never could have lived but for the bonus protection gave them?

Whether the Trusts can compensate the public for the destruction of industrial independence and its brood of virtues; whether, in the nature of things, the Trust tends more to the effacement of the individual than does the ordinary corporation; what protection "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" must have against consolidated industry—these inquiries, comprised in the social side of the Trust question, are tremendously important; but they are quite distinct from that economic side of the question about which Democrats (if they follow the present recognized spokesmen of their party) and other believers in free trade may well be brought into confusion.

Benj. Carter.

Washington, D. C., July 17, 1899.

KEEPING OUR OWN DOOR CLEAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: What a prophet Emerson would be were he only living in this age, when individual self-assertion seems to be weakening in the knees. These words were true in 1865; they are true to-day. Says he, in 'Social Aims':

"The young men in America at this moment take little thought of what men in England are thinking or doing. This is the point which decides the welfare of a people; *which way does it look?* If to any other people, it is not well with them. If occupied in its own affairs and thoughts and men, with a heat which excludes almost the notice of any other people, ... they are sublime; and we know that in this abstraction they are executing excellent work. Amidst the calamities which war has brought on our country, this one benefit has accrued—that our eyes are withdrawn from Eng-

land, withdrawn from France, and look homeward. We have come to feel that 'by ourselves our safety must be bought'; to know the vast resources of the continent, the good will that is in the people, their conviction of the great moral advantages of freedom, social equality, education, and religious culture, and the determination to hold these fast, and, by them, to hold fast the country and penetrate every square mile of it with this American civilization."

Yours truly, GEORGE L. REES.

4116 BALTIMORE AVENUE,
PHILADELPHIA, July 11, 1899.

RUSKIN AND MILLAIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of Mr. W. M. Rossetti's 'Preraphaelitism' in the *Nation* of June 8, headed "A New Light on Ruskin," occurs the following passage, apropos of Ruskin's alleged public ignoring of Ford Madox Brown: "Add to this the other *known* fact [the italics are mine] that Ruskin could never see any merit in the work of Millais after their personal quarrel, and we are led to think that while he was right in thinking himself '*very* resentful,' he was singularly wrong in considering himself 'just.' "

Will you allow me in fairness to place before your readers the following known facts which tell the other way?

In 'The Art of England' (1883) Ruskin speaks of Millais's "Caller Herrin" as "that most noble picture of Millais, a picture which, as a piece of art, I should myself put highest of all yet produced by the Pre-Raphaelite School." And, in a small octavo pamphlet, entitled 'Notes on the Principal Pictures of Sir John Everett Millais, exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery, 1886, with original and selected criticisms by John Ruskin, D.C.L., LL.D.' (William Reeves, 185 Fleet Street, E.C.), there are, in addition to the quotations of Ruskin's earlier criticisms, a series of occasional notes, in small capitals, signed "J. R., 1886," at the foot of the pages on which the titles of the pictures referred to appear. Among these are the following:

"The North-West Passage" (1874): "I have not seen this picture, but it must be a glorious one, judging merely from the coloured print."

"For the Squire" (1882): "One of the most deep and pathetic renderings of expression among the painter's great work of this kind."

"The Ornithologist" (1885): "I have never seen any work of modern art with more delight and admiration than this."

And the catalogue concludes with the following sentence:

"Looking back now on the painter's career, crowned as it has lately been by some of the best pieces of free-hand painting in the world, I am disposed to regret his never having given expression to his power of animal painting, wholly unrivalled in its kind, than any of the shortcomings of his actual work. J. R., 1886."

Trusting I have said enough to somewhat modify this "New" light which ever beats about the throne of genius,

I am, sir, yours obediently,

JAMES TROTTER.

CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N. W., June 30, 1899.

[There is an obvious hiatus in the last of the above extracts, but we cannot lay our hands on the volume from which it is taken.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

'Pupils of Peter the Great,' by R. Nisbet Bain; 'Napoleon's Invasion of Russia,' by Hereford B. George; 'With Nansen in the North,' by Lieut. Hjalmar Johansen; and 'Gypsy Folk Tales,' by Francis H. Groome, are in the press of the New Amsterdam Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will shortly publish 'Robert Raikes: The Man and his Work,' namely, the founding of the Sunday-school in the last century. Dean Farrar supplies an introduction.

Ginn & Co. have in preparation 'Twelve English Poets,' condensed biographies, by Blanche Wilder Bellamy.

Almost ready is 'The United States Army and Navy, 1776-1899,' told for the former section by Lieut.-Col. A. L. Wagner, U. S. A., and for the latter by Commander J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N., and published by the Werner Co., Akron, O. There will be nearly fifty illustrations.

'Our Conquests in the Pacific' (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) consists of Oscar King Davis's special correspondence from Manila to the New York *Sun*. It is written in choice journalese, and with small regard to the difference between the "reporter" and the historian, but it has a measurable value among the documents of the war. The illustrations are very good.

Another chronicle of a newspaper correspondent is 'Kuba und der Krieg' (New York: Charles Wildermann), by Joseph Herrings, who went out to the island for the New York *Staatszeitung*, and here republishes his letters with some revision. His special claim to consideration is, that he was the only German correspondent who participated in the Santiago campaign from beginning to end. He does not confine himself to his observations, witness his chapter on Weyler's reign of terror. There are numerous pen-and-ink sketches in the body of the text, which will serve.

Helene Richter's 'Percy Bysshe Shelley,' a volume of 640 pages, recently issued by Emil Felber in Weimar, is by far the best life of the English poet in the German language. It is no mere compilation from other works on the subject, but is based throughout on a careful and critical study of original sources. Even those who are familiar with the standard biographies and literary histories by Dowden, Gosse, Saintsbury, Todhunter, Brandes, and Engel, will find new points of view in this book, and may have their opinions considerably modified by reading it. The influences of the poet's domestic, social, and intellectual environment on the early development of his character, and thus in some degree on the predetermination of his career, are clearly traced. The result is a finished portrait of the "Real Shelley."

The Prussian "Pedagogical Society" has just published some interesting statistics showing that the provinces in which the law compelling all children to attend the public schools is most rigidly enforced, have the smallest percentage of criminals. Thus, in West Prussia, there are 1,926 criminals to 100,000 inhabitants, but in Hohenzollern only 751. The statistics also show that the improvement of the schools and greater strictness in obligatory attendance have everywhere been followed by a perceptible diminution of crime.

For a long time Swiss parents have carried on a system of intercantonal interchange of children during the summer vacations for educational purposes. Thus, a family in Lucerne would send their children to Lausanne or Lugano and receive in return children of a family in one of those places. By this arrangement the children would acquire in a short time a practical knowledge of German, French, and Italian. It is now proposed to extend this plan, which has worked so well in trilingual Switzerland, to the principal countries of Europe, and especially to England, France, and Germany. By this method the children will easily learn not only to speak foreign languages, but also to form a more just estimate of foreign peoples. Curiously enough, this larger movement appears to have originated in Denmark.

A very interesting collection of Arabic proverbs, 205 in all, collected by L. Bauer, a resident of Jerusalem, is published in the latest number of the *Zeitschrift des Deutschen Palaestina-Vereins* (vol. xxi., p. 129). It is not the first of the kind printed in this journal, which, in the course of its 19th volume, published a fine list from the pen of the daughter of the famous architect, Conrad Schick, for fifty years the leading archæological authority in the city of Jerusalem. But Bauer's list is entirely new material gathered by himself from the lips of the people in Jerusalem and Palestine in general, and shows that not a few excellent proverbs, sayings, etc., have escaped previous collectors. The list contains quite a number that reproduce in modern shape some of the proverbial sayings found in the Scriptures, sometimes, too, almost in the words of the sacred writers; but the bulk consists of the practical wisdom of these people, put usually in metrical or alliterative form, and many of them agreeing in sentiment with the proverbs and sayings of modern and other ancient nations. In this respect the collection contains some good material for comparative ethnological study. Probably one-half or even a larger percentage could be paralleled, if not in English alone, in modern tongues in general. Bauer has published also the transliteration of the Arabic, and thus enables the non-Arabist in a measure to feel the beauty of form that characterizes this proverbial wisdom in the original.

Mr. D. C. Heath, the well-known Boston publisher, has lately acquired the library of children's books and educational works issued by Newbery in London from 1740 to 1800, and brought together by Mr. Charles Welsh when he was writing the biography of John Newbery, founder of the famous publishing-house which, for nearly 150 years, was at the corner of St. Paul's churchyard, London. Besides a number of chapbooks for children, several battledores (the successors of the horn-books), some rare primers, a thoroughly representative collection of fiction for children and of early toy books, there are in the collection first editions of Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield,' 'The Traveller,' and 'The Deserted Village,' and of other works by Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson.

The special feature of the Boston Public Library Bulletin for July is a list of some 100 books and magazine articles on the Dreyfus affair. They are all in French and English, with the exception of a single German romance.

The Nicaragua Canal route is the principal subject of the *National Geographic*

Magazine (Washington) for July. The geologic history of the region is told by C. W. Hayes, one phase of which is that probably "during early Tertiary time the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific had free intercommunication across this portion of the isthmus." A popular account of Nicaragua and the different isthmian routes projected during the last fifty years is given by A. P. Davis, with some important facts in regard to the hydrography of the region. There are several interesting illustrations and two useful maps.

The Russian petroleum trade in 1898 is the first subject treated in the Consular Reports for June, especial attention being given to the residuum or oil fuel, the consumption and price of which increased over the previous year. Notwithstanding an increase of output of all products at Baku of about 200,000,000 gallons in a total of nearly 2,000,000,000, the average daily output per well has fallen from 225 gallons in 1896 to 199 in 1898, which would apparently indicate a permanent weakening of the wells. There is a short account of commercial education in Antwerp, one feature of which is the bestowal of ten travelling scholarships of three years' duration with an annual income of $1,000; a list of the kind of goods most in demand in the Philippines; and considerable information in regard to the tea-trade of Formosa.

Railroad building is being pushed with great activity in nearly all parts of the Russian empire. 1,500 miles of road were completed last year, and there are 7,000 miles in process of construction, while the building of 2,000 miles more has recently been authorized. Among the important cities already or soon to be reached by the locomotive are Archangel, Kars on the Transcaucasian line, Tashkent on the Transcaspian, and Irkutsk on the Trans-Siberian line.

An important railway project, both from a commercial and a political point of view, is the continuation of the Anatolian Railway from Angora via Diarbekr and Mosul to Bagdad. The necessary capital is to be furnished by Germans through an arrangement recently concluded between the Deutsche and Ottoman Banks. The country which would be opened up is rich in natural resources, and most of it was formerly densely populated. Russia, however, officially objects to this route because it comes so near to the frontier and the Russian sphere of interest. This seems to be factious, as the distance to the frontier is about 200 miles; but there can be little doubt that much trade would be diverted from Russia to Germany, and German interests would become paramount in a region where Russia has hitherto been without a rival.

The popular interest of Germans in schemes for imperial expansion was still further shown at the recent meeting of the Colonial Society at Berlin. This society, numbering 30,000 members, publishes a journal, arranges lectures, gives information to emigrants, subscribes towards the cost of commercial and mining expeditions, offers prizes to colonial planters, etc. Among its expenses for last year are grants towards the transport of a steamer to Lake Tanganyika, the German School at Apia, the publication of works on New Guinea, various periodicals, and to individual students of African and Australasian languages. It has also had considerable success in finding wives for German settlers in southwest Africa and elsewhere. The prominent subjects discussed at the meeting in question was the construction of a railway through German East Africa from the coast to the lakes, an expedition to Lake Chad from Cameroon, and the German regulation of the river Hoang-ho.

The development of their colonial possessions is a subject which is now engaging the attention of many intelligent Frenchmen. One of the latest manifestations of this is the formation of a Ligue Coloniale de la Jeunesse, which has for its object "the familiarizing its members with the study of colonial questions by means of lectures and the formation of a library." A department of colonial agriculture has been added to the National College of Agriculture at Montpellier, and the League hopes to found a travelling scholarship in connection with it, as well as to aid the graduates in finding situations in the colonies.

—Lady Randolph Spencer Churchill's new venture, 'The Anglo-Saxon Review: A Quarterly Miscellany' (John Lane), is appropriately named, considering the Anglo-American alliance symbolized by the editor; and the main title would have been very taking for a real review. But "Miscellany" it is, rather than Review, even if we find in the contents a paper on "Wireless Telegraphy," by Prof. Oliver Lodge; another, on "Some Consequences of the Last Treaty of Paris," by Whitelaw Reid; a third, on "The Sudan," by Sir Rudolf Slatin, etc. A short story, "The Great Condition," by Henry James, is followed by a sketch of the Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, by Elizabeth Robins; and this concludes the cisatlantic collaboration. The Miscellany, Annual, Keepsake, or Friendship's Garland of other days appears in sundry portraits, as of Lady Mary above; of Sir Robert Peel, to whom Lord Rosebery devotes the most solid article; of the Queen (Onslow Ford's bust); of Washington (Stuart's full-length); of Anne of Austria, the Countess of Pembroke, the Duchess of Devonshire, by Rubens, Marc Gheeraerts, and Reynolds respectively. The luxurious quality of paper and print offers another feature of resemblance to the Keepsake, and finally the volume is bound and very elegantly stamped with a design borrowed from a copy of André Thevet's 'Les Vrais Pourtraits' (Paris, 1584), formerly in the possession of James I., as Mr. Cyril Davenport, F.S.A., explains. This binding will not be repeated, so that each number of the 'Review' will have its own character externally. The total product is evidently for the élite; and while a portion of it furnishes food for thought and possibly for comment, the 'Review' altogether is bibliographical bric-à-brac, and calls for description rather than criticism. As bookmaking, it can be praised without reserve.

—A slight examination of 'Who's Who in America: A Biographical Dictionary of Living Men and Women of the United States, 1899-1900' (Chicago: A. N. Marquis & Co.) shows that it is in good hands. The editor is John W. Leonard, and his preface must conciliate every right-minded reader. The work is patterned after the English exemplar bearing the same title ('Who's Who'), but with retrenchment in two particulars: no mention is made of club membership, or of "recreations" or avocations, curious and interesting as these are in the English work, and likely to have a practical use for purveyors for special tastes. The address, however, is given wherever possible, or in the vast majority of cases; and this feature is one of the strongest recommendations of 'Who's Who,' English and American alike. The inclusiveness of the dictionary is the first thing to be challenged, and here we have some arbitrary *ex-officio* admissions—Congressmen, Governors, United States Judges, National Academicians, heads of universities and colleges, etc.; all praiseworthy. Moreover, "special effort has been made to include all living American authors of books of more than ephemeral value," and if one observes marked differences in the length of the very condensed notices, ten to one it is because of the bibliography. A proper latitude has been displayed in making up a company which could not be expected to be on one level of talent or character, and few will question Croker's title to a place beside Dr. Parkhurst, Grover Cleveland, and Carl Schurz, for example. The editor amusingly relates his trials in trying to keep out the insignificant or the merely promising, and especially those who wished to buy their way in. No one will accuse him or his publishers of having yielded to this temptation. In a list of thirty names chosen at random we have found but four not represented, and, of these, two at least may have declined to be taken in, while the merit of a third, though real, is inconspicuous. The accuracy of the biographical sketches (mostly autobiographical) is, so far as we have tested it, admirable. Quite exceptional is such a deformation (under W. J. Stillman) as "Francisco Criski" for Francesco Crispi. There are some cross-references from maiden to married name and from pseudonym to true name. Very interesting are the preliminary statistics as to sectional origin of the 8,602 men and women, more than 20 per cent. being natives of New England. A necrology, from January 1, 1895, will also be found very convenient.

—'From Cromwell to Wellington: Twelve Soldiers' (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.) is a volume of biographical sketches written for popular use by men who have received a Staff College training. The editor, Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, has in one or two cases acted as the collaborator of his contributors, but ordinarily the authors are past or active officers of the British army. We give the list of subjects in full: Cromwell, Marlborough, Peterborough, Wolfe, Clive, Coot, Heathfield, Abercromby, Lake, Baird, Moore, Wellington. A superficial analysis of these names shows that a large proportion of the generals in question gained distinction in India, while almost all of them were at one time or another engaged against the French. A valuable feature of the book—indeed, the feature which is most likely to attract wide notice—is an introduction by Lord Roberts, containing brief appreciations of the leading commanders dealt with in the body of the work. Cromwell and Marlborough are particularly singled out by him for praise and illustration, though most of the others receive a word of comment. Lord Roberts also has something to say on each of several topics connected with the art of war, *e. g.*, the advantage of fortified lines and fortified towns, the necessity of most careful equipment, the influence of sea-power on military history, the organic connection between army and navy, and the typical characteristics of a good general. He ascribes to the success-

ful fighter exactly those qualities which win success in other occupations. "In addition to military knowledge and experience, there must be good judgment, sound common sense, tenacity of purpose, quickness of perception, promptitude of decision, and, above all, an infinite capacity for taking pains. . . . The officer who is fortunate enough to be intrusted with a command in the field should be prepared at all points and ready to face all contingencies. He should follow Cæsar's example, of whom Lucan wrote: 'Nil actum reputans, dum quid superesset agendum.'" These words from a mere writer of books might seem commonplace, but with "Roberts, F.M.," after them, they represent mature conviction and wide experience. The several essays have been carefully prepared, and the book puts professional criticism at the service of a public which usually goes to civilians for its knowledge of military operations.

—We described last week a simple but beautiful device in which all the colors of the rainbow (and hence all the colors of a natural scene) are produced for the eye of the observer out of a screen of glass on which there is no trace of color printed, but only groups of lines, of three different degrees of fineness to correspond to the three physical constituents of white and colored lights (physical, because physiologically the fundamental color sensations are *four* in number). Another device has lately been put on the market which is in some sense the reverse of this: a picture which is printed in bright red and green is looked at through a pair of spectacles consisting of a plain piece of red glass for one eye and of green glass for the other. To the surprise of the observer, all color disappears, and the scene is shown in plain black and white, but with the perfect effect of stereoscopic relief. The explanation is plainly this: the two halves of an ordinary stereoscopic picture, instead of being brought into approximate coincidence by means of lenses, are printed nearly overlapping each other, but one in red ink and the other in green. Through the red glass of the spectacles the green picture becomes sharply black, and the red picture becomes so faint as to be overlooked in comparison; so through the green glass the closely contiguous red picture is black, and the other is inconspicuous. The result is the same as if the right eye looked a little more around to the right of the objects represented, and the left eye a little more around to the left of them; but this is exactly what constitutes the vision of solidity in real life, and the poor eyes, knowing no better, think that they have before them a scene in three dimensions. The ordinary stereoscope is a clumsy affair, and besides one has got tired of it; this process, in which the observer has nothing to do but to put on his red and green glasses, ought to have an important future before it. It is quite conceivable that it should lend itself to the purposes of serious art in a way in which the other method (it is hard to say why) has never done. As a means for the representation of solid diagrams for the purposes of scientific illustration, it cannot fail to be very useful. The method lends itself perfectly, of course, to the representation of pictures in the solid for a large audience, and in fact it is in this form that it has been utilized already for some time in Germany.

—'Finland's Rights and the Czar's Manifesto of February 15, 1899,' is the title of a timely pamphlet just published at Helsingfors in Finnish and Russian, giving a succinct history of the political constitution of Finland since its incorporation into Russia after the peace of Frederikshamn in 1809, and the several crises through which it has passed during the present century. Every Czar, from Alexander I. to Nicholas II., has, on his accession to the throne, sworn to uphold the constitution of Finland, and as yet not one of them has violated his oath. But there has always been at the Russian court a crafty and unscrupulous clique of reactionists, who have endeavored to deprive the Finns of their political rights and privileges under the pretext of making the whole empire homogeneous in its organization and institutions. One would suppose that this process of "benevolent assimilation" might be accomplished most easily and effectually by granting a constitution to Russia instead of subverting that of Finland. Such a change, however, would have defeated the real purpose of the "imperialistic" cabal. Although Alexander I. and Nicholas I. were wholly different in character as individuals and sovereigns, they pursued the same just policy towards Finland, whose constitution they recognized as the fundamental law of the land. When the latter succeeded to the throne in December, 1825, he was urged to withhold this recognition, but indignantly rejected the evil counsel. Two years later the Governor of Finland, Zakrewski, on account of some illegal act which he had committed, came into collision with the local authorities, and in the heat of the ensuing controversy exclaimed: "I am your law." Nicholas I. rebuked him for this arrogant assumption, and uttered the words, which Nicholas II. should heed: "No, not even I, the Czar, am Finland's law." As regards the manifesto issued by the present Czar, it not only imposes heavier military burdens on the Finns, but also does so without the consent of the Diet and therefore in direct violation of the constitution of Finland. Against this measure the Diet, in a recent session, has firmly protested.

—The general statistics of Social Democracy have lately been compiled and published by Dr. Lung, a prominent representative and agitator in Denmark. In his own land he credits this party with 90,000 adherents, while in Norway the political organization reports 11,600 members, and in Sweden the party societies have 40,000 followers, and the workingmen's societies, holding Socialistic principles, 60,000. In England the political organizations have a membership of about 25,000, and the trades-unions 1,600,000, not all of whom, however, can be regarded as Social Democratic votes. In 1898 Belgium reported 534,000 votes, and France, in the same year, reported 1,000,000 for the four Socialistic schools. In Austria, under the new law, some 500,000 Social Democratic votes were cast, and in Hungary, where labor organizations of a political character are forbidden, the membership of the party is computed at 200,000. In Italy, in the elections of 1897, the number of votes cast was 137,000, and in Switzerland 55,000. Spain, in 1898, gave 20,000, and Holland 15,000 votes to this party. In Germany the party is the strongest, the votes at the last Parliamentary elections being 2,107,000. In the course of a very thoughtful article in the *Christliche Welt* (No. 22) of Leipzig, a leading and influential organ of advanced religious and ethical thought in Germany, a well-known authority on Social problems, Paul Göhre, who has made a practical study of the problem by living and laboring with his own hands for months among the workingmen, discusses the remarkable progress which the peace idea has made in Germany in recent decades, notwithstanding the militarism in official circles; and among the factors which have contributed most towards this end, he counts Social Democracy, thus assigning to this agitation a mission in modern civilization rarely accorded to it. After speaking of the Czar's project and ideal, he adds: "But still more powerful in this direction has been the Czar's most bitter enemy, namely, the Social Democracy of Germany. This party in 1898 cast about 2,500,000 votes, and accordingly has between four and five million adherents in Germany alone. And these four or five million the party has made into unconditional enemies of war and adherents of peace."

WISE OF VIRGINIA.

The Life of Henry A. Wise of Virginia: 1806-1876. By his grandson, the late Barton H. Wise. Macmillan Co. 8vo, pp. xiii, 434.

Governor Wise was a picturesque figure in the politics of the country from Jackson's second term to the outbreak of the civil war. Lank and thin, with deep-set, piercing eyes, low, broad forehead, light hair worn long behind the ears, a large mouth, with thin lips and square chin, careless in attire, an inveterate tobacco-chewer, chewing faster as he got excited with speaking, bold of speech, blurting out the passing thought or feeling with little reference to conventionalities, he was a typical example of the Southern politician of that generation as people knew him in the cartoons of the time. But he had intellectual qualities which sustained and justified the interest his personal appearance excited. With remarkable fluency of speech, his ideas were always striking and apt to be novel. His standpoint was always his own, his opinions independent, his utterance of them trenchant and even fierce, though often enlivened by a native humor and a keen wit. His resonant voice was equal to the demands of the greatest crowds in the open air, and to the habit of talking by the half-day and renewing the speech after dinner.

He was a native of the "Eastern Shore" in Virginia, and, in his congressional career, "Wise of Accomack" represented that sandy peninsula between the ocean and the Chesapeake, peopled by small farmers and oystermen, whose luxuries were the canvasback ducks and "tarrapin" that abounded in the tide-water creeks. A few parsons, doctors, and attorneys were the leaders of the community, and the petty disputes of such a people were the material on which the young lawyer practised his logic and his wit, and plumed his wings for the higher flights from the stump which were to carry him into the national arena at Washington.

After graduating at Washington College in western Pennsylvania, he studied law under Judge Tucker of Winchester in the Shenandoah valley, and, except a brief experiment in Tennessee, his home, during all his congressional career, was on the "bay side" of the peninsula. He was in an uncommonly complete sense the product of his native province, in its virtues and its weak-

nesses. His domestic life was pure and happy, and he was always frank in confessing the good influence of the womanly refinement and piety which presided there. He avoided intemperance and gambling.

He was a slaveholder, though slaves were comparatively few about him, and the few had a comparatively easy time in the small farming of the region. He adopted, however, the cardinal principle of the slaveholder's creed, that, slaves being property, any restriction which was not applied to all other property, everywhere, was a wrong against the South. The Missouri Compromise was such a wrong. The exclusion of slavery from the Territories was such a denial of Southern rights as to justify revolution. The anti-slavery movement was an impudent and senseless fanaticism. With his fashion of extreme statement, his gift of trenchant sarcasm, and habit of fierce denunciation, he became a recognized champion of the system of slavery, and was looked upon at the North as the Hotspur of the fire-eaters.

Wise's relations as Governor to John Brown's invasion of Virginia and to Brown's execution made him, to Northern men, the embodiment of the Southern idea in 1859 and 1860, almost as fully and typically as Jefferson Davis was during the civil war. The quality of Brown's act which filled the imagination of Northern men was the heroic self-sacrifice for the enfranchisement of the slave. The total inadequacy of means to the end, the misjudgment of all probabilities, the illusions amounting to insanity, were all overshadowed by the sublimity of the man's devotion to the most unselfish of purposes. To Wise, as the representative Southern man, Brown was the incarnation of aggressive abolitionism, and his raid the manifest demonstration of Northern hostility upon which years had been spent in Southern declamation. If there were illusions on both sides, there were also curious foreshadowings of the real struggle and its influences on the combatants. In the presence of Brown's patience under his wounds and physical suffering, the glib denunciation we had been so familiar with in Wise's speeches disappeared, and he stood in sympathetic respect by the pallet of his prisoner, questioning him with the courtesy due to a recognized peer and no vulgar outlaw. In Brown's amazing self-control, his unfaltering purpose, his cool courage, his independence of factitious excitement or nervous exaltation, there was the premonition of the qualities of the Northern soldiery, which, when marshalled into armies under leaders worthy of the host, were to shatter the vain dreams of easy Southern victory. It is no slight evidence of Wise's real manhood that, when he came face to face with such an opponent, he anticipated the simplicity of demeanor, the absence of false pride and pretence, the frank cordiality, and the honest respect and confidence which marked the meetings of Grant and Lee, Johnston and Sherman, six years later when the great struggle had been fought out.

Wise always denied that he was a secessionist, and advocated fighting within the Union, in the last resort, by the right of revolution against what, from his ultra views of slavery, he declared would be an intolerable oppression—*i. e.*, the enforcement of the Republican doctrine that there should be no more new slave States. In short, it was the old doctrine of nullification of obnoxious laws by force, with the limitation that it should not be invoked as a remedy except in the extreme case of the invasion of fundamental and essential rights of a State or section.

His refinement of doctrine was too subtle for most Virginians, and when the Confederacy was organized and made overt war on the national forts, he joined the secession party because the Government met war with war. It is even said that he contrived and directed a military raid upon Harper's Ferry armory and arsenal, without any pretence of lawful authority, and avowedly for the purpose of routing the Union members of the State convention by the uncontrollable excitement following the renewal of Patrick Henry's famous cry, "Our brethren are already in the field." His political and personal prominence brought him a commission as Brigadier-General in the Southern army, but, despite his energy and personal courage, his impatience of true military subordination and his combativeness for his opinions prevented him from achieving any great results. He was, besides, too old to learn a new business requiring special adaptation for any real success in it. He proved his willingness to pay with his person for the advocacy of war; but, for influence upon the progress of events, he probably might better have continued in civil life, where he was an acknowledged leader.

When failure and surrender came, he was depressed and saddened beyond real recovery at the failure of the revolution he had greatly helped to begin; but he soon saw and frankly declared that the end of slavery would prove a providential blessing to the South. At the beginning of 1866, in a letter to Fernando Wood, he said: "The main difference, that of slavery, has been determined for ever *vi concitata belli*. I am convinced that it could never have been settled in any other way, and that for that reason the war itself was providential; it was God's war, and who on earth dares gainsay it?" (p. 385). Again, six years later, he wrote to a friend, expressing his gratitude to the colored people for quiet orderliness during the war, and adding, "I would not enslave them or their children again if I could, and I could not if I would. I therefore heartily adopt as well as acquiesce in the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States" (p. 396). Such words may well be inscribed over against the denunciations of Garrison and Quincy Adams he had uttered in the fierce controversy of his earlier years, as proof how great a revolution the armed conflict of the war made in opinion and feeling as well as in power.

His oratorical gift, by which he had led his people, had a good deal of genuine feeling, of imagination and fancy, and a natural taste for orotund phrases and balanced sentences. His facundity showed itself in his varied forms of setting the same thought, turning it over and over with new verbiage, till he was sure it had made its full impression on his auditors, who had learned to enjoy and admire his fluency. He preferred to appeal to the nobler motives, and there was rarely anything low in his speeches, though he often clinched the effect of a half-poetic passage by some homely comparison which would relieve the attention and bring his hearers into rapport with him by a hearty laugh. It is hard to show the character of such speaking by a brief quotation, but one may get a tolerably fair idea of his manner from the following passage from a campaign speech in 1855, in which he was calling his people away from the seductions of the "Know-Nothings," by offering the better issue of internal improvements and the development of commerce, mining, and manufactures, reproaching Virginians for their unthrifty reliance upon poor farming alone. If he had marked the effect of slavery in this, the lesson would have been complete.

"On Chesapeake Bay, from the mouth of the Rappahannock to the capes of the Chesapeake, you have roadsteads and harbors sufficient to float the navies of the world. From the River of Swans, on whose margin we are, down to the line of North Carolina, you have the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the Piankatank, from Mobjack Bay to James River and the Elizabeth River—all meeting in the most beautiful sheet of water of all the seas of the earth. You have the bowels of your western mountains rich in iron, in copper, in coal, in salt, in gypsum, and the very earth is rich in oil which makes the rivers inflame. You have the line of the Alleghany, that beautiful blue ridge which stands, placed there by the Almighty, not to obstruct the way of the people to market, but placed there in the very bounty of Providence to milk the clouds, to make the sweet springs which are the sources of your rivers. And at the head of every stream is the waterfall murmuring the music of your power. And yet commerce has long ago spread her sails and sailed away from you; you have not as yet dug more than coal enough to warm yourselves at your own hearths; you have set no tilt-hammer of Vulcan to strike blows worthy of gods in the iron foundries. You have not yet spun more than the coarse cotton to clothe your own slaves. You have had no commerce, no mining, no manufacturers; you have relied alone on the single power of agriculture—and such agriculture! Your sedge patches outshine the sun. Your inattention to your only source of wealth has scarred the very bosom of mother earth. Instead of having to feed cattle on a thousand hills, you have had to chase the stump-tailed steer through the sedge patches to procure a tough beefsteak."

Mr. Barton Haxall Wise, the biographer, was a young man, full of promise, who made his grandfather's life a study of filial devotion, and died with the first proof-sheets of the book upon his table. His temperate judgments, his calm discriminations, his control of family pride, his broad political views, his literary instincts and happy power of expression, are remarkable in a young man's first and sole literary venture of importance. He has reared an honorable monument to himself as well as to his progenitor. These circumstances make us indebted to his uncle John S. Wise for an introductory sketch of the author, full of interest as well as of affectionate and appreciative feeling.

VONDEL'S LUCIFER.

Vondel's Lucifer. Translated from the Dutch by Leonard Charles van Noppen. New York: Continental Publishing Co.

Dutch literature has always been strangely neglected in England and America. Few scholars have concerned themselves with it, and even the untiring pen of the professional translator has—except for a few novels—left it undisturbed. If proof were needed for what everybody acknowledges, a single piece of evidence would suffice: Mr. van Noppen's translation of 'Lucifer' is the first English version of any of Vondel's dramas or longer poems. The fact is sufficiently curious, however one looks at it; for the 'Lucifer' is not only the supreme masterpiece of Dutch poetry, but is beyond question one of

the very great things in the universal literature of the last three centuries. Almost incredibly strange, however, is such neglect of this particular piece when one remembers how much it has been talked about of late years as the possible source of 'Paradise Lost,' or, at all events, as a work well known to Milton and systematically ransacked by him for its stores of thought and imagery.

Upon the intricacies of the "Milton-Vondel debate" we have no intention of entering at this time. Too much and too little has already been written on this interesting but not very important question; too much, if one has regard to the narrow range which the discussion has taken and the fallacies that have attended it; too little, in view of the crying need of a thorough examination of the Biblical epic material before Milton. Such an examination would, beyond a doubt, result in the cancellation of most of the parallels between the Dutch and the English poet which the partisan zeal of Mr. Edmundson has accumulated. Meantime, it is to be hoped that every student of Milton will read Mr. van Noppen's 'Lucifer,' and so convince himself that the differences between the Dutch drama and the English epic are fundamental in plan, conception, and conduct. The wonder is, indeed, not that we may detect a resemblance here and there, but that—given an identical body of Scriptural and patristic material—two great poems so very dissimilar should have been produced at nearly the same moment. That Milton had some acquaintance with Vondel's tragedy is not improbable. That it was in any sense a controlling influence in the composition of the 'Paradise Lost' we find it impossible to believe. On this point we are glad to be at one with so ardent a Vondelian as Mr. van Noppen himself, who is convinced "that a critical and impartial comparison of the two masterpieces will neither detract from the glory of Milton nor dim the grandeur of Vondel." Be that as it may, the real interest which attaches to the great Dutch drama is independent of all such questions. Whether it is studied as a work of art or as an expression of national life and character in a fervid time, it will be found equally absorbing and impressive.

The controlling motive of the tragedy is the wounded pride of Lucifer. It is not mere ambition that leads him to revolt. It is his knowledge of the Creation, and of the ultimate destiny of the Son of Man:

> "God hath decreed,
> Even from eternity, that man shall high
> Exalted be, even o'er the angel world.
> Ye shall behold the eternal Word above,
> When clad in flesh and bone, anointed Lord
> And Chief and Judge, mete justice to the hosts
> Of spirits, to angels and to men alike,
> From His high seat, in His unshadowed realm."

Nor is his feeling merely that of unworthy envy. He tries to believe—he even succeeds in persuading himself—that in this proposed exaltation of humanity God is disgracing the angels and proving false to the divine nature. Thus the revolt in heaven commands, in some measure, our sympathy, as the almost sincere, though infatuated, assertion of a mistaken principle of loyalty to an ill-conceived ideal. The character of Lucifer is further complicated by a kind of weakness quite consistent with his position as a tragic hero. Like Macbeth, he needs a tempter, and this rôle is played by Belzebub, without the influence of whose subtle and disaffected nature one feels that the decisive step might not have been taken after all. Hence the fourth act, which is mostly occupied with Rafael's sublimely futile attempt to win Lucifer to repent before it is too late, has all the suspense of a mighty crisis, despite our knowledge of what is to come. It may well be doubted if the intensity of this moment is surpassed by anything in 'Paradise Lost.'

With the beginning of the fifth act, however, the hand of the artist begins to falter. The 'Lucifer,' we must remember, was meant for the stage, and indeed had actually been twice performed before the clergy succeeded in suppressing it. Stage battles are never impressive, and, in the present case, a *coram populo* presentation of the strife in heaven would have been wildly impossible. Hence the poet was forced to confine himself to narrative declamation. But this is not all. The act falls into two distinct parts. In the first, Uriel describes the triumph of Michael over the host of Lucifer; in the second, the Temptation, and the Fall of Man, are reported by Gabriel, and the whole ends with a choral prophecy of the "Seed of the woman that shall bruise the Serpent's head." The interest of the act is divided; essential unity is sacrificed to the formal unities and to the exigencies of the theatre. The poet attempted the impossible, and failed. *Magnis tamen excidit ausis!*

We must turn from the drama itself to Mr. van Noppen's version. Vondel is not an easy author to translate. His vocabulary is rich and varied, and his command of metre is no less extraordinary than his diction. The dialogue of the tragedy is in rhyming Alexandrines, and the choral songs move in complex lyric measures. To reproduce the precise effect in English is quite impossible; to approximate it would tax the powers of a great poet. Yet, despite these difficulties, Mr. van Noppen has produced something more than a merely creditable version. He has succeeded—we scarcely know how—in giving a pretty good idea of the power and beauty of the original. Wisely refusing to essay the English Alexandrine, he has put the body of the play into respectable blank verse. At its best, this is correct, and not unmusical, as in the following extract:

> "Yea, e'er we yield, these empyrean vaults,
> Proud in their towering masonry, shall burst
> With all their airy arches and dissolve
> Before our eyes; this huge and joint-racked Earth,
> Like a misshapen monster, lifeless lie;
> This wondrous universe to chaos fall,
> And to its primal desolation change.
> Who dares, who dares defy great Lucifer?"

At its worst, to be sure, Mr. van Noppen's verses are pretty bad:

> " 'O Adam,' thunders God, 'where art thou hid?'
> 'Forgive me, Lord; I flee thy countenance,
> Naked and all ashamed.' 'Who taught thee thus,'
> Asks God, 'thy shame and nakedness to know?
> Didst dare profane thy lips with the forbidden
> Fruit?' 'Aye, my bride, my wife, alas! did tempt.'
> She says, 'The wily Serpent hath deceived
> Me with this lure.' Thus each the charge denies
> Of being the cause of their sad wretchedness."

Such verses as these remind us of the mock-Wordsworthian, "A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman," but luckily there are not so very many of them. In the choruses the translator has adhered to the original metres, and, though it would be folly to claim for his English odes all the high qualities of their originals—a claim which Mr. van Noppen would be the last to make—it is not too much to say that here too a difficult task has been performed with a good measure of success.

Throughout, the translator has treated his author with commendable reverence. He has done his best to stick to his text, often sacrificing smoothness rather than resort to paraphrase. The closeness and accuracy of his version are alike remarkable. Errors occur, but they are not numerous. The worst, perhaps, is the translation (p. 345) of "Zij weken geen gestarnte in eendracht noch in peis" by:

> "They would not, as now,
> Awake the stars from their harmonious peace."

The famous astronomical figure in the speech of the Chorus immediately preceding this passage is also misunderstood and erroneously rendered. Again, in the same act, the point of Belial's retort to the Chorus ("De vader leer' het kind hem volgen op zijn spoor") seems to be missed; at all events the rendering is vague and weak. But such slips are infrequent and do not impair the general excellence of Mr. van Noppen's work.

Besides the translation, the volume contains an introduction by Prof. W. H. Carpenter, a note on 'Vondel and his Lucifer,' by Prof. Kalff, the highest Dutch authority, and a Life of Vondel and a critique of the tragedy by Mr. van Noppen himself. A table of Mr. Edmundson's "parallels between Vondel and Milton" adds to the value of the work.

The book is illustrated by John Aarts, and is printed with unusual sumptuousness.

BENN'S PHILOSOPHY OF GREECE.

The Philosophy of Greece; Considered in Relation to the Character and History of its People. By Alfred William Benn. London: Grant Richards.

Mr. Alfred Benn is known to a small circle of appreciative readers as a frequent contributor to the *Academy*, and as the author of a suggestive and readable work on 'The Greek Philosophers' which has never received the recognition that it deserves. Mr. Benn's attitude is that of the scholarly and philosophic amateur. He can follow the latest researches of the Germans, and, if need be, control their use of the sources; he writes eloquently, and evidently from personal knowledge, of the great poets and philosophers of Greece; but he undertakes no minute erudite investigations. His aim is rather to portray brilliantly the larger movements of Greek life and thought, to generalize their tendencies, and to set them forth in relation to the thought of the modern world. His special distinction is that he unites to a very sufficient scholarship and a fluent style a genuine sympathy with physical science and the modern scientific point of view. Too often the student of Greek philosophy, in the selection of a guide, is compelled to choose between a belated Hegelian out of touch with modern thought and a rampant Baconian ignorant of Greek.

In his new work, 'The Philosophy of Greece,' Mr. Benn, while restating some of his earlier ideas, is chiefly occupied with the interpretation of the general movement of Greek philosophy regarded as an expression of the character and history of the Greek people. The suggestion of this method came to him from Prof. Knight of St. Andrews, who thought that the entire history of philosophy ought to be rewritten from this point of view as a "philosophy of the nations." But, as Mr. Benn would himself admit, the idea is in the air. The most popular teachers of philosophy in this country are inclined to treat the history of philosophy in this way. That is to say, they dissociate it from the direct study of ultimate psycho-

logical and metaphysical questions, and make of it a sort of sublimated philosophy of history. They are never weary of repeating that there is nothing absolute in the philosophy of an individual or of a nation. It is in each case determined by character and circumstance. The picturesqueness of this method of treatment cannot be denied. Broad, ingenious generalizations relating the entire social, economic, and artistic life of a people to the abstract utterances of its metaphysical philosophers are interesting in themselves, and are eagerly welcomed by the student as a substitute for the toilsome determination of the precise meanings of difficult texts. But interest and picturesqueness of this kind may be purchased too dear. One may admit abstractly that all products of Greek civilization must be connected by fine-spun threads of relation with each other, with the qualities of the Greek genius and the conditions of Greek life—one may grant all this and yet distrust the ability of the modern student to unravel so tangled a web. 'God in History' proved to be "Bunsen in History," and similarly subtle laws of correlation between disparate phænomena may turn out, under the critical microscope, to be only accidental associations in the mind of the theorist, or at best ingenious fancies rendered plausible by the pseudo-inductive accumulation of citations wrested from their context, and unconsciously colored by the preconceptions of the generalizer.

So, while we have read Mr. Benn's book with great interest, our more specific criticism must take the form of dissent from propositions that seem to us either unverifiable or wholly fantastic. It may have been a special characteristic of the Greek mind to set up a sharp antithesis and then bridge it over by the insertion of transitional links—though we suspect that a clever writer would undertake to show us thesis, antithesis, and transitional mediation everywhere. But we can hardly take seriously the citation, as illustrations of this law of the fact, that "the 'Iliad' was built up by the insertion of transitional links between the opening and the conclusion"; that "*so also* the Olympian theology was organized on a mediatorial basis, Apollo, once an independent god, being regarded solely as the interpreter of Zeus"; that similarly the Greek mind developed geometry out of Egyptian mensuration by interpolating a series of steps between the subject of the conclusion and the predicate; and lastly that Aristophanes pitches on the clouds as the goddesses of physical inquiry because they are the mediators between earth and sky. "Know thyself" was undoubtedly a fundamental precept of Greek ethical reflection, but it is going very far afield to say that, even in the worst times, self-knowledge still asserted itself as an advantage in the struggle for existence, since Thucydides tells us that inferior wits came off best in the dissensions at Corcyra because, recognizing their own inferiority in intrigue, they struck at once. There is doubtless some connection between climate, social environment, politics, and philosophy; but Mr. Benn cannot really know that Heraclitus sprang from the union of the sombre enthusiasm fostered by the religion of Diana of the Ephesians with the luminous, orderly genius of Ionia; or that the home-staying Ionians took their speculative bias from meteorology and physiology because "they were occupied as such people are with the weather and the care of their health," whereas the Italiate Ionians, having travelled afar, generalized the idea of space. The pre-Socratic cosmologists were perhaps aristocrats, as Plato certainly was, but it is not a safe inference that "it was in consonance with aristocratic tradition that they disdained to explain their theories by argument," or that the negative result of the minor Socratic dialogues is due to Plato's desire to discredit induction, for which he had an aristocratic dislike. And it surely is overstepping both the evidence and the modesty of nature to denounce Empedocles as a "vegetarian terrorist," "a half-Semitized thaumaturgist reared on a reeking hotbed of salvationist superstition." These be hard words.

We may take more seriously Mr. Benn's interesting chapter on the opposition between the humanists and the naturalists among the Greek sophists, though here too we think that both he and Gomperz, whom in part he follows, strain the evidence. The antithesis between nature and law or convention held a large place in the thinking of the time. Democritus distinguishes the solid reality of the atoms from the conventional and relative reality of the secondary qualities of sense-perception. The conventional or natural origin of language was hotly debated. In ethics, too, nature was appealed to for more moral ends as author of the "higher law," and for antinomian or immoral purposes in protest against the artificiality of the moral conventions that seek to fetter the free play of human passion and appetite. But Mr. Benn goes further than this, and attempts to assign the thinkers of the time to two distinct schools, the humanists and the naturalists; and here we think he goes beyond the evidence. Hippias is not classified by the casual remark attributed to him in the 'Protagoras' that the distinguished company assembled at the house of Callias are friends by nature and not by the artificial conventions of society. And to say that this is a "pregnant principle" from which "the fateful triad liberty, equality, and fraternity was afterwards destined to be developed," is sheer buncombe. Hippias's self-sufficiency was a very different thing from that of the Cynics and Stoics. His was a vainglorious many-sidedness, theirs a philosophic limitation of desires. Prodicus taught natural philosophy—a genuine Sophist dabbled in everything; but his show course was the fifty-drachma lecture course on synonyms, which, by the way, Plato does not treat with bitter satire, but with playful persiflage. Both Prodicus and Hippias seem to have been luxurious and self-indulgent rather than stoical in their habits of life, and Aristophanes's gibes at the pale-faced starveling disciples of Socrates are singular evidence for the proposition that "plain living and high thinking" was the motto of the "physiocratic school."

The evidence for the classification of Protagoras and Gorgias as partisans of νόμος is equally defective. In the 'Theætetus,' Protagoras actually illustrates ethical culture by gardening—the Georgics of the mind, in Bacon's phrase. Gorgias's disciples in the 'Gorgias' appeal to nature. And Mr. Benn merely illustrates the danger of using Jowett without control when he quotes the remark of Agathon in the 'Symposium' that "where there is voluntary agreement, there, as the laws which are the lords of the city say, is justice." If he had looked at Shelley's version, not to speak of the original, he would have found the simple statement, quite innocent of general philosophical significance: "and that which every [any] one voluntarily concedes to another, the laws, which are the kings of the republic, decree that it is just for him to possess"—*i. e.*, our laws ratify voluntary agreements.

But it is impossible to pursue this theme further here. The attempt in this and similar cases to erect elaborate structures of hypothesis on an insufficient foundation of evidence, is a natural result of the professional preoccupation of thousands of acute minds with the classics. It may advance knowledge in the end; meanwhile, it distracts attention from the main object of classical studies — disinterested contemplation and enjoyment of the beautiful and the significant. *Qu'est-ce que cela prouve?* cannot be the watchword of the highest classical scholarship.

James Russell Lowell. By Edward Everett Hale, jr. ['The Beacon Biographies.] Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

This compact and well-printed little book has a double interest for the attentive reader, as being at once a bit of literary criticism and an example of literary heredity. It is not often that a father and son, bearing the same baptismal names, publish within six months two separate books on precisely the same subject. This being the fact, the first point of interest will naturally lie in seeing how far they duplicate each other. In this search, the reader will readily find some points of style in common—a certain agreeable and conversational, not to say chatty, air; a tolerable readiness in forming and expressing offhand opinions; a few familiar catchwords, such as "all the same" and "any way"; and an occasional slovenliness of sentences, showing either haste in writing or absence of revision. The chances are, for instance, that if one of the pupils of Mr. E. E. Hale, jr., at Union College had inserted in a thesis such a sentence as this—"He seemed to be as gifted as an occasional author as he was as a poet or essayist" (p. 105)—the reviewing officer might have pointed out that one small monosyllable was rather overworked in the passage. And, finally, another hereditary trait is seen in a habit of stepping aside for little collateral axioms, such as this (p. 110): "The great pleasures of the old are unselfish. When a man passes seventy, if not before, he is apt to take his greatest pleasure in the happiness of those about him." This is a view which, however agreeable, is not always confirmed, we fancy, by the old age of artists, authors, or politicians.

What is noticeable, however, beyond these evidences of heredity is a marked divergence from all inherited qualities in the substantial structure of the book, which is, as a whole, condensed instead of discursive, methodical and not scattering, analytic rather than gossipy. This is to be placed to the credit of the new generation. Something is also due to the evident plan of the new series of biographies, which seems to be more essentially historic than biographic. The subject of the book, very clearly, is Lowell the author and the public man, not Lowell as that rather complex human phenomenon which he actually was. In this last aspect there may perhaps be a little source of disappointment to the reader. Few works, taking Lowell as their subject, have added less to our knowledge of that curious and rather fasci-

nating commingling of elements which showed itself in him, and which was indeed a lifelong puzzle to himself. The value of the book is in its discussion of Lowell as a force in the literature and society which were taking form about him; and this value is quite disproportioned to the size of the book. It is really the first word on the subject from the next generation—the first answer to that "Appeal to an Impartial Posterity" which every author unconsciously makes, though only Madame Roland gave it that high-sounding title. Herein it fitly keeps the promise contained in the prospectus of this series, to deal with "those Americans whose personalities have impressed themselves most deeply on the character and history of their country"; and therefore deserves high praise.

Such praise does not imply, by any means, that we always agree with the author's assumptions or views, but only that we recognize them as frankly and clearly put. Here we see again the advantage that may be gained by a single step in the right direction. It detaches from all responsibility for the opinions of one's grandfather. With all the growing and generous interest of the Rev. Dr. Hale in the cause of freedom, he never could quite shake himself free from the shadow of the eminent editor, Nathan Hale, in his old-time contest with the new-born heresy, abolitionism. Taking one step more, Mr. E. E. Hale, jr., stands forth free from that hereditary shadow. True, we cannot always understand just what he means by some of his phrases, even on this point, as where he says that the reader can see what a claim the anti-slavery movement made on the poets of its time "by glancing at the earlier poems of Whittier and Holmes" (p. 21). We can recall no allusion to the subject in Holmes's early poems beyond a trivial squib, as where, in his account of the very hot day, he speaks of "the abolition men and maids" as tanned by it to the color of their friends; but if this seems to Mr. Hale a sufficient basis for his phrase, we have no objection to it. Nor can we quite comprehend the contrast here made between Lowell and Whittier when he says: "Whittier's poems have each some blow at slavery; Lowell thought rather of freedom." This seems to us an exaggerated distinction. At the Garrisonian or "disunion" conventions which Lowell habitually attended, the actual negro slave was much more in evidence than at the "political" anti-slavery meetings which Whittier frequented; and Lowell was really thrown more in contact with leading colored men, such as Douglass and Remond, than Whittier was. It did not take the Mexican war to make Lowell an abolitionist. Yet even here the point taken is a fair one, if a little overstrained, and perhaps really touches a difference in the training or temperament of the two men.

Here and there we find opinions from which we should dissent, in other directions. Mr. Hale says (p. 31) that Lowell "was not in those earlier years a very popular poet," whereas the phrase of Willis, "the best-launched poet of his time," seems more in accordance with the general testimony of contemporaries. No doubt magazines were few and prices low, but when Lowell had, within a year or two of the publication of his first volume, an offer from *Graham's Magazine* to print a poem every month at $120 a year, it meant a recognition such as few young poets win so easily. Again, when Mr. Hale says: "Lowell's scholarship was not the scholarship of to-day" (p. 41), he speaks what is a matter of course; yet it is also true that when Lowell's interleaved copy of Worcester's Dictionary came to light, through an auction store, and was bought by the Cambridge Public Library, its scantily filled pages won at once, as we happen to know, the most cordial appreciation of their quality from the most eminent English scholars among the Harvard professors. Again, we demur a little at the rather sweeping remark (p. 37) about "the scholarship of our own time, which is not only very unpoetic, but on the whole very much opposed to poetry"; and we doubt if the English examination papers at any of our leading universities would quite justify this imputation; at Mr. Hale's *alma mater* they certainly would not. Doubtless, tastes vary at different periods, and perhaps the standards which recognize the leadership of Kipling would seem to many less valid than those which recognized the leadership of Browning. This would at any rate be our own point of view, but we cannot agree with Mr. Hale's inferences from the fact—if, indeed, this be the kind of fact from which his inferences are drawn.

Least of all should we agree with one of his most important dicta, the announcement that the twenty-five essays in 'Among My Books' and 'My Study Windows' will "probably last longer than anything else of Lowell's" (p. 83). Even supposing, which is probable, that this assertion is meant to refer to prose alone, how could Mr. Hale have allowed himself seriously to add, "What he wrote subsequently has never had any such acceptance and never will be so widely known" (p. 83)? We should say, on the other hand, that the Address on Democracy had both won more "acceptance" and become more "widely known" than anything he had previously written; indeed, that it took its place as distinctly at the head of Lowell's prose work as did the "Commemoration Ode" at the head of his poetry. We cannot, therefore, concede to Mr. Hale the very greatest felicity in critical opinion, while admitting that some of the points he makes—as, that Lowell has now passed into the position of a classic rather than of an immediate propelling force (p. viii); that the period when he came forward was one in which literature held a greater relative prominence than now (p. 11); that he was, more than any other, "the representative American man of letters of his day" (p. 111)—seem to us to be exceedingly well put, and to furnish a good preparation for the next generation's study of Lowell.

European History. An Outline of its Development. By George Burton Adams. With maps and illustrations. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

This book, which is designed for the use of higher schools and of colleges, possesses many excellent features and may be called without hesitation a success. Prof. Adams avoids most of the shortcomings which one expects to meet with in manuals (*e. g.*, dulness, distorted proportions, lack of suggestion), and has many merits of his own which we shall presently specify. Speaking at large, we must give the volume our hearty approval, and express the hope that it may be widely established as a text-book.

When one analyzes the contents, a considerable range of subject-matter is observable. Besides the text proper, there are bibliographical tables and particular bibliographical references to the various subjects considered, a paragraph of "topics" at the end of each chapter, presumably for questioning purposes; "topics for studies in review," placed at the end of each main period; and a table of important dates for review, sometimes given synoptically in parallel columns. In addition to these diversified attractions must be mentioned numerous illustrations and maps. Thus the author presents a great deal of apparatus outside his plain narrative, all of which, however, is intended to supplement, emphasize, or embellish the text itself. Here lurks the danger of providing too much machinery, which has, however, been escaped by a close regard to the correlation of parts. In spite of the various elements which it presents to the eye, the work cannot be accused of lacking unity.

We are unable to tell what degree of trust Prof. Adams places in the apparatus which we have just described. Personally, we think that most of it will prove useful, and the bibliographies are indispensable. But the chief virtue of the treatise does not consist therein. A large proportion of the persons who have written outlines or sketches of European history are merely compilers, and not in any fit sense of the term historians. By process of abridging they have won a certain "base authority from others' books," and have managed to fill up a fixed quota of pages. General history has, probably, suffered more from writers of this kind than limited periods and separate countries have done. On the other hand, Prof. Adams has studied systematically; he can, through a comparative knowledge, estimate the character of epochs and nations; and therefore he models a shapely, organic whole. He is a professional who knows where to go for the best information, and how to employ it when brought together.

Next after the writer's competence, we must rank in the list of strong points the remarkable pains which he has taken with his bibliographies. They are really admirable, and so conjoined with the text that the full measure of their value is secured. Following the table of contents is placed a page which contains the titles of such books in French, German, and English as the teacher will probably require for general reference, and special bibliographies stand at the head of every leading subdivision. These are all rendered the more practical by comprising the publisher's name and the cost price of the volume. Page by page, too, as the text proceeds, the student will find in the margin some standard authority for every leading topic which is taken up, and, whatever the book in question may be, precise passages from it are recommended—which is something quite different from a nebulous allusion to the whole work.

Our final impressions are so favorable that it may seem hardly worth while to qualify them by any touch of adverse criticism. Still, we should not be doing Prof. Adams the justice of a discriminating examination unless we found one or two points less good than the rest. Beside the accuracy of the narrative and the judicious choice of the illustrations, the execution of the maps suffers a little in comparison. They are well colored and moderately well printed, but the places are not always lo-

cated with perfect accuracy, and numerous misprints occur; *e. g.*, Maestsicht for Maëstricht, Landshul for Landshut, Nerwinde for Neerwinden, Manheim for Mannheim, Legnago for Legnano, etc. Secondly, Prof. Adams's style, although clear and compact, does not reach quite the same level with his ideas and information. Finally, the love of generalization now and then carries him too far. For instance, on p. 168 this statement occurs: "The territories of Charlemagne were, by the year 800, practically those of the old Roman Empire in the West." But the Western Empire at the time of the final division between Arcadius and Honorius included the provinces of Africa, Spain, and Britain, besides Sardinia and what we may call by their later name the Two Sicilies, none of which (save the small strip of the Spanish March) Charlemagne controlled. Of course Prof. Adams knows the comparative extent of the two empires as well as possible, but here, and in several other cases, his fondness for symmetrical formulas carries him a little beyond the mark.

Our strictures, however, are quite insignificant when weighed with our commendation of this well-designed and carefully finished text-book.

The Genesis and Dissolution of the Faculty of Speech: A Clinical and Psychological Study of Aphasia. By Joseph Collins, M.D., etc. Macmillan Co. 1898. Pp. 426.

The study of the speech-faculty has long been a fascinating one, even for the layman, and this excellent and critical treatise, to which was awarded in 1897 the Alvarenza prize of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, deserves to be widely read. Every cultivated man knows something of the plan on which the brain is built; and the chance of extending that knowledge by gaining a closer sight of the inner working of the marvellous speech-function is one not to be neglected. The language-faculty seems, on the one hand, the antechamber to the mysterious temple of thought, while, on the other, the study of the mechanism on which it is based lets one see, with almost diagrammatic clearness, a portion of the scheme by which the brain seeks to gain its ends.

It is less than four decades since Broca published the remarkable observations that appeared at first to place the whole function of speech in a small portion of the frontal lobe, a little in advance of what is now known to be the primary centre for the movements of the organs of articulation. Nearly ten years later came the remarkable discoveries by Fritsch and Hitzig of Germany, and Ferrier of England, which opened the flood-gates of research with regard to cerebral localization in general; and soon afterwards Wernicke published his little pamphlet which made it clear that Broca's area was concerned only with speech in a narrower sense, and that the convolutions of the temporal lobe in which the higher functions of hearing were represented, were an equally important part of the "zone of language." With this admirable paper the foundations of the doctrines of speech and its disturbances were surely laid.

It is interesting to note that the tendency has shown itself, both in the study of the cerebral localization in general, and in that of the speech function in particular, to recognize more and more plainly the iron band that ties together different sorts of functions which seemed at first sight independent. The physiologist Goltz has been the strong and often much misappreciated advocate of this doctrine as regards the general functions of the brain, and Dr. Collins ranges himself squarely with those who adopt the same conception for the language-function. As in the child the growing power of utterance leans upon the ear and upon the "inner hearing," so even in the adult the areas corresponding to the organs of speech and organs of hearing remain so closely dependent one on the other that neither can be damaged without the activity of both being impaired. It was Wernicke's essay that first made clear the character of speech disturbance resulting from an injury of that part of the brain in which sounds are first interpreted as symbols of thought, showing that while the person with such an injury could still speak, his power of controlling his words was lacking. Dr. Collins aptly compares this condition to that of an engine running off by itself with the throttle-valve wide open. Speech may at first pour in an unregulated flood, but after a time even utterance will practically cease, as the engine stops when its fuel is exhausted. It must be observed that, in the modern conception of the conditions at stake, which is not likely to be materially changed, the centre concerned with the interpretation of sounds as words stands in much the same relation to the peripheral organs of hearing that Broca's convolution occupies for the organs of articulation, and the "angular gyrus," a portion of the brain situated near that part which is devoted to primary visual perceptions for the function of sight. An injury of these centres does not cause a person to become blind or deaf or paralyzed as to his organs of speech, and not until these centres or the tracts uniting them (together making up the "zone of language") are damaged is a person properly speaking aphasic. He may be unable to speak, but he still has the higher mental use of words. It is customary to say—and this is Collins's mode of expression—that these centres are "storehouses," as it were, for "memories" of the special sensations of motion, and sound, and sight necessary for the use and comprehension of speech. In other words, these sensations enter there into combinations which clothe them with new significance. The curve of the vibrations which are set up in these portions of the sounding-board of the brain is no longer a simple but a compound curve. From this point onward the processes which underlie words are no longer symbols of motion and sensation alone, but rather symbols of thought. The conception of the brain as "storing up" memories is, however, misleading. Each responsive thrill of the brain stands for itself alone, though it differs from each that preceded and from each that follows it. The memory of the past is reproduced only in so far as it forms an integral part and possession of the present.

It would, of course, be impossible to discuss here the many important questions examined in this book, such as those, for example, relating to the fascinating subject of disturbances of language-function correlated to visual impairments of different sorts. It may be mentioned in passing that the author is one of those who with good reason disbelieve in the existence of a specialized "writing-centre." On the other hand, he seems to sanction the psychological theories of Flechsig, though they have been in some respects pretty thoroughly discredited. Many points in the doctrine of aphasia are of course still obscure. Among them are those relating to the curious functional disorders of speech, as seen in fatigue and in migraine. The side on which the book is relatively lacking is the psychological side; had this been more fully developed, the keen suggestions of Hughlings Jackson, somewhat old though they now are, would have found a larger place. Still, every chapter is full of interesting matter and contains little to find fault with.

Dr. Collins's style is clear and good, except for a somewhat fanciful straining after unusual terms. They are indeed sometimes better than the old ones, but they distract the attention to a degree that their intrinsic merit does not always make up for.

Selections from the Manuscripts of Lady Louisa Stuart. Harper & Brothers. 1899.

Lady Louisa Stuart was the daughter of John, Earl of Bute, the prime minister and favorite of George III. Born in 1757, while George II. was still on the throne, her life of nearly a century extended to 1851, the year in which Napoleon III. overthrew the French Republic. With her natural gifts of observation and expression, and the advantages of high position and long life, she could have become one of the most delightful memoirists of her time had she so chosen; but she was shy of appearing in print, and these interesting papers were written only for a family circle.

Her account of John, Duke of Argyll, and of some of his family is very entertaining. All readers of Scott will remember the stately Duke who befriends Jeanie Deans, but Scott gives no glimpse of the peculiarities of his character. An eccentric streak (perhaps due to the "Tollemache blood") seems to have run through that branch of the Campbells. Few things are odder than his second marriage. This great and splendid nobleman, who might have aspired to a royal alliance, fell madly in love with a poor, homely, uneducated girl, with the manners of a dairymaid, who was not the least in love with him.

Jenny Warburton, daughter of a country Squire, was one of the maids of honor at the court of Queen Anne, where she was the laughing-stock of her companions for her blunt speech and constant blunders. When the great and admired Duke returned from the Continent, Jenny, like all the rest, thought him a very great man. So one day at dinner, when her companions called on each other for toasts, simple Jenny, instead of naming some bishop or octogenarian general, proposed the Duke of Argyll. Shrieks of laughter greeted this announcement; the Duke must at once be told of the conquest he had made—or no, such an honor would make him too proud—until poor Jenny left the table in tears. At a ball that evening the Duke of Shrewsbury told the joke to Argyll, who had been quite unaware of Jenny's existence, but now felt bound to show her some little attention by way of consolation. The result was a perfect infatuation on the part of the Duke, who soon came to look upon Jenny as the paragon of her sex, and, though he could not then offer her marriage (his separated wife being still alive), he spent a portion of every day in

her company. When his Duchess died, everybody supposed that Argyll would drop Jenny and seek an exalted alliance; but no, he flew to his Jane, whom he considered not only the most virtuous, but the most beautiful, witty, and altogether fascinating of women. Nor did time nor matrimonial experience damp this ardor; he "remained throughout life a faithful, doating, adoring lover," while his Jane, who had no spark of romance in her cool and placid nature, loved him "as much as she had the faculty of loving anything."

But all the queerness of the Tollemache blood concentrated itself in his youngest daughter, Lady Mary, afterwards Lady Mary Coke, a kind of Ælia Lælia ("nec vir nec femina, nec virgo nec uxor") among women, whose extraordinary vagaries and experiences would make an admirable novel if we had a Thackeray to write it. Letters to and from Sir Walter Scott and others increase the interest of this appetizing book.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Balfour, Henry. The Natural History of the Musical Bow. Primitive Types. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Campbell, W. T. Observational Geometry. Harpers.
Holt, Mina. The Satyr: A Novel. F. T. Neely.
Jenks, Edward. Modern Land Law. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Karageorgevitch, Prince Bojidar. Enchanted India. Harpers. $1.75.
Vance, Wilson. God's War. F. T. Neely.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1899.

The Week.

In finally screwing up his courage to the point of demanding Alger's resignation, the President has shown that, like the crow in La Fontaine's fable, he has learned something. But Mr. McKinley also resembles Maître Corbeau in having learned it "un peu tard." If Secretary Alger was ever to be removed for demonstrated incompetence and for being the best-hated public man in the country, the thing should have been done a year ago. The proofs of his incapacity were then heaped mountain-high. Reviewing them, even the subservient and whitewashing commission of inquiry was forced to report that the Secretary of War had failed to "grasp the situation." How had he failed? In almost every way in which an executive could fail. He had vacillated like a schoolgirl, issuing orders in the morning only to countermand them in the afternoon. He had established army camps on sites ill-chosen, and filled them with soldiers badly equipped, badly fed, to be killed by the thousand through official negligence. He had flung the army helter-skelter into Tampa, and dumped it down hugger-mugger at Santiago. He had, when warned, after the capitulation, of the danger that yellow fever would carry off half the men, announced that the troops must nevertheless stay in their pit of death, and let the fever "run its course." He had been forced to bring the soldiers home, but exposed them in their own land to such misery from slip-shod contract and shocking neglect that the country rang with denunciation of him. He now goes out by a characteristic McKinley indirection. He is not removed for inefficiency—oh, no; that would look too much like a reflection on his chief for choosing him in the first place, and holding on to him in the face of public clamor. It is only that Mr. Alger has been guilty of a technical and political "indelicacy" in standing for the Michigan Senatorship and accepting the support of an outspoken opponent of McKinley. For that he must resign.

It is announced, on what seems to be good authority, that Alger will give out piecemeal to the press the various items which he thinks constitute his defence. He has begun this operation already, by showing that he was the real author of the plan to send the Spanish prisoners of war back to Spain, and it is said he will show next that if he had had his way, he would have sent a much larger force to the Philippines, and, after that, will demonstrate that the bad war appointments were not his but the President's. Later in the series, it is to be hoped that he will take up the beef contracts, the transportation arrangements, and other features of the war management by his department, and show the country just who was responsible in each instance. The beef question was investigated twice, and a good deal of truth about it was revealed, but little was done with the contracts. The transportation and general-supply questions were never gone into at all, and if Alger will turn the light thoroughly upon them, he will be certain of attracting public attention and saving some trouble to the future historian.

We are rejoiced to hear that the State of Michigan is bursting with indignation over the treatment of Alger by the President. As for Gov. Pingree, he has burst already. He says that Alger is the victim of a "miserable conspiracy," assisted by "an unscrupulous and heartless press," that the "President is responsible for whatever mistakes have been made in conducting the war," and that he has it "on the very best authority that Gen. Alger made very few appointments of officers during the war, and that the commissions were issued almost entirely upon the orders of the President." That is all interesting and to the point, and we hope to see it followed up with a full revelation of all the evidence. Why should not Alger take the field as a Presidential candidate, with the State of Michigan in wrath behind him, and on a platform devoted to telling the truth about the responsibility for the war? That would be of great public service, and we might learn incidentally whether there is any truth in Pingree's assertions that there is a "decided odor of Trusts" about McKinley, and that Mark Hanna is a "king-maker."

Senator Foraker seldom misses an opportunity to "put a knife into the President," and long practice has made him very expert in the business. He comes to the defence of Alger in the Pingree style, speaking of Alger as the victim of hostility to the President, since all the things that he did which have been most severely criticised, as he (Foraker) happens to know, were done "with the approval and by the direction of the President." It will be a mistake, too, Foraker opines, to count upon a cessation of assaults upon the War Department now that Alger has gone, or to infer that they will be confined to Alger's successor; they "will strike higher, and aim directly at the President himself." Foraker "strikes higher" himself, not only as to Alger, but by taking the side of the correspondents at Manila against Gen. Otis, saying: "I have no doubt of the truth of all the correspondents say in their round-robin, and, conceding the truth of their statements, I think it was all right for them to let us know the real facts as to what has been transpiring in the Philippines."

The selection of Mr. Elihu Root for the War Department is unexceptionable, so far as his legal and general qualifications for the place are concerned. It is said to be the President's belief that a lawyer rather than a military man is needed for the position, and from this point of view it would be difficult to find anybody more thoroughly equipped than Mr. Root. He will be a very shrewd and very able adviser, and there ought to be no scandals while he is at the head of the War Department.

It seems to be wholly impossible for the Administration to be frank about the Philippine situation. On Tuesday of last week it announced that it was going to "ignore" the protests of the Manila correspondents altogether. Such things were too trifling for the mighty minds at Washington to consider. Yet on Friday they gave out a statement which shows that they at once cabled Otis for explanations; that his first answer of July 20 was so unsatisfactory that they called for another, and then out of the two, with a sentence taken from another dispatch of Otis's of July 9, patched up a defence of him and themselves. In the very act, they give the lie to their former assertion that they had freely published all of Otis's dispatches except those containing military secrets. Where is the rest of Otis's telegram of July 9? Suppression, evasion, official coloring of the news are evidently not yet abandoned by the Administration. As for Gen. Otis, he is developing unsuspected powers as a humorist. The only fault fairly to be found with his dispatches, he says, is that they have been "too conservative." That is to say, a long line of unfulfilled predictions about Aguinaldo surrendering and peace coming next week, or surely the week after, with the confident and glowing bulletins put out at Washington in consequence, leaves Otis with the sole regret that he had not more positively foretold the thing which has not happened.

The Postmaster at San Francisco has gone into the business of excluding "treasonable" matter from the mails. He found it in the San Francisco *News-Letter*, in the form of a letter signed by

Mr. J. J. Valentine. It said only about what Senator Hoar said in the Senate, though it called attention in sharp terms to the actual condition of affairs in the Philippine Islands six months after the ratification of the treaty. This was treason, in the judicial mind of Postmaster Montague, and he took the responsibility of keeping the paper out of the mails. But the good man is simply belated. He does not see how the situation is changed since the ridiculous Smith announced that he was going to muzzle everybody who, by differing with him, showed *ipso facto* that he was a traitor. Traitorous publications have multiplied enormously since then. There are the protesting correspondents at Manila, and the returning volunteers, and Mr. Bryan's speeches, and the Hon. Whitelaw Reid's Miami address—all are stuffed with treason and surely have no place in "loyal" mail-bags. Treason has, in fact, grown to such unblushing proportions that the only way to keep it out of the mails is to stop the mails altogether. The only newspaper which can be safely read in Manila is the *Sun*, and even it is able to escape treason-felony only by suppressing the most important news of the day.

Ever since the lynching of the Italians in the jail at New Orleans during the Harrison Administration, wise and thoughtful persons have been apprehensive of fresh trouble arising from similar outrages. In that case the Italian Government made an instant demand for reparation, and the Federal Government was compelled to say it had no authority in the premises. The anomaly existed of a wrong without a remedy, but for which a remedy of some sort must needs be found. Italy at once suspended diplomatic intercourse with us. She did not declare war against us, but she put us in the pillory of the world as a disgraced nation, and she kept us there till an indemnity was paid out of the Federal Treasury to the relatives of the murdered men. Diplomatic relations were then resumed, but nobody was punished for the lynching, and the stigma was never removed from our escutcheon. Now we have news of a fresh one if not a worse one. Five Italians were lynched at Tallulah, Louisiana, on Friday. It is needless to inquire whether there was much or little provocation for the act. The courts were in running order, and any crime committed at Tallulah by Italians or anybody else could have been punished in due course. Nor was there any reason to apprehend that justice would be defeated by a jury trial. The case bears no analogy whatever to that of the killing of the Hungarian coal-miners, who were participating in a riot and were shot down by the sheriff's posse. In that case the Austrian Government demanded an indemnity for the relatives of the victims, but it was justly refused because it was proved in a fair trial that the men who were killed were committing an unlawful act. In the present case there is absolutely no defence.

In the days when the Democratic party had some principles, and had not driven from it all men of ability and character, it was wont to regard with pride Mr. Eckels, who was Comptroller of the Currency during President Cleveland's second term. Mr. Eckels was driven outside the breastworks by Bryan's nomination, and he expects to be kept outside by Bryan's renomination next year. He draws a picture of the Democratic party and its prospects which is as truthful as it is dismal. He says it will be found on investigation that, from national politics down to local, no one is taking an interest in Democratic affairs who is getting a living outside politics; that the struggle which the party is now making seems to have for its object the driving away of all who own property, no matter whether the amount be large or small; that Bryan's renomination, on this basis, seems to be inevitable a year hence, with the same result as in 1896, but more disastrous to the party, and that "until there is an open repudiation of the spirit, motive, and intention of the Chicago platform, and a complete change of leadership, national, State, and local, the Republican party, no matter how many blunders it may make or how indifferent it may prove to its announced and reannounced pledges, will win in national elections." This is the view of most observers, both Democratic and Republican, and it makes the course of the Democratic leaders in going blindly ahead with Bryan's renomination the most fatuous spectacle ever witnessed in our politics. There seems to be scarcely a man among them who is capable of seeing even the vaguest outlines of the wall at which the party is rushing headlong.

How reckless threats of war can be made part of the political game, Americans perceive very clearly in the case of the tall talk of Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Wilfrid Laurier at Ottawa. We smile to see the Tory leader urging the Liberal Premier on to greater truculence in his dispute with the United States. Sir Charles's little game we see into perfectly. He is giving Sir Wilfrid a "dare"; intimating that the Conservatives would be much more stern and defiant in upholding the national dignity than the Liberals are; hypocritically offering the Government hearty and united support if it would only go ahead and do something rash and warlike. We get a good deal of cynical amusement out of this Canadian by-play, call it political manœuvring, and scoff at the possibility of anything serious resulting. Of course, our own politicians are never guilty of thus trifling with national interests. The Republicans were quite sincere in egging on President Cleveland to a course which they thought he would never dare pursue, and were really delighted, as they professed to be, and not chagrined and frightened, when his Venezuelan message took their breath away. So Democrats, who were in a frenzy for a war with Spain as long as they believed President McKinley could not be driven into one, were real patriots, not mere politicians like Sir Charles Tupper, and therefore had no disappointment to swallow when the war actually came and turned out to be "a Republican war," as Grosvenor triumphantly called it. Our withers are unwrung, but the Canadians—how wicked it is for them to indulge in loose talk of war for party purposes!

The Shayne baggage act seems to have a hole in it large enough to pass a whole wagonful of Saratoga trunks. The discovery of it is due to the astuteness of Mr. Lauterbach, whose high authority and standing as a Republican politician does not disable him as an attorney at law and as an attorney in fact for Mrs. Phyllis Dodge. Mrs. Dodge's jewelry, worth something like $40,000, was seized by the customs officers a few weeks ago as she was leaving the steamer on which she had arrived at this port. The announcement was made at the time of the seizure that the Treasury officials had received information of intended smuggling by Mrs. Dodge from a spy who had travelled on the same ship with her. It was generally assumed, therefore, that she was guilty and entitled to no sympathy or consideration. It turned out, however, that a large part of the jewelry had been purchased in this country before Mrs. Dodge went abroad, and that she had legal proof of the fact. As to the part not purchased here or for which any proof was lacking, it was commonly supposed that the Government would declare it forfeited, and, perhaps, subject Mrs. Dodge to a fine in addition. But Mr. Lauterbach has discovered that the Shayne act applies only to articles purchased abroad by residents of the United States returning to this country, *i. e.*, purchased by the same persons who bring them in. If they are the gift of some other person; or if they have been purchased by some other person than the one bringing them in, and if they are articles of wearing apparel or personal adornment, they are not included in the terms of the law. If Mrs. Dodge's foreign jewelry comes within this category, it cannot be confiscated. That is not the worst of it, in the estimation of the customs officials. The worst is that the discovery of this hole in the act will get noised abroad among tourists in Europe, who will adopt the plan of buying wear-

ing apparel and articles of personal adornment for each other, and thus bring it in free of duty in defiance of the $100 limit and in derision of Shayne.

The special counsel on the New York canal frauds, Messrs. Fox and MacFarlane, after a very careful and thorough examination of the facts in the case, conclude that it would be useless to undertake the criminal prosecution of anybody connected with the canal expenditure, since there would be little or no hope of securing a conviction in any instance. First, the law bestows upon the Superintendent of Public Works and upon the State Engineer and his assistant engineers such large discretionary powers that, no matter how extravagant and wasteful they may have been in the uses they made of the $9,000,000 appropriation, they kept within the terms of the law, and are not, therefore, liable to criminal prosecution. Second, under the statute of limitations, no person charged with a misdemeanor can be prosecuted except within two years after the crime is committed. All the heaviest contracts, and those which caused the largest amount of scandal, were let in the fall of 1896 and in the winter and spring of 1897; and whatever criminal conduct Aldridge or Adams or anybody else may have been guilty of in regard to them, they could not enter into the special counsel's inquiry, for the statute of limitations freed everybody implicated from the possibility of criminal prosecution.

There is one very significant incident connected with the question of "discretionary powers" under which Aldridge and Adams carried on their operations. The law which authorized the $9,000,000 expenditure, and which the people approved of at the polls, provided for bids on the gross-sum principle; and under this, the special counsel say, "many of the abuses which attended performance could hardly have arisen." In May, 1896, the Legislature was induced to pass an amendatory act, by which the estimated-quantity system was substituted for the gross-sum plan. "By this change," say the special counsel, "the discretionary powers of the engineers were greatly increased. The acts which have been most severely criticised will be found to be exercises of these discretionary powers." Who instigated this change? Did Aldridge and Adams discover that they needed it to legalize their operations? Who else could have had the foresight to see that they might need protection of this kind some day? The report of the special counsel, which is an admirable piece of work in every respect, shows with great clearness that without the protection of this amendatory act, and without the protection of the statute of limitations, Aldridge and Adams could not have escaped trial, at least, for their operations.

Justice Beekman of the Supreme Court has administered to Mr. Croker's agents in our municipal government the most painful lesson they have yet been forced to receive in regard to the unrelenting cruelty of the civil-service law. His decision granting a peremptory writ of mandamus for the reinstatement of a driver in the Fire Department whom Commissioner Scannell had removed illegally, sweeps away almost the last hope that the Tammany authorities had of getting around the law in any particular. It will compel, if it stands, the reinstatement of about 300 employees who have been removed by Tammany heads of departments, and will compel also many of their new appointees to submit to the terrors of competitive examinations, with the well-nigh certain outcome of failure therein. Even Mr. Croker's nephew, whom Mr. Scannell has made Chief of the Fire Department without the formality of a competitive examination, may find that he will have to pass such an examination in order to retain possession of his place. This principle of central supervision and control, through the State Commission, has been firmly established by the law of 1899. The only question at issue is whether or not, during certain periods, Tammany officials had the power to violate the spirit of the Constitution and do as they pleased with appointments and promotions. All decisions thus far obtained from the courts have been against Tammany, and if the general spirit of this one by Justice Beekman controls all subsequent ones, Tammany will take no pleasure in them. As for its course henceforward, it is hopelessly at the mercy of the State Commission, thanks to the fatuous conduct of Mayor Van Wyck.

The obituary notices of Col. Ingersoll dwell on the abatement, during his later years, of the bitterness both of his assaults upon the churches and of their attacks upon him. This was partly one of the natural results of familiarity. His lectures got to be an old story. It was "only Ingersoll," church people got into the way of saying, indifferently. As he became less of a sensation, he therefore became less of an offence and terror. But we presume the main reason of his comparative ignoring for the past ten years or so is that he was really fighting windmills. The beliefs which he so vehemently attacked had, among enlightened church-members, ceased to be held or, at least, to be preached. Thus people felt that it was a caricature of Christianity, and not the real thing, which he was assailing. His guns were all pointed astern. So far as we are aware, he never showed the least comprehension of the really critical investigations of scholars, which are so profoundly modifying Christian theology, but went slashing away, in his rough, gladiator fashion, at "the mistakes of Moses," and other men of straw. If he had been forced in the arena of discussion, as he would have been in a court of law, to join issue and speak to the vital points, the larger part of his somewhat lurid lectures would have been ruled out as irrelevant.

For professed leaders among the nations in all that relates to humane sentiment, England and the United States cut a strange figure in some of the votes at The Hague. They two alone stood out against all the other countries in defence of the explosive or, rather, expansive bullet. To find even Montenegro, even Siam, even Turkey voting against the Dum-Dum and similar bullets, on the ground that they cause cruel wounds, and should, therefore, be prohibited, while the English and American delegates shamefacedly said they were instructed by their governments to persist in advocating the use of such discredited missiles, makes one see "the alliance" in strange light. The worst of it is that a flavor of hypocrisy pervaded the arguments of the Anglo-American representatives. They did not come out squarely and say that they were not in favor of making war "humane." That position would be intelligible. But to profess a superior humanity, and then to resist the attempt to remove one barbarity from warfare, does not look well. Sir John Ardagh, for Great Britain, vowed that the Dum-Dum would be used only against savages, but who is to decide what enemy is savage? By shipping expansive bullets to South Africa, the English Government has apparently decided that the Boers are savages.

Candid Japanese are admitting that the glorious war of their country with China is proving a good deal of a disappointment in the sequel. On the financial side, Japan is certainly worse off than before the war. Her total indemnity is already spent on increased armament, and a large loan in addition has been placed abroad in order to carry out the ambitious military plans conceived in the intoxication of victory. All this means increased taxation and crippled industries. In fact, several Japanese commercial undertakings have fallen into such embarrassment that the Government has had to give them temporary assistance in order to prevent a financial crisis. The only other visible result of the war—Formosa—is almost as much of a white elephant on Japan's hands as the Philippines are on ours. As for having anything to say on the mainland, or taking any part in the partition of China, Japan sees herself as much shut out as if she had never sunk a Chinese ship or stormed a fortress.

MR. BRYAN AT CHICAGO.

The meeting of the Democratic national committee at Chicago, and the various side-shows connected with it, indicate pretty conclusively that Mr. Bryan is to be the next nominee of his party for President, and also that, when the time comes for making a platform, he can make it to suit himself. He directed the course of procedure both at the regular committee meeting and at the bimetallic side-show and at the Altgeld side-show. He was enabled to do so by virtue of the fact that the Democratic masses are with him and for him. The politicians perceive this fact, and they desire to please the coming man. They hasten to consult his wishes and to make smooth his path within the party limits. The party is as much a Bryan party to-day as it was a Douglas party in the sixties, and even more so, since there was a powerful Southern rebellion again Douglas, whereas South Carolina and Texas are as strongly for Bryan now as any Northern or Western State can be. It does not follow that Mr. Bryan will be elected if nominated, but there is something to be said in favor of nominating the man who can best draw out the vote of his own party. Yet there have been conspicuous instances of failure where this rule was observed, as in the cases of James G. Blaine, of Henry Clay, and of Stephen A. Douglas. These men were as popular, as irresistible, in their respective parties as Mr. Bryan is to-day in his, yet they all fell short of an election when the supreme test came.

Mr. Bryan's speech at the Altgeld meeting was a demagogical performance of the sort that we have been accustomed to expect from him—extremely disgusting in some parts, yet not without considerable cunning and not without effectiveness. In saying that English financiers have forced the gold standard upon this country by controlling, through the Republican party, the financial policy of the United States, he exposes himself as a falsifier. How can anybody have the hardihood at this late day to parrot this ancient untruth? It is impossible to suppose that Mr. Bryan believes any such thing. Yet he offers it as suited to the maw of the Populists whose votes he desires to hold in the next campaign. When he says "the failure of the Wolcott Commission to secure international bimetallism proves that bimetallism can be secured only through independent action," he wishes to be understood as meaning that he is still in favor of such independent action, but he does not say so. He leaves himself the opportunity to put the silver issue in the background next year if it shall then seem expedient to do so—as most likely it will.

On the subject of Trusts he advances four propositions which are extremely vague, since they do not point the way to a remedy for any evils which Trusts may be responsible for. He begins by saying that "the Trust is a menace to the welfare of the people of the United States, because it creates a monopoly and gives to the few in control of the monopoly almost unlimited power over the lives and happiness of consumers, employees, and producers of raw material." Yet he can think of nothing but prosecutions at law as a means of combating these monopolies, although by far the greatest number of them are protected by the tariff and enabled by it to exercise the power over consumers, employees, and producers of raw materials which he laments. Upon this notorious fact, trumpeted through the press as it has been recently, he has nothing to say, although the Democratic party is committed over and over against this kind of protection, and Mr. Bryan himself is committed against it with ten-fold vigor in his Congressional speeches.

On the subject of Imperialism and the war in the Philippines Mr. Bryan held more decided language than he has allowed himself in any other published speech. This is a really hopeful sign, because Mr. Bryan goes about the country gathering public opinion. He samples every audience that he comes to. He finds out what they want him to say, and then he says it. Immediately after his retirement from the army he began to talk about the policy of expansion in a very gingerly way, indicating that he considered it a doubtful experiment. His doubts gradually grew to unbelief. Where he had at first hesitated, he began to "view with alarm," and now he has reached the conclusion that the war against the Filipinos is an assault on human liberty and a violation of the Declaration of Independence. He now stands with Senator Hoar and the Anti-Imperialist League, and he is in a position where he can do much more effective service than they, because he can carry a party with him, while they cannot. After his declarations at Chicago it is impossible for the Democratic party to nominate him without committing itself to the anti-Imperialist policy. The five points which he lays down are absolutely sound and true, and the fifth one of the series is sufficient to make a whole platform in itself.

EXPANSION AS AN ISSUE.

It is clear that "expansion" will be a leading issue in the next Presidential campaign. President McKinley has committed his party to that policy, and if, as seems probable, he is again to be at the head of the Republican ticket, his exposition of Republican principles will have to be defended and endorsed. In view of all the discussions and experience of the last year and a half, it is interesting to consider what kind of argument, for electioneering purposes, the Republicans are likely to make out.

One point, pretty certain to be dwelt upon, is that expansion is in no way inconsistent with the history and tenets of the party, or out of harmony with the things for which Republicanism is supposed to stand. We shall be told that the Republican party has always been in spirit and temper a party of expansion; that it has always had an "affirmative policy," and has never rested upon "mere negations"; that it has "boldly faced" great difficulties and dangers, and "manfully assumed" grave responsibilities; and that it "has not yet failed" to find the best way out of the most untried situations. Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, indeed, were not sought by us. We wrestled in prayer night and day that the burden of their assimilation might not be laid upon us; but an inscrutable Providence—ever in league with Republicans—willed otherwise, and the party could not be false to the trust devolved upon it. In other words, the party is to be represented to the voters as doing its best in a situation which it took every pains to avoid, but which, the more the significance of affairs is revealed, is seen to involve no fundamental divergence from Republican tradition and policy.

This line of argument, already taken up by the stalwart Republican press, will unquestionably hold a large place in the next campaign. There are some rather serious difficulties about it, however, as a campaign issue, to which the information-for-voters bureau of the party ought to give heed. The Republicans cannot assume responsibility for expansion as a theory, and yet dodge responsibility for the steps by which the present situation has been brought about, or by which the theory is being put into practice. They must, for example, explain the action of President McKinley in yielding to the clamor of some bellicose Congressmen, and "going in" for war, when diplomacy had placed a peaceable solution of the difficulty with Spain almost in his hands. They must explain the retention of Secretary Alger at the head of a department peculiarly important in an "expanding" country. They must explain why, with the good McKinley beseeching Heaven to save us from expansion, the United States insisted upon the cession of the Philippines. They must explain the failure to come to terms with the Filipinos, and thereby avert the horrors of war. On each of these points there is earnest need of some clear-cut and satisfying statement. The voters are in no mood to be put off with generalities, and the explanation can hardly come too soon or be couched in too precise and definite terms.

There are other troublesome questions, too, which even some good Republicans venture to think important. Since the Republican party is fully committed to expansion, and since one of its peculiar

historical glories is its "affirmative policy," there will be much anxiety to know its proposed scheme, in case it is returned to power, of dealing with our new possessions. How, for example, are the latter to be governed? Are they to be colonies, or dependencies, or tributary states? Will their inhabitants enjoy the privileges and immunities set forth in our ancient and time-honored Constitution? Are we to tax their people in our discretion, or tax ourselves for their benefit? How about "grants in aid," and the other financial accompaniments of imperial rule? Then there is the civil service. The Republicans will be in duty bound to explain how it is that, with their own traditional adherence to reform, and with the patent necessity of keeping the local administration of the colonies in clean hands, a Republican Administration nevertheless does its best to dig the core out of the civil service at home, and secretly tears to pieces what years of earnest effort have put together.

In the third place we are certain to be told that expansion means great things for American trade. The languishing industry of the country is to be profoundly stimulated by the acquisition of Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. Moreover, the partition of China is a matter of but short time; and if we can plant ourselves on the doorsteps or in the front walk, we shall be favorably situated to elbow our way in when the door falls back. Higher yet, we shall replace barbarism with civilization, and spread among the heathen peace, prosperity, and religion. Lastly, we are a great nation, unable longer to live in isolation, but destined to play a large part on the world's stage; and if a few islands come in our way, it is meet, right, and our bounden duty to take them in, as befits a nation with a Destiny. We are sure that a great deal will be made of this in the next campaign, for it gives opportunity for a deal of rhetoric, and enables even a commonplace orator to end his speech with a brilliant outburst of flame and smoke.

These are some of the things which the next Republican confession of faith will have to affirm or defend, and which will be relied upon to establish the friends and confound the enemies of the party. Yet we fear that the acceptance of the new creed will be, for many heretofore strong in the faith, a matter of great difficulty, for the expansion argument, in whatever form presented, rests, not upon facts, nor yet upon demonstrable propositions, but simply upon sordid hopes and desires. No single fact—economic, political, or social—in our national life suggests, even remotely, that we need to "expand." What the advocates of the policy mean is simply that we ought to be big. Republican success with the expansion issue, then, will depend upon ability to cajole the voters by pictures of a hypothetical future mainly characterized by bigness. Furthermore, the way in which the Administration has gone about the business is, of itself, enough to condemn it. No Republican administration, bent upon making itself "solid" with the party, has so ignored the people and catered to the machine, or so disregarded the opinions and outraged the moral sense of its ablest adherents, or made weakness, secrecy, vacillation, and deceit so thoroughly its instruments, as has the administration of President McKinley. If the Republican managers have any arguments in store by which to commend their course to the people of the United States, we feel sure that they cannot too soon produce them; for if the party conduct of affairs during the past two years is a fair sample of what may be expected when expansion has the field, verily the Philistines are upon us.

CIVIL-SERVICE REFORM TO THE FRONT.

The debauch of the civil service by the McKinley Administration is likely to have one result which the conspirators may not, perhaps, have foreseen. It is pretty certain to make civil-service reform a vital issue in the coming Presidential election. The issue, of course, is in no way a new one. The subject of civil-service reform has been before the country for a generation, and the volume of discussion attending it has been, from the first, very considerable. Innumerable reports, speeches, and periodical articles have explained or criticised the veriest details of its practical workings. The political importance of the subject, too, has steadily grown. Framers of party platforms, both State and national, have more and more felt the necessity of asserting the party belief in the merit system and the purpose to uphold it. Of the two great parties, indeed, the Republicans have claimed especial credit for the inception and growth of the whole scheme, and have thus far been most constant in their professed adherence to the principle of reform; but the Democrats have not found open opposition expedient, and some of the greatest advances have, as a matter of fact, been made under a Democratic Administration. Practically, all parties, so far as their public declarations go, are committed to the support and extension of the system. Only a few recalcitrant individuals now dare publicly oppose it.

Yet the reform of the civil service has hardly been an issue of the first importance, especially in national campaigns. As compared with the tariff or the currency, for example, it has occupied a secondary place. More or less an issue in every campaign, no election has yet turned upon it. The reasons for this are, we think, fairly obvious. To begin with, the question admits of no such elaborate discussion, and affords ground for no such fundamental difference of opinion, as do some of the matters which have been in the forefront of public interest during the past few years. As between a tariff for revenue and a tariff for protection, there is, theoretically speaking, something to be said. The advocates of free silver have succeeded in making out an argument to which, specious and unsound as it was, thinking men thought well to give heed. But to elaborate an argument for or against the merit system of appointments and removals is a bit difficult. That the administrative work of the government should be done by those who can do it best, seems like a self-evident proposition; that ability should be ascertained by competitive examination, and tenure of office depend upon good behavior, are indisputable business propositions. To argue one or question another is like trying to convince a man that his clerks ought to be honest, or that frequent changes of personnel militate against experience and skill.

In the second place, the civil administration of government is not a subject on which it is easy to arouse general enthusiasm; and without enthusiasm there is no commanding issue. The average citizen admits that clerical and statutory duties can be as well performed by a Democrat as by a Republican, but, beyond this, his interest is not keen. Whether the accounts are correctly kept or not, whether appropriations are honestly spent or Government supplies of proper quality, and a hundred similar matters, are subjects in regard to which he knows little, and with which he feels only a languid concern. Save, perhaps, for the post-office, official machinery is remote from daily life. So we get the habit of mind familiar to civil-service reformers, and one of the greatest obstacles to their success—a cheerful assent to the merit system as a political proposition, joined to a high degree of indifference to the practical operation of it.

We are inclined to think that the action of President McKinley and his Secretary of the Treasury will be found to have given the shock to the moral sense of the community needed to arouse the voters from their good-natured indifference. In the judgment of people with consciences, these leaders have not only failed to do what they and their party were pledged to do, but they have gone further, and systematically undermined the purity and integrity of the public service, in the interest of personal and party control. They have so acted, moreover, notwithstanding repeated protestations of innocence and virtue, and solemn asseverations that their course was in no way opposed to the civil-service law. The appeal to the law, indeed, is particularly unfortunate; for not only has it been shown to be unfounded in fact, but it has also made a bad im-

pression upon those sincere people who think that such a law as that for the establishment of the merit system ought to be administered with regard to its spirit, and not construed with the technical ingenuity applied to a criminal statute. When a high functionary protests, in some matter of moral principle, that his action is "within the law," the public always suspects fraud; and the fraud, in the present case, is plain beyond any possibility of doubt.

Whatever the situation may have been in the past, then, discussion of civil-service reform can no longer be merely academic, or confined to general principles or isolated illustrations. The issue before the people of the United States, from now on, is simply this: Shall the public service be administered in conformity to law, and with the single object of securing honesty and efficiency in the conduct of affairs? Or shall it be administered in contemptuous disregard of law, by men who have no regard for their word, who secretly break promises and oaths, and then, as the Republicans of Ohio and Kentucky have done, boast of their action in the face of the public? This is the issue which the administration of President McKinley has raised; and it is largely upon this issue that the Republican party, in the next struggle for national supremacy, will stand or fall.

THE NEW FRENCH CABINET.

PARIS, July 11, 1899.

The instability of cabinets is one of the chief reproaches that have been made against the present Constitution of the French Republic. It is one of the arguments employed by the now very numerous party who have fomented an agitation for a revision of the Constitution. This instability has an obvious consequence, namely, the difficulty of carrying out a fixed policy in diplomatic, commercial, or economical concerns. The continuity which is required in many matters is wanting; bills are presented to Parliament, studied and discussed in part, and abandoned in consequence of a ministerial change. It is surely a matter of regret that the project of forming a colonial army composed of other elements than the ordinary army—a project which is felt to be necessary—has not yet, after so many years, been embodied in a definitive law.

But the instability of cabinets has other consequences not so obvious at a glance. Every ministerial change creates a new army of malcontents. Those who are hurled from office and their friends look upon those who take office with eyes of envy and with sentiments of revenge. All the chiefs of cabinets have a certain number of satellites, who remain faithful to them after their fall, in the hope of getting office again in the future. The Parliament, after a certain number of ministerial changes, is thus converted into a number of sets (we call them groups), more or less hostile, more or less friendly, to each other. Individual considerations become dominant over general considerations; the struggle for life takes the form of the struggle for office. These groups form coalitions with a view to upsetting a cabinet; the new cabinets are the result of what we call concentrations—that is to say, new coalitions. Parliament is like a sky in which the constellations change their places and their shapes.

Of the numerous cabinets of concentration which have been constructed during the past ten years, none has taken the public so much by surprise as that recently got together, after the fall of M. Dupuy, by M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The two most important members of the new Cabinet are, after M. Waldeck-Rousseau, General de Galliffet, the Minister of War, and M. Millerand. I shall say little of General de Galliffet, his military career being well known. He rose from the ranks to the highest position in the army by his personal bravery, and, I will add, by his strenuous efforts, after the unhappy war of 1870, for the reorganization and greater efficacy of the army, and chiefly of its cavalry. His charges at Sedan, under the eye of the German Emperor, have become as legendary as the famous charge of Lord Cardigan and the Three Hundred. General de Galliffet had been on the reserve list for two years, and was chosen Minister of War in the new cabinet for two reasons only: the first was, that, having had Colonel Picquart on his staff for several years, he came forward and testified in his favor at the time when Picquart fell into disgrace on account of the part he had played in the Dreyfus affair; the second reason was, that General de Galliffet is known as a stern disciplinarian, and the Republicans, who had become alarmed by symptoms of discontent in the army, expect to find in the General the man who will maintain a strict discipline in all ranks of the army, and will enforce rigorously the verdict of the council of war at Rennes, whatever this verdict may be. General de Galliffet has never uttered an opinion on the Dreyfus affair; he has simply given impartial testimony in favor of Colonel Picquart, who, in the capacity of chief of the secret service at the Ministry of War, was the first to endeavor to obtain a revision of the trial of Dreyfus.

It is certainly a matter of astonishment for Gen. de Galliffet to find himself at the Cabinet table between M. Waldeck-Rousseau and M. Millerand, who have been in standing opposition to each other, not only in Parliament, but at the bar—for they are both lawyers. M. Waldeck-Rousseau is one of the most prominent and successful lawyers of the court of Paris; his name has been connected with some of the most notorious cases of recent years; he has been the counsel of a Dreyfus (not the present Dreyfus) who had some difficulties with the Government of Chili about a guano contract, of the famous Eiffel (of the Tower, but also, alas! of Panama), and of many financiers of more or less repute. He seemed to have almost abandoned politics for the bar. In politics he belonged to the school of Jules Ferry. He has always been a Republican, but a Republican with a conservative tinge and without any admixture of Socialistic ideas.

M. Millerand is essentially a Socialist, and in his person Socialism finds, for the first time, a place in the Government of the country. This is explained by the partisans of the new Cabinet as a transient phenomenon: they thought it necessary, by giving a place to M. Millerand, to get the votes of the Socialist group in the Chamber which follows his lead. M. Waldeck-Rousseau needed a majority, chiefly with a view to putting an end to the Dreyfus affair, which weighs on the country like a nightmare. It is the first time in my recollection that a cabinet comes before the Chamber without any programme, any platform, merely with the object of keeping order in the country during a judicial debate. The more or less conservative Republicans indulge the hope that, the Dreyfus case once settled, and settled for ever, they will say good-bye to M. Millerand and *debark* him, to use a favorite expression of our politicians.

The choice for M. Waldeck-Rousseau lay between the voters of the Millerand group and those of the Right. He preferred the first to the second alliance, and the only possible inference from this is that he feared that the Right was not sufficiently in sympathy with the cause of Dreyfus, which he himself has espoused from the first. Such considerations, however, can hardly be openly invoked, as it would be very unbecoming, as well as very dangerous, for the chief of the Cabinet to admit that anything can affect the verdict of the council of war at Rennes except the testimony to be given before it. It has been the misfortune of the Dreyfus affair that it has created an inextricable confusion between powers which should always have their separate domain. The old maxims of Montesquieu have been forgotten; the executive power, the legislative power, the judicial power have not been kept within their proper limits. Even now, when a sort of final attempt is made for the conclusion and termination of the affair, the Cabinet has allowed itself to be suspected of being Dreyfusard; all its acts receive an interpretation which, directly or indirectly, has some bearing on the *affaire*. The new Minister of War, however, before he came into office, wrote a letter (April 15, 1899) which shows that he does not intend to give further development to the affair. This letter deserves to be translated, as Gen. de Galliffet is now the head of the army:

"Dreyfus in Devil's Island, Picquart prosecuted, Esterhazy in flight, Henry dead, Du Paty de Clam threatened with a council of war—are there not enough victims, innocent or guilty? Nevertheless, the enemies of the army, not yet satisfied, demand for the satisfaction of their hatred all the officers, general or other, who have more or less been mixed up in the disastrous affair. Would it not be better to preserve silence? Would it not be wiser, more generous, and at the same time more patriotic, not to incriminate incessantly officers whom no tribunal will think of calling to account? The army knows them; it will admit that they may have been deceived, but it knows them to be men of honor and incapable of committing a bad action.

"To its electors, the Government, I am told, has promised punishments. I respectfully advise it to renounce them, because nobody will believe that it has become firmer for having once shown itself too severe. In the interest of the country and of the army, and in order to the pacification of the public mind, I wish that this appeal might be heard. The man who gives it has taken no sides in the affair, and thinks that he loves France more and better than those who every day throw discredit on this army."

The General who wrote this letter and gave this advice to the Government, is now himself in the Government. On taking the Ministry of War, he has made some changes in the army, but so far these changes have not assumed the character of persecution

or positive punishment. Some general officers and colonels who had written communications to the press, or made public speeches or orders of the day, having a political character, have been sent to other garrisons; but the Minister of War has adopted no other measures. He has severely shown his firm intention not to allow any member of the army to take any public part in any political question.

So far, M. Millerand, the Socialist member of the Cabinet, has not been allowed to influence its decisions in any important degree. The fact of his giving a sort of status in the Government to pure and unmitigated Socialism is, however, of undeniable importance. The Chambers are now not in session, and it will be only a few months hence, and after the new trial of Dreyfus, that M. Millerand will probably attempt to present bills to Parliament to satisfy his own party, or rather his own group.

THE UNDERGROUND FORUM.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., June 29, 1899.

The work begun so auspiciously some months ago in the Roman Forum has provided continually increasing interest during the months that have passed since my last account of it. Literally, from one end to the other of the space dug over by previous excavators, things not only new but of permanent value to scholars have been brought to light. Inscriptions, vases, fragments of sculpture and architecture have all given a quota to the total result.

In front of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina the earth has been cleared away to a depth of four feet, and the brick core of four more steps of the temple is now visible. This core is of two parts, each originally supporting two marble steps. Directly opposite and on the other side of the Via Sacra, the clearing process has revealed to us three steps, nine inches in height but of unequal width, that descended from the Regia to the road. Signor Boni has long desired to determine the upper reach of the Sacred Way, and, assisted by the discovery of these steps and by that of a sewer below the road where it runs between the Temple and Regia, his efforts have terminated in success. The sewer is a large arched passage stretching its long-drawn curves, of well-built *opus reticulatum*, from the northeast westwards. Along the pebbly bed flows a small brook. It is evidently one of the original water courses of the Forum walled in and turned to serve the uses of man. The view along the mossy walls, flecked here and there with sunlight shot through the openings in the road above, with the little brook flowing just where it flowed two thousand years ago, is really very pretty.

It was natural to suppose that this sewer followed the original lines of the road, and on this hypothesis Signor Boni set to work digging on the south side of the Basilica of Constantine, and there, some six feet below the surface, found a fine pavement of carefully jointed polygonal blocks, similar to the bit by the temple of Saturn. This is unquestionably the ancient pavement of the Sacred Way. It will not be hard to continue this line of exploration and ascertain the course of the Way toward the east.

In this region another monument that has assumed a very different aspect from of old is the Arch of Fabius. The well-known pieces, discovered several years ago, lay heaped carelessly together. They have been joined with others lately found, and now, with only one or two voussoirs missing, the arch lies in orderly and intelligible fashion on the ground. Neither the side piers nor the basement have been found, so that reërection is out of the question, but the spread of the arch can be measured with an accuracy sufficient for all practical purposes. It turns out to be larger than was imagined by those who up to this time have written on the subject. Though the exact spot where the arch stood has not been determined, its position was probably close to the roughly built brick chamber nearly opposite the Temple of Romulus. One reason for thinking this to be the spot is, that most of the remaining portions of the arch were found here. Another reason is, that the eastern wall of the brick chamber just mentioned is constructed in part of the remains of the wall of an earlier structure, in which are still visible two narrow openings, like loopholes, which suggest that this was originally a guard-house. It is possible that these seeming loopholes are only windows, but it seems unlikely that in this part of the Forum there could have been any building other than one of distinctly public use.

After the work on the Vesta Temple was completed, both topographic and historic reasons pointed to the Regia as the next building to demand the explorer's attention. First, between the two buildings a system of hypocausts, at present unaccounted for, was found and cleaned up. Then the foundations of the northern wall of the temenos of the Vesta Temple were laid bare, as well as those of the walls of the Regia. Several early drains built by laying flat slabs of tufa on low perpendicular side pieces (like the drain near the top of the Scala Caci on the Palatine) were met with during the work, but no small objects of value were found. Two interesting wells were discovered and cleared. One of these, about three feet in diameter, is near the southeast corner of the Regia. Through some misunderstanding, this has unfortunately been identified in the London *Times* and elsewhere as the Puteal Libonis. This it can hardly be, for it is a simple well, whereas the Puteal Libonis was no well at all, but a monument similar to a well-kerb set over a spot struck by lightning. Students must take note, too, that the description in the *Times* of the details of this well is quite inaccurate. It has no mouldings of any sort, and the *pedaroli* of which the writer speaks are not architectural members of any sort, but merely small holes cut in the sides of the well to give support to the hands and feet of a person who had occasion to descend the well. They are to a well what the rungs are to a ladder. Among the rubbish that choked up the well were great quantities of broken pottery and stone weights, together with one or two small altar-like objects of terracotta. The latter were prettily moulded with decorative and figure subjects, and were of late date. The pottery was, in the main, of a ware similar to the fine glazed bowls ornamented with impressions of seals or coins that come from Capua. A few skulls of the *mustela*, the animal which played the part of the modern cat in the Roman household, were also brought up from the well. The second well is near the front of the Regia, and had not been entirely cleared when I left Rome two weeks ago. This second well differed from the first in not having *pedaroli*. Close beside it is a cistern which, from the point of view of construction, more than makes up for the ordinary quality of the well. It is dome-shaped, about ten feet in diameter, and built of two shells constructed in the common way of overlapping (but not arched) stones. The inner shell was covered on the inside with stucco, while the foot or more of space between the two shells was filled with clay.

So far as the Regia itself is concerned, nothing new of much importance has been learned. In front of it, however, the lower part of what appears to be a piece of the core of the foundations of the Temple of Cæsar has been cleared. If this is what it seems, it will show that the temple was in plan much deeper than has heretofore been supposed. In addition, several bits of pilasters, cornice, and casettes of this temple have been added to our previous store of such fragments.

Between this Temple of Cæsar and that of Castor and Pollux stood the Arch of Augustus, of which only the lower courses of the foundation stones could formerly be seen. Superimposed on these now stand several of the lower blocks of the arch itself, which have been brought back to their original site from the various corners of the Forum to which they had been, in some inexplicable manner, scattered. As yet there are not very many of them, but what there are will be sufficient to give, to the uninitiated at least, a very different idea of the arch from any which they have been able to form before this time.

It will be remembered that on the northern side of the Temple of Cæsar and west of the Temple of Antoninus, probably about opposite the Temple of Castor and Pollux, stood the Basilica Æmilia. The desire that archæologists have long had that this spot might be excavated is at last being satisfied. For this our thanks are due to an Englishman, from South Africa, I believe, Mr. Phillips. Happening to visit Rome this last spring, he became interested in the work that was then in progress, and heard of the difficulties to be overcome before the site could be excavated, chiefly owing to the existence of a block of squalid dwellings standing on the spot to be cleared. These were held at so high a price that the Government did not consider itself justified in buying them. To an Anglo-Saxon accustomed to make the earth give up her secrets, this obstacle seemed of little moment, and Mr. Phillips sent to the Government an offer of a certain sum to head a subscription to buy the houses. The ministry were unprepared for this turn of affairs. Special meetings were held, and finally the offer, which had meanwhile been considerably increased, was refused on the ground that the acceptance of it would be compromising to the dignity of the Government. Mr. Phillips, however, had made up his mind to see the work done in one way or another, and so he bought the whole site for (it is reported) some 60,000 lire, and made a gift of it to the Government. The houses are now torn down, and it is a reasonable hope that before many weeks have passed we shall have accurate knowledge of the Basilica. What-

ever the results of the excavation, the action taken by Mr. Phillips will long be remembered with gratitude by all archæologists. It is to be hoped that his example may be followed, and that Americans and Englishmen may contest in friendly rivalry to promote the interests of scholarship.

It is at the western end of the Forum, however, near the *niger lapis*, that the most interesting discoveries have been made. This whole region is being slowly and carefully cleared. First, there were found pieces of a slab of travertine cut on one side with an inscription of the time of Sulla. This had been used to repair the pavement of the Comitium, probably after the fire of 283. So far as can be made out, the words refer to contracts for public works—probably drains, as the price was only about $5 a foot. Then, close about the arch of Severus, the foundations of several early buildings were discovered, and it can now be shown that the steps by which, as Jordan and Middleton thought, the line of the Comitium was marked, did not serve that purpose, but are of late date, as are also the slabs heretofore usually thought to be the pavement of the Comitium. Bits of the true pavement have been found near the *niger lapis*. It is this, the *niger lapis*, around which the excavations have revolved like the free leg of the compass about its fixed centre. Signor Boni has even pushed his explorations directly under the "black stone," which is now supported in midair by beams and braces.

When the report first spread that the *niger lapis* had been found, Prof. Huelsen, of the German Institute, wrote an article to show that the report could not be true, because certain ancient authors spoke of two lions standing beside the *niger lapis*, and, as these had not been found, the black stones which had been discovered could not be *the* black stone. To those who have had experience in excavation, this argument will hardly seem conclusive, and later events have demonstrated its fallaciousness, for some five feet below the "black stone" two equal bases have been found which can hardly be other than those on which formerly stood the lions. They are of tufa, finely cut and set with strong, low, long-drawn mouldings that seem of the early fifth or sixth century B. C. Two other monuments found beside these bases are perplexing. One of them is a truncated cone of tufa set on a square base. The other is a square beam of tufa cut on all four sides with an inscription in such early Latin that when I left Rome it had not yet been read. This also stands on a square base of tufa. A most curious circumstance is that these bases for the lions and the two other monuments are directly underneath the *niger lapis*. In clearing these objects, a layer of ashes was met with in which were a great quantity of small vases, lamps, and weights and several small bronze and bone statuettes. The largest of the bronze figures, only about four inches high, was evidently of local manufacture, and represented in crude fashion a nude man with large head covered by a shock of hair. He held a short staff, bent like a hockey stick, in his hands. The others, about three inches high, were very nicely modelled figures similar to the "Apollo" of Tenea, and evidently not made by the same class of workmen as made the larger figure or those of bone, which also were crude and ugly. Whether the *niger lapis* marked the tomb of Romulus or not, it can no longer be questioned that this spot had some sacred significance for the Romans.

The earth about the entrance to the Temple of Saturn has also been taken away, but little of interest was found except a drain running towards the Tabularium, noted years ago by Bunsen in the 'Monumenti' (1836, Pl. 33, 34). It is an arched passage of tufa peculiar only for having on one side of the interior a continuous step some eight inches wide and about one foot high, running along the bottom.

While such has been the progress of the work in the Forum, other parts of the city have added other results to the total of the archæological interest of the year. In the Church of the Gesù a large bit of the enclosure wall of the Ara Pacis Augustæ was found serving as the tombstone of Cardinal Sebastiano Poggio, who died in 1633. Then, while tearing down some walls of a house in the Via Giulia, the workman came across 472 fragments of the Forma Urbis. Such accidental discoveries may possibly be of great importance; but our interest is drawn inevitably to the Forum, where the constant finding of important monuments is the reward of careful work carried forward with energy and intelligence. RICHARD NORTON.

LA TRAPPE DE NOTRE DAME DU LAC.

MONTREAL, July, 1899.

It is strange that Carlyle, who set so high a value on other men's silence that he preached it to his fellows in something more than thirty volumes, should never have found a good word for a company of toilers whose daily lives, in more than one aspect, practically apply his teachings. Possibly, he may have wished to include them tacitly in the off-hand declaration of 'Past and Present' which says that, "the gospel of Richard Arkwright once promulgated, no monk of the old sort is any longer possible in this world." There is, however, at present, no sign of approaching decay or extinction in an order whose houses are counted in France by dozens, while Canada, notwithstanding a relatively sparse population and severe climate, supports three establishments, in various conditions of development and prosperity. Of one of these, which it was my good fortune to inspect under exceptionally favorable circumstances, it is the purpose of this article to speak.

The visit of a young French acquaintance, furnished with letters to ecclesiastical authorities, supplied the opportunity; for although the traditional open-handed hospitality of the Trappists rendered the monastery of Notre Dame du Lac accessible to male visitors of any faith, sympathetic interest alone is but a slender warrant for interrupting the quiet of a life professedly withdrawn from the world. Yet, for all this, the welcome given to every passing stranger is so unforced and considerate that differences of belief and opinion vanish for the time at the sight of this direct but unobtrusive exercise of the spirit of humanity, shown alike and in the same measure to the beggar, the pilgrim, the priest, and the tourist.

This monastery and its adjoining farm are situated on the southern exposure of the long, easy hill-slopes of the "Two Mountains" which flank the north shore of the lake bearing the same name—a wide expansion of the Ottawa River at the head of the Island of Montreal. In spite of its proximity to the busy industrial and commercial centre, few of the English-speaking inhabitants of Montreal know this institution otherwise than as a name. There is nothing remarkable in this fact. Between the two sides of the lake the contrast is indeed sharp. On one shore lie trim cottages and villas, the gardens, the shaven lawns, and the golf-grounds of a prosperous and luxurious *bourgeoisie;* across the lake, not ten miles away, stand the three white chapels of the shrine on the hill-top, and the sombre pile of buildings where the "brothers of toil" work out, as they trust, their own salvation through labor and prayer,

"The world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Landing at the miserable Indian village of Oka, the traveller promptly finds himself packed into a rickety omnibus, amid a confusion of passengers and parcels bound for the same destination. But as the rattling vehicle proceeds along the sandy stretches of road, the first impression is of a steadily progressive improvement in the appearance of the countryside, as well as in the quality of the roadway itself. It is obvious that the industry which in a few years has turned the tangled Canadian bush into a succession of admirably cultivated fields, has already begun to tell through the influence of example, spreading outwards over the immediate neighborhood. A further surprise awaits us on coming to the "old monastery" (now a small and struggling school of agriculture under Trappist guidance), entirely surrounded with kitchen-gardens, orchards, and vineyards; for one at least of our number remembers this spot as an almost impassable bit of forest. From the balcony of the simple wooden chapel under the eaves, the eye now looks down on the avenue of maples, rich with the promise of a splendid maturity, on acres of garden beds and fruit trees, and thence travels over the brown waters of the lake, flecked here and there with the purple of passing cloud-shadows, away to the southern horizon bounded by the outlying ranges of the Adirondacks. Beyond this point, at a bend and dip in the road, still stands the small *habitant* house in which the fathers settled during the first few seasons of their struggle against the difficulties of climate and soil. Immediately opposite, in noble contrast, the new monastery building stretches its huge three-story façade of rough stone, symbolical, in its stability and proportions, of the character which its founders seek to impress upon the work of their order. Alighting travellers are received by the "Père Portier" and "Père Hôtelier," the former's duty being to escort the visitors over such parts of the establishment as are generally shown, while the latter, who has charge of the hostelry forming a necessary adjunct of every Trappist monastery, provides for the lodging of wayfarers requesting hospitality for a night or more. This being our case, we were soon assigned most comfortable rooms—not cells—the walls of which were hung with religious pictures, excellent in intention at least, and also provided with a copy of the rules of the house, to which one is most courteously begged to conform. Guests are thus notified, in the first place, that

the "Hôtellerie de Notre Dame du Lac" is "neither a sanitarium, an hotel, nor a place of recreation," but is intended as a retreat for such as wish in silence and solitude to strive after amendment of life and conduct. To this end, each hour of the day has its set occupation of prayer or meditation, from early morning service till nine in the evening, when all lights must be extinguished. These rules, as well as others, were considerately relaxed for us. For the monks, discipline is naturally severe, even beyond the rule of silence. Rising at two in the morning, they at once proceed to the chapel, where services are held without interruption till high mass at seven; the rest of the day is taken up with the most arduous manual labor in the field, with meditation and worship, till the hour of the *Salut*, after which all retire. Equal strictness presides over their regimen, which excludes meat, fish, butter, and eggs (save in cases of illness, and also of travel in the interests of the order); and for drink, milk and "fair water." Cider, made by the monks, takes the place of wine, allowed in most of the houses in Europe. Visitors come under a more generous commissariat regulation, and even on the two *jours maigres* of our stay we could not plume ourselves on having bravely submitted to cenobitic fare.

After an ample midday dinner, eaten, according to request, in silence, comes the visit, under the guidance of the Père Portier, to the chapel, cloisters, refectory, cells, and all the outlying buildings which serve in the exercise of the various industries of La Trappe. The severest simplicity reigns throughout. In the long low refectory, for instance, a plain, solid deal table runs around three sides, already prepared for the next meal, which apparently will consist mainly of a generous portion of brown bread and a handful of onions; the dishes and utensils, scrupulously kept, are equally simple for all, those of the abbot himself differing in no way from the rest. As for the chapel and cloisters within their heavy stone walls, lath and plaster, unadorned save for a few primitive arabesques or mottoes and texts, suffice for the surroundings of an existence in which the sense of material beauty is accorded neither a place nor a thought. But the moral impression on the beholder is for that very reason all the more direct and intense. It is possible, one may admit, to learn by degrees to accept the spareness of diet, the hard pallet in a wooden cubicle like a box-stall in a stable, the toil, the absence of frequent cleansings. The hardships of soldiers in the field, of sailors before the mast, not to speak of the advertised discomforts of arctic or other explorers, are often enough more severe. What seems more difficult of comprehension to those out of whose habits of thought there has grown a radically different conception of life and its implications, is the process by which a human being reaches a renunciation so complete as contentedly to take his daily recreation in a tiny cemetery where the grave in readiness awaits the next comer, and to meditate for hours in front of the inscription, "Quand il n'y a plus de moi, il n'y a plus de croix." But here, as Sainte-Beuve says, there is at all events no tarrying in the regions of doubt, no sense of failure in the pursuit of truth; nor is one any longer haunted, amid the shiftings of a fitfully reviving faith, by misgivings, outward darkness, and the open gulf of uncertainty. Doubtless, too, more than one has found in this retreat the truth of a saying unwritten on its walls: "À cœur blessé, l'ombre et le silence."

In the sunlight, under the clear, hard blue of the Canadian sky, all graver reflections give way at the sight of the admirably ordered farm-buildings, poultry-houses, cattle-pens, dairies, and wine or cider-presses of the establishment. The silence which prevails over all the human activities engaged here is no check on the cheerful noises of the farm-yard; though one visitor stoutly maintained that he detected signs of a tendency in that direction. But one's chief interest lies less in the organization itself, which differs from that of an ordinary farm-house in nothing but unusual size and cleanliness, than in the knowledge that this constitutes one of the principal sources of revenue of the whole institution. Trappist butter, cheese, wine, and cider are now well known, the first two holding their own among Canadian diary products, for the general improvement of which, in the last few years, a large share of credit must be given to the staff of the experimental farm established at Ottawa by the Dominion Government. All around us, during the glorious June day, the farm work goes on. The formal part of the visit over, we are free to lounge on the hillside and watch from a distance the white-gowned brothers, or the *conversi* in darker robes, dotting the fields, bent over the earth like Belgian laborers, and interrupting their work only when, at stated intervals, the monastery bell gives the signal for a few moments of prayer. As a very tangible mark of their success, it may be noted that though the plague of caterpillars had almost devastated the neighborhood, reducing fruit-trees to skeletons, and laying autumnal tints on clumps of woods, hardly a trace of the scourge appeared within the precincts of the monks' property—a result achieved by detailing a certain number every day to gather up and destroy the vermin. The adjacent farms unfortunately cannot dispose of a sufficient number of hands for the purpose.

It must not be supposed that the produce of farm and dairy is alone sufficient for the support of the monastery. Notwithstanding the fact that the land on which it stands was ceded to the order by the Sulpicians, who still preserve quasi-seigniorial rights and privileges over the district and many adjoining parishes, the installation alone of so large an establishment must have demanded a great initial outlay. Without entering into questions with which neither the present writer nor his readers can have any concern, it may be conjectured that, in common with other eleemosynary institutions, La Trappe at times receives through private gifts some part of what is so liberally distributed from its doors or within its walls. The casual offerings of travellers, though not a completely negligible quantity, are too often out of all proportion to what many could easily afford to give. According to Baedeker, while more than sixteen thousand guests are annually entertained at the Saint-Bernard Hospice, their contributions hardly cover the expenses of one thousand. The writer trusts that he may be pardoned for his indiscretion in citing a parallel case, where, after a dinner to twenty-five uninvited guests, the treasury receipts amounted to exactly twenty-five cents. The humorous twinkle and comment which accompanied the information showed that under the cowl the man is not lost. But this tolerably regular entertainment forms only part of the charity freely dispensed here. At all seasons of the year, and more particularly when labor is scarce, unfortunates drift hither from various quarters, or are directed to come by those who know that from these doors no hungry man is ever turned away. In some cases a little return is made in the form of a day's work, easily arranged for even among the varied labors of seventy or eighty monks.

One whose way of life has been determined by very different conditions and considerations from those of a cenobite finds some difficulty in expressing without exaggeration the full effect produced by the sight of an existence so ordered, so sheltered, so free from individual struggle, and yet to all appearances permanently human through its sincerity, its labor, its steadfastness in well-doing. To give definite illustration of this would imply presenting to the reader personalities long since lost to the world, and still eager to avoid it; one may, nevertheless, record one's thanks for the hearty reception to those of another belief, for the memory of genial intercourse, and for the warm invitation to renew the acquaintance. We may be far from contemplating such a life with envy—equally far from any intention of carrying its austerities into our own; but we cannot forget that the sight of it gives a wider meaning to our conception of tolerance. It is our lot, however, to return, and, in the words of the great worldly philosopher probably unknown to the Trappist, "to take our part in the suffering and struggling, the tears and laughter, the crime, remorse, love, folly, sorrow, rest." P. T. L.

Correspondence.

THE PRICE OF TIN-PLATE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I notice in your number for June 29 reference to the article by Prof. McVey, published in the *Journal of Political Economy*, on the subject of Trusts and tariff, and the figures there given on the tin-plate industry. Is it worthy of your notice that the Chicago *Evening Post* for Monday, July 17, attributes the recent advance in the price of tin-plate, to $3.80 per box, to the increase in the cost of the raw materials?

Respectfully, Lloyd Chas. Whitman.

Chicago, July 18, 1899.

[The New York *Commercial*, a paper which has been giving close attention to this matter, says that the rise has gone to $4.50 per box of 100 pounds, and that it "is wholly unwarranted by anything in trade conditions."—Ed. Nation.]

PROFESSORIAL INFLUENCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The editorial in the *Nation* for July 6, relating to the "Problems of our Colleges," advocates closer relations between professors and students. Permit me to call your attention to the conditions prevailing in Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio, Charles F. Thwing, D.D., LL.D.,

President. The suggestion made in your editorial is one which has long been in force in Western Reserve, not only in the department of ancient languages, but also in the department of modern languages, and of the sciences. The teachers who conduct the small classes are, as every one knows who knows the old Western Reserve and the new, among the best.

In one of the college books by President Thwing, published in 1893 ('Within College Walls,' pp. 89-90), the following occurs:

"It is a happy condition in the American college life that such [intellectual] intimacies are becoming more numerous and more intimate. What is known as 'seminary work' tends to promote such closeness of relationship. In this work the professor ceases to be a professor and becomes a student, working with his students. These students are usually fewer than are found in the ordinary college class, and such fewness of numbers tends to promote personal and scholarly intimacies."

I am confident that you will be glad to inform your readers of the work in progress in an institution not named in your editorial, but which is carrying out the suggestions contained therein.

Sincerely yours, JAMES H. ROSS.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., July 18, 1899.

"YOUSE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Under the caption "Youse," in the columns of a late *Nation*, a Chicagoan gives it as his opinion that the primitive New England farmer uses this expression in the sense of "yours." If the writer of that article had lived in New England all his life, he would know that the expression "youse" is not indigenous to New England, but has been brought in by the foreign Celtic population. To the poorly educated New England farmer this word is indicative of a less fortunate education than even he possesses. G. A. LEAVENS.

BOSTON, July 23, 1899.

Notes.

In October the Century Co. will issue 'Present-Day Egypt,' by Frederic Courtland Penfield, ex-Consul-General at Cairo, fully illustrated. They have also in preparation an illustrated edition of Dr. Weir Mitchell's 'Hugh Wynne,' making use of a great number of rare prints and manuscripts.

Fall announcements of the Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, are 'The Puritan Republic,' by Judge Daniel Wait Howe; 'American Fungi,' by Capt. Charles McIlvaine, profusely illustrated, partly in color; 'Book-Lover's Verse,' edited by Howard S. Ruddy; and a reprint of the late Richard Malcolm Johnston's Essays on literary and social topics, with the addition of a second series.

We have spoken at some length of one of the "Beacon Biographies" published in Boston by Small, Maynard & Co. under the editorship of M. De Wolfe Howe, viz., the Lowell. We can do no more than mention the others which have thus far appeared—the Webster, by Norman Hapgood; Farragut, by James Barnes; Phillips Brooks, by the editor; and Robert E. Lee, by Prof. W. P. Trent. The form of these little volumes and the general tastefulness of the get-up are delectable. The covers are a limp blue cloth. Each subject has his portrait and (excellent idea) his chronology; a bibliography concludes. In such abbreviated books an index may have been thought superfluous. If Prof. Trent belittles the loyalty of Gens. Scott and Thomas that he may praise the disloyalty of their fellow-Virginian, Lee, by taking them out of "the same moral and spiritual class," Mr. Hapgood is not among the latter-day apologists for Webster, and has no excuse to offer for his "fall."

It may be said of the 59th volume of the 'Dictionary of National Biography' (London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: Macmillan) that the section Wakeman—Watkins contained in it consists chiefly of mediocrities. But this, as we have before contended, is the conspicuous merit of the Dictionary, since the great are celebrated in many collections. And what is a mediocrity? Was the John Walker one who invented friction matches (dying as late as 1859)? Or the other John Walker, who began actor, then practised and taught elocution, and finally gave the English-speaking world his Pronouncing Dictionary, among many kindred works? However, men of distinction are not wholly wanting here. Sir William Wallace; Edmund Waller, of whom it is remarked that he was the richest poet known to English literature, if the shade of Samuel Rogers do not protest; Horace Walpole; Sir Robert Walpole, who leads all his alphabet with 29 pages, not exactly whitewashing, but not censorious; Bishop Warburton, who is sketched by Leslie Stephen; Charles Waterton; the three Walters of the London *Times*, whose shares, we are told, are inalienable by sale—are some of the principal lights. The Rev. Nathaniel Ward of Ipswich and the actor J. W. Wallack are most noticeable among the English-Americans taken account of.

'Reminiscences of the King of Roumania' (Harpers) is the not strictly accurate title of an anonymous compilation covering nearly four hundred pages of a rather bald narrative, which, by the application of a moderate degree of literary skill, could have been compressed into an informing and interesting essay of about the length of Macaulay's article on Pitt. The King of Rumania is a member of a branch of the Hohenzollern family which, like the Coburgs, has always stood ready to supply kings and minor rulers to new and struggling nationalities, or to old ones whose dynasties have had to be discarded. It was the candidacy of his brother Leopold for the Spanish throne that served as a pretext to bring on the war of 1870. King Charles has had a troublous time with his turbulent subjects during the thirty-three years of his reign. He has made himself respected by the purity of his life, and by the combination of courage and prudence with which he has surmounted the perils that beset his realm, from within and from without. Students of his career will sympathize with him rather than with the semi-barbarous and mongrel race which it has been his task to raise to a respectable position among the European family of nations. The story of his struggles will afford much comfort to those who take cynical views of democratic or constitutional modes of government.

In one respect at least Mr. C. B. Tiernan's 'Tiernan Family in Maryland' (Baltimore: Gallery & McCann) sets a creditable example to the compilers of family genealogies. Instead of going into fableland for the phantoms of mythical ancestors, he has modestly contented himself with authentic records and facts of the last and the present century. The book will have interest for Marylanders at least, but would be much the better for an index.

In the little series of handbooks entitled collectively "Aus Natur und Geisteswelt," and published by Teubner at Leipzig, the fourth volume deals with 'Schrift- und Buchwesen in alter und neuer Zeit,' and is from the pen of Prof. Dr. O. Weise. Its 159 pages are packed with information, and each chapter is brought down to date in a rather unconventional manner, so that, for example, the very first, on writing and its instruments, ends with sections on stenography and telegraphy. So the somewhat unusual rubric of Letter-writing (*Briefwesen*), in which the dawn and progress of correspondence are described, takes in the latest find at Oxyrhynchos, a letter in which a bad boy of the third century of our era scolds his parent for sundry shortcomings; while among the numerous and mostly unhackneyed illustrations the papyrus of Bacchylides is shown (on p. 127, chapter on Libraries). Still, in the modern portion, the author's survey is inclined to be provincial. We do not refer to his little sermon on yellow journalism, called "The Dark Side of the Press," in which he forbears to draw illustrations from America, though a full knowledge of the number of newspapers in this country might have modified his somewhat naïve complaint that there are far too many in Germany. But he evidently has no conception of the multiplication of free libraries among us, and his readers are left in ignorance of the fact that the Old World received the working telegraph from the New. Morse, who is credited with his alphabet alone, is even called an Englishman; and in connection with ocean cables both America and Cyrus Field are ignored. Neither Edison nor Gray is mentioned in the reference to multiple telegraphy.

The minor writings of Heinrich Brunn, the celebrated professor of archæology at Munich, who died in 1894, have been collected by Messrs. Brunn and Bulle, and are now in process of publication by Teubner in Leipzig. The first volume, of 300 pages, with 65 illustrations, including a portrait of the author, is now ready, containing his articles on Roman, old Italian, and Etruscan monuments. The greater portion of them were originally written in Italian, and are now published in that tongue. The two other forthcoming volumes will contain Brunn's articles on the history of Greek art (with the exception of such as already form part of his 'Geschichte der Griechischen Künstler'), his interpretations of painted vases and other monuments, critical and general essay, etc., thus furnishing a complete record of his scientific work. The same publishing-house announces the early publication of the speeches and addresses of Otto Ribbeck.

Literary Life, "a weekly newspaper devoted to books and bookmen," will be launched in September in this city by the Montgomery Publishing Co., of No. 23 Park Row. Its day of issue will be Saturday.

With the current issue, the *American Historical Review* (Macmillan) closes its fourth volume. Of the leading papers, the greatest novelty and interest attach to Mr. Henry C. Lea's "Hidalgo and Morelos," the story of

the last gasp of the Inquisition in Mexico. Mr. Joshua W. Caldwell's "John Bell of Tennessee" usefully recalls forgotten passages in the early career of this statesman, but is not noticeably successful as an apologia for the Presidential candidate's final going over to secession. Among the reviews we single out for mention Col. Dodge's running commentary on a number of works relating to the recent war with Spain, from the point of view of a veteran of the civil war.

Not the least interesting instalment of "The Ancestry of the Hoar Family in America" is that with which the series concludes in the July number of the *New England Historic and Genealogical Register*. It introduces a regicide ancestor of Senator Hoar. The regulation portrait of this issue represents Mr. John Cumming, a typical New Englander of vast activity and public spirit, whose face might stand for Uncle Sam in his best mood.

Mr. Martin Schütze of the University of Pennsylvania contributes to the *Americana Germanica* (vol. iii., No. 1) an exceedingly interesting and exhaustive study of Hauptmann's drama, "Die Versunkene Glocke." After a critical examination and analysis of each of the acts, he considers the dramatic prototypes of the play which exhibit a likeness in scenic mechanism and poetic form. Such he finds in Grillparzer's "Melusina," Goethe's "Faust," and Ibsen's "Masterbuilder Solness," "Brand," and "An Enemy of Society." The several characters are also discussed in comparison with like characters in other German dramatic works. The study, covering 35 pages, is concluded by a brief consideration of the bell symbolism, and a short bibliography of the more extended of the many works and articles which have been called into being by this remarkable drama.

The revival of the Waldensian theological and religious monthly, *La Rivista Cristiana*, is a welcome addition to the exponents of progressive thought in Italy, notwithstanding the somewhat conservative tendency of the historic martyr communion that authorizes its publication. It was originally issued a quarter of a century ago by the present editor, the indefatigable Prof. Comba of Florence, but was discontinued about a decade ago. Its present programme includes scholarly and independent research in the religious and ethical problems of the hour, and special efforts will be made to render the status of Protestant and independent thought in Italy intelligible to outsiders. The journal thus appeals largely to non-Italians. It is a thirty-two-page monthly, costing six lire per annum, and is published in Florence.

The June *Astrophysical Journal* announces a third conference of astronomers and astrophysicists, to be held at the Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wis., beginning on Wednesday, September 6, and closing on Friday of the same week. A circular giving information regarding local arrangements has just been issued. In both plan and scope this conference will be similar to those held at Williams Bay in 1897 and Cambridge in 1898, both of which were successful in bringing together an unusually large number of physicists and astronomers. The coming conference will hear a report of the committee charged with perfecting a plan for the organization of a permanent society of astronomers and astrophysicists, to take charge of future conferences. Mr. F. R. Moulton of the University of Chicago, in the same number, sets forth a novel addition to the mathematical method of finding the orbital elements of a body moving round the sun in a parabola. At least three distinct observations of its position have hitherto been regarded as necessary; but Mr. Moulton, remarking the high precision attained in measurements of relative motion in the line of sight, develops the formulas by which only two observations of position are requisite if properly combined with one sight-line measure. The exceptional power of modern telescopes, and the improvements in the construction and methods of application of the spectroscope, alone make this possible.

Sir Martin Conway's account of his explorations in the Bolivian Andes is the article of most general interest in the July *Geographical Journal*. His scientific work was much hindered by the Indians, who believed that it involved some outrage to their superstitions. They are practically attached to the soil which they cultivate, raising potatoes mainly, and "hold their lands by a kind of feudal tenure. Instead of paying a rent, they give their labor to the landlord," and, when not oppressed, are quiet enough, though never well disposed to white men. Cordial praise is bestowed on the work of Mr. Bandelier, "the Flinders Petrie of ancient Peru," who is investigating the antiquities of the Lake Titicaca region, and is accumulating for the Washington Museum "a mass of material of the highest interest alike to anthropologists and historians." Sir Martin commends this region to the attention of geologists because "surface modelling by water is perhaps as vigorously carried on here as it is in any part of the world," especially as shown in the rivers "eating backwards" at their heads. This number also contains the anniversary address of Sir C. Markham before the Royal Geographical Society, in which he dwells upon the Antarctic expeditions in progress or in preparation, upon the foundation of a School of Geography at Oxford, and the appointment of a committee "to suggest a convenient and systematic geographical terminology."

The historian Mommsen has only lately discovered that, in the eyes of the Austrian law, he is a dangerous character, and that by section 300 of the legal code of that Empire he could, were he unfortunate enough to be apprehended within the limits, be condemned to imprisonment for six months, on the ground that he encourages insurrection against the existing order of things. The lucky discoverer of this condition of affairs is Dr. Bobies, the second *Staatsanwalt* or prosecuting attorney of the empire. Still more remarkable is the fact that it is Mommsen's Roman History, classic for a generation, that furnishes the basis for this charge. The *Arbeiter Zeitung* had quoted from the third volume of this history a passage which those in authority considered "dangerous," and on account of this citation confiscated the issue of the paper. The Berlin papers report that the venerable savant, who is now nearly eighty-two years of age, was equally surprised and amused at the folly of the Austrian authorities.

—It is not generally known that the first American edition of Dickens's 'American Notes' was issued by a newspaper, *Brother Jonathan*, in the form of a small folio, two columns to the page. The print was fine and the general make-up showed haste; a wood-cut of old Edinburgh was used to fill the last page, and on the yellow cover a print of a launch, neither having any relation to the contents of the book. This folio is of very high rarity, and a copy in fair condition and in the original wrapper (ever dear to the collector's heart) belongs to the fancy met in its extreme form among those who look upon first editions as the only books really worth possessing. An even rarer piece is an issue from the Boston *Daily Mail*, made in 1842, called 'English Notes, intended for very extensive Circulation by Quarles Quickens, Esq.' It also is a folio of sixteen pages, three columns to the page, and the running title is "Yankee Nation—Extra." The dedication is worth quoting: "This work, composed chiefly since my return, during such intervals of leisure as my other various important avocations allowed me, I dedicate to those friends of mine in England who, giving me a welcome I shall never forget, were so kind and courteous as not to restrain my judgment; and who, loving their country very much as a Jew loves pork, can bear, nay, even take delight in, whatever of abuse and detraction it may give me pleasure to indulge in respecting it—provided that it is done in my usual vein of kindness and good humor."

—The tone of easy banter is soon laid aside, and the darker aspects of English life described—the poor in the cities, the squalor and misery of a manufacturing town, the enormity of tariffs, the political status of the workingman, without either voice or influence in the conduct of public questions; the ignorance, crime, and virtual slavery among the poor, and the actual existence of slavery in British India. The personalities are few, the most patent being the slap at Marryat: "I was given to understand that it was in contemplation to represent another epoch in this gentleman's life, and that a pedestal was being erected (as a learned friend of mine would have me say) for the support of a tub of Virginia tobacco and a quarter cask of old Cogniac brandy; these being the two idols of his worship in the United States." Nor does the writer omit to insert some sly hits on the current Boston matters. Brook Farm theory is thus set forth: "There is a set of men here called chancendentalists. In answer to my inquiries as to what were the particular tenets of their faith, I was told that a very comfortable definition could not be given. I, however, afterwards learned that they were chiefly held together by the belief that Cant, an eccentric philosopher of some celebrity, could be conquered, nay annihilated, if it were possible to acquire the art of using his own weapons with consummate skill. If I lived in Liverpool I think I should be a chancendentalist, firstly because some of the best minds here are among them, and secondly because there is something dreamy and incomprehensible about it." This satire is well worth reading, though its authorship may never be determined.

—An occasional contributor to the *Nation*, and its constant reader for many years, George W. Julian of Irvington, Ind., passed away on July 7, in his eighty-second year and in the full possession of his faculties and

his intellectual activity. He was perhaps the most conspicuous product of that Quaker migration from the South, particularly from North Carolina, which was caused by aversion to slavery, and which had for one result the implanting of anti-slavery convictions in the new-made States of Ohio and Indiana. He was a Whig until called upon to vote for Gen. Taylor (a slaveholder) for President; a delegate to the Buffalo convention of 1848, which founded the Free Soil party; the Free Soil candidate for Vice-President in 1852; a delegate to the convention at Pittsburgh in 1856 from which sprung the Republican party. For eight years he conspicuously represented this party in Congress, and fought the good fight against slavery with a courage, persistency, and elevation of tone scarcely surpassed in any of his colleagues. His independence was shown when, recognizing the downward course of the Republican organization under Grant's administration, he threw in his lot with the reformers. One who turns over the back volumes of the *North American Review* will find Mr. Julian in 1878 exposing the party's shortcomings in terms which drew down upon him the epithet of "traitor." He did not forfeit it by giving his support to President Cleveland, and earned it anew in a national sense by his hostility to our new-fangled imperialism. We are in danger of overlooking the honorable singularity of such a political career as this, partly because a long life cannot be grasped as a whole by the common memory, but partly because of the failure of large numbers of leading Republicans of the storm-and-stress period not only to withstand, but to recognize and confess, that corrupt tendency which has brought us to our present state of well-nigh hopeless passivity and impotence. By a second marriage, Mr. Julian became a son-in-law of Joshua R. Giddings—it need scarcely be said, without any impairment of his anti-slavery zeal and fidelity.

—Many investigations have been made upon school-children to show to what an extent the work of the school-day fatigues them, and makes them less capable of doing a definitely measured amount of work in multiplication or other tasks. Other observers have all come to the conclusion that indications of fatigue are very marked, but Dr. Edward Thorndyke believes (*Science*, ix, 234) that these results are vitiated by the fact that when the same children are given the same tests at the beginning and at the end of the school-day, they do too well at the end of the day on account of the practice they have had at the beginning, and also too ill on account of having lost interest in a repeated experiment. To obviate these presumed sources of error, Dr. Thorndyke gave four different sorts of tests to two groups of pupils, but so arranged that a group of pupils who did one sort in the morning had a different kind of task to do at the close of school. Change in willingness and interest on the part of the pupils he provided against by being present himself and observing the children in these particulars. As a result of this method of procedure, he finds no evidence of fatigue whatever on the part of the pupil, but, on the contrary, he finds that the work is done a little better (2 per cent. better) at the close of the day than at the beginning. This result is remarkable; it probably indicates that the children in the schools visited by Dr. Thorndyke are extremely well nourished, or have an exceptionally happy and easy time of it during their school-day. Dr. Thorndyke's contention is a little difficult to follow. According to him, the children of the other observers did badly at two o'clock, not because they were tired, but because they felt a peculiar distaste for doing again at two what they had already done at nine, and nevertheless they did not do *so* badly as they would have done had it not been for the practice which they secured by first doing the work at the beginning of the day. But can it be supposed that one hour's practice makes an appreciable difference in the capacities of children for spelling and arithmetic? Most teachers would be of the opinion, we fancy, that many and many a weary hour of practice can be passed through by these poor creatures before a change can be produced which would have the effect of a feather's weight in the most delicate conceivable system of measuring.

—'Archæology of Lytton, British Columbia,' by Harlan I. Smith, is published in volume 2 of the Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History, being the third contribution of the Jesup North Pacific Expedition. It describes the explorations made in several village-sites near the confluence of the Thompson and Fraser Rivers. The habitations of the prehistoric people of this neighborhood were similar to those of the Indians of recent times, as is evident from the remains of ancient house-pits at all the localities examined. These underground lodges were circular holes, some six feet deep, roofed over with timbers covered with fir-boughs and earth, which afforded sufficient protection, as there is but little rain in the region. An opening in the centre served the three-fold purpose of chimney, window, and door; a notched log projecting through it, as a ladder. The specimens found in the hearths, graves, and village-sites show that copper, stone, shells, and bone were used for making weapons, tools, and implements for hunting and fishing. Clothing probably consisted of skins of animals and of fabric woven from vegetable fibre (probably sage-brush) and mountain-goat wool, of which fragments exist. Among other objects unearthed were sets of dice made of woodchuck teeth. They are so much like dice made of beaver teeth with which modern Indians play that their use is easily understood. Proficiency in carving and engraving is indicated by specimens of tobacco-pipes, ornaments, and implements, but there is no indication that the potter's art was known. Mr. Smith concludes that the mode of life of these prehistoric tribes, their utensils, their methods of manufacture, and their customs were practically the same as those of the present inhabitants of the interior of British Columbia. One of the strongest evidences of the identity of culture is the fact that modern Indians are able to interpret the conventional designs on prehistoric remains. Specimens of carving, the use of slate fish-knives and harpoons, and the occurrence of certain shells and of ornaments made from them, indicate the influence of the coast tribes, although on the whole the prehistoric culture of the interior of British Columbia shows greater affinity to that of the western plateaux. There is no evidence of a change of type or of a material change of culture since the earliest times of which we have knowledge. The memoir is copiously illustrated.

ASTON'S JAPANESE LITERATURE.

A History of Japanese Literature. By W. G. Aston. D. Appleton & Co.

It is a strange tale to tell, yet a true one, that although the Japanese have a voluminous literature extending over twelve hundred years, no Englishman had read a page of a Japanese book before 1859. Some Continental scholars had explored this domain of thought; the Germans, especially, reading books in Japanese that were expressed mainly with Chinese script. In Holland, Hoffman had begun those readings which enabled him to write what, until the issue of Aston's grammar, was the best manual of the Japanese language for its study by foreigners. When, however, the Townsend Harris treaty had opened Japan to foreign residence and commerce, the student interpreters at the British Legation in Yedo began elaborate researches into the whole language, ancient, mediæval, and modern. The result has been an apparatus for the investigation and the enjoyment of the language and literature such as no other civil service or group of scholars can show. The grammars, dictionaries, manuals of language, literature, and history, and the papers contributed to learned societies by the members of the British Legation not only are a credit to the country whence they came, but furnish a solid argument for the reform of our own civil service. While Americans have written voluminously and ably upon Japanese themes, the honors of linguistic and literary research belong almost wholly to our British friends.

The manual now in hand is a proof of invincible tenacity of purpose. Very few living men could have handled this theme with such insight and thoroughness. Mr. W. G. Aston, a graduate of Queen's College, Belfast, in the class of 1863, began his study of Japanese in Tokio in 1864, and remained in the East, in Japan and Korea, until 1889, during which time he produced two books on grammar and made various excellent translations. During the riot in Seoul, Korea, while suffering from the night's exposure, the seeds of lifelong disease were planted in his constitution. Though for the past decade "dying by inches," he has achieved the prodigious feat of translating into English the 'Nihongi,' one of Japan's oldest and greatest books, which gives a marvellous picture of the mythological age and the beginnings of history in the eighth century. This present volume of four hundred pages is a complete conspectus of the development of the literature of Nippon, with masterly criticism and comment, bibliographical notes, a list of the most valuable dictionaries and grammars, and a good index. From the first to the last page, it is worthy of the highest praise for its accuracy, its absolute honesty, and its trustworthiness. Mr. Aston makes no pretence of judging what he has not carefully studied. Hence, for example, there is little or no reference to the voluminous Buddhistic literature in Japanese, or, rather, in that Sinico-Japanese in which most of it is expressed. One will obtain, however, by a study of this work a pretty clear idea about what the Japanese have been thinking of during the past thousand years or so, and may get at the sum total of what their thinking amounts to. It would be cynical exagge-

ration to say that their literature is wholly one of form. Nevertheless, the greater bulk of the poetry consists of mere word play and repetition of pretty conceits, while the prose is stuffed with the pedantry of men who counted it a religion not to be original, but conscientiously to keep within the ruts already marked for them.

Incidentally the work has vast value as a history of Japanese morals in both theory and practice. Its usefulness also to the actual writer of history in its larger sense is very great. It furnishes an index of taste, for in the Mikado's empire not only have customs and costumes changed with the centuries, but social life has undergone revolution, and the national character has varied with the flow of years. For example, one can see very clearly in this literary mirror that in the early ages women were treated with much more honor, allowed greater freedom, and permitted to develop their own inherent powers to an extent unknown after the sixteenth century. Then the adoption of Chinese ideas and customs kept woman more as a recluse, manifestly degraded her, and prevented any such development of her genius as flowered in the Middle Ages, when women not only were authors, but actually set the standard of the language. Even to this day the unchallenged models of pure Japanese are in the classic writings of the court ladies of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Very appropriately each one, except the first, of the seven periods into which Japanese literature may be divided is named after the particular city or place which was the literary centre of the age. Long before writing was introduced, which was late in the sixth century, there were Shinto songs and rituals which expressed the faith and gratitude of these island-dwellers. The student of religion must not neglect these witnesses, for as first utterances in literary form of the Nipponese, they show that some features, popularly and even by native and foreign writers ascribed to Shinto, as vital factors, were late introductions from China. When Mr. Aston talks about poetry, he, like Prof. Chamberlain, notices not only what Japanese poetry contains, its beauties and its limitations, but also its curious omissions. Primarily the expression of emotion, and confined to lyrics and epigrams, often (as to form) mere ejaculations, these stanzas, both ancient and modern, omit allusions to sunsets and stars, to war and to the prowess of heroes. The effusions of the Japanese muse concerned Nature and her phenomena and the doings and sayings of human beings, eschewing abstractions and personification. The form is an alternation of phrases of five and seven syllables each, a species of blank verse, and the spirit is impersonal. "To their minds things happen rather than are done; the tides of Fate are far more real to them than the strong will and the endeavor which wrestles with them." The recognition of a ruling personal power in the universe, if recognition there be, is very hazy. Both the "pillow words" and the "pivot words" are employed, or rather overworked, and in both cases we have a mechanical substitute for lack of ideas. The greatest of ancient collections (which the historian of Japan, yet to come, must master and digest) is the 'Manyoshiu,' or Collection of a Thousand Leaves, which now, under official auspices, is handsomely printed in 122 volumes, with everything in the way of commentary and indexes that the most ardent student can desire.

After the nomadic period of life with the particular tribe which finally became predominant over the others, and the fixture of the seat of government in "the city of peace," or Kioto, there began the production of real literature in the form of poetry, fiction, essays, and semi-historical works. These have few serious masculine qualities. They reflect the pleasure-loving and effeminate but cultured and refined character of the class of Japanese who produced them. This literature may be described in one word as belles-lettres. The men wrote in Chinese with little or no literary quality. If a man wanted to gain for his book any literary reputation, or to give to his writing the preservative salt of style, he hid his personality, and secured for his book ages of fame by adopting the "woman's style" of writing. To this period, from A. D. 800 to 1186, belong the 'Tosa Nikki,' the diary or logbook of a journey from Kioto to Tosa; the matchless 'Takétori Monogatari,' or story of the bamboo-cutter and his adopted daughter, the maiden from the moon, with whom the nobles and even the Mikado fall in love, and upon each of whom she lays an impossible task. Then there are the other Monogatari, or novels, crowned by that called 'Genji,' which has been in part translated into English, and which gives a wonderfully vivid picture of life and art, customs and morals in the imperial court. To this epoch Mr. Aston properly devotes seventy-five pages. No student of Japanese art can afford to pass by the study of this era of Japanese civilization as revealed in its literature.

With the decay of the imperial authority in Kioto and the swinging of the pendulum of government towards home rule in the provinces, the literary as well as the political centre moved to Kamakura, a few miles southwest of the present Tokio. There a brilliant but corrupt court flourished and scholars gathered. The political figurehead was usually a child sent from Kioto and theoretically nominated by the shadowy or cloistered Mikado, who was shorn of all power; but the real ruler was some vigorous member of the Minamoto or Hojo family. The only works worth noticing produced in this era were written in Chinese, and are mainly dry chronicles or mere works of information. These are mines of historical information, but are of slight value as literature. Exceptions, however, may be made in favor of two fascinating works which the reviewer confesses to have spent many hours of delight upon, namely, the 'Gémpéi Séisuki' (Glory and Fall of the Gen and Héi families), and the 'Héiké Monogatari,' or romance of the Héi clan. These works not only are attractive for their literary form, but relate with pathos and humor the vicissitudes of those noble families, the reds and the whites, who were, in alternation, the bosses of Japan and the ring-makers around the Mikado, and who carried nepotism and the spoils system to the most shameful extent. Finally, after long feud, they came to blows, and involved the empire in civil war, the once exiled Gen clan overthrowing and almost annihilating their Héi enemies in a great naval battle near Shimonoséki in 1184. Not a few Japanese novels are founded upon this series of incidents.

The dark age of Japan falls between the years 1332 and 1603, when the Ashikaga rulers held Kamakura and (in the latter part) Nobunaga, and the Taiko ruled from Kioto. Little of importance was produced during this time, but the famous No or lyrical dramas came into vogue. At first purely religious performances, to propitiate the Shinto deities, and given in front of the shrines, the No began to be presented in theatres, and buildings were especially erected for them. Perhaps properly translated "opera," these lyrical dramas are enacted through the medium of instrumental music and vocal recitation and song, with the accessories of superb and appropriate costumes and a great variety of masks. To the vulgar they are completely unintelligible. They are still performed in the largest cities of Japan, by the successors of the old managers who founded the art five hundred years ago; the audiences nowadays being almost entirely composed of ex-daimios and their old retainers. The latest and most complete collection contained 235 No, the great majority being of the fifteenth century. These lyrical dramas have furnished endless themes for treatment to the artist, decorator, and poet. In fact, it seems hard to separate in mental association the literature and the art of Japan. They have lived together in mutual helpfulness, like that old couple of Takasago, first introduced in the No and remembered to this day at the marriage festivals, where a representation of the aged husband and wife, with their broom and rake under the ancient pine-tree, is a necessity rather than a decoration.

If the Kamakura period was marked by the decline of learning, the Yedo period (1603-1867) was characterized by the revival of both learning and literature. After establishing his government in Yedo, the great pacifier Iyéyasu began the collection of books and manuscripts and the encouragement of scholars and schools. Though, except at Mito and Yedo, we cannot trace the actual personality and labors of the refugee Chinese scholars who fled to Japan from Peking, on the fall of the Ming dynasty and the accession of the Tartars, yet it is evident that their presence in the country exerted a profound influence at a happy moment. On a smaller scale, they accomplished very much what the Greek scholars, driven from Constantinople by the victorious Turks, did in Europe by carrying the Greek language and opening the ancient literature of Hellas. The study of Chinese in Japan became more than a fashion, it was a rage. Whereas, the Confucian ethics had of old been studied as a guide to moral conduct, it now, in the new form as transmuted by the Chinese scholar Chu-Hi, became a religion. The Samurai, or gentlemen, turned away from Buddhism, considering its pabulum fit only for women and children, and ardently reformed their lives and thought on the Chinese model. It is pretty safe to say that between the simple teachings of Jesus and the elaborate metaphysical system which lies at the basis of popular orthodoxy to-day, there is no greater difference—abysmal as that difference is—than between the original text and system of Confucius and the creed of the Japanese gentleman of the first half of this century. An undoubted intellectual stimulus to men, the Chinese philosophy and ethics acted disastrously upon the Japanese woman and home. It retired the wife and daughter from all mental activity, and had not a little to do with the creation of the *géi-sha*, that class of bright, educated, and pretty women, who, half-way between the lady and the prostitute, furnish the chief or-

nament of Japan's social life. The Chinese philosophy, we venture to think, exaggerated rather than diminished what is known as the social evil.

Along with the study of philosophy, history, and the literature of knowledge went several other remarkable movements, which we can but briefly notice. Popular literature took the form of children's stories and cheap novels, which were printed in the *kana* script and could therefore be read by women and children. We are glad to find that Mr. Aston agrees with our own view that the well-known fairy tales or children's stories, such as The Tongue-cut Sparrow, The Rat's Wedding, Little Peachling, and others are not really folk-lore, in the strict sense of the term, but had definite authors, whose names have long since been forgotten. The Utopian literature is worthy of notice, and so also is the romantic school of fiction. This, in the early part of our century, while Bakin was living, took on large proportions. Yet this tract of Japanese literature has been partially opened to the acquaintance of foreigners by more or less successful translations. Mr. Aston does not mention any American translators, yet we can heartily commend the work of Messrs. Greey, Miss Harris, the 'Sunrise Stories,' and the version of the 'Takétori Monogatari' by the Rev. E. R. Miller, though in none of these do we find a literal translation.

The study of Japanese antiquity, which was pursued by four great scholars in succession, not only was interesting in itself and endlessly fruitful to native authors and historians, but prepared a broad foundation on which foreign scholars could build. These four discovered for the modern Japanese the language, the history, and the political structure that underlay feudalism and the Chinese superstructure, and they have helped powerfully, in this half of the nineteenth century, to unify and protect the nation during a time of tremendous foreign onslaught. Like a dike, the work of these searchers and eloquent advocates of Japanese unity has given strength within and channels without and through, so that the inrush of foreign ideas means a fertilizing conduit rather than a devastating flood. Along with this work of revealing ancient Japan went that of Rai Sanyo, who portrayed the august features of the Mikado's ancient supremacy.

In book seventh, Mr. Aston treats of some recent developments under European influence, calling this section the Tokio Period. He glances at the modern political novel, and at the romancers who attempt to use the modern colloquial grammar instead of the traditional literary dialect. He shows the profound influence wrought by the translation of European novels upon the current literature, culminating in a reaction against the methods and principles of the Bakin school of fiction. The general impression left by his examination of the drama and fiction of the last twenty years is on the whole favorable. Even the art of writing history has made progress, and he looks for a rich development of the present signs of promise. As a literary critic, pure and simple, he believes that the Japanese, having already accepted European philosophy and science, will recognize the immense superiority of Christianity and will accept it. His verdict, however, is: "Their previous history suggests that this may take the direction of a more rationalistic form of Christian belief than that which prevails in Europe."

NEWMAN HALL.

Newman Hall: An Autobiography. Thomas Y. Crowell.

There is something contagious in the enjoyment with which this book has evidently been written. The writer was born in 1816, and something of effusion, not to say garrulity, can easily be pardoned in a man writing of himself when more than eighty years of age, especially when the writer, on the best of terms with himself, is on equally good terms with everybody else. Such geniality we do not often find. Its kindly warmth exudes from every page, and diffuses itself through every recollection of the good man's life. In his babyhood he used to say, as he looked out upon the busy street, "It's boofly all," and he is similarly impressed by the entire course of his experience; the keynote of his book being furnished by his gleeful exclamation when he was a very little boy, "Hooray for every one!"

His father was that earnest Nonconformist, John Vine Hall, whose 'Sinner's Friend' has been printed in seventy (!) languages and in millions of copies. His son is of the opinion that his autobiography, 'Conflict and Victory,' is a narrative of religious experience scarcely second to Bunyan's 'Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners.' Nevertheless, the family seems to have been a happy one, on Sundays the unusual strain of piety being relieved for the children with a delightful Noah's Ark. Then, too, there was "Piggey Pogey" (the small boy's rendering of 'Pilgrim's Progress'). To Bunyan's Delectable Mountains Dr. Hall credits in part his enthusiasm for mountain-climbing, and the idea is certainly as reasonable as Herbert Spencer's treatment of such enthusiasm as a survival of the active habits of our early ancestors. Dr. Hall's memory shows no signs of failure, and his recollections of his childhood are at least as entertaining as such recollections generally are, and this is saying much. The cap-sheaf, perhaps, was his getting so near the Duke of Wellington at a military review that the great Duke perceived his ardor and graciously extended to him his hand.

The elder Hall was editor of the *Maidstone Journal*, and, at fourteen, the son was apprenticed in the office for seven years. As a reporter, he heard Wilberforce's last speech at Farleigh, near Maidstone, and afterward went over to him with the proof. He remembers him as sitting askew in his arm-chair, exactly as he is represented in Westminster Abbey. No theatrical advertisements or reports were admitted to the *Maidstone Journal*, but the pious editor was not superior to a little artifice which had in it the potentiality of an editor's being bored beyond the limits of endurance; in order that a certain county baronet might have his speech, which he had not got off as intended, printed as "delivered in Maidstone," he shouted it in the editor's office. It was all about battering down the throne with the ruins of the altar, and that sort of thing.

Young Hall's printing ended with his apprenticeship, his mother's earliest hopes having been gratified by his resolve to enter the ministry. One of his teachers at Highbury College was Henry Rogers, whose 'Eclipse of Faith' had not yet darkened the religious world. Dr. Hall has a good word for it, possibly forgetting its contention that "never was there a book which presents greater objections to its reception morally and intellectually" than the Bible; the whole argument being that Christianity must be accepted as a divine revelation *because* it is so unreasonable. A breakfast with Chalmers was the most striking episode of Hall's college course. It revealed Chalmers as at once "fervent in spirit" and "not slothful in business," for, in the same breath with the "Forever and ever, amen!" that ended his devotions, he exclaimed, "Mary, did ye put that letter in the post?" One verdict on Mr. Hall's early preaching was that it was "very well for Dover Pier, but wouldn't do for Paddington"; but he had invitations from all quarters, and accepted one from Hull, where he remained from 1842 until 1854, living a very busy life, with such results as might well breed in him some honest pride. A church of 62 members was made one of 689; temperance societies were organized with a membership of 1,200; many new branches of church work were developed, and there was much widening of religious sympathy, with a prevalence of the ethical and human elements in religion over the dogmatic. From Hull he went to London and took charge of Surrey Chapel. He was an ardent tourist, and there is much about his travels in Switzerland, Italy, and the Holy Land, in which the animal spirits and genial sympathies of the man are freely exhibited.

The twelfth chapter, "American—Political," will be more interesting to American readers than any other in the book. Newman Hall was accounted in the Civil War one of the best friends we had in England, and for good reasons. After the *Trent* affair he convened a meeting of 2,000 workingmen in Surrey Chapel, and endeavored to make plain to them that the Northern people were "engaged in a war that was practically against slavery, and that to attack them would be to side with the oppressors." The speech was admirably adapted to its purpose, and afterwards, printed in tract form, was sent out in great numbers, among others to Gladstone, who, in letters of November 8, 1862, and February 2, 1863, protested his sympathy with the North's anti-slavery purpose, but insisted on the inability of the North to crush the rebellion. Dr. Hall answered in a letter that should have made more impression than it did. As the war went on, he addressed great public meetings in Birmingham, Hull, Sheffield, Manchester, and Liverpool, speaking at each meeting for two hours, and carrying resolutions favorable to the Union cause. In 1867 he came to America, bringing a letter of introduction from Gladstone to Sumner, and, travelling widely, reaped in many flattering attentions the fruit of the good will that he had sown, a degree from Amherst College, and much cordial appreciation of his endeavors to induce a better state of feeling between the two countries. The *Alabama* claims were then a matter of dispute, and Dr. Hall is not without some justifiable belief that he contributed something to their amicable settlement. Later he made two missionary tours in the United States, one of them involving an extended visit to Niagara. As he was coming away, a beautiful rainbow spanned the American and English falls, and, while he did not feel permitted to regard this lovely spectacle as a personal

compliment, it was only natural that it should seem to him a gracious symbol of that international good will he was so anxious to promote.

Dr. Hall's publications have had wide circulation. Of one of his tracts 4,000,000 copies have been issued in forty languages, a list of which is furnished by the Secretary of the Religious Tract Society. This tract is significant of Dr. Hall's persistent endeavor to make Christianity less a matter of dogma and more a matter of imaginative personal relationship with the founder of the Christian faith. His theological opinions are still mainly those with which he set out, but his emphasis upon some and his neglect of others have been determined by the natural goodness of his heart. It is not to be believed that he has contributed anything to the intellectual life of the religious world, for we find him quite recently debating such questions as "Whether the great religious revival of the world is to be expected on the occasion and as the immediate result of our Lord's second advent?" and "Whether believers, when they die, may be missionaries to former generations or to the inhabitants of other planets?" What he has done is much to soften the asperities of sectarian opposition, and to render religion a devotion to a personal ideal rather than mere acceptance of a set of dogmas.

In 1873 was laid the cornerstone of a new church, which was completed in 1876, at a cost of £62,000. To the raising of this amount Dr. Hall contributed a genius of the highest order for getting money out of people. But he got something better than money out of Ruskin—one of his most characteristic letters, quite as good as the similar one published in Collingwood's biography. He could see no use for such a building. "So far from that, I believe all our church building, all our preaching, and all our hearing is as great an abomination to God as ever incense and new moons in days of Jewish sin." There is a chapter on Dr. Hall's happy marriage, and three on persons he has known, which contain some interesting, but few valuable, glimpses of Dean Stanley, John Bright, Gladstone, the Howitts, Spurgeon, and others. Gladstone has a chapter to himself, notwithstanding the objection to "piecemeal biography" expressed in one of his letters. That Dr. Hall's personal admiration for him and his pleasant intercourse with him survived his rupture with his Home Rule policy, may mean no more than that Dr. Hall dearly loved to rub up against distinguished people; but we think it also means that opinions always counted less with him than character and personality.

A British Rifle Man: The Journals and Correspondence of Major George Simmons, Rifle Brigade, during the Peninsular War and the Campaign of Waterloo. Edited, with introduction, by Lieut.-Col. Willoughby Verner, late Rifle Brigade. With three maps. Crown 8vo; pp. xxvii, 386. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan.

We have here another valuable book of original material for the history of the Peninsular war and Waterloo. This "Rifle Man" (as the old fashion wrote it) was a young English surgeon who went from a militia regiment, in 1809, into the line of the Ninety-fifth Regiment, Rifles, and saw the whole of the campaigns of Wellington against Masséna, Marmont, and Soult till Napoleon's abdication in 1814. His stirring experience in the advance guard, where the Rifles generally were, was varied by tours of confinement in hospital, to which he was carried, in anguish from terrible wounds, on the rough bullock carts of Portugal over mountain roads. William Napier (afterward Sir William, the famous historian) was his comrade in the action near Almeida, where he got his first severe wound, and Napier tore off his own neckerchief to make a tourniquet for his friend, falling beside him from a wound he himself received while this was a-doing (p. 78).

Lieut. Simmons takes evident satisfaction in contrasting the courage and usual humanity of the English troops with the unstable ferocity of the Portuguese and Spanish, as well as with their demonstrative enemies, the French. It was Simmons's act which John Morley recently used as an example of the better model of soldierly conduct, when he was criticising the desecration of the Mahdi's remains at Omdurman. Simmons's reflections and his story are well worth quoting:

"Close to the place [Olmedo] was interred the body of General Férey. He was the officer who ordered the night attack at Barba del Puerco in 1810. How extraordinary are the changes produced by war! Only two years before, he had 10,000 veteran soldiers under his command. He was then actively employed against us, and now humbled to the dust, and I standing by his grave gazing at his mutilated carcass. The Spaniards had dug him up directly after the French left the town and before we entered. He had been buried with great honor, and a canopy of laurels which had been placed over his grave was torn down, his body exhumed, and his head severed from it. It was a noble head, with a fine, expressive countenance and a pair of large moustaches. I could not help observing, 'Well, you must have been a brave soldier, although our deadly foe. You shall be replaced by an enemy where your friends interred you, to rest in peace.' The remains were then in a most decent manner returned to the grave, and the Spaniards made acquainted with the horror and disgust we felt at their inhuman conduct toward a dead soldier" (p. 243).

The journal and letters make no effort at general military criticism. They are self-evidently faithful memoranda of events and experiences as they passed daily under the eye of a simple-hearted, brave man who meant to do the duty which England expected of him, and who had unbounded faith in "our noble Marquis of Wellington," who, he says, "is adored by the army." Incidents which he tells of Gen. Craufurd, who commanded the Light Division, in which the Rifles were, help to account for the reputation that officer had of being brave but narrow-minded, selfish and vindictive. The division buried Craufurd with military honors at the foot of the "little breach" at Ciudad Rodrigo, in storming which fortress he fell, but it is evident that real affection for him was lacking. In his home letters, Simmons continually repeats the injunction to keep them strictly in the family circle, and on no account to let what he says be talked about; and so the precious packet has lain for two generations without seeing the light.

At Waterloo the Rifles were in Picton's division, and late in the day, in one of the fierce onslaughts at the farmhouse of La Haye Sainte, Simmons was desperately wounded. A musket ball struck him in the side, crashed through two ribs, traversed the liver, and lodged under his breast-bone. He was carried into the building, laid on some straw, the ball cut out, and first attention given by a brave surgeon.

"Sergeant Fairfoot was also here wounded in the arm. He got me everything he could, and said he would go and knock some French prisoner off his horse for me in order to get me off. He got me a horse. They tried to lift me upon it, but I fainted; some other officer took it. In consequence of a movement the French made with all their forces, our people were obliged to retire. If I stayed I must be a prisoner, and being a prisoner was the same as being lost. Poor Fairfoot was in great agitation. He came with another horse. I remember some Life-Guardsmen helped me on."

More dead than alive, he rode twelve miles to Brussels. "The motion of the horse made the blood pump out, and the bones cut the flesh to a jelly" (p. 375). Yet he was nursed back to some degree of health by skilful surgery and the unflagging devotion of the good family in which he was billeted. He still served thirty years before he was retired as a Major, and Sir John Kincaid, in sketches of the heroes of the regiment, includes "George Simmons, with his riddled body held together by a pair of stays, though his was no holyday waist which naturally required such an appendage lest the burst of a sigh should snap it asunder, but one that appertained to a figure framed in nature's fittest mould to 'brave the battle and the breeze.'"

It would be hard to find anywhere a picture of a soldier's life in war so faithful, so true, so simply vivid as this. With all his sufferings, this officer was fascinated with his career, relished the adventures and the excitement, forgot his pains when his sturdy constitution put him on his legs again, and without a whimpering word went forward in what he honestly believed was a holy war against universal despotism in the person of Napoleon.

Masques and Mummers: Essays on the Theatre of Here and Now. By Charles Frederic Nirdlinger. The DeWitt Publishing House. 1899.

There is much entertaining and pertinent matter in these collected theatrical essays and criticisms, which are the work of a man possessing a considerable knowledge of his subject and the full courage of his opinions. There is also a good deal of shallow, flippant, pretentious, and ill-considered writing, but the assaults upon some of the current theatrical shams and abuses are delivered with excellent directness and effect, and with an independence which atones for many minor shortcomings. Mr. Nirdlinger's theories, it must be admitted, or rather the arguments with which he endeavors to buttress them, are not always particularly new or valuable. One of them is that acting has no just claim to be accounted an art—a proposition that has been debated pretty frequently by much more able controversialists. On some points the author exhibits curious misapprehension. He says that acting requires none of the greater faculties essential to other arts. But surely it does. It may not demand the manual dexterity of the sculptor, painter, or musician, but it requires great power of imagination, a comprehension of all the moods of nature, with ability to express them, a special intelligence to grasp the significance of great poetic and dramatic conceptions, a fine sense of relation and proportion, and, in its best estate, an extraordinary faculty of self-repression. There are successful performers, a good many of them,

who possess these qualifications not at all, or only in a slight degree, but they are not actors. Mr. Nirdlinger even goes so far as to assert that intelligence is not essential to the actor, whereas it is the one characteristic which distinguishes the real actor from the pretender.

In what he says about the facility with which children can be trained to play a part, he simply shows that he fails to appreciate the difference between acting and mere mimicry. From Master Betty downwards the failure of child prodigies to fulfil in later years the promise of their youth has been notorious. When he quotes the cases of certain popular favorites as examples of the truth of his contention, he invites an obvious retort, but it is only necessary to say that his selections are peculiarly unfortunate. He is on very much surer ground when he inveighs against the vanity, the absurd egotism, the false pretence, the greedy commercialism, the hunger for notoriety, and other deplorable and contemptible manifestations which afflict and degrade the contemporary theatre; and his comments upon accidental success and the advantages of personality are perfectly sound. It is curious that he does not perceive the fatal bearing they have upon his main theory. He tells some wholesome truth, too, in his denunciation of the prevailing "mummer-worship," as he calls it, which certainly is one of the meanest and silliest of modern idolatries. One of his most vigorous articles is that on "The White Sow in the Theatre," which deals with the contempt for common decency recently exhibited in some of the principal theatres; but it would have been more effective with less elaboration. The evil, however, is one that calls for loud protest. It is a pity that Mr. Nirdlinger does not lay the responsibility for it where it belongs, upon the shoulders of the men who have profited by it.

The chief defects of Mr. Nirdlinger as a writer are due to a lack of the sense of proportion and of the relation of things. He is apt to be over-enthusiastic in his praise and too headlong in his condemnation. In the ardor of his admiration for "thesis plays," and his contempt for those who deem the subjects of some of them too rank for enjoyment, he seems to maintain that purpose—didactic, moral, social, or scientific—is a sufficient excuse for whatever may be the character of the detail. This, of course, would leave the road open to abominations of every sort. No intelligent observer has any objection to the thesis play as such, but the stage is not the place for the discussion of morbid or obscene topics. The public interest in them is not intellectual—a fact which our author perceives clearly enough in the case of pieces like "Zaza," which he scores as they deserve. His judgment is clear, too, on "The Christian," but his generalizations are much too rash and violent, and he wastes great quantities of critical ammunition upon plays and persons of no significance.

His comparison of Duse and Bernhardt is acute and just, and he gives good reasons for assigning superiority to the great Italian actress; but in doing so, he demolishes very effectually his earlier contention that acting is not an art. He speaks, moreover, of the "elaborate art" of Henry Irving, adding (very truly) of the latter that his intelligence lifts his "gifts into the very highest realm of intellectual endeavor." Slips of this sort emphasize the virtue of consistency, and the danger of reprinting occasional essays, side by side, without careful revision. The book is of uneven quality, but the best parts of it are marked by ability and honesty, and it is written with fluency and smartness.

L'Education Politique de Louis XIV. By G. Lacour-Gayet, docteur ès lettres. Paris: Hachette & Cie. 1898. 8vo, pp. x, 472.

The book before us consists of two parts: the first treats of the political education of Louis XIV. during the life-time of Mazarin, "*surintendant* of his Majesty's education" by appointment of Anne of Austria; the second analyzes the theories concerning royal power which were current in France during Louis's reign. Each part, while complete in itself, marks also one stage in the production of a higher unity, which will be completed by the later publication of a work to be entitled 'Les Idées Politiques de Louis XIV.,' the author's goal. His present object is to furnish an answer to the question, hitherto practically neglected, What was the state of the political preparation of Louis XIV. when, at the age of twenty-two years and a half, he instituted his system of personal government?

Part I. is a study of the conditions under which Louis XIV. received his political education. The eight chapters of which this part is composed discuss first of all the appointment, character, work, and method of the young King's formal instructors. Then follows an analysis of the works, official and unofficial, employed, not employed, or even officially condemned, which were adapted or composed with a view to his instruction—works of the most varied quality, ranging from the solid productions of Péréfixe, Louis's preceptor, or the valuable 'Maximes' of the court's opponent, Claude Joly, to the emptiness of a second edition of Rivault's translation of the 'Remonstrances' of Basil the Macedonian, a treatise originally composed for the edification to perfection of a prince who ascended the throne of the Eastern Cæsars in the year 886! In the list are found works of the most varied character, ranging from the dry manuals of La Mothe le Vayer, the associate of Péréfixe, to the curiosity-provoking 'Codicilles de Louis XIII.,' a ponderous tome of more than one thousand pages, the exact date of whose composition is unknown, as is also the name of its author, his religion or irreligion, sanity or insanity. In the same catalogue are enrolled tragi-comedies, romances, picture-books, and even games with cards—not unlike our game of authors—in which illustrious and noble kings of France are invariably upon the winning side, while *les rois fainéants* and wicked as invariably lose.

The third chapter discusses at length the numerous charges of neglect and incompetency brought against Louis's instructors by St. Simon and others, and in his later years indirectly supported by Louis himself, who thought he had been deprived of forms of knowledge which *un honnête homme* should have. In view of the fact that the King's pride would naturally lead him to represent his greatness as self-acquired, and that the courtiers, to flatter the King and at the same time to vent their bitter hatred of Mazarin's memory, would humor the idea, our author rejects the charges, and, resting on the positive evidence of extant themes and exercises in Louis's own handwriting, asserts that it does not follow that his instructors voluntarily neglected his education, but that his education was essentially not a bookish one. Elsewhere is given a complete vindication of the personal activity of Mazarin.

Succeeding chapters deal with topics of no less interest and of even greater historical importance. It is shown that no influence over Louis's youth was more deep and lasting than the Queen-mother's. She developed the religious side of his nature, inculcating for holy things and religious practices a respect which was never shaken. She treated her son with a deferential tenderness which servile courtiers were prompt, in their own behavior, to debase into slavish obsequiousness. This, and the Queen's frequently expressed desire that he should reign as uncontested master—a desire enforced in practice by the passion and vindictiveness with which, in the days of the Fronde, she defended the independence of the crown and her son's authority—naturally led the King to magnify his rights at the expense of his duties. And so the boy who had one day written in his copy-book "L'hommage est deub aux roys, jls font ce qu'il leur plaist," tended more and more to adopt the maxim as a rule of life and power.

The influence of the Queen-mother and the court was supplemented by the practical teachings of Mazarin. He taught his aspiring pupil the lessons of statecraft and the art of ruling. At actual sessions of the council Louis was trained to solve actual problems of gradually increasing intricacy. The characteristic advice of the dying minister simply summarized the teachings of those daily private conferences to which, for years past, Cardinal and King had accustomed themselves: the King was to be sole minister, in all affairs of state he was to take unceasing personal action, he was to be King in function as well as in title. Mazarin had been dead a quarter of a century when the Venetian Ambassador wrote that "the spirit of Mazarin was still alive, that the minister was ruling from the depths of his tomb as formerly from his cabinet." On the whole, our author concludes, Mazarin was not unworthy of the glowing tribute of Péréfixe: "In truth, Monseigneur, I believe that there is nothing finer or more glorious for your Eminence; and I am mistaken if those who write the history of your life will not have trouble in finding a particular which better merits their eulogies than this."

Louis's mother had taught him piety and pride of place; Péréfixe, his preceptor, had bidden him rule as a second Henri IV.; Mazarin had given him political insight and practical training; the King's natural endowments made him a most apt pupil, and his personal experience, particularly during the wars of the Fronde—a topic to which M. Lacour-Gayet devotes a very valuable chapter—helped to repeat and emphasize their lessons. The whole drift of the times after the Fronde was towards absolutism. Louis's political ideas were of slow growth, it is true, but at the time of Mazarin's death they were fixed and were henceforth unchangeable.

Part II. is a very successful attempt to determine the elements of the political atmosphere of the epoch in France, as created by illustrious theologians, philosophers, and students of public law. Justice is done to the effect on the formulation of political

theory of the Fronde, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the political revolution of 1688. Among the myriad of interesting and important facts which fill M. Lacour-Gayet's pages, there is one which should receive especial mention as of great interest to English readers—the effect of Hobbes's philosophy upon contemporaneous French thought. So far as we are aware, this topic has not yet been treated, at least with any fulness, by any author using an English pen. In general, we have here the result of solid scholarship, based on documentary sources inaccessible, for the most part, to all except those who pursue their researches in the Bibliothèque Nationale. The work abounds in skilful analyses and appreciations of contemporary authorship; and the diligent student can no more afford to neglect it than to pass over a recent English publication of a somewhat similar nature, in part—Mr. Gooch's 'History of English Democratic Ideas in the Seventeenth Century.' We await with interest the appearance of the additional work promised by the author.

The Merchant Prince of Cornville: A Comedy. By Samuel Eberly Gross. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co. 1899.

If originality consists in setting at defiance the elementary principles of any art, and in missing the purpose which a literary composition parades in its preface, "The Merchant Prince of Cornville" must indisputably be given a high place among the most original of recent dramatic productions. Without some such assumption as this in the popular mind, the presence of the words "Fourth Edition" on the title-page remains an unsolved enigma. It is the avowed intention of the author "to present the poetic and ideal in dramatic contrast with the materialistic and commonplace spirit"; in the execution of which design a tender maiden, when on the point of being sacrificed to a capitalist by her recklessly speculating uncle, is saved by a lucky turn in the stock market which enables the guardian to restore the squandered *dot*, and the girl to cleave to her ideal. A Philistine would promptly conclude that the victory is really won by the ideal—*plus* money. Thus much for materialism. As an offset to the positive and vulgar reality represented by capital with science and letters in its pay in the shape of a professor and a journalist, a poet (Ideal) is introduced in order to prove that "the love of a high-minded and refined woman can be gained only by appealing to her poetic fancy and finer sensibilities." The heroine of the play is, in this respect, singularly easily satisfied, unless we assume that Ideal is keeping back the best of his poetical treasures, for what maiden under the blue skies was ever successfully wooed with anything resembling such pipings as these?

> "Give me the wings of yonder lark,
> Soaring into the perfumed dawn
> Beyond the chimney's beckoning spark
> That, blackening, strews the beaten lawn.
>
> "For I, within this tree immured,
> With fervent glances scan the ships
> That sail and sail until, obscured,
> The ivory fleet the ocean dips;
>
> "While swarms of white-winged memories,
> Like missive-bearing doves, arise
> From out the pure pellucid seas,
> And float above these orchard skies."

Truly, the poet seems here to have taken his inspiration from Swift's "Love-song in the Modern Taste," or Macaulay's "Tears of Sensibility." What conceivable *sequitur* can connect a rhymester's uncomfortable (but voluntary) concealment in a hollow tree, and his desire to soar skywards on the wings of the lark? And from the last stanza he who reads may run.

The announcement of a play as a comedy usually prepares its readers for at least a minimum of comic effect. Now, though we readily admit that the sense of humor varies in quantity and quality with age, place, sex, and occasion, the triumph of the pun, cheap or labored, has never yet been deemed among the worthier efforts of the playwright. But "The Merchant Prince of Cornville" fairly bristles with puns. "This tree hath no tell-tale bark, and I'll stay here" (p. 15). "Oh! put me in a pillory, but put no pill in me. . . . Cæsar was stabbed by the iron daggers of the conspirators, but I am slugged by an iron bolus from the hands of my friends. This is ironical. Alas! I am a pundit; for as a typical representative of the pun, e'en while the iron was in my heart I have doubly punn'd it" (p. 38). "To see a flea, you must flee the sea—unless perchance you may see a deep-sea flea, such as I have at the bottom of my basket" (p. 56). Here and there, the characters strive after somewhat deeper-seated mirth than this. Thus, positive science is ridiculed in the professorial explanation of laughter as resulting from "the juxtaposition of two incongruous yet contemporaneous images in the mind, simultaneous with contrasting and varying pressures upon the electrically charged nerves"; the modern merchant, masquerading as a knight-errant, describes his feelings as those of a "rooster in an iron nightgown"; and the duellists in a "word combat," characteristically invented by the journalist, pepper each other with such explosives as "impecunious porcupine" and "hypothecated buzzard."

But, as comedy often professes to utter opinions on the realities of life and conduct, an occasional aphorism is thrown in by way of showing how far wisdom and truth have progressed in Cornville: "Dreams do not end but oft begin at dawn" (p. 22). "A child that never ventured in the field may know a blossom when it sees it" (p. 28). "Man is like a reversed vegetable that has swallowed its roots and walked off on its branches" (p. 46). "Romance that is not perpetual, but goes by fits and starts, is not worth the reality it feeds upon" (p. 51).

> ". . . While love is true,
> Two doubles come, both blent in one, in love's
> Bright mirror; but when fails the endearing bond
> Of selfishness, the passions, then two natures
> Rudely clash therein, and love sees double,
> Like to an eye disordered" (p. 79).

It was from this play that the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" was lately charged with having taken the suggestion for some of his most brilliant scenes.

Old Clocks and Watches and their Makers. With 400 illustrations. By F. J. Britten. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

Horology is here secondary to the ornamentation of time-pieces, including mechanical marionettes and the like. The illustrations are interesting and may be useful. The general history of the art is a good compilation of no extraordinary accuracy. For example, we read, "The earth performs its revolution round the sun in 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 49.7 seconds. No account was taken of the odd hours till the year B. C. 45." The time given is the tropical year, not the period of revolution of the earth. The second sentence should read: *Among the Romans* no *regular* account was taken of the difference between the year and 365 days, etc. It would be easy to give other examples.

One of the main features of the book is a list of some three thousand former clock and watch-makers, with brief notices of them. Here also faults abound. A brief cursory turning of the leaves has brought to notice the following: The Neguses of New York and the Bonds of Boston are overlooked. Jürgensen is uniformly printed without the umlaut; and the first watchmaker of the family, Jœrgen, is omitted, as well as Jules Frederik and Jœrgen Urban Frederik. Louis Urban is said to have been born in 1790, when (according to a right statement just above) his father was but fourteen years old. The true date is 1806. Heinrik Johannes Kessels, as eminent a clockmaker as Holland ever produced, is omitted. The celebrated Jobst Bürgi is entered thus: Burgi, J. (De Burgi or Burguis), Prague. The "Burguis" is evidently a corruption of the Latinized Byrgius. His much longer residence in Cassel is ignored. One of the familiar names of French horology is, in its place of entry, thrice printed Bréguet, though elsewhere correctly. The date of birth of the first Breguet is wrong, and the information about the last head of the private firm is very insufficient. That his nephew passes unnoticed is not a matter for complaint. Ferdinand Berthoud is said to have been born in 1745, instead of 1727, and Louis Berthoud is omitted. Jodin is called Jean, instead of Pierre, and a posthumous Paris reprint of his chief book is referred to where the Geneva original should have been cited. Both the dates attached to the name of Oronce Fine (printed Finé, by a common error) are wrong. Bourgeois, the maker, if not the inventor, of Vaucanson's duck, is not on the list, where we need hardly say that such names as Prasse and Steiner would be sought in vain. Of J. A. Lepante there is a nearly correct account, but no mention of his distinguished wife, brother, and two nephews. The authorship of the 'Mathematicæ Clavis' is attributed to Benjamin Oughtred, instead of to William, who was not a watchmaker. Sir G. B. Airy is said to have been appointed Astronomer Royal in 1855, when he had really occupied that post for nineteen years.

It is a pity the list should so swarm with faults; but they are almost insignificant compared with its positive merits. For London names, the records of the Clockmakers' Company have enabled Mr. Britten to make a close approach to completeness, although we are bound to note that we have met with one omission and one error in the account of an eminent family of London watchmakers. He seems to have diligently searched the London and Edinburgh Gazettes, and to have examined an incredible number of old time-pieces with unwearied assiduity. If the exercise of greater care to avoid erors would have had the effect of preventing the publication or even of greatly curtailing the list, we ought to be thankful for the carelessness, for facts substantially new are certainly more valuable than minute corrections of facts already collected, while one little correction will oftentimes involve an amount of labor that might, in a fresh field, have

been utilized for the collection of ten facts quite unknown. How much easier it is to learn that there is a sun in the heavens than to ascertain its precise diameter in seconds, and how much more important that easily acquired knowledge!

The Story of Rouen. By Theodore Andrea Cook. Illustrated by Helen M. James and Jane E. Cook. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1899.

This book irresistibly recalls Ben Jonson's line, "In small proportions we just beauties see," a saying which applies to products of the press as well as to human lives. When travelling, we visit a hundred towns, and by residence in a few of them gain some touch of the *genius loci.* Then we leave them, and in the course of years our first delightful impressions become a recollection rather than an active pleasure. But now and then we meet with a sympathetic sketch or description which brings back to us the old charm in something like its freshness. Many are the towns whose streets and towers cry aloud for a genuine historian and find him not. Fortunately, Rouen is no longer one of these. The little volume before us, by the skilfulness of its composition and the beauty of its illustrations, no less than by its association with a striking subject, makes the past live once more in fair or sombre but always vivid forms.

Rouen at once suggests Normandy, and Normandy in turn suggests the eleventh century, when warriors went forth from the lower Seine to conquer the Sicilies on the one hand and England on the other. Knowing as we do the fondness of the Normans for erecting monumental buildings, we should expect, *a priori,* that they would have decorated their capital with castles and cathedrals like those which they built under the shadow of Monte Pellegrino and in the great Palatine earldom of the north. But the architectural paradox is that the minor towns of Normandy still possess finer examples of the Norman Romanesque than Rouen itself. In leaving the régime of John for that of Philip Augustus, Mr. Cook says: "From a short survey of the town alone, no one who had never seen Caen or Coutances would imagine that he was in the duchy which possessed a school of architecture that was developed into Notre Dame in the Île de France, and into Durham . . . in England."

And yet for its buildings Rouen stands in the forefront of European towns. Who has not heard of its cathedral and the glorious St. Ouen and the Rue de la Grosse Horloge? Not only does it abound with Gothic churches, but also with the houses and mansions of the Renaissance. Mr. Cook, whose interests are at least half architectural, traces affectionately the origin of every prominent building in Rouen down to the beginning of the nineteenth century. After that time he finds "so little of distinction and so much of average merit that my story languishes beneath a load of bricks and mortar." In the last clause the author does himself scant justice, for at no point can the story be said to languish. Where architecture is not the ruling motive, history comes to the rescue, for the annals of Rouen are set thick with pieces of rapid and crowded action.

Although we are unable to give a detailed analysis of this beautiful volume, we must nevertheless reveal (so far as we can) the cause of its success in a few words. One element in the result may be brought out through the word of recognition which Mr. Cook pays to those veterans before him in the field, M. Floquet and M. Charles de Beaurepaire. "Both were scholars in the École des Chartes, the only school of accurate historical instruction in the world." Perhaps such a tribute is too terse for scrupulous accuracy, but it shows that Mr. Cook has proper standards, and when, immediately afterwards, he adds that his guides to "the principles of organized research" have been M. and Mme. Darmesteter, one can still further understand why his preliminary investigations have been so full. His style, too, is one of real literary merit, enriched by a wide range of reading, and alive with an attractive enthusiasm. Thirdly, we must mention the drawings of Mrs. Cook and Miss James, which have been reproduced in excellent illustrations. They recall the designs of M. Gaston Coindre for 'Mon Vieux Paris,' though they are, we should say, even more delicate than his.

From force of habit rather than any special sense of duty, we record one or two misprints, *e. g.,* p. 40, the date 1108 for the assembly at Lillebonne, and p. 104, the date 1141 instead of 1143 for the death of Ordericus Vitalis. On p. 80, Robert of Bellesme occurs instead of Belesme, as Mr. Cook, in accordance with general usage, ordinarily writes. We conclude by applying to this admirable sketch of town history (for it is in no sense a guide-book) a maxim of Rouen itself. The arms of the town are a lamb bearing a banner and with one of its front feet raised. Hence has come the local proverb, "L'Agneau de la ville a toujours la patte levée," which means that the Normans are great travellers. This municipal device should have been stamped on the cover of the book to signify that it deserves a wide circulation.

The Chronicle of the Discovery and Conquest of Guinea. Written by Gomes Eannes de Azurara; now first done into English by C. R. Beazley and E. Prestage. Vol. II. With an Introduction. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1899. [No. C.] 8vo.

The Hakluyt Society's hundredth volume contains the concluding chapters, 41-97, of the translation of Azurara's 'Chronicle of the Discovery and Conquest of Guinea.' To the ordinary reader it is interesting, not so much for the information given as for the naïve way in which the chronicler describes deeds of purest savagery. Though Prince Henry's aim in sending out these expeditions was to found a commercial and colonial empire for Portugal, his captains were chiefly bent on getting plunder and slaves. Azurara, however, sees in them God's agents in rescuing souls perishing in heathenism. Each successful raid on some wretched African village is regarded as a cause for devout thankfulness, while of those who were so fortunate as to escape from their brutal assailants he says, in one instance, "Oh, if only among those who fled there had been some little understanding of higher things. Of a surety I believe that the same haste which they showed in flying, they would then have made in coming to where they might have saved their souls and restored their affairs in this life." In his summary of the results of the voyages narrated by him, that on which he lays the chief stress is that 927 slaves have been brought to Portugal, of whom "the greater part were turned into the true path of salvation." The arrival of some of the caravels at the mouth of the Senegal, believed by the navigators of the fifteenth century to be one of the mouths of the Nile, is the occasion of some chapters full of curious lore in respect to this river.

The chronicle is rendered into excellent English. The notes are largely based on those of the Viscount Santarem. An introduction by Mr. Beazley is a scholarly account of Prince Henry's part in the exploration of the West African coast and of the maps and scientific geography up to and during his life. It sketches, besides, the history of Mohammedanism in Northern Africa and the status of that religion at the time of these voyages. The index would have been more useful had it contained references to all proper names, as Tider, Ergim, etc. There are reproductions of two interesting mediæval maps and a view of Prince Henry's statue at Belem.

Yale: Her Campus, Class-Rooms, and Athletics. By Lewis Sheldon Welch and Walter Camp. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1899.

Accepting the truth of the proverb that a little folly is relished occasionally by the wisest men, we may commend this book to Yale graduates. Every one knows the sentiment felt by students towards their college —a product of youthful enthusiasm, generous appreciation, venerable tradition, prevailing opinion, and subtle association. We know how deep it is and how shallow, and that its effusive display may be as sickening as its genuine outburst is exhilarating. We confess that we do not enjoy the high key in which this account of Yale is composed. To read page after page of strained laudation and glorification is wearisome to the most loyal graduate, if not to the more youthful student. It is well to be devoted to the alma mater, and at the proper time to express devotion; but to print a volume of this devotional matter is not in good taste.

Aside from form, the matter here presented is an epitome of college life. The customs, old and new; the follies, new only in their accidents; the local traditions and associations, are set forth here in interesting detail. There is a long account of the cultivation of athletics, with many columns of records of interclass and intercollegiate contests—figures as fascinating to many, no doubt, as they are repellent to others. There are chronologies of the different schools or colleges, tables of attendance, lists of donations, records of appointments and publications. Perhaps the most useful part of the book is that entitled "The Yale Class-Rooms," in which particular accounts are given of buildings and of the curricula therein pursued. Much information is here compacted, and some of it well prepared and arranged. In short, the book is a kind of encyclopædia of Yale, containing much that her sons will take delight in reading, omitting somewhat of matter worthy to be recorded, and suffering from the inevitable corpulency attending the encyclopædic habit. But the printers and binders have done their work well, and the blue and gold of the cover makes a brave showing.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Beman, Prof. W. W., and Smith, D. E. New Plane and Solid Geometry. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Bertheroy, Jean. Le Journal de Marguerite Plantin. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Broughton, Rhoda. The Game and the Candle. Appletons.
Cameron, Robert. The First Epistle of John. Philadelphia: Baptist Publication Society. $1.25.
Carruth, Hayden. Mr. Milo Bush, and Other Worthies. Harpers. $1.
Coulter, Prof. J. M. Plant Relations. A First Book of Botany. Appletons. $1.10.
Crowley, Aleister. Jephthah, and Other Mysteries, Lyrical and Dramatic. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
Deluscar, Horace. Merris, and Other Poems. London: Gay & Bird.
Deschamps, Gaston. Le Malaise de la Démocratie. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Douglas, R. K. China. [Story of the Nations.] Putnams. $1.50.
Espanet, O., and Sharpe, Capt. H. G. Supply of an Army during Active Operations. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Co. $1.50.
Faguet, Emile. Flaubert. [Les Grands Ecrivains Français.] Paris: Hachette; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.
Given, Welker. A Further Study of the Othello. New York: Shakespeare Press. $3.
Hazen, M. W. First Book in Spelling. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Knopf, Dr. S. A. Pulmonary Tuberculosis. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $3.
Leading Persons and Periods in English Church History. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. $1.
Moore, Edward. Studies in Dante. Second Series. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Mott, E. H. The Story of Erie. New York: J. S. Collins.
Naurouze, Jacques. Séverine. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Paget, Rev. F. P. An Introduction to the Fifth Book of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Ragg, F. W. King Alfred's Dreams, and Other Poems. London: Rivingtons.
Ransome, Stafford. Japan in Transition. Harpers. $3.
Read, Capt. G. W. The Automatic Instructor. A Practical System for Home Study. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Co. 75c.
Steffens, Mrs. Josephine B. Letitia Berkeley, A.M. A Novel. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.75.
Steward, T. G. A Charleston Love Story. F. T. Neely.
Sylva, Carmen. Le Hêtre Rouge. Meyer Bros. & Co.
The Letters of Capt. Dreyfus to his Wife. Harpers. $1.
Weise, Prof O. Schrift- und Buchwesen in Alter und Neuer Zeit. Leipzig: B. C. Teubner.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1899.

The Week.

The feeling among the volunteers who have been serving in the Philippines is made clear enough when a detachment of them escapes the region where the censorship prevails and reaches this country, as did the Nebraska regiment and the Utah artillery on Sunday. All the dispatches from San Francisco agree that the soldiers express the greatest dissatisfaction with the management of the campaign by Gen. Otis, and the warmest satisfaction at escaping from further service in the war of conquest. Col. Mulford, commander of the Nebraska troops, is quoted as saying that "just one man in the entire regiment reenlisted," while Lieut.-Col. Eager of the same regiment is represented as believing that "it will take at least twenty years to entirely pacify the Filipinos," and as stating that "all the men think the price we are paying for our new possessions is far in excess of what they are worth." It is a serious matter for the Administration when each returning regiment distributes in a host of communities men who know from experience what the war in the Philippines really is, and who hold such views as these about it.

How the Philippine censorship worked in actual practice is lucidly explained by the *Evening Post's* Manila correspondent. It was designed to keep the Filipinos in ignorance of what was going on; but those really kept in ignorance were the people of the United States. It was the American press in Manila that was censored; the Spanish papers published what they pleased. News to and from the United States was suppressed or cut down to a meaningless nothing; but the Filipinos, by means of cablegrams from Hong-Kong in Chinese, got all the information they desired. All the American military plans were known in advance, so it would seem; at least they were steadily frustrated in their main intention of shutting in and capturing large bodies of insurgent troops. All told, therefore, the censorship led to the ridiculous result that it deceived those who should have been enlightened, and enlightened those whom it aimed to deceive. As the correspondent points out, the army officers on the spot had all along a view of the situation radically different from the official view at Washington, and it is the army view which the event has shown to be the correct one.

It is an interesting question whether the Washington authorities were misled as regards the condition of affairs in Luzon, or whether they deliberately closed their eyes to the truth. The Hong-Kong *Telegraph* of June 8 attributes the successive failures in the Philippines to "the ignorance of the Americans with respect to the Filipinos." It refers particularly to the terms offered by the President in his original proclamation, and later in the peace negotiations, and says that they were simply "farcical" from the Filipino standpoint. Under Spanish rule the natives had enjoyed rights of local government greater in some important respects than those the self-styled liberator, McKinley, was magnanimously proposing to give them. The Filipinos, says the *Telegraph*, "are right to reject them," if they are not yet reduced to unconditional surrender. It goes on to say that the American Government "requires enlightenment upon the subject of the Philippines and the Filipino people," and that it is time for it to realize that it is not dealing with "a rabble of uneducated savages," but with leaders at least who are "accomplished and civilized." It is, we say, difficult to make out whether our high and mighty Imperialists at Washington had misleading information about people and country, or loftily waved aside facts they did not like. We know that the President's circumstances last December and January were not such as to inspire in him a humble desire to know the unpleasant truth. He was flattered to the top of his bent. He was exalted by his toadies to a pedestal so lofty that it is no wonder if he could not believe that a set of wretched Filipinos would dare to resist his nod. But even if he then had the excuse of ignorance, he has it no longer. Everybody can now see how we blundered in the Philippines. But is there any sign that the President, with new knowledge, is taking a new attitude? No man knows except Mr. McKinley, and he will not tell. Otis appears to have clapped the censorship on him also.

Senator Burrows of Michigan served public notice, in an interview on Monday, that the Republican party cannot stand the long continuance of the war in the Philippines without risking the loss of the next Presidential election. Here is the explicit language which he uses:

> "It is my judgment that, if the war in the Philippines is still in progress next year, and the end is not then in sight, the situation will be to the disadvantage of the Republican party. The only hope for the party and the country, I might add, is in a speedy change of conditions in the Philippines. Unless the war in the Philippines speedily ends, it will become an important political factor, and its continuance will make the outlook for Republican success uncertain, to say the least."

The remainder of the interview does not count for much. Mr. Burrows says: "If I could have had my way, we would have simply taken a coaling station or a base of supplies in the island of Luzon, we would not have paid a penny to Spain, and we would have our foothold in the East without the sacrifice of life and money." He thinks that "the President is acting wisely in endeavoring to restore peace and order in the Philippines by sending an increased army to assist Gen. Otis," and says that "it is to be sincerely hoped that the fresh troops will be able to establish the authority of the United States"; but he declares that, if the additional troops sent cannot restore peace, "Congress will have to deal with the problem." Of course he has no wisdom to contribute to the solution, although he goes so far as to admit the possibility of finally surrendering the islands.

The Hon. Steve Elkins comes to the point in the business of Alger's removal with a blunt directness equal to Foraker's. He says that the deposed Secretary had endured a series of "undeserved assaults," and had stood up manfully under "abuse which might otherwise have been thrown at the President." Yes, so Alger himself has said all along; so Mr. McKinley himself said for month after month. "Why, my dear sir," he would say to one troubled protestant after another, "to attack Mr. Alger is to attack me." That majestic answer should have stopped the assaults at once; but as it did not, and the carping went on, the President let dignity go hang, and dismissed Alger for having rendered, as he himself put it, "faithful service." Never was there so overloaded a scapegoat as Mr. Alger, and it is very doubtful if he succeeds in carrying off the sins of the Administration into the wilderness of Michigan. Indeed, he is broadly intimating that he does not mean to try to, but is going to leave on the White House steps several neat bundles of political sins, carefully addressed to their rightful owner within.

There is a good deal of pricking up of imperialistic ears over the disturbances in San Domingo and the dispatch of war-ships thither, but not as much as there would have been two years ago. We have now such a full line of imperial "responsibilities" that even our most greedy empire-builders are willing to wait a bit before assuming more. Still, there is one fetching argument which they say they are unable to resist. If "anarchy" should prevail in the island, then we should have to step in and take it (including the government

of Hayti, too, apparently). We are now the greatest suppressors of anarchy in the world. We do not want to meddle, but the sight of anarchy fires our blood, and we are off at once to extinguish it. That is what took us to the Philippines, and the world sees how anarchy disappeared the moment we showed ourselves there. It is, of course, only foreign anarchy that rouses us. We can see our own cities turned over to mobs, and Judge Lynch holding court in large sections of the country, with equanimity, but anarchy anywhere abroad we regard as a call for our immediate appearance on the scene. So if any of the Dominicans want to be annexed, all they have to do is to act like a set of turbulent anarchists, and we will instantly mark them for our own. Our appetite for anarchy is insatiate.

"The late Colonel Monroe" put in an appearance at The Hague on Tuesday week. Our delegates filed a solemn warning that the United States must be understood as adhering to their traditional policy of having nothing to do with European quarrels, and allowing Europe to have nothing to do with American quarrels. The other Powers did not ask, as they might have done, "Then what are you here for?" or "What are you doing in the Philippines?" They silently acquiesced in the American tribute to the now very much departed Monroe. It was a little piece of humbug which deceived nobody, and therefore did no great harm. Uncle Sam with his clutch on the Philippines, all in the name of no interference with European questions, and renewing his cry, "You stick to your continent and I'll stick to mine," is a slightly comic figure. But the decorous delegates seem to have done all their laughing in their sleeves.

Cynical people cannot be blamed for remarking on the contrast between the fervid advocacy of arbitration by England and the United States at The Hague, and the persistent refusal of each to arbitrate the only serious international difference it now has on hand. Great Britain says it cannot arbitrate its dispute with the Transvaal, since it does not become the suzerain power to arbitrate with the vassal state. But, after all, in all that relates to its internal government, the Transvaal is an independent state. This has had recent international affirmation. England addressed a note to the Italian Government, and perhaps some others, asking that the shipment of arms to the Transvaal be stopped. But the polite answer was that the Transvaal, as an independent state, not at war, could buy munitions of war wherever it chose. And as the main quarrel of England with President Krüger turns on the proper interpretation of the London Convention, it would seem to be a case where the decision of impartial jurists could be most properly and happily sought and accepted. But England, away from The Hague, feels insulted at the suggestion. In our own dispute with Canada, we have not refused point-blank to arbitrate, but we have insisted upon a manifestly unfair arbitrating tribunal. To demand only South American arbitrators is practically to demand prejudiced arbitrators, since our Government has officially declared our will to be law on all this continent. If Canada were to submit her case to South American jurists, how could she tell that they would not be under the spell of Mr. Olney's famous "fiat"?

A fuller report of the proceedings at The Hague, when explosive or expansive bullets were under discussion, throws a somewhat better light upon the attitude of the English and American delegates. The resolution offered by a Russian military expert was distinctly aimed at the English Dum-Dum bullet. This was pointed out by Capt. Crozier, our military attaché, who proposed the adoption of a rule couched in broader terms, so as to exclude any bullet making an unnecessarily cruel wound. He intimated that several countries were experimenting with rifles designed to give a twisting or rotary motion to the small-calibre steel bullets, and said that their tearing through a man would be worse than being hit by a Dum-Dum. He therefore offered an amendment to the rule so as to prohibit any missile more destructive than absolutely necessary to put a man *hors de combat*. This, however, was voted down by the Continental delegates; whereupon the English and Americans refused to vote against expansive bullets, and also declined to sign the convention prohibiting them. Their consistency or wisdom in doing so is not very clear; but they are at least able to say that they advocated a more comprehensive rule than that finally adopted by the majority of the Conference.

It is announced on both sides of the water that a treaty of reciprocity between France and the United States has been negotiated, by virtue of which we shall obtain the same privileges in French markets that are enjoyed by England, Germany, Switzerland, and other countries which are under the conventional or minimum tariff. France keeps two kinds of tariff "in stock," one with relatively high duties, that is applicable to all countries with which she has no commercial treaty, and the other adjustable at lower rates, and applicable to countries which make lower rates for the admission of French goods. We borrowed this device in framing the McKinley tariff, and it was repeated in somewhat different terms in the Dingley bill. In fact, it was repeated twice in the latter measure. Section 3 of the act seems to have been specially designed for an arrangement with France. It authorized the President, without the concurrence of the Senate, to enter into an agreement with any country producing and exporting brandies or other spirits, champagne and other sparkling wines, still wines, vermuth, paintings and statuary, whereby the duties on those articles shall be reduced in exchange for like concessions by the exporting country in favor of the products and manufactures of the United States. An agreement thus made is to go into effect by the issuance of the President's proclamation, and to remain in force during his pleasure. This provision, so obviously intended for France, has not been availed of in the negotiation which has now been concluded.

Section 4 of the same act authorizes the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties of reciprocity with any country in respect of any kinds of goods, wares, and merchandise, by reducing the duties on the same by not more than 20 per cent. for a period of not more than five years. It is under this clause that the present treaty has been negotiated. Consequently, it cannot go into effect until ratified by the Senate by a majority of two-thirds. It requires ratification by the Senate of France also, and there are already loud mutterings of discontent in that quarter, and predictions that it will not be ratified. Exactly what the objections on the French side are is not stated, since the details of the treaty have not been made public. It is probable, however, that some articles of both manufacture and agriculture have been put on the list which have excited the apprehension of French producers of similar articles, and it is not improbable that they may be strong enough to prevent ratification. France is eaten up by the protective dogma. The masses are a prey to the classes in the most approved republican fashion, and it is pretty safe to assume that nothing can pass the ordeal of ratification against which any considerable class interest is arrayed. It would be useless to speculate on the fate of the treaty on our side of the water until we know what it contains. It is announced that champagne is not included in its terms, although Congress evidently contemplated that it should be. We cannot say that this is a defect, since the drinkers of champagne are not usually in need of relief, while those who are so can obtain it by not drinking champagne.

The agitation of last spring against the Baggage Abuse has resulted in the organization of the American Travellers'

Defence Association, an extremely strong body. The object of the Association is the repeal of the $100-limit clause of the Dingley act; and, in accordance with this purpose, branch organizations will be formed in various cities of the country to get signers to petitions to Congress requesting such action. The recent contention, that the language of the clause limiting its application to "articles purchased abroad by such residents of the United States" virtually deprives it of much of its force, since it cannot be made to apply to presents or articles purchased by some other person than the one in whose possession they are, will be of material assistance in securing the repeal. The law was odious before this discovery was made, and was virtually a failure also, since the amounts collected under it were absurdly small as compared with the claims made by its advocates at the time of its enactment as to what it would bring in if it were to be put in force. If, now, even these amounts are to be made still smaller, and the law itself is to be made ridiculous because of its blundering phraseology, its repeal ought to be a comparatively easy matter.

Some commotion has been stirred up in the Populist and Silver Republican ranks by a reported declaration of Gov. Stone of Missouri, the chairman *pro tem.* of the National Democratic committee, in the following words:

> "The Democratic party henceforth must maintain its individuality. If other parties desire to build a parallel line alongside the Democratic tracks, no objection can be raised, but a consolidation under the terms of which the Democratic party will surrender in part control over its own organization, or place any of its affairs in the hands of those who do not fully accept its doctrine and disclaim allegiance to all other parties, is not to be tolerated under any circumstances."

There is very good reason to believe that this is an authentic deliverance, that it represents the views of the Democratic leaders, and that the policy which it foreshadows will be carried out in the convention of next year. There will be no Tom Watson encumbrance on the next national ticket. The Populists are a disappearing faction, and the Silver Republicans have already disappeared. The next Democratic ticket will be composed of two Democrats, and there will be no assistants outside of the party. Probably Mr. Bryan has influence enough with the Populists to bring most of them into the Democratic party, and the remainder—the Middle-of-the-Road men—will hardly be numerous enough to nominate a separate ticket. Probably the chief aim of Gov. Stone's outgiving is to get rid of an element which will insist upon making silver a prominent issue in the campaign of next year, and thus dragging the party to inevitable defeat. The present is the right time to notify the silver fanatics to flock all alone by themselves. If Mr. George Fred Williams insists upon flocking with them, the Democratic party in Massachusetts will be the gainer.

The boycott now going on in the city of Cleveland seems likely to add a new terror to the business world. A strike has been in progress on the part of the employees of the Big Consolidated street-car line. It took the usual course. When new men were found to take the strikers' positions, the old hands resorted to violence. Then the military were called out to protect the company's property and the lives of their new workmen. After a week of turmoil and some bloodshed the riots were quelled. Then the old employees gave orders to the community not to ride on the cars of the Big Consolidated Company under penalty of the boycott, and they stationed men at various points along the line to take down the names of persons who disobeyed the order. These persons, if engaged in business, were to be inscribed on a certain list of names, and no purchases were to be made at their shops. This is the ordinary form of boycott, but it has been reserved for Cleveland to introduce a new variety. An order was sent out that nobody should sell anything to any person who was found riding on a car of the Consolidated Company. The Company, on its part, is not idle. It has sent boycotted men to buy articles at stores which have been notified not to sell, and it intends to bring suit against those who refuse to sell. Private citizens have already begun suits against merchants who have refused to sell, and naturally the city is all upside-down in a business point of view. It is impossible to suppose that such a condition can last long. Nor can the Consolidated Company afford to yield to this new attack. It might better run all its cars empty and levy assessments on its shareholders to pay operating expenses, since yielding to the boycott is the same thing as surrendering its property.

The tax-rates for the different boroughs of the city reveal to the property-owners of old New York the full meaning of the phrase "Reaping the fundamental advantages of consolidation." The rate for the old city is 47 points above that of last year, and 34 points above that of 1897. The Comptroller is of the opinion that we have reason to rejoice that it is not 20 points higher than it is. Brooklyn, on the contrary, has the lowest rate of all the boroughs, and the lowest for thirty years. Whatever reason the old city may have for regretting consolidation, there can be no question that Brooklyn has gained immensely, for the burden of taxation upon her shoulders has been perceptibly lightened by the simple process of transferring a large part of it to the shoulders of taxpayers on this side the river. The fact, which was as certain as fate when consolidation was under consideration, has become fate now, namely, that the chief source of income from which to defray the expenses of improving and developing the new city is the old city, for that section alone has in it capacity for increased taxation. Other forecasts as to the working of the new charter are also coming true too quickly.

The refusal of Esterhazy to testify in the Dreyfus court-martial, although he was assured of safety in doing so, is the tribute of a scoundrel to common decency. It is something like a blush. Esterhazy has a large endowment of "cheek," but to ask him to stand up before a jury of his fellow-officers and acknowledge that he committed forgery and perjury in order to send an innocent man to life imprisonment or to the scaffold is, in his opinion, asking too much. Under these circumstances everything which depended upon Esterhazy's testimony in the former trial falls to the ground. But, for that matter, everything else incriminating Dreyfus fell to the ground a long time ago.

The new Minister of War in France, Gen. Galliffet, is taking hold of the French army problem with splendid audacity and vigor. He is punishing talkative and insubordinate generals right and left, from the highest to the lowest, in a way to prove that he meant what he said when he took office—namely, that he did not desire it, but that he would discharge its duties without fear. That the army has been terribly demoralized through its prominence in the public life of the nation during the past few years is certain. It has apparently lost the root idea of discipline in an army under a free government, which is, strict subordination to the civil authorities and silence in political matters. So inflated have the officers become by all the flattery showered upon them, that they have taken to talking in public as if that were the chief duty of a soldier. Accustomed in their barracks and clubs and in their cafés to speak contemptuously of the *pékin* civilians in charge of the government, they insensibly drift into blurting out their sentiments on public occasions. So Gen. Zurlinden did in Paris not long ago; so Gen. Négrier did at Auxonne the other day. The latter has been promptly disciplined for his indiscretion, and it is said that some signal mark of displeasure is shortly to be visited upon Zurlinden. If the peasant President succeeds in teaching the French army to know its true place, he will have done much to hold the republic to its true course.

THE INSATIATE REFORMERS.

Secretary Gage begins his article in the *Forum* in defence of the President's civil-service order by saying that it "has been the occasion of much misunderstanding and misrepresentation." He must have been confirmed in this opinion when he read the letter of the Secretary of the Civil-Service Reform League, published on Monday. But he will have to confess that a good deal of the misunderstanding and misrepresentation is his own. The categorical refutation from the official records of many of his assertions of fact, and the exposure of certain concealments or evasions in Mr. Gage's statement of the law and practice, show that either he or some subordinate of his was deceived or attempting to deceive.

"Very few" removals of any kind have been made in the Revenue Service, asserted Mr. Gage. Mr. McAneny cites official figures to prove that 50 per cent. of the entire service has been removed since March 1, 1897. Is 50 per cent. "very few"? In all the removals made, continued Secretary Gage, there had been "strict conformity" with the President's rule requiring "the filing of charges and the opportunity for defence." The records of the Civil-Service Commission show case after case of collectors defying this rule, alleging "verbal instructions" from "the Department," and upheld by their superior officers in their open violation of the law as regards both removals and appointments. Mr. Gage declared that the Civil-Service Commissioners themselves recommended the exemption of deputy collectors from the classified service. Yes; but why? Because, says Mr. McAneny (and, of course, he speaks by the card), "they preferred absolute exemption to a continued state of disregard of the law." If Mr. Gage was to appeal to the Commission at all, he should have stated the whole truth about it. If he had done so, he would have admitted that it recommended only 1,000 exemptions, instead of 10,000, and that so far from being unable, as the Secretary of the Treasury asserted, to furnish eligible lists, it "was prepared to furnish as many eligibles as might be needed, at the shortest notice."

We will not pursue the matter in detail. The defence which Mr. Gage made in his own name and the President's has been so thoroughly riddled, in both its facts and its implications, that anything further from the same source will have to be accepted with great suspicion, unless buttressed by official statistics. Mr. McAneny's general conclusion is that the net result of the President's order, and of his tolerance of violations of the law on an enormous scale by his subordinates, is to restore the spoils system in spirit and in effect. Few impartial men will doubt this. The evidence is too overwhelming. At the very moment when Mr. Gage is making his virtuous protestations, the dispatches from Baltimore tell of the Collector of Customs there openly defying the Civil-Service Commissioners and the law, and being upheld in his course by the Secretary of the Treasury. The mischief is done. The idea has gone abroad through the whole service that the "civil-service-reform nonsense" is over. What the Ohio and Kentucky Republicans said in their platforms, is being translated into act. Encouraged, not restrained any longer, by their superior officers, the collectors and heads of departments are openly looting the Federal offices the country over. The heart has been taken out of the reform by the weak connivance of Secretary Gage and President McKinley.

It is a melancholy business, but on one aspect of it we must say a word further. It is declared again, in certain namby-pamby quarters, that the civil-service reformers are unreasonable. They ask too much. In spite of all that the President can do for them, they go on grumbling. They wanted Mr. Gage, and he gave them Gage; yet here they are repudiating their own man. "Are not their attacks," inquires the flabby-reform *Review of Reviews*, "calculated to shatter faith in human nature, and to promote the very cynicism that lies at the root of so much that is bad in our public and social life?"

Now, to this we say, in the first place, that Mr. Gage was approved as Secretary because he was expected to establish the gold standard. He was, of course, a reputed civil-service reformer, and that was a minor reason for rejoicing over his selection, and it distinctly was *not* expected that he would make up for failure to establish the gold standard by consenting to see the civil-service law made a mockery. But there is one point about all this which politicians and other silly folk always overlook. It is that reformers never guarantee to support even one of their own friends in office unless he deserves support. It is no answer to say to them that they are attacking "their own man." If he does not live up to their and his own professed principles, then he is not their man. In fact, they are bound to be even more severe with one of their own men than with an outsider. When they urge a candidate for office, or hail his appointment to it, they by no means pledge themselves to keep still about his delinquencies. They will rather cry out the louder if they find him adding personal recreancy to official misconduct. They are bound to do so, and that is the reason why they can never be "placated" by having an appointment made to suit them. They are implacable except by perfect honesty in office and complete devotion to the public good. Are they then insatiate? Yes, they are; but so is truth, so is honor. A man who occasionally lies cannot satisfy a lover of truth. A base action only once a month is enough to make a man out dishonorable. So it is the lapses of so-called reformers in office which show that they have not the root of the matter in them, and which call for their stern arraignment, as Mr. Gage has been arraigned by the men who were prepared to be his most enthusiastic supporters. And if anybody has "shattered faith in human nature," it is surely the man whose acts belie his professions, not the man who feels compelled to call attention to the fact.

THE M'KINLEY WAY.

What is likely to make a painful impression upon average good citizens, in connection with the spoliation of the civil service by President McKinley and Secretary Gage, is the deceptive and underhanded way in which the thing has been done. There has been nothing open and above board about it. What has been done has been done, for the most part, secretly and behind closed doors. To honeycomb the administrative service in the interest of spoils, while ostentatiously protesting that the edifice was only being renovated and improved, seems to have been the policy of the Administration; yet so shrewdly and cunningly has the work been carried on that, but for the vigilance of civil-service reformers, most of the illegal appointments and removals, so remorselessly set forth by Mr. McAneny, would probably not have been known by the general public at all.

It is clear enough, however, that all this is quite of a piece with the general method of the present Administration. Since McKinley came to the throne, frankness and transparency have ceased to prevail. The ordinary conduct of public affairs has been surrounded with a strange secrecy, as if business of the utmost moment were being transacted. On no subject whatever has President McKinley yet made a clear and simple statement of his opinions, or purposes, or hopes. With all his pretence of doing so, he has never yet taken the public into his confidence. What he has done has been to go about with a dignified and serious air, delivering himself from time to time of platitudinous phrases as of one who, if he would, could reveal unutterable things. To keep himself right with the dear people, however, that they may vote for him at the next election, he has allowed it to be given out that he is in favor of everything good, and opposed to everything evil, considered by his party managers to be worth favoring or opposing at the present moment. In the meantime, while thus facing the voters with an earnest front, and bespeaking their confidence while he performed in silence the great work laid upon him, he has quietly allowed his subordinates to violate both the letter and the spirit of

the civil-service law, and has himself made some of the worst appointments recorded since that law went upon the statute-book.

The same combination of mystery and double-dealing attended the conduct of the war with Spain, and continues to characterize the management of affairs in the Philippines. No reasonable person, of course, would be foolish enough to ask a commander-in-chief to publish beforehand the details of his proposed campaigns, or to set no bounds for the omnipresent reporter. But the McKinley secrecy is not of this sort. Its use is, rather, to cover up and gloss over maladministration, incompetency, or fraud. When the soldiers before Santiago were threatened with annihilation because of the inefficiency of the War Department, the official news bureau curtailed its operations, pending "important developments." When the public were ready to take the President at his word, and express an opinion on the question of keeping the Philippines, a pall fell upon the negotiations at Paris, in the alleged interest of "diplomacy." When our troops in Luzon began to grow impatient of severe fighting in an unworthy cause, a censorship was established at Manila, and edited dispatches from Washington took the place of authentic news. In each case, the veil of secrecy and mysteriousness was said to be necessary because of the important work that was being done, or the delicate nature of the negotiations being carried on; yet, as time has gone on, and occasional glimpses behind the veil have been obtained, it has quite often been seen either that nothing whatever was going on, or else that advantage had been taken of the darkness and retirement to push on some questionable scheme.

Students of European politics know how much of the business of government and diplomacy is carried on behind guarded doors, and how important papers, on matters of great public interest, are often years in seeing the light. It may be that the present Administration, eager to give the United States a "standing" among nations, has thought it needful to imitate some of the methods of European statesmen. There is this very important difference, however, between the secrecy and evasiveness of men like Gladstone and Bismarck and that affected by President McKinley. The former, however much their methods might be open to dispute, were nevertheless actually engaged upon business of international importance, and upon constructive work in itself part of a definite and far-reaching policy. With President McKinley, on the contrary, the primary aim is immediate personal and party success. If he has either principles or policy, dissociated from the mandate of his party, the country is yet to be informed of what they are. In adopting European methods, he takes the form without the substance. Secrecy, with him, becomes underhandedness; skill degenerates into trickery; wisdom changes to deceit.

RELATIONS OF CIVIL AND MILITARY POWER.

One matter of grave concern, in the settlement of affairs in our new possessions, is the relation of the military to the civil power. At present all the islands, in the absence of Congressional action, are virtually under military rule, the President governing them as military head of the nation and commander in a conquered territory. In the Philippines, especially, there is likely to be a disposition to maintain for some time a considerable body of troops, ostensibly, at least, to uphold the authority of the United States. Assuming the cessation of the present war, and the establishment, by Congress, of a form of civil government for the Philippines, by which the civilized inhabitants are given some effective voice in the conduct of their affairs, what will be the relation between this Government and the army and navy?

Theoretically, of course, the question offers no great difficulty. The legal relations between the civil and military powers, under our constitutional system, are well defined, and are hardly any longer matter of dispute. In time of peace the military arm is wholly subordinate to the civil authority, having, so far as the operations of civil government are concerned, no right of independent initiative, and not even a presumption in its favor. As an agent of the civil authority, and subject to its direction, the army may be used to repress disorder and put down domestic violence; but it cannot lawfully interfere with the ordinary conduct of affairs, or take action of a political character, save to defend a lawful government from overt attack. For the employment of a military force to attain political ends, or to uphold civil authority when the latter is able to stand alone, there is no sanction in the Constitution nor in the system of law erected upon it. So far as the United States is concerned, the maintenance of the militia and a standing army looks only to the remote contingency of foreign war, or to such a condition of internal disturbance as the sheriff and his posse cannot control.

The trouble will come in the practical application of the legal theory. Once the Philippines are really, as well as nominally, under our dominion, and warlike operations are no longer carried on by either party, the continued presence of an American army in the islands will be defended, doubtless, on the ground of danger of foreign invasion, and the necessity of keeping order and protecting life and property. If we could be assured, beyond peradventure, that the use of the troops would be limited to the attainment of these ends, it would contribute much to peace of mind. But with a party "policy" to be carried out, with a form of government established by statute, and a corps of officials on the ground to set things going, there will unquestionably be great temptation, in case of difficulty or opposition, to call in some soldiers to straighten matters out. And there *will* be difficulty and opposition, of course. It is idle to think that we can give the Filipinos, or anybody else, representative or republican government, and yet escape the complications and disputes with which that form of government seems always to be attended. There will surely be disputed elections, and, quite likely, rival local governments. The United States, as lord paramount, will be appealed to to take sides and settle the controversy. With a powerful force at its command, how is it likely to act? Will it allow a solution to be found by the peaceful and educative, but slow, methods of discussion and legal procedure, or will it yield to the desire to "do something," and interfere with rifle and bayonet to bring about peace?

We have had in this country, within the memory of the present generation, a conspicuous illustration of the employment of military force to uphold and assist civil government. For ten years after the close of the civil war, the experiment was on trial in the South. The conditions, to be sure, were anomalous. The unsettled condition of the States lately in rebellion, the sudden enfranchisement of some millions of negroes, and the apparent necessity of so reorganizing the State governments as to insure acceptance of the political principles settled by the war, were the grounds on which the extraordinary action of the dominant party was defended. How dark the page is which records the events of the reconstruction period, is only too well known. The troops did, to a degree, secure peace and order. They did make life and property comparatively safe. They did enable government to be set up and maintained in places where, but for their presence, a measure of anarchy might, for a brief time, have obtained. But the more the inner facts of the situation were revealed, the clearer it became that the main use of the army was to support arbitrary and partisan political methods, and that, so long as the troops remained, democratic government must be only a shadow and a dream. It was not so much to pacify and restore the South as to get control of its political machinery for the Republican party that the soldiers were chiefly used; and it was the recognition of this fact that eventually led even the friends of the policy to condemn it.

It is the repetition of such occurrences in the Philippines that ought, in the in-

terest of national honor, to be avoided. The Republican party, again in control of the government, is essaying to deal with a situation as difficult as that which confronted it at the close of the war of the rebellion. It boasts of its perfect organization, its aggressive policy, and its ability to carry affairs, if necessary, with a high hand, and not lose votes. It proposes to crush the rebellion in the Philippines, and to set up and maintain a government. From the party standpoint, this is well enough. But the people of the United States, it should remember, have no love for military rule. Whatever their views as to the civilization of the Filipinos, they will not patiently see political institutions of any sort forced upon the islanders at the command of an army officer. If the Filipinos are to have self-government at all, the American spirit requires that they be left free to work out their own salvation without the help of the army and navy, and that their inevitable blunders and mistakes be not seized upon as ground for forcible interference. There are two ways in which a country like the United States can establish republican institutions among alien and subject people. One is by forcibly uprooting discord and opposition, and arbitrarily imposing the new forms and methods upon the unwilling inhabitants. This sometimes brings temporary success, but its inevitable end is war. The other is by the slow and painful process of education, in which only open violence is repressed by force, and soldiers and marines do duty chiefly as a spectacle. There can be no question as to which of these two ways the United States owes it to itself to follow.

THE NEW PENSION RAID.

The instigator and leader of the G. A. R. movement to get Mr. Evans out of the Pension Bureau is "Corp." Tanner, claim agent. He is behind the various Encampment complaints of Mr. Evans's methods, and behind the appeals which veterans are making to the President to have Mr. Evans transferred to some other branch of the service. Ever since he was dismissed in disgrace from the office of Commissioner of Pensions, Tanner has struggled to make his successors odious by forcing upon them policies revolting to their common sense and patriotic instincts. His efforts have been made mostly through the medium of veterans' meetings of one sort and another. Such gatherings are composed of ninety per cent. of men who know nothing about the hidden machinery used for working up their "sentiment," and ten per cent. of skilled engineers. The meetings go where the machinery sends them. Just now Tanner appears to be intent on getting endorsements for a demand that the Commissioner of Pensions shall recognize as binding the ratings recommended by the medical examining boards.

What this means will be better understood in the light of the fact that there are some fifteen hundred such boards scattered through the country, each with its own ideas of the extent of the disability involved in this and that ailment. Compare the findings of a dozen such boards in any State, and you have Babel. It is on record that one board found an applicant suffering from seven separate disorders, like rheumatism, indigestion, etc., none of which presented any surface symptoms; it recommended that he be paid $30 a month for each of six, and $10 for the seventh, making a total of $190 a month. With a million pensioners on the roll, and others still coming, how long it would take to empty the Treasury at this rate can be figured by the rule of three. All examining boards are not of so generous a type, but they are virtually named by members of Congress and other representatives of the party in power who are not above playing for the "soldier vote." Once yield to Tanner's impudent demand, and there is no telling where the thing would end. Under the present practice of requiring the medical boards to send in diagnoses, and letting the awards be made by the central authority in Washington, the pension-roll is costly enough; but if the boards, politically appointed, and subject to local influences, were left to make the final decisions, the American taxpayer could save time by putting up his shutters at once and moving out of the country.

In fact, with the law in its present condition, the only protection to the Treasury rests in the honesty and firmness of one or two men. The Commissioner of Pensions passes upon a case in the first instance; and in a dispute over the construction of a law, the Secretary of the Interior, usually by the hand of an Assistant Secretary, makes a ruling to govern a whole class of cases. Corrupt or inefficient men in these offices can do more damage in four years than the best of their successors can undo in twenty. Raum's notorious "Order 164" furnishes a case in point. As long as that stood unchallenged, shrewd attorneys could rig up a case for an applicant by showing that he had a dollar's worth of dyspepsia and a dollar's worth of neuralgia, and a dollar's worth of each of four other complaints, and thus procure for him a six-dollar rating, which was enough to put him upon the roll. Once there, he was not only practically sure of staying, but his attorney was a slow fellow if he could not work in an examination for a rerating and a higher pension with every change of personnel in the nearest medical board. Of course, the claim agents had all the business they could do for a while, and the relics of their work are still a tax upon the Government, though it is now six years since Hoke Smith revoked the order.

How the claim agents will fight when attacked is shown by the Long case, which is not dead by any means, though now so generally forgotten. Commissioner Lochren found Charles D. Long, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Michigan, drawing a pension of $72 a month for "total helplessness, requiring the regular aid and attendance of another person." Looking up the record, he found that Long had suffered a wound of the hip-bone, for which a pension of $50 had been granted in the regular way, but Tanner had raised the $50 to $72 without a medical examination. Meanwhile, as a magistrate, with a salary of $7,000 a year, Long was daily performing duty which he could not have performed if the constant attendance of another person had been necessary. Lochren, after trying in vain to bring him before the doctors for examination, suspended the unlawful pension. All attorneys who had been getting favors by irregular methods saw in this an assault upon their prestige, and Tanner set about collecting a fund to carry the case into the courts and test the right of a Commissioner to revise a pension once granted by a predecessor. The bad faith of such a contest was plain from the fact that nobody used to question a Commissioner's right to order all pensioners of doubtful status before examiners once in two years, to see whether their disabilities continued, and this practice was dropped only after the roll had grown so large as to make it impracticable. The Circuit Court for the District of Columbia, on application for a mandamus for Long's restoration, decided that Lochren had acted clearly within his right. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the United States; but Lochren went out of office before it could be reached, and, as the mandamus was to be directed to him personally, the case was dismissed. It is liable to be revived at any time, however, by a move upon the present Commissioner.

Of course, Tanner's reason for choosing this particular case as a subject for his test was the political and social prominence of Judge Long; for, at the first blush, the sympathies of the public would be likely to go out to a man of his high standing. Yet, studied critically, from the points of view both of common sense and of sentiment, no case could be more unhappily chosen as illustrative of the working of our pension system. It is true that Judge Long had been a good soldier; but, on the other hand, the war had made him. He went into the army a country lad, with no career open before him. When he came back a cripple, he was an object of special interest to all his old neighbors. His incapacity for active work of the sort most of them were doing led

him to prepare for the bar. His army record was a distinct aid in bringing him both clients and political preferment. If, therefore, our pension system were in practice what it is in theory, Judge Long, with his enviable rise in life and his assured private income, would have received only a modest pension if any, and the surplus would have gone to help some less fortunate comrade out of the depths.

It would be hopeless now to attempt to change our pension legislation for the better, beyond correcting a few glaring incongruities. All the plans for codification during the last two Congresses have stopped short at that point. The question resolves itself into keeping men of conscience and force in charge of the system, and uniting honest citizens everywhere for their support when they try to do right in the face of heavy pressure. Either a Lochren or an Evans, when they come to the front, must be loyally sustained, or we must throw open the vaults of the Treasury to an army of claim agents under the lead of Tanner and Dudley, and the shade of the departed Lemon.

A SAMPLE OF CROKER RULE.

We commend to the attention of all persons who are inclined to the belief that Tammany rule is not so bad as many people declare it to be, the revelations concerning Mr. Croker's treatment of our Health Department and its vital statistics. No better example of the great man's ideas as to the proper uses to be made of a ruler's powers has ever been presented to the public attention. The evolution of events which led up to the final step was very simple and natural. Mr. Croker discovered, after he came into full possession of the city government in January, 1898, that he needed a headquarters of some kind suitable to his state. He decided upon a club as the most appropriate form, and began to look about for a building. Finding an empty club-house in Sixth Avenue, he purchased that without paying much attention to either the price or the location. He forgot for the moment that the new style of living which his prosperity had enabled him to adopt could not find suitable field for display in Sixth Avenue. Even the Tammany Boys who had either bought or hired the court dress which the boss insisted upon, saw the incongruity of wearing it in such a plebeian locality.

No sooner was the mistake discovered than it was rectified. Mr. Croker found a suitable house for his club in Fifth Avenue, and had it enlarged and refitted with appropriate luxury and elegance. This left him with the Sixth Avenue house on his hands, but it was soon announced that he had found a purchaser. Shortly afterwards it was announced that the city authorities had taken a lease of this building for a term of ten years, and that the Health Board was to be moved into it from its quarters in the new Criminal Court Building. The members of the Board protested on various grounds, including that of inconvenience to the public, but their protests were unheeded. Go they must and did, for the boss decreed it, and the city government, with the Mayor in the lead, enforced the decree. What had public or official convenience to do with it, anyway? If Mr. Croker could sell his club-house by promising its purchaser that he should have the city for a tenant, at a handsome rental, was not that reason enough for the change? It seems a hopeless task to endeavor to make some people comprehend the nature of the government under which we live, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Croker himself has said in the plainest manner several times that the primary objects of the government are his pleasure and pecuniary profit.

Having moved the Board of Health up town, with President Mike Murphy at its head, it became necessary to remove all the records of the department with it. The President himself went with the greatest reluctance, and, after arriving there, he found himself so annoyed by the proximity of the elevated railway that he instigated at once a plan for its removal, on the ground, his enemies said, that microbes were at work upon its foundations. He was so much absorbed in this work that he seems to have paid no attention to a far more serious injury to the city and thousands of its inhabitants which was being perpetrated under his official notice—that is, the removal of all the records of marriages, births, and deaths from a fireproof building to a veritable firetrap. If he made any protest against this step, or if he realized that it called for a protest, the public had no knowledge of his action.

The removal of these records was anything but a subject for merriment. Nothing more criminal in the way of wilful official negligence has ever been done, even under Tammany government. It is impossible to conceive how an intelligent official could sanction such a step. To all foreign-born citizens and their descendants in this country, the preservation of these records is of the greatest importance. No son or daughter of such parents, born in this country, could gain possession of an inheritance or a legacy in a foreign country without producing a certified official transcript of the record of marriage and birth. This fact alone is sufficiently momentous to lead to loud protest against the present dangerous location of the records. To native American citizens the consequences of destruction are scarcely less serious. No American child can be admitted to schools in Germany, France, or Italy without a certificate of the parents' marriage and the child's birth, and no American can be married in some European countries without a similar certificate. Then, too, the heirs of an estate cannot get money out of banks without transcripts from the official records of deaths.

Not one of these invaluable records would be saved if a fire were to break out in the building in which they are now placed. In one hour every official trace of every birth and every marriage which has occurred in this city for nearly half a century would be wiped out, and of every death for a full century. All these records are of inestimable value in a thousand ways. They are duplicated nowhere, for parish records are not kept in this country, as they are in Europe. Churches are demolished and their records are untraceable, but even if they were preserved they would not be complete. To take a single chance of the destruction of such invaluable data is an official blunder which amounts to a crime, and this is so obvious that one would suppose that even this Croker-ridden community would rise in protest. Read the description given of the "vault" in which some of these precious documents are stored, and then reflect upon the intelligence of the extraordinary horde that is ruling over us. Read the accounts, also, of the structural qualities of the building, and then reflect upon the intelligence and character of our extraordinary Mayor, who fights so furiously for a City Prison Building erected under the expert Tammany guidance of Horgan & Slattery, and who will trust no other architects than those professional bankrupts with the construction of city buildings. Where was his zeal for safe public buildings when he insisted upon this Health Board removal?

PREPARATORY INSTRUCTION IN HISTORY.

Mainly under the influence of the colleges and universities, whose interest in admission requirements followed logically upon the growth of the elective system, the work of the preparatory schools has held nearly, if not quite, the first place in the educational controversies of the last decade. First, awakened zeal for physical science forced a battle with the classics, and compelled the latter to modify—though much to their ultimate advantage, as the event proved—their extreme claims to educational value. Then came the modern languages, insisting upon their claims—literary, philological, and practical—to a distinct place in any well-framed scheme of secondary instruction. The work in mathematics has been overhauled, and the traditional order of subjects turned inside out. And now, latest of all, comes history, whose pedagogical claims receive, in the recently published report of the Committee of Seven of the American Historical Association (Macmillan), detailed examination.

The high standing of the committee, and the weight that will naturally be attached to their opinions, make it worth while to summarize, though as briefly as possible,

their conclusions and recommendations. As a thorough and systematic scheme of study, the Committee recommend a four years' course, beginning with ancient history and ending with American history. The four "blocks," or annual periods, are:

"(1.) Ancient History, with special reference to Greek and Roman history, but including also a short introductory study of the more ancient nations. This period should also embrace the early Middle Ages, and should close with the establishment of the Holy Roman Empire (800), or with the death of Charlemagne (814), or with the treaty of Verdun (843).

"(2.) Mediæval and Modern European History, from the close of the first period to the present time.

"(3.) English History.

"(4.) American History and Civil Government."

Anything less than the full four years' work will, in the judgment of the committee, be inadequate. When, however, less than four years must suffice, the committee think it better, on the whole, to omit one of the "blocks" altogether, rather than to attempt a compression of the whole scheme; although they think some such combination as that of English and American history may be practicable. No "short course" in "general history" is recommended, for the reason that such a course must deal either with the dry bones of the subject, or else with broad generalizations too dangerous for immature minds.

In regard to methods of teaching, the committee favor the use of text-books, as pretty certain to give a better presentation of the subject than the average teacher is likely to originate; but they urge the free use, in all grades, of collateral printed material. There is a favorable word for note-books and maps, and an earnest plea for adequate school libraries. The so-called "source method," however, "in which pupils have in their hands little more than a series of extracts, for the most part brief, and not very closely related," is distinctly disapproved. Finally, in the matter of college entrance requirements, the committee, bearing in mind the different prescriptions and different forms of statement of different institutions, make the following recommendations — the "unit" meaning an historical course occupying five periods a week for one year, or three periods a week for two years:

"(1.) If a college or a scientific school has a system of complete options in college entrance requirements—that is, if it accepts a given number of years' work, or units, without prescribing specific subjects of study (as at Leland Stanford University) —we recommend that four units in history be accepted as an equivalent for a like amount of work in other subjects. Likewise, that one, two, or three units in history be accepted.

"(2.) If a college or a scientific school requires a list of certain prescribed subjects, and also demands additional subjects, to be chosen out of an optional list (as at Harvard University), we recommend that one unit of history be placed on the list of definitely prescribed subjects, and that one, two, or three units of history be placed among the optional studies.

"(3.) If a college or a scientific school has rigid requirements without options (as at Yale College and the Sheffield Scientific School), we recommend that at least one unit of history be required for entrance."

In the fourth class of institutions, of which the University of Michigan is a type, where distinct college courses, leading to different degrees, have corresponding sets of entrance requirements, the recommendations of the committee are, for the so-called classical and Latin courses, one unit of history, consisting of any one of the four "blocks" or periods previously mentioned; for the scientific course, two units, freely chosen; and for the English course, three and, if possible, four units, thus making history one of the central subjects in this course.

Such, in condensed form, are the recommendations of this long-awaited report. Their significance, obviously, does not lie in their novelty, either of form or of content. Nearly all the points touched upon have been the subject of frequent discussion in educational circles, in recent years, and their general bearings are not unfamiliar. What gives the report its especial importance is the fact that its conclusions embody the mature judgments of representative historical scholars and teachers, speaking for the American Historical Association, as to the amount and kind of history that should be taught to American youth. The doctrine of the report will not, of course, be accepted without question even by those best entitled to be heard in the matter; but the straightforwardness and restraint with which it is expressed will certainly go far to commend it.

The feature of the report least likely, we think, to meet with approval is the recommendation of mediæval and modern European history as one of the four "blocks" or periods. For a boy or girl, of average high-school age and powers, to get, in a single year, a helpful view of the history of Europe from A. D. 800 to date, seems a large undertaking; and even the committee have to admit that "it is necessarily . . . a matter of considerable difficulty to determine the best method by which the subject may be handled." They feel, indeed, the necessity of securing "unity and continuity," and suggest that this can be done either by treating broad general movements, or by centring attention mainly on the history of some one nation, preferably France; but their exposition of the possibilities in this direction is not very convincing. The order of events in time is not the necessary order of youthful apprehension of them. The scheme of the committee rather suggests that, having wisely concluded that the history of Europe ought not to be wholly neglected, they finally decided upon a cursory view of the whole of it; thereby virtually reproducing, in their second "block," the main characteristics of that "short course in general history" which they elsewhere condemn. With the utmost deference to the carefully considered views of the committee, we must still think that, for American secondary schools, the fruits of nine months' study of European history for a thousand years will not be that clear, balanced and understanding view of events which the committee hope for, but, rather, either a dry and lifeless store of names and dates, or else an uncertain notion of "movements" and "tendencies," chiefly distinguished as being essentially untrue.

The report suggests two reflections. The first is, that such a course of instruction as is here recommended is obviously impossible without specially trained teachers. On this point the language of the report is both clear and emphatic. The present situation is certainly lamentable. As a rule, history is still committed to the tender mercies of teachers whose strength lies in other directions. Until, then, the secondary schools are organized on the basis of specialization in the teaching staff, educational plans, such as are here outlined, must wait for adoption. The second reflection is a query whether there is time for all this work. The courses of study in our schools are packed and stuffed with a great variety of subjects, until one wonders how one small brain can be expected to grasp more than a round third of them; yet the days and hours somehow do not lengthen, and the capacity of the youthful mind to absorb knowledge changes little from year to year. We do not see how the average curriculum, *as at present made up*, can find place for such an historical course as is proposed by the Committee of Seven. Here, then, is the problem. The friends of Greek, and German, and physics, and history have studied the educational situation, and told us what they want. What we need now is a thorough-going expert study of the school curriculum as a whole, in the light of all these departmental programmes, to determine the extent to which the wealth of suggestion can be actually adopted. Such an inquiry, already partially undertaken, is not a task lightly to be attempted; but its appropriateness and necessity such reports as that of the Committee of Seven certainly do much to demonstrate.

A NEW ARCHÆOLOGICAL LAW FOR GREECE.

ATHENS, June, 1899.

There is a widespread conviction in Greece that she has outgrown the archæological law of 1834, under the operation of which her museums have been filled with priceless treasures of ancient art and history, and Athens has become one of the important centres in Europe for the study of art and archæology. It can scarcely admit of question that it was an eminently wise thing at the time to prohibit absolutely the exportation of antiquities. The spoliation of the Parthenon by Lord Elgin had taught Greece the sacredness of her monuments, and she could do no less, as a self-respecting nation, than to discountenance utterly all trafficking in the remnants of her ancient glory. But for such a law, she must have been despoiled long since of many of the unique remains which now adorn her museums and attract visitors from all parts of the world. It is doubtful if the foreign societies would have been content to expend so much money and labor in excavations in return for the right of publication alone. While the policy of dividing the spoils of excavation would certainly have stimulated popular interest in classical archæology in other lands, as is well illustrated in our own country by the flourishing condition of the societies which contribute to the Egyptian Exploration Fund, the interests of archæology at large would scarcely have been furthered by such a plan, and Greece would have been impoverished, as Egypt has been, in proportion as the rest of the world was enriched.

But the effective enforcement of this provision of the law has grown increasingly difficult. The demand for Greek antiquities has become so strong, and the prices in consequence so remunerative, that the business of smuggling such goods out of the country has reached enormous proportions. The Athenian

dealers in antiquities have representatives in the principal capitals of Europe. They do business directly with the management of museums on both sides of the Atlantic, and openly claim to be able to fill orders for almost every variety of Greek antiques. This has long been known to the authorities at Athens, but they profess to be unable, under the present law, to check the traffic. I have heard responsible persons in Athens even express the belief that persons high in authority connive at it. However this may be, the business of collecting and exporting antiquities has become so extensive, and is so openly conducted, that ignorance or indifference on the part of the Government is no longer possible.

In May, soon after I reached Athens, the papers announced the arrest of a well-known forwarding agent on the charge of having shipped as "personal effects" a large consignment of antiquities to Berlin, fortunately intercepted there by an agent of the Government. At the same time, additional troops were being hurried to Tanagra and Eretria to put a stop to the extensive night operations which had long been in progress there, hundreds of graves having been opened within the past few months. A few weeks later, when visiting the Austrian excavations on the site of Lusoi in northwestern Arcadia, I found an admirable illustration of the facility and security with which this underground business is carried on. The directors of the excavations had been greatly disappointed in having found so few objects in bronze and terracotta, which they knew had once been very plentiful on this site. Searching for an explanation of this phenomenon, they learned that, the year before, a considerable force of men from the neighboring village of Soudena had dug over the whole site under the safe direction of one of the gendarmes stationed there! Many a peasant's cottage in the neighborhood had a better collection of bronzes than the authorized explorers! This is the state of affairs pretty much all over Greece. The Athenian dealers have stimulated surreptitious digging everywhere, and valuable objects which should be in the museums are daily taken out by travellers or exported for sale.

On the ninth of the present month (Old Style), the Minister of Education, M. Eutaxias, laid before the Boulé a series of measures designed to put a stop to "this scandal, which has confounded all Greece," to use the phrase of the speaker, and at the same time to put all the archæological interests of the kingdom on a better footing. In the preparation of the following account, I have depended upon the reports of the sitting given by the Athenian press, and on a sketch of the proposed measures which appeared in the *Neologos* of May 27 (O. S.). The *Neologos* states that M. Eutaxias was assisted in drawing up these bills by M. Kabbadias, the well-known Ephor-General of Antiquities, and by M. Byzantinos.

M. Eutaxias explained, in his introductory remarks, that the defect in the old law to which the growth of the illicit trade in antiquities may chiefly be attributed, next to the practical difficulty of preventing exportation, is its recognition of the common ownership by the State and by the property-holder of all antique objects found in Greece. The proposed law, on the contrary, declares that all objects of antiquity are exclusively the property of the State. It recognizes, however, the claim of property-holders to some compensation for objects found on their land, in providing that they shall receive one-half of the value of such objects, this value to be determined by a committee of three, on which both interests are represented. This compensation is forfeited if the property-holder fails to give notice to the Ephor-General within five days of the discovery, and the delinquent is liable also to fine or imprisonment. The amount forfeited is to be paid to the one who gives information of such failure to comply with the law. The committee of appraisal may declare objects to be undesirable for the museums, in which case the objects remain in the hands of the property-holder, and may be disposed of at will. Any one who is found in possession of antique objects must show that he is lawfully possessed of them; otherwise he is liable to a heavy fine or imprisonment, and the objects are confiscated.

Antiquities from other countries are allowed free entry into the kingdom, notice thereof being given to the proper officials. Such objects may not, however, be sold or otherwise disposed of without permission from the Minister of Education. If they are exported from the country, a tax of 20 per cent. ad valorem must be paid to the State. Objects found in Greece which have been declared "unsuitable for the museums" may be exported. Exportation of all other classes of objects is absolutely forbidden. Those found guilty of illicit exportation are to be imprisoned for not less than three months or more than five years. The manufacture and sale of imitations of antique objects are also forbidden.

Under the old law, antiquities found on private property might be acquired by the State on payment of one-half of the appraised value. The proposed law, therefore, differs from the old, in this point, only as regards the technical matter of ownership, and, it must be acknowledged, does not seem to be very consistent with itself. But it is believed that it will prove more effective than the old law, by reason of the heavy penalties fixed for failure to announce promptly the discovery of ancient remains, coupled with the reward offered to informers, as well as by the prohibition of unauthorized digging. Besides, the people will soon learn that their one-half share, fairly appraised, would amount to more than they might expect to receive from the dealers, who obtain their wares at ridiculously low prices. But, even so, many articles would doubtless find their way into the hands of the dealers. The peasants are very secretive about their hoards of ἀρχαῖα πράγματα, and the business of informing against one's neighbors is always disagreeable. The Government must depend, after all, upon a more efficient and honest administration of its laws. This is provided for, except in the matter of honesty, by another bill, to which I shall refer later on. It is also possible that private collectors and the buyers for museums would prefer to obtain their Greek antiquities legally, when once the exportation of a certain class of objects is allowed. There can be little doubt that it is the intention of the framers of the bill to give a liberal interpretation to the phrase ἄχρηστα διὰ τὰ μουσεῖα. Objects that would add nothing to the collections of Greece would be eagerly sought for by museums in other countries.

Not less important for the interests of archæology are the further provisions of this bill with reference to the right of excavation on private property. Every society which has conducted excavations here has encountered enormous difficulties in acquiring the right to dig. Exorbitant sums are demanded for the right to excavate on ground that is almost worthless, and often the land must be bought outright at high values, even though it is well understood that the former owner will resume possession after the excavations are concluded. The Greek Archæological Society is at present unable to continue the extensive and important excavation of the north slope of the Acropolis of Athens, because the owners of the huts there demand Wall Street prices for their miserable holdings, and this in spite of the desperate attempt of the Society to reduce their demands by the circulation of a report that the walls of the Acropolis are about to fall! This situation is met in the bill by giving the Ministry of Education the right to conduct excavations on any private property by condemnation. The property-holder's usual share in the value of objects found is forfeited if he offers opposition. At the same time no one may dig for antiquities, even on his own land, except by the consent of the Ministry and under the direction of one of its archæological officials." For violation of this article the punishment is to be imprisonment for from six months to three years.

A second bill proposes the organization of a graded archæological service under the Ministry of Education. The number of Ephors is to be increased and better salaries paid them. Each Eparchy of the kingdom is to have a Superintendent, and a large number of guards is to be appointed for the care of the museums. The Ephors and Superintendents are to be trained archæologists. Guards are to be selected by examination, but soldiers wounded in the late war may be appointed without examination—an exception of especial interest to us Americans. To meet the increased expenses entailed by these reforms without burdening the budget, a separate branch of the Treasury is to be established, whose revenues are to be derived from (1) the lottery, (2) admission fees to the museums, and (3) the sale of casts. The Archæological Society, relieved of the management of the lottery, will devote itself to exploration and research, supported by a subvention of 70,000 drachmæ per annum. The Numismatic Museum will receive 10,000 drachmæ yearly, and the Christian Archæological Society a like sum. It is believed that the fees of admission to the museums will amply cover the increased expenses. Although one cannot but regret that Greece should recede from the unique position which she has hitherto held, all of her museums being now absolutely free to the public, yet, in view of the heavy cost of maintaining all her monuments and collections, the pressing need of arranging and cataloguing, and the demands of future excavations, the wisdom and even the necessity of this step will be acknowledged. Free admission will be given to professional archæologists, teachers, and students.

M. Eutaxias also presented a bill for the establishment of a Practical School of Archæology, the details of which have not yet been announced, and at the same time intimated that the Archæological Department of the University is to be reorgan-

ized and enlarged. It is clear that he is determined to effect, if possible, much-needed reforms and improvements in every branch of the archæological work of Greece. In this effort he seems to have the support of the leading archæologists of the country. Greece has already, by her enlightened policy and the recognized ability of her scientific men, contributed largely to the building up of the science of archæology. If the proposed measures are passed by the Boulé, we may confidently expect from her still greater services in the future.

EDWARD CAPPS.

THE ISLE OF MAN.

DUBLIN, July 15, 1899.

There are many anachronisms in the constitution of the British Empire. Among the most striking are some near the centre—the political status of the Channel Islands and of the Isle of Man. Both are unrepresented in Parliament, and have Home-Rule institutions and laws of their own. The Channel Islands are all that remain to England of her French possessions. It is indeed their boast that they do not belong to England, but that England belongs to them; that they are a portion of the Normandy whence issued the race that conquered her. Speaking French, and within but twelve miles of France, while they are sixty from England, they are enthusiastically loyal to the British crown, and were, through the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, never shaken in their fealty. Their area is about that of Greater New York, and they support a population of 90,000.

It is, however, of the Isle of Man, whence I have just returned, that I now mean to write. It is smaller than the smallest Irish county (still thrice the extent of the Channel Islands), and has a resident population of 55,000. It is situated midway between England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, which countries are visible from its heights on a clear day. It consists of heath-covered mountains in the centre, rising to 2,000 feet, from which valleys, and pretty wooded glens, and undulating pastures tend down to the sea—except at its northern extremity: there is a level tract, probably gradual accretion thrown up by the fierce tides of the north Irish Channel. The occasional discovery of remains of the Irish elk, with the absence of toads and snakes, leads to the supposition that the island remained connected with Ireland long after its severance from Great Britain.

In early times it was an appanage of the Kings of Wales. Then came three centuries of Norse rule. During a century and a half England and Scotland contended for its mastery. Except for a short period during the Commonwealth, the Stanley and Athol families held it as their private possession for over four centuries. Only so late as 1829 did it come fully under the British dominion. The Dukes of Athol, whose ancestors were granted the island in return for a "cast" of hawks, presented upon each recurring coronation at Westminster, received back in all £500,000 in quittance of the family claims. The island's peculiar armorial bearings, practically the same as those of Sicily, may have been brought by Crusaders. The island was peopled mainly from Ireland. Kelly is the prevailing surname. In the "Callisters," "Cannells," "Kermodes," "Faraghers," Irish originals are recognizable, while "Christian" and many similar names show traces of Norse dominion. Most of the ruined churches are called after Irish saints; yet the island accepted the Reformation. The small proportion of churches continuously in use suggests that religion was probably at a low ebb from the Reformation to Wesley's evangelical revival. If statistics privately furnished me are reliable, sexual morality stands as high as in Ireland. The Manx language, now spoken only by elderly people in remote districts, is essentially the same as Irish. The Irish settlers did not, however, carry Irish letters with them. When writing became necessary, they used the English alphabet. The letters j, k, v, y, absent in Irish, are strikingly prominent in Manx. The inhabitants neglect the use of dotted letters, and, in following syntactical changes in the beginnings of words, alter the spelling in accordance with the pronunciation, so that the relationship of words is not so easily traced as in Irish. Manx music does not appear to be as rich as that of neighboring Gaelic peoples. Some of it is strikingly Irish in character.

The agricultural prosperity of this little country rests largely upon a revolution effected in land tenure in 1703, by which leaseholders were turned into perpetual tenants at low quit-rents. Till that period, the unearned increment of improvement was confiscated by the lords of the island. Since then it has been the property of the tenant. The quit-rent was in 1703 fixed at £1,500. The present valuation is £100,000 per annum. The principle of "betterment," the application of which is so ardently desired by reformers in other parts of the empire, is there accepted. Where improvements are made at the public charge, a tax is laid on contiguous property benefited.

Smuggling was once the best trade of the island. With but slight import duties, it became a station whence dutiable goods could be easily transmitted to Great Britain and Ireland; and with low taxation, and consequent cheap living, added to freedom from arrest for debt on British warrants, the island was even till recently the Boulogne of the Three Kingdoms. All this is now changed. Free transit, without customs delays or difficulties, has become indispensable to the prosperity of the place. Excise and customs duties have therefore been brought almost up to the British level. Abolition of imprisonment for debt in the United Kingdom has rendered such an asylum unnecessary. (I believe such imprisonment is still resorted to in the island itself.) Living is still, however, cheaper than in the neighboring kingdoms. There is no income-tax, or death duties, and but slight stamp duties. After smuggling, came fishing as the staple industry. In the church service of the island, following the prayer for the "kindly fruits of the earth" is one for the harvest of the sea. Manx fishermen are noted for their fine qualities: their boats are fit to sail anywhere. Latterly, fishing has not been as profitable as formerly.

The "tripper" or tourist industry, is now the great staple. As the north of England operatives and factory hands have improved their circumstances and become more intelligent, their ideas have expanded, and they have begun to find better use for their savings than in drink, and better occupation for their many holidays than in lounging round public-houses and indulging in vicious amusements. The Isle of Man is their great playground. Lines of steamers, some carrying 1,500 passengers, ply from Liverpool and other ports to the island. Some 350,000 souls arrive in the course of the year. At Douglas, the principal port, it is said that three passengers land for every two that land at Dover. There is hotel and lodging-house accommodation for as many more persons as the normal population. This influx has almost doubled within the past ten years. Building is proceeding on all hands. Property has increased immensely in value. Every material interest benefits. Douglas has now magnificent piers and landing-stages, a crescent sea-wall and promenade stretching two miles, backed by terraces of ornamentally built, four-storied lodging-houses and hotels. It certainly does not add to the dignity of a country that it should become to such a degree a playground, nor can it be to ultimate advantage that the hotel and lodging-house interest should be so predominant.

The thousands of visitors lounge and bathe, listen to music, make driving and railroad excursions, and in the evening disport themselves on the esplanades, at variety entertainments and dancing "palaces." There are too many licensed bars; but during my few days' visit I saw no signs of intemperance, and was favorably impressed with the prevalent order and good conduct. From the gallery of one of the prettily decorated, spacious, brilliantly lit dancing halls, I looked down at the crowds of decorous young people enjoying themselves. The master of ceremonies told me he sometimes had as many as 5,000 waltzers on the floor at once; and that on Sundays, when semi-sacred concerts are given, there are 10,000 present. Dancing ceases at eleven o'clock. At a variety entertainment proceeding in an adjacent hall, there was little that could be called vulgar. What most struck me was the vociferous applause with which was received the intertwining of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack as "Yankee Doodle" and "The British Grenadiers" were played. Trips to Man are among the many influences tending to elevate the manufacturing population of the north of England. The specimens I saw there of this class contrasted most favorably with their progenitors as I remember them fifty years ago—then but emerging from a state of semi-civilization.

These visitors congregate principally about Douglas; they constitute one of the interests of the place, and do not mar the picturesqueness of the island. A fine coast surrounds much lovely scenery—bosky dells and rushing streams. It is easy to lose one's self on roads bordered with wild roses and honeysuckle and amidst shady "boreens." The view from the mountains will repay ascent. An electric railway has been constructed up Snaefell, the highest. At villages on the west coast the sea breezes are fresh and invigorating, and quiet lodgings may be found. Any one who has read 'Peveril of the Peak' will explore Rushin Castle and the romantic remains on Peel Holm. Rushin was the only place where I saw one of the tailless cats (a species more curious than beautiful) peculiar to the island. She was a friendly creature, which accompanied me through the ancient pile,

and peered over the highest battlements as if she had a certain proprietorship in the underlying old capital of Castletown. The novels of Hall Caine will attract some to Man. I caught sight of him at the Tynwald, more strikingly like his portraits than many other celebrities.

The institutions of the island, however, interested me most. I went over specially to attend the annual meeting of the Tynwald or Parliament. The island is ruled by a governor (the representative of the sovereign), by a council of eight, consisting of the Bishop, Deemsters or judges, and others appointed by the crown, and the House of Keys,* consisting of twenty-four representatives elected upon a franchise more restricted than that prevailing in the "neighboring islands." Spinsters and widows have votes. The assent of both chambers is necessary for the passage of laws. They are then sent to the Queen (really the Government of the day) for approval. Occasionally modifications are suggested. There is no modern instance of veto. The power of the House of Keys tends to become dominant. After receiving the Queen's signature, laws before being operative must be proclaimed in English and Manx from the Tynwald mount. I can recall no more curious survival of old customs, one which we generally think of only as in use amongst our northern ancestors a thousand years ago.

The Estates of Man pay £10 per annum to the Imperial Government, as their share of imperial charges. The rest of the taxes and imposts levied on or in the island are applied to internal purposes. Ireland pays nearly twice as much in proportion to her population, besides having to support costly establishments imposed upon her. The most patent benefit the Isle of Man enjoys from its home rule is the facility and cheapness with which railway and other private bills can be considered and passed. Church and state are there closely joined. Non-conformity does not take an aggressive form, and tithe is freely paid. As often in Protestant countries, the chief religious difficulties are with Catholic sentiment. A new cemetery has just been opened. It is the general determination that the whole should be free to all, each sect consecrating the ground as desired. The Catholics, however, are dissatisfied without a certain portion exclusively set apart for themselves.

The 5th of July, Tynwald Day, is kept as a general holiday. It was glorious weather, and thousands in their best poured out by rail and road to St. Johns, situated upon a central eminence commanding extensive and beautiful views. A tent was erected over the old mound. A gravel path, strewn, according to immemorial usage, with rushes, led about two hundred yards to the Church of St. John. The surrounding green was gay with booths, at which cakes and the usual fairing trifles were sold. Volunteers, with their band, naval reserve men with their flags, gave additional life to the scene. The church, a modern cruciform structure, is seated for two or three hundred. The privileged, of whom I was one, were admitted by ticket. The Council took their seats at a red-cloth-covered table in front of the Communion rails. The "Keys" were accommodated at oak tables farther down. The Governor, Bishop, and other officials entered in state, the choir singing "God Save the Queen." Through the general harmony, peace, and order I could not but feel how materially happy it is for a people when their religious convictions fall in with those of the government supreme over them. Morning service proceeded, little different from that used by the churches in England and Ireland, except that "The Legislature of this Isle" was prayed for instead of "The High Court of Parliament under our most religious and gracious Queen at this time assembled." A procession was then formed, and over the path kept by volunteers and the navy men we proceeded to the mount. It accommodated but a limited number; the rest collected round within a roped barrier, such as in a less orderly land would have quickly been invaded by the surrounding thousands. After a few quaint swearing-in ceremonies, we returned to the church, the Governor and the Legislature resumed their places, and business proceeded on a small scale as at Westminster. We now learned why the six acts named on the agenda had not been proclaimed: the Governor had not received them back from London! Accounts and reports were laid on the table, questions were asked and answered, motions made, and taxes were authorized. The whole proceedings were interesting. The ordinary meetings of the Estates of the island are held in the Government buildings in Douglas. In next appearing newspapers the maledictions on the Governor for the delay of the acts were loud and deep. This was the second time during his régime that such a disappointment had occurred. A special meeting of the Tynwald would have to be held for their promulgation.

I may as well draw these notes on the Isle of Man to a conclusion with an extract from the latest and best book on the history and constitution of the island, by Spencer Walpole, a recent Governor:

"This [the island's] virtual independence may be denounced as an anomaly and an anachronism; constitutional writers may succeed in demonstrating that dependent legislatures are likely either to become inconvenient or to break down; but anomalies and anachronisms, when they are attended with no evil consequences, have a tendency to survive; and autonomous institutions, at any rate in the Isle of Man, may display an increasing capacity for work."

A visit to the island, especially at Tynwald time, would amply repay any one interested in peculiar and ancient institutions, and prepared to enjoy lovely, though by no means sublime scenery. D. B.

* The name is perhaps significant of their power or authority.

Correspondence.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC'S TRANSLATORS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The preface to Lovell's translation (1687) of Cyrano de Bergerac's 'Voyage to the Moon' begins with these words: "It is now Seven and Twenty Years since the Moon appeared first Historically on the English Horizon." In the 1899 reprint of this translation, the editor, Dr. Curtis Hidden Page, remarks in a note: "This evidently refers to an earlier translation. The present editor will be greatly obliged to any one who will put him on the track of a copy of this or any other early translation from Cyrano." Dr. Page knows Derrick's translation (1754). In the British Museum Library I have recently examined all three translations, and take pleasure in giving some particulars concerning the earliest. Its title-page reads as follows:

ΣΕΛΗΝΑΡΧΙΑ. Or, The Government of the World in the Moon: a Comical History. Written by that Famous Wit and Cavaleer of *France*, Monsieur *Cyrano Bergerac:* And Done into English by Tho. St Serf, Gent. London, Printed by J. *Cottrel*, and are to be sold by *Hum. Robinson* at the three Pigeons in *Pauls* Churchyard 1659. [There are about two hundred pages, unnumbered.]

This is twenty-seven years earlier than Lovell, and is evidently the translation that he refers to. Moreover, a comparison reveals that he was largely indebted to his predecessor. In many passages the wording in the two translations is very similar, Lovell having merely corrected mistakes and sometimes simplified the style. A few examples will show this:

(a) *St. Serf:* The explication of the other two Motions, are less knotty: for pray consider a little:—At these words the *Viceroy* interrupted me. I had rather dispense with you for that trouble (for I have read some Books of *Gassendi* upon that Subject).

Lovell: The Explication of the other Motions is less perplexed still; for pray, consider a little—At these words the Vice-Roy interrupted me: I had rather, said he, you would excuse your self from that trouble; for I have read some Books of Gassendus on that subject.

(b) *St. Serf:* I approacht him, feigning to perceive some motion, and protesting to the assistants that he was not yet dead.

Lovell: I drew near him, pretending to find motion in him still, and protesting to those who were present, that he was not dead.

(c) *St. Serf:* The morning beams had not wakened me, before they propitiously had lighted my guide to my chamber.

Lovell: Next Morning by Sun-rising my Spirit came into my room.

(d) *St. Serf:* The Damned . . . crawl up against the vault, and so turn the Earth, as a turn-spit Dog doth when he is shut up in a wheel.

Lovell: The damned . . . scramble up to the Vault, and so make the Earth to turn, as a Turn-spit makes the Wheel go round when he runs about in it.

(e) *St. Serf: Charon* makes use of no other candles.

Lovell: Being the only Candles *Charon* uses.

This last is, as Dr. Page shows on p. 97, a misunderstanding of the French *Car on ne se sert*, etc.

Part of St. Serf's interesting "Epistle Dedicatory" reads as follows:

"To the Right Honorable, the Lord George Douglas, and Lieutenant-General Andrew Rutherford, and to all the Noble Officers in those two Renowned Regiments of Scots, the service of the most Christian King of France. . . . As for my self and Book (I call it mine, though I be but its Translator) I made particular choice of this, as well for the subject-Matter, as for the Author. I see the world so shuffled here below, that I thought it safest to present the Government of a World above, drawn by the hand of Monsieur *Bergerac*, who was not only of your Profession, but also of your *Army*."

The British Museum also contains the 'Satyrical Characters and handsome Descriptions in Letters. . . . Translated out of the French by a Person of Honour. London, 1658.' This book contains thirty-eight "satyrical letters," and eight "amorous"; pp. 174. Dr. Page has quoted the title with substantial but not with absolute accuracy (p. 1). One of Cyrano's letters ("D'un Songe") was the basis of a pamphlet with this title: 'The Agreement; A Satyrical and Facetious Dream. To which

is annexed The Truth. . . . Printed in the Year, 1756.' The preface contains the following:

"It may be thought strange, that I know not whether to call this ensuing Dream my own Performance, or a Translation: In the general Scheme; and in many Particulars, I have followed the Guidance of Cyrano de Bergerac, a French Writer. I have taken care to avoid a servile copying him."

I trust that these notes will be of interest, and perhaps of value. The earliest translation of the 'Voyage to the Moon' is certainly little known. Morley, for instance ('Clement Marot, and Other Studies,' ii., p. 163) speaks of Lovell's translation as the earliest. KENNETH MCKENZIE.

LONDON, July 18, 1899.

AN AMERICAN TRANSLATION OF VONDEL'S LUCIFER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Ignorant of Mr. Noppen's enterprise (noticed in your issue of July 20), another lover of all that's Dutch made a translation of Vondel's 'Lucifer' in August and September of 1897, save part of Act I., which had been done in January. The manuscript was submitted to a small publishing-house in Boston, and was rejected on the ground of lack of interest. (This firm later forwarded to the translator a prospectus of Mr. Van Noppen's work.)

The fact, however, that this work, never attempted before, should now be done twice at the same moment, would seem to indicate a "revival of learning" in that direction. It would certainly be a benefit, for, notwithstanding a certain radical tastelessness at times, corresponding to that found by critics in the art of Vondel's countrymen, there is in Dutch literature a world of strength, truth, and color not found elsewhere. Even Dumas fails in this field. Compare his 'Tulipe Noire,' the feeble exotic, with the tales of Van Lennep, the Dutch Walter Scott. Just so, a Frenchman cannot paint Holland. He carries his French greens there.

This translator, anxious to render just what there was in 'Lucifer,' felt amply equipped in the fact of never having read 'Paradise Lost,' and speedily recognized the only sentiment therein known to her in Lucifer's

"En liever d'eerste Vorst in eenigh laeger hof,
Dan in't gezalight licht de tweede of noch ein minder;"

literally:

And rather the first Prince in some lower court
Than in the blessed light the second or still less,

rendered:

And rather foremost Prince in some domain that's lower,
Than in the blessed light to wield the second power.

The translation was begun in the metre of the original (a thirteen-syllable couplet alternating with one of twelve), and this was fairly well preserved until the work was dropped in January. When it was resumed in August, the vein had failed or "the charm of the female rhyme" had palled. The long couplet could not be sustained without padding, and consequent loss of the directness and simplicity which mark the original. Hence it was dropped except when a thirteener came our way. This may not be poetry, but the writer does not claim to be a poet, and hence *would* claim some indulgence for presenting in the conflict not always rhymes, but "the nearest we have," as they say in the shops. Enough of Vondel's metre is preserved, it is hoped, to give some idea of the sonorous original, and the songs are exact. That at the end of Act. I. has the movement and change of a great bell:

Thou wert, Thou art the Never-Ending.
Thou changest not. All angels' song
Of praises faint, uncomprehending,
Can do Thy majesty but wrong.

It seems the song of "La Triomphe," the mellow-throated monster of Bruges.

H. M.

GLOUCESTER, MASS., July 28, 1899.

Notes.

The "Yale Studies in English," edited by Prof. Albert S. Cook, and heretofore published by Lamson, Wolffe & Co., have been taken over by Henry Holt & Co.

R. H. Russell will soon issue 'The Treasures of the Metropolitan Museum of Art,' with sixty half-tone illustrations, and text by Arthur Hoeber.

'The Temperance Problem and Social Reform,' by Joseph Rountree and Arthur Sherwell, will be published in this country immediately by Thomas Whittaker.

Josiah Flynt's 'Tramping with Tramps,' and 'Where Angels Fear to Tread,' nautical stories by Morgan Robertson, will be among the fall issues of the Century Co.

A primer on Dante, by E. Garratt Gardner, will form one of the Dent-Macmillan "Temple Primers" in preparation. The deservedly successful Temple Shakspere is to be reissued in a form suitable for the library rather than the pocket, and Mr. Gollancz will revise both text and notes, and add in the twelfth volume a Life of Shakspere. A new feature will be a gallery of Shaksperian contemporary portraits.

The Werner Co. of Akron, O., announces an 'Encyclopædia of Omens and Superstitions,' edited by Mrs. Cora Lynn Daniels.

Lemcke & Buechner send us the prospectus of a work issuing in parts by Th. Schröter at Leipzig and Zurich on the lower Rhine country—'Die Rheinlande von Mainz bis Koblenz: die Thäler der Lahn und der Nahe,' by Dr. M. Schwann. In this small folio the 150 illustrations in half-tone will form a leading attraction, to judge from the samples.

The new Year-Book of the Holland Society of New York is graced by portraits of our worthy Mayor and more worthy Governor, and of the young Queen of Holland. President Krüger figures in a letter. The speeches and addresses at the New York and Albany and some minor banquets are given at length. Of most permanent worth is the alphabetized record of burials in the Dutch Church, New York, filling upwards of seventy pages.

The documents contained in volumes xliii.-xlvi. of the "Jesuit Relations" (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.), while consisting mainly of the annual reports and the diaries of the fathers at Quebec, present a good range of topics and embrace several interesting letters, which are taken from personal correspondence. Altogether they cover a term of five years, and belong to the period of transition from pioneer to colonial life. Exploration has already resulted in many great discoveries, as the Creuxius map of 1660 shows, but new routes are being constantly opened up. At the same time the coming of Bishop Laval in 1659 has a marked bearing on the purely colonial aspect of French contact with the St. Lawrence valley. Take, for instance, one case which runs through Laval's whole career in Canada—his opposition to the sale of spirits among the savages. Many churchmen before him had condemned this evil, but, during the first half-century from the founding of Quebec by Champlain, the fur-traders, who had no interest in the country as legitimate colonists, used in traffic whatever goods they chose, regardless alike of humanity and of the true welfare of the settlement. In other words, the "Jesuit Relations" have now reached a point where the routine occupations of the *habitants* are a noticeable feature in the narratives. Farms are perhaps not yet so much esteemed as beaver skins, but they are growing more valuable, and life is complex enough for questions of church *versus* state to arise. Over against Laval we shall presently have Frontenac. Several striking episodes in Jesuit annals and several illustrious deeds of valor may be found in the four volumes. Chief in the former class is the failure of the Onondaga mission, and, in the latter, Dollard's encounter with the Iroquois. But, for the fight at Long Sault, the Jesuit Relation of 1659-60 yields place to Dollier de Carson, upon whom both the Abbé Faillon and Parkman have drawn largely.

Eight years ago, Ernst Dückershoff, a German coal-miner, was, mainly on account of police surveillance because of his trades-union principles, induced to leave his own country and seek work in the north of England. He has since contributed his life experiences, and his estimate of the differences in the modes of life between German and English workingmen, to the Dresden *Volkswohl*. These have been translated, and are now published by King & Son of London, under the title, 'How the English Workman Lives.' It is an eminently readable and suggestive little book, and worth purchase by all interested in working-class life and problems. "His booklet displays the painstaking attention to detail no less characteristically Teutonic than the tendency to fault-finding." It gives a favorable impression of the condition and possibilities of the Northumbrian workman as compared with his Continental brethren, and of the good feeling and equality between different classes in the district where he has worked. The absence of police interference in the affairs of life especially impresses him. He evidently considers that the workmen's wives in England have an easier life of it than in Germany.

For those who are interested in the course of events in France we may mention three works that are suggestive. M. Jean Jaurès expounds, with eloquence and earnestness, the propaganda of the Radicals, under the title 'Action Socialiste' (Paris: Georges Bellais). Émile Faguet discusses 'Questions Politiques' (Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.), and Léon Poinsard reviews the political, fiscal, and social situation in a series of studies bearing the gloomy heading 'Vers la Ruine' (Paris: A. L. Charles). These writers address Frenchmen, but there are many resemblances between the United States and the French Republic. We are fond of dwelling on our English institutions, but the spirit of Democracy tends to modify them, and the changes now taking place are generally in the lines that the French have followed. Their example has more instruction for us than is commonly understood.

Under the title 'Les Chinois chez eux,'

(Paris: Colin), M. E. Bard, ex-President of the municipal administration of the French "Concession" at Shanghai, has compiled and written an interesting account of the Chinese of to-day. His twenty-seven chapters, in three hundred and sixty pages, treat of the ordinary themes of standard interest. A dozen good half-tone pictures enliven the well-printed pages. It is curious to note that in this author's treatment of Chinese characteristics our own American writers, Chester Holcombe and Arthur Smith, are frequently quoted. There is little that is fresh in the chapters on social and religious life, but M. Bard's study of contemporaneous journalism, of money and finance, of industry, commerce, poverty, and socialism, shows the firm hand of one long familiar with the struggle for life in this over-populated empire. He is not frightened at the spectre raised by Kaiser Wilhelm: it will be long before China can industrially menace Europe. M. Bard believes, furthermore, that the yellow will conquer the brown, that the Japanese are precipitate, while the Chinese are long-headed and patient. In the end, the Chinese, though likely to be politically disintegrated, will be able to hold their own in the world's industrial competition. Interesting chapters, rich in late and carefully scrutinized statistics, deal with the question of "concessions," custom-houses, and foreign commerce. A useful abridgment of history and a somewhat one-sided chapter on Christian missions, or rather French Catholic missions, conclude a readable monograph packed with what is, for the most part, trustworthy information.

From the same Paris house we have a picture of the temperate zones in the third volume of the 'Album Géographique,' edited by MM. Dubois and Guy. The different countries are treated in sixteen chapters. A short sketch of their physical features, people, and characteristic industries and buildings, introduces some thirty reproductions of photographs illustrating these topics. Each picture, too, has a few descriptive lines, not always correct, since it is said of the Scotch Highlands that certain peaks are "couverts de neige et de glaciers." In the introduction to the chapter on this country (together with Canada) it is amusing to find it stated that the object of the war with Spain over Cuba was to compensate for our deficiency in tropical products such as tea, coffee, and sugar. The editors volunteer the further information that, "in spite of this beautiful appearance of two chambers and a President elected by popular suffrage, one seeks in vain for justice and equality in this republic of Anglo-Saxons, where positive interest rules everything, where the *club des millionaires* exploits the masses *sans défense*, and imposes its will on the government." It would be easy to criticise the selection of views in some instances (there is none of Niagara, for instance); but as a whole the volume is an interesting one, though the pictures, with a few exceptions, are not of much artistic value.

The "Monographs on Artists" published in Leipzig by Velhagen & Klasing (New York: Lemcke & Buechner) carry on the series of English translations with Knackfuss's Rembrandt, and the German with Eduard von Gebhardt, a strictly contemporary religious painter, born in 1838, a professor in the Düsseldorf Academy, and a technician of no slight merit. Numerous studies for his principal works are here reproduced, and are full of interest, in themselves, and for a sort of mediæval selectiveness. These may be instructively compared with similar studies for Munkacsy's religious paintings in the succeeding volume of the series, by F. Walther Ilges. The portraits of this Hungarian artist at various ages are very striking, while his portraits of well and less-known personages rival his more famous compositions in value. To the companion series of "Land und Leute Monographien" has just been added 'Norwegen,' by Sophus Ruge, which is beautifully illustrated with half-tones from grand landscapes An excellent folding map of Norway and Sweden accompanies the text.

The *Architectural Record* (New York) for July contains an interesting piece of information for those who have studied the question of curvature in classic Greek design. Mr. W. H. Goodyear, who has carried his researches further than any other student, and has demonstrated a great variety of curves even in mediæval construction, calls attention to the intenticnal convexity given by McKim, Mead & White, architects of the Columbia University Library, to the steps and platform by which this classical building is approached. "The curves are arcs of circles, that of the lower flight of steps having a rise of eight inches in the centre," and "were intended to counteract the apparent deflection in horizontal surfaces and lines of great extent" (here 327 feet). The unfinished colonnaded University Hall, by the same firm, will show a curve also in its entablature. Mr. Goodyear considers this the first modern experiment with horizontal curves on so large a scale. He wisely remarks, apropos of what Mr. Penrose calls the "dryness" of modern copies of Greek temples, that "no consideration of the distinctions between ancient and modern classic architecture is satisfactory which stops at the curves," and does not embrace irregular dimensions of all kinds, as, leaning verticals, deviations from the parallel, irregular intercolumniations, etc.

Albania and the Albanians are described appreciatively by the Rev. H. Callan in the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for July. Though it is a "dangerous and dreadful" country to travel in on account of brigands, starving soldiers, and the prevalent internecine feuds—"one village or clan or one division of a town against another"—he went last year from Durazzo to Previza with no other weapon than a riding-switch, and often with no other guard than his native follower, also unarmed, without molestation. Albania is unquestionably in many respects the most interesting corner of Europe, from its wonderfully picturesque scenery and varied vegetation, and the primitive dress and customs of the people. They believe themselves, not without some show of reason, to be the descendants of the ancient Pelasgi, and are "physically and psychologically, both men and women, a credit, in point of health, strength, and beauty, to humanity." The Albanian is "fierce, reckless, revengeful, but truthful, faithful, virtuous, hospitable. He has the quickness of the Greek without his instability, the solidity of the Slav without his boorishness." Signs of dissatisfaction at their backward condition in comparison with the neighboring lands are not wanting. In one place a Mohammedan expressed a longing for national schools, of which there are none. A sketch of early exploration in northwest Canada, with special reference to the Yukon region, by Alex. Begg, closes with a statement of the Canadian boundary claim.

It is a sign of the times in which civilization has not abandoned her bad practice of getting "forrid" sometimes upon a powder-cart, that the United States Industrial Publishing Company of this city will soon issue the *Automobile*, "an illustrated monthly magazine devoted to the interests of horseless traction." The editors will be Sylvester Baxter and E. E. Schwarzkopf.

The opening, a few years ago, of the École des Beaux-Arts to women has resulted in the experience that coeducation is, for the time being, impracticable in Parisian art circles. The young men did not extend a decent welcome to the students of the other sex. From rudeness they passed to flirtation, or, as "a grumbler" expresses it in a recent number of *La France de Demain*, "the growls of wild animals were succeeded by sweet murmurs behind the canvases or at the foot of white statues." In consequence, it has been necessary to open special courses for young women, and of these the one in architecture was attended by only one student, and she a foreigner. Hence, complaints are being heard at the "scandalous" waste of money, and fault is found, not with the ill-behaved youths whose ungentlemanly conduct has brought about the present condition, but with the authorities who, from "ignorance" and "sentimentality," opened the portals of the École to women.

In a previous note on the noble efforts of Mme. Marie du Sacré-Cœur in behalf of a more modern and advanced education for Catholic girls in France, we referred to the lack of support accorded to her projects by the majority of French bishops. In spite of this obstacle, it is now reported, she intends to carry out her plan of founding a new educational institution, having received the Pope's paternal sanction and sovereign authorization during a recent visit to Rome. The aim of the institution in the new establishment will be to give to France women who, while penetrated with the Christian spirit, shall be capable of following the intellectual movement of the age, and thus able to exert an intelligent influence in their future homes and to direct as long as possible the education of their own children.

Miss Adelaide R. Hasse, of the Astor Library, has performed a valuable service in compiling her 'Reports of Explorations Printed in the Documents of the U. S. Government' (Washington: Government Printing Office). This "contribution towards a bibliography" is classified by explorer, subject, and locality, and fills some ninety pages.

Alexander Agassiz's monograph on the 'Islands and Coral Reefs of Fiji' constitutes volume 33 of the Bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard College. It embodies the results of a cruise in the *Yaralla* during the winter of 1897-98. A brief review of some of the literature of coral reefs and a discussion of the theories of their formation are followed by a detailed description of the islands, atolls, and barrier and fringing reefs composing the Fiji group. Mr. Agassiz's observations tend to confirm his belief that "there is no general theory of the formation of coral reefs, either of barrier

reefs or atolls, applicable to all districts, and that each district must be examined by itself." He maintains that Darwin's theory that atolls and barrier reefs can be formed only on regions of subsidence fails to account for conditions met with in the Fijis. He is inclined to think that the corals of to-day had no part in shaping the circular or irregular atolls among the Fijis, or in building the substructure of the barrier reefs which encircle wholly or partially some of the islands. Their influence has probably been limited to the formation of fringing reefs; the recent corals upon the outer margin of the reefs constituting only a crust of moderate thickness upon the underlying base. This may be the edge of a submarine flat, or of an eroded elevated limestone, or of a substructure of volcanic rocks. The volume is illustrated by 120 plates, including more than 20 maps. The heliotypes are from photographs by Dr. W. McM. Woodworth and Mr. Max Agassiz, and are of great excellence.

Capt. C. H. Davis, U. S. N., Superintendent of the Naval Observatory at Washington, in anticipation of the coming total eclipse of the sun on May 28, 1900, has arranged with the Secretary of the Treasury to admit free of duty the instruments of foreign astronomers who may visit this country to observe the eclipse. All such are invited to notify Capt. Davis of the probable date of their arrival, with the name of the port at which they purpose disembarking. The Navy Department will then forward to the consuls of the different countries to which these observers belong, stationed at the United States ports where they are expected to arrive, letters stating the purpose of their expedition. Such papers, on being countersigned by the consul, will be presented to the Collector of the port, as proof of their identity; upon which he will extend all proper facilities for the speedy delivery of the instruments in question, free of duty and charges. The Superintendent further suggests that notice should be conveyed through the regular diplomatic channels to the local authorities of the city or town selected as a post of observation; and he will be glad to hear from each of the proposed expeditions, in order that he may render such assistance as lies in his power. All observers of eclipses in foreign lands who have suffered every species of vexatious detention in passing the customs with their delicate apparatus, will appreciate the complete arrangements made by the forethought of Capt. Davis.

—There are some interesting glimpses of Virginia contained in the volume on the manuscripts of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry recently published by the English Historical Manuscripts Commission. They are to be found in the letters to Ralph Winwood, the diplomatic agent of England in France and Holland in the first part of the seventeenth century. In December, 1609, the Earl of Salisbury wrote of Sir Thomas Gates's intention to go to Virginia, and his wish to remain in the good graces of the States-General. "He is not retired from their service for any private occasions of his own, but for an enterprise of plantation in the Indies, where I am persuaded they [the States] would be glad the King of England and other Christian Princes might have a settling as well as the King of Spain." More than a year later Salisbury wrote again on the same subject: "Now, because it is conceived that the whole frame of the Plantation doth especially depend upon his personal assistance, being a man well experienced, and otherwise very capable to manage and direct such an enterprise, his Majesty, favoring the good success thereof, for Religion's sake, for his own honour, and for the benefit of his subjects," wished the States to grant a leave of absence of three years. Winwood was, in 1611, made a member of the Council of Virginia, and a very interesting paper from the Council was sent to him, urging the English officers in the Netherland ports to join the venture, which had received "many disastrous impediments by the factiousness and insufficiency of sundry the Governors and others in Virginia," but was now in good train through the endeavors of Lord Delaware. A lottery was set on foot to aid the plantation, but the details are not given. Apart from these American letters there is much of interest in the Winwood papers. The death of Overbury is described at length, and the straits of the founder of the Bodleian Library in his obtaining money to complete the foundation are suggestive.

—An ancient settlement in the southwest of the Barony of Corkaguiney, County of Kerry, Ireland, is the subject of a memoir by R. A. Stewart Macalister, published as part 7 of the current volume of Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy. It treats of an interesting and important group of remains lying along the seacoast between Ventry Harbor and Dunmore Head, near Dingley, which appear to have hitherto received less attention than they deserve. The "settlement" covers four townlands and verges upon three others, the ruins clustering thickly both upon the lower part of the mountain, which is cultivated, and in the wild moorland of the upper portion. They consist principally of "clochans," or dwellings of one or more chambers, built of stones that "oversail" from the first so as to approach until a space is left sufficiently narrow to be spanned by lintels, being in effect all roof. There are also "souterrains," or chambers "in the thickness of the wall," made by leaving out a sufficient number of stones to form a recess roofed in by a stone of proper length. Besides these are sculptured crosses, inscribed stones, ring-mounds, and other ruins. Although the structural remains are abundant, evidence bearing upon dates and other questions is meagre. No human remains have been discovered, but, from the appearance of the structures and from objects found in and among them, some particulars may be inferred as to the physical characteristics of the ancient inhabitants of the district and their mode of life. That they were small of stature is indicated by the fact that their souterrain chambers and clochans are never much more than five feet in height; while their great physical strength is shown by the weight of the stones used in their constructions. They kept sheep and goats, eating the flesh and spinning the wool for clothes. Shell-fish formed an important part of their diet, and they cultivated grain, grinding it in both hand and water mills. Their standard of comfort was low and luxury was unknown. An interesting question arises as to the origin of the two "duns" or fortified headlands at either end of the settlement, and their relations to the other buildings. Neither of them can be regarded as of any use in protecting the settlement, and Mr. Macalister believes them to have been entirely independent of it and to have been built at a prior date. He thinks that they are two links in the long chain of headlands fortified by earthen mounds that stretches along the coast of Ireland. These forts are regarded as the work of an ancient race which vanished, leaving no other trace.

—Something like authoritative information respecting the higher education of women in Germany is furnished by an address, delivered by special invitation at the recent National Social Congress in Kiel by Dr. Kate Windscheid of Leipzig, the first woman graduate of Heidelberg and a leader in the propaganda. Among other things, she drew attention to the fact that, in the development of the higher education of women, Switzerland made the beginning, while in Germany Leipzig and Göttingen early opened their lecture-rooms to women as guests. The greatest need at present is the establishment of more girls' gymnasia. Four of the great States that compose the German federation, namely, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, and Würtemberg, now permit women to apply for the *Abiturienten* examination, *i. e.*, the test admitting to the universities. At twenty of the universities of the Fatherland women are permitted to attend lectures as "hearers." During the winter semester of 1897-98 there were 365 women in attendance at these institutions, and in the winter semester of 1898-99 in Prussia alone there were 414. The desire that these women be admitted to the full rights of students is being fulfilled first by Giessen, in accordance with a Senate resolution passed in January of the current year. Four of the German universities give the doctor's degree to women candidates. Admission to the medical examination is a matter of greatest importance, without which female physicians have no official standing. Women who have been in attendance at the universities are now engaged in two callings, namely, the medical and that of teaching. The women physicians in Germany number ten, five of whom are in Berlin. The higher education of women in Germany has come to stay. One important obstacle is yet to be overcome, namely, the fear of the "emancipated women." Dr. Windscheid, after replying to the current objections to the admission of women to the professional callings, closed with the statement that the modern woman can bid farewell to the nineteenth century with the full conviction that the dawning century will open up to her new and still greater spheres of usefulness.

—The Greek Government, which has long been agitating the introduction of the modern Greek pronunciation in the study of the classical Greek in the schools of the Continent, has again taken up the matter, and this time officially. The authorities have addressed a communication to the educational departments of the leading European governments, informing them that, according to the best modern scholarship, there can be no doubt that the neo-Greek pronunciation was, in general, current in ancient times, and asking them to investigate this question anew on the basis of the recent work of the Greek savant Papadimitrocopulos. Recognizing the fact that the prevalence of the Erasmean or Continental method is chiefly due to the supremacy of German educational ideas, a special request, in the sense of the general circular, is addressed to the Cultus Ministry of Prussia. In Germany

the Erasmian method is firm in the saddle, the problem having been regarded as practically settled by the thorough investigations of Friedrich Bloss. Nor has the pronunciation so strongly favored by the Greek Government made any advances. Russia adopted the pronunciation favored by the Germans, and an attempt to introduce the rival method in Hungary signally failed. The work of Papadimitrocopulos does not seem as yet to be known to Western scholars, but it is generally understood that the Prussian Government—there is no Cultus or Educational Department for the Empire as such—will appoint a special commission to investigate the matter.

—In No. 2 of the *Mittheilungen* of the German Orientgesellschaft, the leader of the Babylonian Expedition sent out by the Society, Dr. R. Koldewey, describes the first fruits of that enterprise, and presents data which make it possible, for the first time in more than two thousand years, to test the correctness of the claims put forth by Herodotus and Diodorus to the effect that the wall of the city of Babylon was so wide that several chariots could drive upon it side by side. The German expedition has begun its work by digging a wide trench directly into the heart of the great Kasr mound from the east, and has made it possible to measure the famous wall. This "gigantic bulwark" consists of an outer wall, 7.25 metres in thickness, built of burnt brick bearing the stamp or impress of Nebuchadnezzar, and an inner wall 13.10 metres thick, while the filling between the two is 21.5 metres, making the enormous total of 41.85 metres. As yet, the diggers have penetrated only 17 metres into this mountain of ruins, but it is thought that now the palace walls themselves have been reached. The Society proposes to expend as much as a hundred thousand marks per annum for the next five years at least in this undertaking. A little brochure descriptive of the work, entitled 'Babylon,' to be issued at once, will contain an address by Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch, delivered in March, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress of Germany, who last year gave 20,000 marks to the association. It will also give a chart of the ruins. The publisher is Hinrichs of Leipzig.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Fowler. By Beatrice Harraden. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Market-Place. By Harold Frederic. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Sand 'n' Bushes. By Maria Louise Pool. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

Richard Carvel. By Winston Churchill. Macmillan.

Mistress Content Cradock. By Annie Eliot Trumbull. A. S. Barnes & Co.

The Awakening. By Kate Chopin. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

The Sixth Sense, and Other Stories. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe. Harper & Brothers.

When the Sleeper Wakes. By H. G. Wells. Harpers.

An Incident, and Other Happenings. By Sarah Barnwell Elliot. Harper & Brothers.

Rachel. By Jane H. Findlater. Doubleday & McClure Co.

Two Men o' Mendip. By Walter Raymond. Doubleday & McClure Co.

By Berwen Banks. By Allen Raine. D. Appleton & Co.

Miss Harraden's novel gives one the uneasy feeling of disproportion that an enlarged print of a small photograph does, in which the fine lines have become blurs and the shadings are blanks. The foundation idea is a good one, and would have made a good short book, had Miss Harraden been wise enough to leave to the imagination that which, by detailing, she has dissipated. The character of the Fowler—the little man who obtains intellectual ascendency over women, distorts their views of life and duty, and withers their enthusiasm—is so possible that he is made unreal by forcing him. Sitting in gardens with girls, and poisoning their joyous atmosphere with his cynicisms, he is a promising feature for a story, even for a sermon. But developed into a villain who keeps an autobiographic journal of his own fiendishness, he ceases to charm or to preach.

The minor characters suffer from similar treatment. The English landlady cheerfully tending three generations of "ancestors" at her fireside, and bullying her persistent lover, is amusing for a few pages, but not for many chapters. The frivolous, kindly trained nurse; the history-writing hero; the organ-playing, Persian-studying father; the British-Museum-haunting readers, the artistic and blighted book-binder—are well launched, but not well sustained. Even as it is, the book is not uninteresting, being written in Miss Harraden's ever-pleasing, clear, and unmannered style, and breathing her natural atmosphere of modern thought united with old-fashioned sanity. For our personal liking there is a glut in her word-market of "gallant" as applied to the heroine, and "quaint" as applied to everything; and if any one must "furridge" among papers, we wish it might be one of the villagers and not the historian.

'The Market Place' is as powerful in its way as 'Theron Ware' was in a differing line. Whereas the earlier story was a relentless exploitation of a theologic field and the movers therein, this later one is a dissection—a vivisection, one might say—of financial operation in its most bold, bad form. The unpunished rascal is growing to be a familiar figure in fiction, to the sorrow of the old-fashioned novel-reader, but few will complain that Mr. Frederic has made his fraudulent Rubber King an attractive example. Very subtly is the effect produced of the ugliness in a dishonest success—the hideousness of a man who feeds on his fellow-beings; for the novelist contrives that the more thorough the success is, the more hateful it appears; the more the man enlarges his aim, the more monstrous he shows forth; when we leave him about to "stand London on its head" in philanthropic reforms, we find him less justified and less tolerable than at any previous moment of his unjustifiable and intolerable career. He is depicted with amazing cleverness, his brutal nature (touched with occasional tendernesses) dominating every page. The leaves of the book turn as by electric cyclone. The hero's sister, as hard as himself and as scrupulous as he is the reverse, stands out well among the lesser figures. An American girl, steely, disillusioned, all-perceptive, looks out alive. The titled heroine is perhaps less real. The various men of business, victims or colleagues, make a Balzac-like group of figures in their differing and harmonized tints. It is a book of real force, and causes one to ask what heights its author might not have touched, with a longer life.

To take a walk on horseback down the length of Cape Cod, to breathe air more salt than that of mere sea, to feel the spell of bayberry wastes and sand dunes, to hear about the symptoms of Sarah Ramsey that married a Portugee—poor house-bound Sarah, whose view over the sand is kind of hindered by the new standpipe—this it is to read Miss Pool's 'Sand 'n' Bushes.' So reading and sharing the adventures of native and visitor, one wishes that the same pen might have described all the odd and fascinating crannies of the earth.

It would have been a great pity had Richard Carvel's autobiography been withheld from the public. Here is the scion of an old stock, reared in the province of Maryland, growing to manhood at the time when the war-cloud of the Revolution is beginning to darken the sky. He is the favorite and heir of his grandfather, the pet of his fellow-townsmen of Annapolis (excepting the uncle-villain), the beloved of the two heroines, the pride of the miller, the joy of the coachman, the glory of the boatmen, the observed of Washington. When he goes to England, he becomes the darling of John Paul Jones, the admired of Horace Walpole, the rival of Chartersea, the crony of Fox and the turning-point in Fox's career—his tale of the colonies making more impression on Fox than even Burke's. He calls upon Garrick in the green-room of the Drury Lane Theatre in company with Lord Carlisle, visits Vauxhall in the society of Lady Sarah Lennox, wears Lady Carlisle's red rose, has snuff offered him by Lord Sandwich, talks horse with Lord Baltimore, and is among the gentlemen to whom Mrs. Clive directs witty remarks from the stage. Such are his friends; his adventures correspond. The windmill arms that he rides, the mobs that he quells, the pirates whom he escapes, the stallions that he tames, the duels that he fights, the sea-fights that he survives, are they not written in the book of 'Richard Carvel'? Even of the two requisite blackguard foes does not one at last, coming to betray, remain to laud? Thus steeped in prestige, the hero carves his dramatic way through well-nigh five hundred and fifty pages, to which it is high tribute to say that the story is throughout interesting.

It is avowedly not so much history as a picture of Annapolis and the Eastern Shore, in Maryland's stateliest days, and of London when George the Third was blundering out his reign; when "macaronies" were betting and gambling all night at Brooks's, and the colonies were slipping away from their mother. The portrait of Fox is full of fascination, that of John Paul Jones equally so. The battle between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* is the crowning point of the romance. Wounded by a pike after the surrender, Richard Carvel is nursed by his one and only lady-love into life and happiness ever after. The "semblance of reality" which Mr. Churchill has aimed at giving to his Colonial picture has been attained. If we have found it over-long and the hero over-illustrious, it is still good, clean, spirited reading in all its phases. To keep sustained the language of a hundred and twenty years ago

leads a writer into strange places, yet we may hope that an "ode abounding in orrery" hath a score to settle with the printer. A copy of the text might with advantage have been furnished to the illustrator.

Yet another book of colonial times, 'Mistress Content Cradock,' carries us farther north and a century and more earlier. We are on the more often described Massachusetts coast, attended by the more familiar Puritan figures of New England. The day of Mary Dyer is at hand. Cromwell's star is in the ascendant. Roger Williams is the idol of the bolder thinkers of the Providence and Massachusetts Colonies, and the admired despair of them of straiter ways of thought. Eliot is working his benefactions among the Indians. The lace ruffles of the Royalists are setting the colonies by the ears. The story is slight, but suffices to set off the background of old New England which is the real book. Even did it not bear its accomplished author's name, it would carry, on internal evidence, the proof of her affectionate knowledge of her subject.

'The Awakening' is the sad story of a Southern lady who wanted to do what she wanted to. From wanting to, she did, with disastrous consequences; but as she swims out to sea in the end, it is to be hoped that her example may lie for ever undredged. It is with high expectation that we open the volume, remembering the author's agreeable short stories, and with real disappointment that we close it. The recording reviewer drops a tear over one more clever author gone wrong. Mrs. Chopin's accustomed fine workmanship is here, the hinted effects, the well-expended epithet, the pellucid style; and, so far as construction goes, the writer shows herself as competent to write a novel as a sketch. The tint and air of Creole New Orleans and the Louisiana seacoast are conveyed to the reader with subtle skill, and among the secondary characters are several that are lifelike. But we cannot see that literature or the criticism of life is helped by the detailed history of the manifold and contemporary love affairs of a wife and mother. Had she lived by Prof. William James's advice to do one thing a day one does not want to do (in Creole society, two would perhaps be better), flirted less and looked after her children more, or even assisted at more *accouchements*—her *chef d'œuvre* in self-denial—we need not have been put to the unpleasantness of reading about her and the temptations she trumped up for herself.

Miss Briscoe's stories steadily grow in grace. They are written with a now rather old-fashioned minuteness. After Mrs. Chopin's crisp handling, for example, her considered style seems almost diffuse; yet her stories never reach the flagging point in motion or motive. She has usually something quite new to say, and says it pointedly and well. Love-problems, life-problems, eccentric portraits share her attention equally, and in every instance provide for the reader a delicately devised spice or sweet.

Mr. Wells's weird fancy finds ever more weird food to batten upon. From man-eating orchids and such simple pleasures he passed to militant Martians who froze the young blood. In his latest and most knotted and combined tale, he shows the vision that has been revealed to him of the world as it is to be two hundred years hence. This has happened to other prophets, but Mr. Wells, with his *flair* for the infinite possibilities of machinery, has seen so deeply into the details of the future that, instead of a socialistic or scientific fairy tale, we have a machine-shop; for naturally the world of two centuries hence is mainly a thing of machinery. The thirty-three millions who inhabit London "have cleared their minds of formulæ," mental and moral, and have no particular tastes, sentiments, or ideas. They refer "to the England of the nineteenth century as the figure of an idyllic, easy-going life." More human misery had been inflicted on the world during the twentieth century by financial convulsions and tariff wars than by the war, pestilence, and famine of the darkest days of earlier times, "because the wretchedness was dreary life instead of speedy death." An unlovely, cable-laced, electric-ridden place is the London of two hundred years to come, with cliff-like buildings reaching in honeycombed layers to the dome of St. Paul's; with moving roadways, with a phonographic press, with a Bedlam of metallic din, with incubator-bred babies, and "psychic surgery" supplying memory or forgetfulness as education may require. Most revolutionary of all, the flying-machine has been perfected; a foreign cohort can be summoned into London at an hour's warning. A certain sleeper awaking after a two hundred years' trance finds himself practically owner of this clanging, brawling, tramping world. Political bosses have dreaded the awakening, but the masses of men look to it as the signal for their redemption. "When the sleeper wakes" has become the class watchword. For the masses the millennium is still remote. Out of the Salvation Army, among other organizations, has been reconstructed a business company which trades in labor and drives hard bargains for it. The sleeper burns to help them, inspired by the lofty counsels of a girl. The culmination is his single-handed fight in a flying-machine against an aerial navy that is bringing a hated negro police force from Africa into London to crush the toiling millions. Thus opens a new field of fiction! Let imitators beware—imitators who do not possess Mr. Wells's peculiar gift. What will become of us if Hope, Weyman, and their ilk fight all their battles o'er again in the sky?

There is more than the timely choice of a theme to make the title-piece, 'An Incident,' chiefest among the short stories of Miss Elliot's volume. Apart from questions of artistic value, the world is interested in a Southern woman's presentation of the lynching problem. But it is not the least proof of the author's skill that she relies so slightly on the adventitious; that, in reading, one is able to forget, until recalled by the feebleness of the final paragraph, that the problem is of the present. In its severity of outline, swift movement, sinister suggestion of more than meets the eye, the sketch shows qualities which should make for its endurance though all our negroes were deported to Africa or exterminated like Filipinos. There is promise as well as performance in the "Other Happenings" which make up the volume. These studies, for the most part of Southern types far removed from the mountaineer and negro who have more than borne their part in fiction, point hopefully to a larger work in this direction. Southern writers have appeared to stand in need of the Gilbertian injunction, "Spurn not the nobly born," so careful has been their avoidance of the higher social orders. Miss Elliot's observations show the sympathy of one who is part of what she describes, yet they are as evidently made with clear eyes not sealed by tradition. The field before her is a rich one.

The author of 'Rachel,' unlike Meredith, does not preface the story of the tragic comedians with her acknowledgments to history, but it is impossible to doubt that through her pages moves one figure that has "breathed stouter air than fiction's." In outward incident, at least, the life story of Michael Fletcher closely paraphrases that of the "simple-hearted giant," Edward Irving. Rachel herself bears little resemblance to the other actor in the real drama, save that her wit and charm awaken the love of the strangely gifted young divine who, in profound ignorance of his own heart, had pledged himself to marry another. There was no Miss Martin of Kirkcaldy to be dealt with, and Rachel's common sense would have made no problem of the situation; but Michael's character, his pitying irresolution, provide his inexorable Fate. He goes to Edinburgh to free himself. He returns to fall weeping at Rachel's feet, confessing that he has married Ellen. Then drags the afterward. Michael has prophetic gifts. He leads a new sect, the Foreseers; he is called to London and becomes the sensation of the hour. Inspiration failing him, he resorts to charlatan tricks to fill his church. Health and reason totter. Before the final crash, with his head bowed in his hands, he cries out, "One woman I knew who might have saved me from myself with her brave wits and her dear sharp tongue." It was Mrs. Carlyle who said there would have been no gift of tongues if she had married Edward Irving. It is truly a furrowing lesson in life that is thus read to us. The consequences of that immoral morality, a loveless marriage, are more often traced in their relation to a woman's life; that men escape them as little this fact-woven fiction pitifully reminds us.

'Two Men o' Mendip' is a tale of Somersetshire in the grim days when a man's life went for a sheep's in Merry England; when the stream of human passion, undeterred by eddying modern complexities, ran swift and straight. The tragedy which casts its shadow over the story from the beginning has nothing malignant about it; it is rather the working out of a retributive fate, involving, as even justice often must, the suffering of the innocent. Little Patty Winterhead, caught in the resistless sweep of consequences, was spared the worst, for she met death at the side of her murdered lover, all unknowing that her father's hand had stricken him down, or that his own shedding of human blood had brought this vengeance upon him. When John Winterhead gave himself up to the law for the doom which his honest soul demanded for himself, the debt of blood was paid, but the reader is left curiously sympathizing with two murderers, one of whom dealt death to the other. Everything in the telling of the story is well in keeping with the time and place of the events, and the setting of country freshness, of simple, hearty Somerset speech, gives relief to the hard deeds that were wrought in Mendip.

'By Berwen Banks' distinguishes itself from the multitudinous romances of its class by its background of Welsh scenery, an occasional Welsh phrase, and the more

than common fatuity of its heroine. This young woman allows her good name to be blighted and her child's paternity to be left a matter of surmise, through her sublime adherence to a promise not to reveal her secret marriage. The absent husband wonderfully foresees some of the possible difficulties of his wife's position, and absolves her from her inconvenient obligation in a letter which could not fail, in a book of this sort, to miscarry. A blow on the head then deprives him of the small sense with which the author has endowed him. Unconscious of his own identity, he wanders for a year or so in a strange land, while the wife hears nothing and suffers many things. The harrowed reader of all this may find consolation in the final felicity of the tried and trying twain.

LEIBNIZ REWRITTEN.

La Nouvelle Monadologie. Par Ch. Renouvier et L. Prat. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 1899. 8vo, pp. 546.

The nature of things would seem to have a screw loose if the powers of a Renouvier are not to be of service to the race. When we see a man far advanced in the eighties producing, albeit with a collaborator, a great volume of metaphysics, terse, clear, and well-oriented, it is certainly not on his shoulders that we can lay the blame if his industry should teach the world nothing. The principles of Renouvier's philosophy were published in the earlier years of the Second Empire, with the disadvantage of a too modest title. It was mainly other causes, however, that at first prevented the work from being as much studied as it deserved to be. Of late years it has in France been, perhaps, more studied than it deserved to be; but it has not been as *well* studied as it deserved to be. The author belonged to that group of schools in which the ideas of Kant were still paramount. Those schools never fully ripened their fruit, because the attention of the strongest men was turned away to the rich conceptions that the mechanical theory of heat and the Darwinian hypothesis about that time suggested. None of the Kantians had more thoroughly learned their master's great lesson than this Frenchman—the lesson that metaphysics can be solidly founded only upon the science of logic. Unfortunately, Kant, though a logical Samson, had yet treated that science with what we can but call, in view of the importance he attributed to it, inexcusable levity; and his followers had always accepted his logical dicta most uncritically, just as they have ever since continued to do. The aliment contained in De Morgan's and Boole's studies had not been assimilated by anybody; nor had mathematical reasoning taken on its modern exactitude. What was meant, in that *Quarterly Review* period, by good logic had for its principal ingredient a forcible and imposing style of writing. Renouvier was, and is, not only an able logician in that sense, after the best French models, but even according to the more scientific standard of mediæval Paris. But now, fifty years after his acme, if we demand that he shall satisfy the requirements of the exact logic which has since grown up, it is not surprising that we find he falls so far short of it that his conclusions as a whole can no longer be accepted. At many points his well-elaborated thought would be extremely valuable if some modern logician of the first strength would take the trouble to disentangle it from other elements with which it is interlaced. It is lamentable that such a labor is not likely to get performed, since M. Prat has not proved adequate to the task, and yet one does not find where to lay the blame for its non-performance unless it be upon the logic of events and the nature of things.

The present work undertakes the noble task of rewriting the so-called 'Monadologie' of Leibniz, and of more fully developing its philosophy after indispensable corrections. The doctrine is very nearly the same as that of his first philosophical treatise from which he at one time seemed to be wandering. The 'Monadologie' is rewritten in a Kantian spirit; and as time increases the distance from which we survey the Kantian philosophy, its affinities with that of Leibniz appear closer than they formerly did.

We cannot give much idea of what has been packed into these five hundred-odd pages, further than to say that they discuss most of the usual problems of metaphysics and much besides. The main doctrine is that of Leibniz, that the universe is composed of units, indivisible and endowed with consciousness. The doctrine of pre-established harmony is retained—that the monads do not act on one another in any other sense than that while each one follows out its own destiny in the succession of its modifications of consciousness, these have been arranged so as to harmonize and to amount practically to actions upon one another. But here the authors bid farewell to Leibniz. The law of sufficient reason is hardly mentioned in the book, but is practically rejected in every aspect of it. Of course, with this law the bottom of optimism falls out. In place of Leibniz's principle of the identity of indiscernibles, that things other than one another must differ in some qualities, Scotus's doctrine of hecceity (substantially that of Kant) is adopted—that individual existence is no general character, but is an irrational act. An important departure from Leibniz is the rejection of all actual infinite multitude (and hence, of all continuity) as self-contradictory. Kantian nominalism is carried to an extreme, every conception of intellectual value (space, time, etc.) being regarded as untrue of substances. Kant himself allows us to surmise that there is some unintelligible root from which each special appearance springs, although all that makes them intelligible is our own embroidery. But in this monadism the nakedness of the thing in itself is laid bare, and it plainly appears that nothing exists but monads and their harmonizing dreams. A single monad, we are told, transcends the limits of possible experience, although some finite collection of them is cognizable.

The position of Renouvier concerning determinism has excited enough curiosity to make it worth defining. Five opinions on this subject are current to-day. The common one, which may be attributed to Boyle, is that nature is a machine working according to exact laws (like the differential equations of dynamics), while the conditions to which those laws apply (like the constants of integration) are entirely arbitrary. Or, this may be expressed by saying that Nature syllogizes in her action; the ultimate major premises being laws, and the ultimate minor premises irrational facts. There are two opinions more deterministic than this. The first is that even the initial conditions of the universe are perfectly regular. This opinion still leaves room for accidents, such, for example, as that a number of bodies should at one instant come into symmetrical positions. The extreme of determinism, held by Leibniz, supposes that every aspect of every fact is subject to reason, so that there is a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow. There remain two opinions less deterministic than the common one. One of these, which has been called Tychism, is that there are minute departures in nature from any general formula which can be assigned, so that there is a certain element of absolute chance. This is the position maintained by C. S. Peirce a few years ago in the *Monist*. It had already been held by Boutroux, quite incidentally, however, and not as a prominent feature of his argument in favor of the contingency of natural laws. But this is not the opinion of Renouvier. He holds that all causality is exact and produces its component effect, but that, in addition, there are component influences which spring direct from the arbitrary action of the monad. Perhaps Boutroux had in mind something like this when he spoke of "une sorte de jeu laissé aux cadres logiques." These actions, though arbitrary in the sense of not being rational functions of preceding events, are all provided for in the pre-established harmony, and thus duly produce their component effects (or quasi-effects) upon other monads.

Three critical questions are apposite to the new monadism. The first is, Supposing we were to grant all its propositions, how far would it constitute a satisfactory philosophy? What is it that philosophy ultimately hopes to accomplish? It is, if we mistake not, to find that there is some intelligible truth, some absolutely valid reasonableness, to ascertain how far this reasonableness governs the universe, and to learn how we may best do its service. It may be this hope is not destined to be realized, although, being reasonable, it acts to strengthen itself. It may be that reasonableness essentially requires an element of unreason, a brute force, on which and with which to accomplish itself; but in that case we hope that this unreason may turn out capable of becoming infused with reason. There must be nothing hopelessly and finally unreasonable, or in so far philosophy is to no purpose and its hope is vain. But the new monadism presents many such irrational features. What possible reason can there be for the existence of the precise finite number of monads that there are, rather than for one more? Since the monads do not metaphysically act upon one another, what rational purpose is subserved by the real existence of so many? The mere dream of them by one would do as well. Why should each monad have the three peculiar characters of intelligence, passion, and will, or why should any phenomena be as they are? In short, the absolutely inexplicable pervades the whole system, while one supremely anti-rational nominalism is supreme over the whole. Continuity is nothing but that modification of generality which is proper to the logic of relatives; and generality is of the essence of rationality. Yet this new monadism makes all continuity a false illusion and all generality equally so. Persuade him that this is true, and what is there for a philosopher but to hug a delusion

to his heart as being, by virtue of its reasonableness, infinitely more real than the wretched abortion that the world of reality would so turn out to be? Rather hope that some corrected Hegelianism is the truth, or, better still, that, as the elder James taught, the Reasonable One sets off over against himself an irrational phantom upon which his warmth and light may be brought to pass.

The second question is, how far the reasoning of this work is sound. The opening section sets forth that conception of a simple substance which is the very cornerstone of monadism, without which the whole erection would crumble. Nobody is unaware that most thinkers now reject any such idea. The subject of an attribute, they say, is nothing but a group of phenomena differing from a metaphysical substance in not being permanent, like that old jackknife. Even Kant declared the conception of substance has no validity beyond possible experience. It was incumbent on our authors, then, to begin by proving that there is any substance other than the universe as a whole. Instead of this, they so naïvely take the matter for granted as to give a definition of substance which would make it a mere way of thinking. They parade a pretended demonstration that a contradiction is involved in supposing a substance to be infinitely divisible, or, what is precisely the same thing (though they do not so treat it), in supposing an infinite multitude of substances. We will not stop to point out the glaring fallacy of that "demonstration." Modern logic enables us to show that it is absurd to say there is a contradiction in supposing an infinite multitude of substances. There is certainly an infinite multitude of finite whole numbers. True, these are only possibilities, not substances. But according to the principle of hecceity, admitted by the authors, mere substantial existence is no general character and cannot create a contradiction. In other words, what is possibly possible is possibly actual.

How far can this work be regarded as the natural perfecting of the philosophy of Leibniz? Leibniz had more sides than one. If we consider him as above all else an extreme nominalist, and expunge from his celebrated paper all that tends in the opposite direction, the development of what would remain might not be very different from the *nouvelle monadologie* minus its free-will doctrine. But if we deem a man to be best represented by that one of his ideas which shows most prepotency, it is in the direction of the differential calculus that we must look for the genuine Leibniz, and in philosophy we must regard the law of continuity as most Leibnizian. This principle would at once do away with the isolated monads, and render the extravagant and unverifiable hypothesis of preëstablished harmony superfluous by directly solving the riddle of the transitivity of causation, while it would form the basis of a philosophy in deepest unison with the ideas of the last half of the nineteenth century.

Old Cambridge. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Macmillan Co. 1899.

We have here the initial volume of a series of "National Studies in American Letters," edited by Prof. George Edward Woodberry. The general scheme saves Mr. Higginson's book from any suspicion of his attempting to improve on Lowell's 'Cambridge Thirty Years Ago,' with which unavoidably he competed in his 'Cheerful Yesterdays' to some extent, and convinced us that Lowell had not "taken up the road behind him," as goes the country phrase. Mr. Higginson's book treats of Old Cambridge (meaning by that the Cambridge whose history is already made) from a predominantly and almost exclusively literary point of view. He is very generous in attributing to all the Cambridge boys of fifty years ago his own early knowledge of the Cambridge tradition of learning and patriotism. It is, however, probable that he was a distinct example of that precocity which was, he says, "an essential part of the atmosphere of Old Cambridge," and to which Margaret Fuller and Dr. Hedge contributed notable illustrations, Dr. Hedge being fitted for college at eleven, and having read at least half of the whole body of Latin literature before that time. The extent to which Mr. Higginson is able to avoid the matter used in his 'Cheerful Yesterdays' and yet write so charmingly is highly creditable to his memory and to the fulness of his reminiscent mind. The repetitions are comparatively few, and generally are frankly introduced as old acquaintances.

The literary productiveness of Cambridge from its foundation up is piously affirmed, and proved by many happy illustrations. No youngsters sat on the sepulchral slabs of the old churchyard more joyously than Mr. Higginson dwells upon the elaborate inscriptions of those slabs, and on the weight with which they pressed on the poetic minds of Longfellow and Holmes and Lowell. President Uriah Oakes would be invaluable as a writer of headlines for the sensational journals of our time. Witness the title of his sermon for the Artillery Election of 1674: "The Unconquerable, All Conquering, and More than Conquering Soldier." The mention of Levi Hedge, who became Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in 1810, brings to mind an anecdote from which Mr. Higginson has tenderly refrained. George William Curtis introduced Mr. Blaine and Dr. Frederic H. Hedge to each other at the Concord celebration of 1875. Mr. Blaine, with the exuberant self-consciousness of the man saying the right thing at the right moment, said, "One hardly needs an introduction to the author of 'Hedge's Rhetoric,'" and Dr. Hedge, making himself as tall as possible, answered, "I am getting to be an old man, Mr. Blaine (he was just seventy), but I am not yet old enough to be my own father." Such things will sometimes happen in the best regulated minds.

An interesting point is that made with reference to the literary families of Cambridge—the correlated and persistent literary habit shown by several of these. Mr. Higginson cannot resist a few reminiscences less purely literary than the rest, as that the boys of his generation swore "By Goffe-Whalley," the regicides whose names, as Mr. Higginson said, in his oration on the 250th anniversary of the settlement of Cambridge, were "the objects of malediction throughout one continent and the vehicle of it in another." Lowell's "humorous enjoyment of the under side of human nature" is mentioned and illustrated with a fine story of his going down to East Cambridge jail to release an early playmate for "the glorious Fourth," at the solicitation of another who happened to be out of jail at that particular time. The mutual good will of the Cambridge literary set is dwelt upon. It was not inconsistent with frank mutual criticism like that of Dr. Holmes on the incongruity of the New England setting of "The Vision of Sir Launfal." Lowell's attack on Margaret Fuller in the "Fable" is not forgotten; it is several times returned to. Mr. Higginson wishes that Lowell had, on second thought, omitted it as he did the passage on Prof. Bowen. It is not quite fair for Mr. Higginson, in his persistent blame of Lowell's treatment of Miss Fuller, to omit the fact that Lowell had meant to leave her out altogether, but that "even Maria thought I ought to give her a line or two."

Mr. Higginson's second chapter has for its subject "Old Cambridge in Three Literary Epochs." These are the epochs of the *North American Review*, the *Dial*, and the *Atlantic Monthly*. The endeavor, successfully carried out, with some slight forcing of the note, is to show how lively the connection was between the Cambridge literary set, from generation to generation, with these periodicals. The *North American* is named as the lineal successor of the *Monthly Anthology*. We had supposed that this distinction belonged to the *Christian Examiner*, with the *General Repository* and *Christian Disciple* for connecting links. The dates of their several beginnings seem to prove as much. It would be interesting to know on what grounds Mr. Higginson assigns Dwight's unique poem "Rest" to his Divinity School days—before 1836—seeing that it was originally published in the first number of the *Dial*, in 1840, at the end of a sermon. It is true that the Divinity students produced many good hymns, if not much good poetry. The history of the *Atlantic Monthly* is carried back to 1853, four years before its first public appearance, and in a very interesting manner. Two letters from Francis J. Underwood to Mr. Higginson in 1853 tell the story. It was the project of Mr. Underwood, "who desired to enlist the leading authors of New England in the crusade against slavery." Jewett was to be the publisher, but his business failure, notwithstanding the success of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' called a halt, and, when the project was taken up again, it was by Phillips & Sampson, who had refused to publish 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' because it was an anti-slavery book.

There are three chapters, devoted respectively to Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, in which Mr. Higginson blends criticism and recollection in a delightful manner. Holmes is contrasted with Lowell as beginning conservative and afterwards joining the revolt, while Lowell, barring the class-poems, began with radicalism and became conservative. Mr. Higginson thinks he had little interest in the anti-slavery cause in the middle fifties; but then, during that period, for some reason or other, the tide of life was slack with him in every way. Mr. Higginson prints a letter in which an eye-witness vividly describes the scene which cost Lowell his rustication in the last weeks of his college course. The name of the writer has been given elsewhere, and puts the nature of the episode beyond a doubt. One of Lowell's best letters is reproduced from 'Letters of R. W. Griswold.' It describes, with many other things, the starting of the Town and Country Club. Alcott suggested "Olympians" as a good name, but, meeting with a head wind, tacked and proposed "Pan." As there was

to be a café annexed, Lowell thought "Coffee-pot" would be better, or "Patty-Pan." Hence, possibly, Emerson's description of Brook Farm: "a perpetual picnic, a French Revolution in small, an Age of Reason in a patty-pan."

The institution of the *Atlantic* meant a new birth for Lowell as well as for Holmes. Concerning the latter we have what certainly appears to be an Hibernicism. In the "Autocrat" Holmes is said to have struck out "a wholly new career"; and then we read, "This is all the more remarkable from the fact that he had begun a similar venture long before without attracting much attention." There is an extremely interesting comparison of Lowell's style with that of Holmes, to the former's disadvantage. "Lowell was always liable to be entangled in his own wealth of thought." Curious examples are given; in the "Ode to Happiness" half-a-dozen metaphors tumble over each other in less than a dozen lines. Lowell's taste also is impeached, his lack of self-denial when he was tempted by an unseasonable pun. "The Cathedral" furnishes a striking instance, and thereby hangs a tale which Mr. Higginson ignores. It is that Lowell omitted the whole passage containing the pun (nineteen lines), and, making no other change, left a pronoun which at first referred to the "two Englishmen," to refer to "the flies" who shared his dinner at the pea-green inn.

The chapter upon Longfellow was sure to be less humorous than the others, but it has all the mellow kindliness of the man whom it describes—if "suggests" would not be the better word. Rowena Pratt, the Village Blacksmith's wife, was Mr. Higginson's nurse in his infancy, so that if he did not imbibe the poetry of Longfellow with his mother's milk, he came very near to that. The degree to which Longfellow foresaw the literary career that he looked back upon from the summit of his years, was certainly remarkable. So was his kindness to people of all sorts, friends and enemies. Many novel incidents could have been spared better than the well-worn story of the unspeakable bore of whom Longfellow said, "Who will be kind to him if I am not?" There was something better than his best poem in the spirit of those words.

Letters from Japan. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. The Macmillan Co.

Many pairs of eyes have looked upon the Mikado's empire from many points of view, but few spectators have enjoyed both the inward and spiritual as well as the ocular power of seeing, joined to such abundant and unique opportunity as Mrs. Fraser, the wife of the late British Envoy to Japan. She had an American grandfather, heard early of Japan from our own Townsend Harris, lived long on this continent and in China, and by experience and culture was well prepared not only to see but to enjoy Japan. Having already a practised pen and fine literary ability, as shown in a novel or two, she has given us a brace of volumes which are delightful for their style alone. Arriving in Tokio in April, 1889, she lived three years in the imperial capital, and wrote these letters, following no method beyond that suggested by the interests and the fancy of the moment. She attempted no detailed description of the empire, its history, customs, or philosophy. Yet these chapters show that the fine art of letter-writing is not yet wholly lost, while the subtle charm of the work arises from the fact that here was a disciplined and cultivated woman in presence of a people "simple to frankness, yet full of unexpected reserves, of hidden strengths and dignities of power never flaunted before the eyes of the world." Having the liberty to "visit any spot and remain in it for any length of time," she became gradually aware of the many-sided and complex character of the people. With reverence, delight, and appreciation, she made herself acquainted with the mental soil out of which have grown the poetry, the legends, the history, the ideals, and the conventionalities of the Japanese. She saw that not only in peace but in war time the two highest virtues of their national life, love of country and sense of duty, had been growing deep and strong in the heart of the race. The years of her stay were those which will count in history as the first of Japan's majority, for these followed the proclamation of the Constitution.

The letters describe the places dear to tourists, such as the Inland Sea, Atami, Miyanoshita, Enoshima, Kamakura, Nikko, Karuizawa, and other places within a hundred miles or so of Tokio; but with the sparkling descriptions and spicy adventures are given also the old legends and fairy tales put into exquisite English. And, since the British envoy's wife could command the best interpreters and scholars, both ladies and gentlemen, native and foreign, we find in these pages a firmness of touch, a brilliancy of color, a satisfying accuracy in the stories here so charmingly reproduced, not usual in other books. The descriptions of Japanese social life reveal these Oriental men and women as people of great refinement not only, but of deep and tender feeling. Whereas writers whom we might name show the Japanese spirit and temperament from the standpoint of the philosopher, or with the animus of those not altogether in love with Occidental methods of life and thought, Mrs. Fraser speaks with an artlessness that simply shows how her sisters act in joy and grief. We get behind the screens. Or it may be that hers is the consummate art which conceals art, when we are told how the Empress, on hearing of the injuries to the Tsesarevitch, walked the floor all night in a storm of grief, less in sorrow because of the humiliation of her country than of sympathy with the young man's mother, who might hear of the wound and flowing blood and not know how slight the injury was.

There are not a few valuable hints as to the inside history of politics during this time, when treaty revision was the burning theme and assassination was in the air. In faith a Roman Catholic, the author's sympathies are broad and deep. It would be hard, we imagine, to find more appreciative interpretations, not only of other phases of the Christian faith, but also of the religions which furnish spiritual nourishment to the Japanese people. The same earnest desire to understand the social orthodoxy of Japan is manifest on every page. We have in these two volumes a running and readable commentary on the thoughts and ways and art of the islanders.

The publishers have given these letters an attractive setting in two volumes of nearly four hundred pages each, with large type on heavy paper. The illustrations, 250 in number, evidently selected with great care, enrich and illuminate the text. To the increasing number of those who seriously study the Japanese people, these "letters" cannot be reckoned as ephemeral literature, but, besides being the solace of leisure hours, must take their place with those luminous commentaries on Japanese life and character which our countrymen, Knapp, Bacon, Lowell, Hearn, Lafarge, Gordon, and others have already furnished.

State Trials of Mary Queen of Scots, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Capt. William Kidd. Condensed from the State Trials of Hargrave and Howell, by Charles Edward Lloyd. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1899.

At the recent Exposition at Omaha, the Department of Justice displayed among other things copies of the State Trials in Great Britain, and the custodian of these volumes, having looked into them, conceived the idea of making them accessible to the public. This volume is the first of a proposed series, and it will scarcely be possible in those which are to follow to present matter of such romantic interest as is here set forth. Men will never tire, apparently, of the story of Mary Stuart; nor has the ill fame of Capt. Kidd waned with the lapse of time. The fate of Raleigh, also, has a perennial power of arousing both indignation and pity, and the final collapse of the empire of Spain gives a present interest to the career of one of her most formidable assailants.

The trial of the Scottish Queen, however, has been narrated with more dramatic effect than is produced by the rather bald record here given. We can construct the drama from these materials, but they are somewhat dry and meagre. So of Kidd's trial; it has a technical interest for lawyers, but all the glamour of piracy, such as Stevenson created in 'Treasure Island,' has vanished. No better argument, however, for the exemption of private property from capture at sea can be imagined than the history of this regularly commissioned privateer, whose misdeeds lay in not regarding what flag was carried by his prizes. Raleigh's trial bears a striking resemblance to the proceedings in the Dreyfus case, and suggests that, as great improvement has been made in judicial procedure in England, there may be hope for France. The behavior of Coke in this case has been often denounced, but it is well enough that his outrageous language should be quoted in full. No other condemnation is needed. Raleigh was to be sacrificed, and Coke carried through the business with fiendish malignity.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Brown, C. W. Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy. J. S. Ogilvie Co. 25c.
Crew, Prof. Henry. The Elements of Physics. Macmillan. $1.10.
Eaton, D. B. The Government of Municipalities. Macmillan. $4.
Fisher, Prof. Anna A. Burke on Conciliation. Boston: B. H. Sanborn & Co.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1899.

The Week.

The Republicans of Iowa, in their State Convention on Wednesday of last week, pronounced an encomium on the Gold Democrats. "As Republicans," they said, "we make recognition of the loyalty and exalted patriotism of the Sound-Money Democrats, and men of all parties, who put aside partisanship in order to maintain the good faith of the nation, and, in resistance to the Chicago platform and its candidate, to secure the welfare of the people." Signs are not wanting in other quarters that the attitude of the Democrats who supported Palmer and Buckner in 1896, and of those who voted directly for McKinley in order to make their votes "count double" against Bryan, is becoming a matter of much interest among the Republicans. In proportion as the latter grow uneasy respecting their position on expansion and the war in the Philippines, they are inclined to fall back on the Gold Standard and make that issue once more the chief stone of the corner. On the other hand, the Bryanites, thinking that they see victory within reach on other issues than that of "16 to 1," are taking steps to win the Gold Democrats back to their old allegiance.

Fortunately for such an effort, as regards domestic policy, the things which the McKinley Administration is most concerned about have been those most calculated to offend its Democratic and independent allies. It passed a most offensive tariff bill, the details of which gave rise to the suspicion that it was part of a preëlection bargain for which cash had been paid into the campaign fund. In the interest of spoilsmen, it reversed the policy of civil-service reform—in defiance and contradiction of its own national platform—a policy which had received the sanction and support of every other Administration, Republican or Democratic, for fifteen years. Moreover, as regards the one issue which led the Gold Democrats and the Independents to give their aid to the Republicans directly or indirectly (the establishment of the gold standard), they have as yet done nothing, and it is still uncertain what they will do if anything. It is true that they have not hitherto had control of the Senate. They could not have passed any measure through that branch of Congress, but, in fact, they did not make any attempt to pass anything, not even the slight measures looking to the maintenance of the gold standard which President McKinley himself recommended. They gave no sign of interest in the subject until it dawned upon them a few months ago that they might want the votes of their gold allies next year, especially since their policy of expansion and war against the Filipinos had not been an unmixed success. Added to these acts of omission and commission, which are sins in the eyes of nearly all of their allies of 1896, they are now talking of a new ship-subsidy bill, to enable another lot of rich men to get their hands into the public treasury. Such a measure would alone repel four-fifths of the Palmer and Buckner Democrats and of the Independents who supported McKinley in 1896.

The Iowa Republican platform dodges the whole question of civil-service reform and of the President's action regarding it. It does not commend Mr. McKinley's "backward step," as did the Kentucky Republican platform, but simply ignores the subject, while holding him up in general terms as a pattern of wisdom and discretion. This was the easier in Iowa because the Republican politicians of that State have never professed much interest in the reform, and nothing was said about it in the resolutions adopted when Gov. Shaw was first nominated. The real struggle for the platform-makers will come in such States as Massachusetts, where heretofore there has been sincere support of the reform. In the convention of 1897, for instance, the Massachusetts Republicans congratulated the country upon the fact that "we see a Republican President, under severe pressure for place, not merely maintaining, but wisely extending, the merit system in our civil service." What shall be said in 1899, when the same President has yielded to this "pressure" and dealt a staggering blow at the merit system? The embarrassment of this situation is going to increase as the time for the Republican national convention of next year approaches. Heretofore, ever since the civil-service act of 1883 was passed, the Republican party has declared its belief in the reform, advocated the extension of its scope, "pointed with pride" to the record of the party in championing the merit system, and "viewed with alarm" the prospect of intrusting it to the hostile hands of the Democrats. What is going to be done in 1900? It will be ridiculous to promise support of the reform and extension of its operations if the candidate for President shall be the man who has let down the bars in 1899. It will not do to endorse the backward step. It will be humiliating to ignore the question.

Gen. Alger's victorious home-coming must have made the air at Lake Champlain seem decidedly chillier to the President. There was, of course, a good deal of the "favorite son" and "distinguished citizen" in the enthusiasm at Detroit. This proud and jealous local sentiment is something that we in Eastern cities find it hard to comprehend. In the West, citizens of all parties and creeds will turn out to do honor to a fellow-townsman who has won distinction of any kind—most of all, political distinction. But while pride of locality undoubtedly had much to do with the demonstrations over Alger, resentment at President McKinley's subterranean way of getting rid of his Secretary of War, when he found it inconvenient any longer to carry him, was also clearly ablaze in all the proceedings. It was not only Gov. Pingree who spoke of the President's "insult to the State," and of the "conspiracy" to which he had lent himself. The Mayor of Detroit referred pointedly to the fact that the great outpouring of the people signified their "love of justice and fair play." Who had been guilty of injustice and underhand methods? Why, of course, the gentleman in the White House who had weakly yielded to "slander." With all Michigan cheering Alger, and prominent Republicans sending checks to the reception committee as an expression of their "contempt for McKinley," the bewildered sojourner at Lake Champlain must have asked where the political profit he expected to reap from dismissing Alger is coming in.

One of the many faults in the administration of the War Department to which Mr. Alger made no reference in his public apologia, he quietly corrected on the very eve of his retirement. We refer to his rehabilitation of the Inspector-General's department. This had been all torn to pieces during the war. Though presided over by one of the most accomplished officers in the army, his functions and powers were so curtailed that his work was practically reduced to a nullity. The testimony given before the War Investigating Commission showed how this essential service—army inspection—had been broken down and ruined by Alger's orders affecting it. To this fact were partly due the enormous scandals of the military camps and the transports from Santiago. Now, Inspector-General Breckinridge has secured a restoration of the department to its old status and usefulness, with the distinct understanding, in addition, that army transports shall be subject to his inspection. It was gravely stated in the official bulletin announcing the change, that it was owing to "the exigencies of the war" that "certain duties" had been taken away from the Inspector-General's

department which were now given it again. This is an excuse which condemns. When, if not during the exigencies of war, is the safeguard of rigid inspection most necessary?

Light is gradually dawning on the Tallulah lynching case. According to the latest information, Dr. Hodge, for assaulting whom five Italians were lynched by the inhabitants of the town, was able to walk home from the scene of the assault, and has not been good enough to die in consequence of his wounds. It is pretty well established, also, that three of the five men lynched were Italian subjects, and, therefore, entitled to whatever protection the kingdom of Italy can give them. The provocation to the lynching and the justification of it are supplied in a rather remarkable article in the *Daily States*, which is styled the "official journal of the city of New Orleans," from which it appears that the doctor's assailants ought to be thankful that they were not burned alive. The *States* not only defends the lynching, but defies the federal Government, and tells Italy to "go to hell." The language it employs must raise the inquiry in all civilized communities, what kind of catastrophe a State or community which tolerates such ideas, expressed in such brutal terms, is rushing forward to.

That Gov. Candler of Georgia can express sound ideas on the subject of lynching was shown early last week, when he issued an appeal to the people of the State, declaring that they "must away with the mob; must reënthrone the law." In this proclamation he urged all officers of the State to do their duty in bringing to justice violators of the law, "whether it be the negro who commits rape, or the white man who kills him for his crime"; all lawyers to exert their influence in discountenancing mob rule, and aiding the courts in bringing accused parties to speedy trial; and all good men to coöperate with the officers of the law in their efforts to prevent crime and suppress mob violence. Two days later the Governor showed that he can act as well as he can write. A negro who had attempted a criminal assault in Coweta County, and had been lodged in jail, was in danger of being lynched. The Governor instructed the Sheriff to organize a posse, arm his men, and protect the prisoner at all hazards; when the excitement continued to increase, he ordered out a company of militia; finally he went himself to the scene of trouble, took personal command of the situation, and brought the prisoner under a strong guard to Atlanta, where there is no danger of violence. If every Governor will treat every case of threatened lynching in this fashion, the practice will soon be effectually checked.

The censor at Manila ought to keep from the natives the statement which Gov. Bradley of Kentucky has just issued, explaining why he does not maintain order in the mountain regions of that State. The substance of it all is that the executive cannot accomplish anything under existing laws to put an end to the terrible feuds which prevail, and that the legislators will not pass any laws which would be more effective. This is one of the most extraordinary confessions ever put forth by the head of a community which professes to be civilized. Kentucky is one of the oldest States in the Union, but its Governor admits that he is powerless to stop the reign of lawlessness over whole counties. Outsiders may not be qualified to decide whether Gov. Bradley is right or wrong in saying that he has done all that any executive could do under the conditions which exist, but every American must feel a sense of shame when such a revelation is made as to any portion of the Union, at a time when our nation has sallied forth to "enforce law and order" in distant parts of the world.

No wonder that the Manila censorship refused to let through the dispatch which came on Tuesday by way of Hong Kong. It records one of the most shameful horrors of our shameful war in the Philippines. A town of which the residents supposed they were under a guarantee of American protection, was suddenly shelled without warning by the commander of one of our gunboats. One child was killed, buildings were destroyed, and the terrified inhabitants fled to the hills, doubtless with new love for their American liberators. Such an act —the shelling of an unfortified town without notice—is contrary to the laws of war. If we were making war against a civilized nation, the civilized world would exclaim in horror at our barbarism in doing such things. But as it is only "niggers" whom we are trying to assimilate, no protests will be heard. But why are no steps taken to end such atrocities? The dispatch says "the authorities express great regret" at the occurrence. But why did they try to keep from us all knowledge of it? And what is the Christian gentleman at Point Bluff doing to put an end to a situation which is bringing disgrace upon the American name and civilization?

To say that American citizens feel direct personal responsibility for the admistration of the affairs of Samoa would be so grotesque a perversion of the truth as to bring a smile to the face of the most serious expansionist. Taking the country through, it is doubtful if half of its inhabitants know anything of Samoa but its name, and most of the remainder could not find it on the map if they cared enough about the matter to look. Lovers of Stevenson alone, we might say, have any understanding of the nature of the controversies in which our Government has taken part, and they certainly feel no responsibility for the slaughter of the natives committed by our forces. Outside of Stevenson's readers, we should be surprised to learn that a hundred American citizens could be found who would conscientiously assert that they knew enough about Samoan affairs to favor any measure for which they could be held responsible. The whole business is in the hands of Government officials, and they are unmoved by public opinion, because there is and can be no intelligent public opinion in so great a country as this, concerning such remote and insignificant affairs. Hence, it would be idle to comment on the new agreement determining the destinies of the Samoans, although we may at least express our satisfaction that they have consented to stop fighting, and to accept the rulers set over them by England, Germany, and the United States.

The decision of Secretary Gage to resume the issue of gold certificates in denominations of $20 and upwards will meet with general approval. Perhaps this step ought to have been taken earlier, but it would be superfluous to discuss such a question now. The law, ever since 1863, has authorized and directed the Secretary to receive deposits of gold coin in the Treasury, to give certificates of deposit in exchange therefor, and to hold the gold for the redemption of the certificates on demand. An amendment of this law, passed in 1882, provided that whenever the gold in the Treasury, held for the redemption of greenbacks, should fall below the sum of $100,000,000, the Secretary should suspend the issue of such gold certificates. In 1893 this contingency came to pass. The greenback-redemption fund was reduced below that sum, and Secretary Carlisle suspended the issue of certificates. A little later, in consequence of a public loan, the gold in the Treasury rose above $100,000,000, and the Secretary resumed the issue of certificates, but when it again fell below the limit, he again suspended the issue and did not resume it during his term of office.

The amount of paper currency is limited by law, but the available gold is limited only by the products which we have to sell and which foreigners want to buy. It is fortunate that we have the means of converting gold in any amount into a convenient form of paper currency. Very likely we shall see few of the new gold certificates in circulation, but they can be used for bank reserves, and all the greenbacks now held for that purpose can be liberated and sent anywhere to facilitate the movement of the crops. It would be more convenient if the law

allowed the issue of gold certificates of the denomination of $10, but there must be a large field for notes of $20, even outside of bank vaults. The Bank of England issues no notes of less denomination than $25, yet its circulation is nearly $250,000,000 at the present time. The gold certificates of the Treasury, the issuance of which it is now proposed to resume, are of very nearly the same nature as Bank of England notes. These notes, although identical in form, are of two different kinds as regards their origin. There is an issue of about £16,000,000 sterling against Government securities held by the Bank, and about double that amount against gold deposited by private persons. The amount of its issues of this second class is without limit. It is required by law to issue its notes for gold, either coin or bullion, in any amount, not merely to all Englishmen, but to all persons who bring it. It is not required, as our Treasury is, to keep this gold on hand at all times to redeem the notes with. The general solvency of the Bank is the only security for the depositor.

A deficit of $8,506,000 is reported by the Treasury for the month of July. But the existence of a deficit is less remarkable than the fact that the deficit is the smallest recorded in July during the last five years. Interest and pension payments, during that month, are almost always sufficiently in excess of other months to create an excess of federal expenditure. But last month's excess not only is nearly $22,000,000 smaller than that of the month of July, 1898, but falls two to five million dollars below the same month in either 1897 or 1896. So far as concerns the public finances, this improvement is matter for congratulation, especially since it foreshadows a surplus for the autumn months, after the Treasury's heavy midsummer dues are paid. But, as usually happens when the Treasury's position alters, there arises at once the possibility of embarrassment in the money market. During July, notwithstanding the general deficit in public revenue, the Treasury drew something like $8,000,000 net in cash from the New York bank reserves—this at a time when the banks' percentage of reserve to liabilities was the lowest in six years. Apparently, the Government will have even larger automatic power to draw away and lock up cash a month or two hence, when all the country's circulation will be needed for the autumn trade.

The official Tammany rejoinder to the revelations made by the ex-magnates of Tammany Hall, Sheehan and Crimmins, is that they are both "sore-heads." Sheehan was deposed from the position of head distributor of plunder—therefore his bitterness against the man who supplanted him. Crimmins used to be the favored Tammany contractor; now the business goes to other firms; hence his sudden discovery of the monstrous conduct of Tammany in organizing companies to control all city contracts. This may all be true, and yet all that Sheehan and Crimmins allege may be true also. A sore head is no bar to truth-telling; in fact, it is one of the greatest provocatives to speaking truth known to man. Many a politician has displayed, along with a sore head, a mind working with uncommon lucidity and frankness. Sore-headedness has even been known to stir unsuspected dregs of conscience in some men. It really ought to take the place of wine in the proverb about "veritas." The real question is not whether Sheehan is a disgruntled politician, but whether his detailed and specific statement of Croker's attitude and actions during the mayoralty campaign of 1897 is accurate. There is much corroborative evidence to show that it is.

Croker had been "out of politics" for three years. He came back from Europe in 1897 to look the ground over and see if it was worth his while to set up again as Tammany boss. For some weeks the prospect was not inviting, and he continued to talk of himself as a permanently retired statesman, and spoke of Sheehan as the leader of Tammany Hall. But suddenly there came a change. Croker asserted his dictatorship. The time was, as Sheehan explains, shortly before the election, "when it seemed certain that Van Wyck would be elected." Why was it certain, and why did Croker so confidently take the helm? Sheehan did not explain this, but everybody knows what made the Tammany outlook roseate. It was Platt and his tool Tracy, in their control of the Republican organization and their refusal to endorse Mr. Low's nomination. Boss Platt said, by actions, what his indiscreet lieutenant, Lauterbach, actually blurted out in words, that he would much prefer Croker to Low. It was the political situation thus created by Platt which filled Croker's head with visions of fresh power and wealth. But he still needed one thing more; he needed funds. That he got money for the campaign in enormous quantities is certain; and most people can give a shrewd guess who furnished it. One of Mr. Moss's questions expressed the general suspicion. He asked if the Metropolitan Company had not subscribed $750,000 or so to the Tammany campaign fund. If it did not, the mystery of its since acting as if it "owned" the city, and getting for nothing privileges in the streets worth millions prospectively, is deeper and darker than ever. But from one corporation or another—probably from several—Croker got his huge corruption fund, and then the battle was over. Platt held the stirrup, corporations desirous of buying illegal privileges from the city gave a boost, and there was Croker in the saddle again.

Horgan & Slattery have filed a petition in bankruptcy, in order to get rid of liabilities to the amount of $191,392. The most interesting thing brought out in the proceedings is the statement that "the firm has had no place of business during the last six months." This covers the period of its greatest activity and largest success in getting work from the municipal authorities; the period in which, by their own admission, Horgan & Slattery have become "the peers of any architects in the United States." This was the last touch needed to complete the wonderful picture of Tammany architecture—the revelation that the official architects of the city have no office except "the Club," where they meet the heads of departments in the evening and receive orders from "old friends," like Commissioner of Correction Lantry, who agree with their view that they are "peers."

Newspaper reporting fairly wreaked itself upon the first day's proceedings in the new Dreyfus trial, and did its best to turn its simple yet intense dramatic interest into melodrama. The exaggerated emphasis given to every accessory—the columns about the way Dreyfus looked, whether his voice and bearing were those of an innocent man, and all that sort of reporter's supernatural insight—only serve to show how little that was new or striking came to light on Monday. Clearing away all the fine writing, what appears is that not a particle of fresh evidence against Dreyfus has yet been produced to take the place of the discredited mass of forgery and perjury used to condemn him before; and that his own testimony, on cross-examination, was clear and straightforward and apparently conclusive as against every old charge and new insinuation. The court is now sitting behind closed doors for a few days to consider the famous "secret dossier." This was pretty thoroughly riddled before the Court of Cassation, according to the *Figaro's* reports of the sessions of that tribunal, and shown to be little more than a gigantic mare's nest. But so many diplomatic mysteries are supposed to be among its addled eggs that the court feels bound to look at them in secret. After that, the prosecutor will produce what evidence he has against Dreyfus, if he has any. For that we must wait with as open minds as possible, though the former case against the unfortunate officer was such a compound of malice and credulity and false swearing and irregularity, and has been so thoroughly broken down, that any fresh proofs offered will necessarily be under strong suspicion from the start.

THE NEEDS OF IMPERIALISM.

One of the commonest arguments in favor of imperialism represents the United States as a great nation, destined to play a large part in the world's history, and therefore under moral obligations to extend to the utmost its influence and power. Much stress is put upon the necessary abandonment of our policy of "isolation," whose continuance, it is said, is quite inconsistent with our acknowledged importance in the world's eye. We have passed out of infancy and youth into manhood. In population and wealth we are become great. Our people buy, sell, and get gain in every quarter of the globe. More significant still, other nations are getting in the way of consulting us, or seeking for our support, or inviting us to take a hand in their games. All these things, we are told, show unmistakably that we are a "world power" and "international force"; by which is always meant that we are to go into the business of acquiring colonies and dependencies and join with Great Britain or Russia in partitioning China.

Unquestionably, argument of this sort, appealing primarily to the imagination, has a subtle fascination for many people, especially for such as rarely think much of consequences and results. It should not be forgotten, however, that, in politics as well as in private concerns, those who would do things in a large way must have a large type of mind. Nothing can be clearer than that, if we are to go in for imperialism on the scale marked out for us by enthusiastic advocates of that policy, we ought, in the interest of consistency, if nothing more, to make some radical changes in our political and governmental methods. We cannot go on in the happy-go-lucky way that has so often characterized us, overlooking abuses, shutting our eyes to patent evils and defects, and good-naturedly putting up with conditions we are too lazy or indifferent to remedy, and yet expect success in a field strewn with difficulties and dangers, and in which the competition of training and acuteness is intensely keen. We cannot step out into what is invitingly called a large place, and maintain ourselves there, without conducting our affairs in a correspondingly broad way.

At whatever point an imperial policy is examined, there stands forth this necessity of a broad view. Take the civil service, for example. For an imperial administration, a clean and sound civil service, inaccessible to partisan influence, comes near to being the beginning of wisdom. We need also a stable system of finance, beyond the tinkering of demagogues, and remote from the "issues" of a Presidential campaign. We need a renovated and reorganized diplomatic and consular service. Further, we have got to devise a form of government for our colonies or dependencies. There can be no question that at this point the difficulties are many and serious; but there can also be no question of our duty to build for the future. May we confidently hope that the large view will prevail here? Or have we to fear progress along selfish and narrow lines? Are we to see Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines organized and manipulated in the interest of the dominant party in the United States, or with an eye solely to their healthy and prosperous development through coming generations? Shall we industriously seek for knowledge of local needs and conditions, on which to base our action, or go ahead on the theory that an American Congress can succeed at anything it chooses to turn its hand to? Shall we open their trade freely to all nations, or keep up the Spanish scourge of protective tariffs and discriminating duties? Shall we give away valuable franchises and concessions to men with a "pull," or administer them in the interest of local needs? Shall we send to the islands as our official representatives men of character and experience, chosen for their business ability and administrative capacity, or shall McKinley telephone to Platt or Hanna or Quay whenever a colonial governor is to be appointed, in order to get the approval of some powerful American boss?

These are real problems of imperialism, as the question presents itself today to the people of the United States. There can be no doubt as to the course most in accord with the American spirit, or most certain to win on the narrower ground of party policy. From the beginning, material success in this country has been the result of skilful and far-seeing adaptation of means to ends. We have never gone ahead blindly, following the ways of our fathers, attacking material difficulties and obstacles in pursuit of a vague and uncertain end. Our prodigious development has been the result of painstaking thought and persistent effort, working always towards a definite end; and we can hope for similar results in our political life only as we set about the work in the same spirit. As a matter of party policy, too, it is the broad view that will win. Political parties are now on trial before the country on this issue of imperialism. They are expected to declare and defend their policy towards our new possessions; and the party in power must be prepared to show its faith by its works. The party that temporizes with the situation, or allows inefficiency and corruption to get a foothold in the colonial administration, has nothing before it but repudiation and defeat.

It is worth while remembering, also, that what we have called the broad view is the only one which will win approval in the judgment of the world. We have had to take a good deal of disparagement at the hands of European critics. They have sneered at our culture, condemned our political morality, taunted us on our devotion to money-getting, and reminded us of our remoteness and our youth. They are now watching to see how we succeed in managing colonies and playing the game of "world politics." We may depend upon it, therefore, that, to a considerable degree, our standing as a nation is at stake, and that failure in our new undertakings will go far, with many, to justify the worst that has been said about us. If we feel called to build an empire, surely we have here at once the opportunity and the duty of ridding ourselves, once for all, of the spirit of localism and indifference so often characteristic of our political life, and placing our whole system of policy and administration on solid and permanent foundations, broad and deep, in every way worthy of the best we think and know.

THE SHIPPING-SUBSIDIES PLOT.

One of the curiosities of the Iowa Republican platform last week was a vaguely worded plank in favor of "legislation" (*i. e.*, subsidies) for American shipping. The strange thing about it was that it had to be explained that this plank was adopted by "special request" of Senator Allison. No wonder the Iowa farmers wished to wash their hands of a job put up in the interest of shipbuilders and shipowners on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Not only has the shipping-subsidies bill (which failed in the last Congress only because Speaker Reed put his heavy foot upon it) all the marks of a job, but all the circumstances attending it justify us in describing it as a plot. The "special request" of Senator Allison simply shows that he is in it.

What was the shipping-subsidy bill? It was a bill enabling shipowners and shipbuilders to enter into twenty-year contracts with the Government. The consideration for the Government was a certain vague right to take over steamers in case of war. This naval-reserve feature of the bill proved utterly worthless in the Spanish war; the Government found that it had to buy ships on their owners' terms, just as if no such stipulation existed. For the party of the second part the consideration was a bounty out of the national Treasury. What the total would amount to was variously estimated. The majority report put it at $3,000,000 a year; the minority at $8,000,000. It was a question how many ships would take advantage of the act. But what was not disputed was that the bounty would amount yearly to about 8 per cent. of the cost of a 14-knot steamer, and to 10 per cent. in the case of a 20-knot steamer. In other words, the International Navigation Company, for example, would get from the Government in twenty years

twice the original cost of each of its fast steamers! And it would get it by a hard-and-fast contract, which no subsequent Congress could annul without seeming to repudiate a legal debt. It is that modest proposal which Senator Allison specially requested the Iowa farmers to tax themselves to carry out.

The bill was certainly an extraordinary example of effrontery. As the minority report on it in the House asserted: "The bill is in almost the exact form and grants to a penny the bounties demanded by the gentlemen who are to receive them." But what is the evidence that the bill was not only brazen, but in pursuance of a corrupt agreement? Only circumstantial evidence, of course, but very significant. It has been openly asserted, by David Lubin, for instance, who has talked with Mr. McKinley about his project of really protecting farmers by an export bounty, that Mark Hanna threw over the farmers, and promised the shipowners legislation in return for campaign contributions. If this were the case, and if the shipowners had been pursuing Hanna to make him pay up, the course of events could not have been different from what it has been. In the first place, Hanna made the President come out for ship-subsidies in his message to Congress. Then he pulled the wires to get Republican conventions to endorse the scheme. Then he himself introduced the bill. He put his own name on it, as the hall-mark of a regular Republican job. In the Senate report he actually apologized for not having lived up to his bargain and introduced the bill in the previous session. "The war prevented it," he said. But he pointed out that he had brought forward the bill "at the earliest practicable moment" in last winter's session. But Hanna did not get up early enough to take in Speaker Reed, and his bill died. The plan is now to move heaven and earth to pass it in the next Congress.

We are not going to argue the subsidy question with the Hanna syndicate. Something is to be said on both sides, undoubtedly. England and Germany pay subsidies, and have an expanding merchant marine. France pays $10,000,000 a year in bounties, and her tonnage is steadily decreasing. That fact is fatal to the argument that big bounties will create big fleets. Moreover, the lapse of time has put the seal of absurdity on much of the reasoning set forth by the Hannaites. What they said could not be done without subsidies, is done — *solvitur ambulando*. American ship-yards were never so prosperous as at this moment. They have orders to keep them busy for from one to three years. American ships' plates are sold to Belfast at a profit. These are some of the facts which would enter into a serious discussion; but no serious discussion with the Hanna plotters is called for. They know no argument except greed, and the opportunity unblushingly to fasten themselves like leeches upon the national Treasury during this their brief day of power.

Not to the front of brass of the Ohio Senator does the appeal lie, but to sober Republicans, to the farmer Republicans of the West, to Speaker Henderson, and to all who would be alarmed to see their party lend itself to such a selfish scheme of rich men. Look at the admissions of the President of the International Navigation Company. He did not deny that his business was profitable at present. "We make some money at the end of the year. We are enabled to live at present." Then what did he want of a bounty? To pay a "dividend to our stockholders." Only about $50,000,000 of Government money in twenty years did this retiring man ask for to distribute among his company's stockholders. Talk about Trusts! Talk about rich men using the Government for private gains! The shipping-subsidies bill is a masterpiece of selfish greed, compared with which the worst monopoly alive looks like a children's aid society. To pass it would go far to justify the worst that any agitator has said of the Government's being sold body and soul to the Hanna syndicate. It is not to be believed that it can pass the next House, with its narrow Republican majority. Speaker Henderson cannot desire to have his term turned into an orgy of extravagance and corruption. But his attention and that of all conservative Republicans cannot be called too early or too sharply to the shameless and dangerous nature of the shipping-subsidies plot. Senator Allison's special request that the Republican party execute it is only a special request that it commit suicide.

EXPELLING HUMAN NATURE.

The article on Anti-Trust Legislation contributed by Gov. Sayers of Texas to the current number of the *North American Review* is extremely disappointing. When in Congress Mr. Sayers had the name of being an able man, as well as an honest one, and he was regarded as a sound lawyer. But his present contribution to the solution of the most important problem in our internal policy brings us no further light. He gives a summary of the provisions of the Texas statute, but he does not attempt to offer the slightest proof that great combinations of capital are theoretically pernicious, or are, as a matter of fact, injurious. He asserts that such combinations are encouraged by protective duties, which no one disputes; but he also maintains that they are caused by the existence of the gold standard of values, which will be generally thought absurd. His condemnation of the "Trust" as "arrogant, unscrupulous, and merciless in the exercise of its powers," is justified only hypothetically. "If," he says, "the cost of production and distribution is being reduced to the minimum; if the output is being so regulated as not to exceed a given quantity, and its selling price determined by the Trust exclusively; if the small dealers are being put under duress as to those from whom and as to what they may buy, and as to how they may sell; if individual effort be no longer able to compete successfully with corporate power and corporate advantage; if young and weak industries are being strangled to death and the establishment of new enterprises prevented," legislation is at fault, and the State of Texas will do what it can to correct its errors.

As to part of this hypothesis, it may be said at once that the reduction of the cost of production and distribution of goods is almost as pure a blessing as can be imagined. It is synonymous with economic progress, and the incidental sufferings of a few individuals are offset by the improved condition of mankind. Whether or no the price of anything is "determined by the Trust exclusively" we are not informed, but, if so, the public can hardly complain unless the price fixed is unreasonable. Our railroads fix the rates for transportation, but it would be hard to make out that they are often unreasonably high. The Standard Oil Company is the typical "Trust," but it is quite obvious that the competition of electricity and gas prevents any "exclusive determination" by it of the price of oil. All that remains of Gov. Sayers's hypothetical indictment is that individuals cannot compete with corporations, that feeble industries are strangled, and that small dealers are put under duress as to their buying and selling. The difficulty encountered by individuals, however, in contending against great corporations is a result of the accumulation of capital, not of the existence of "Trusts." The only substantial accusation relates to the duress under which small dealers do their buying and selling.

That such grievances exist, however, and that they ought not to, we may admit, but there are some patent reasons why it is vain to legislate against them. The Texas law forbids every human being to agree with any other on the price of anything whatsoever, to sell anything below its cost of production with the intent to get the advantage of a competitor, or to deal in anything that has been produced by any one or sold by any one in violation of these restraints. Such a law is totally incompatible with present economic conditions. It might possibly be enforced in one of the village communities in India described by Sir Henry Maine. Some hundreds of years ago legislation of this kind was thought desirable in the interests of the trade-guilds of Europe. But in those

ages the aim was to prevent competition, while Gov. Sayers asserts that his aim is to encourage competition. His theory of trade is that every one must ignore the existence of competitors. The grocer must not reduce the selling price of his wares because he finds the grocer across the street is selling cheaper than he. The natural consequence of such a step on his part would be to injure his competitor, and the law presumes that a man intends the natural consequences of his acts. But it is by precisely such reductions of price that the régime of competition is maintained. Smith observes that Jones is selling groceries at prices that return him large profits. Smith thinks that he may as well share in these gains, and he sets up a shop where he sells at lower prices than Jones in order to get Jones's customers to trade with him. He has no animosity towards Jones, but in legal diction he intends to injure him, and no doubt he does injure him. Jones has to lower his prices and content himself with smaller gains. Smith and Jones may be actuated by the meanest motives. They hardly pretend to be acting from any disinterested concern for the interests of the public; but the public is on the whole benefited by their competition.

To attempt to change all this is to attempt to expel human nature from daily life. In the city of Cleveland a great many thousand people are engaged in a general boycott. They come squarely within the purview of the Texas statute. They are conspiring to injure men engaged in legitimate business. Yet these very people are doubtless to a man in favor of "anti-Trust" laws. They favor them because they think they will apply to other people, and not to themselves. But the very difficulty with such laws is that, unless they are applied universally, they are unjust and consequently ineffective. For this reason they cannot be partially enforced, and if the attempt were made to enforce them universally it would fail, unless human nature underwent a sudden change. That it has undergone such a change in Texas is altogether improbable, and it is safe to predict that Gov. Sayers's statute will produce nothing but confusion, corruption, partiality, and injustice.

FOREIGN TRADE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

For many years the fact that the exports of Great Britain have been of much less value than the imports has given concern to numerous writers. The mercantile theory, although long since exploded, still influences the views of business men, and much of the language of trade implies that the theory is valid. A more serious cause for apprehension has recently been discovered in the decline of these exports as compared with the exports of other countries. It has been maintained that this decline indicated that the glory was departing from English commerce, that the supremacy of English manufactures was threatened, and that the country was on the verge of commercial decay. The industrial progress of Germany and the brilliant achievements of the United States have created genuine alarm, and if the prosperity of these countries endangers that of England, the situation may well be regarded as critical.

There are many reasons, however, why it is unnecessary for Englishmen to worry over the state of the commerce of their country. In spite of the fact that the balance of trade has long been against them, they have succeeded in prospering to a wonderful degree, and there are no tangible evidences that the relative decline of their export trade is arresting their prosperity. Nor, if we take a broad view of the situation, is there any reason to hold that such a decline should even in theory be disastrous. The accumulation of capital in England has for more than two generations been prodigious. Under the influence of internal peace, freedom of trade, moderate taxation, and the development of the mechanical arts, wealth has increased with leaps and bounds. Even in the beginning of this century Col. Torrens wrote that England had acquired "a species of property, a vested interest, in the industrial products of all the regions of the earth," and this process of acquisition has been steadily going on ever since. Until quite recently, it has been on the whole a peaceful process. As Mill said, industry rather than war was the natural growth of power and importance to Great Britain. Trade did not follow the flag, but preceded it, and it flourished more before the Jingo period than it has done since. And if anything shall ruin British commerce, it will more likely be the new policy of sustaining it by immense military expenditure than anything else.

For, as is pointed out by a writer in the *Contemporary Review*, the possessions of Englishmen are largely in the hands of foreigners. In 1865 an article, attributed to Mill, called attention to the rise in the rate of interest that had taken place, and showed that it was due to the investment of English capital in other countries. This process was regarded as not a temporary movement, but a permanent tendency. It was due to "fundamental and permanent changes in the relation of the aggregate of English capital and foreign demand." Mill held that this outflow of English capital was the principal means by which the decline of profits in England had been arrested. He declared that "the mere continuance of the present annual increase of capital, if no circumstance occurred to counteract its effect, would suffice in a small number of years to reduce the rate of net profit to 1 per cent." England depended no longer upon the fertility of her own soil to keep up her rate of profit, but on the soil of the whole world. The fleets that her abundant capital enabled her to construct brought to her shores the food products of the remotest regions, and at little greater cost than the expense of production in those countries. Just as the dwellers in great cities now enjoy the produce of the farms at as low rates as dwellers in the country, so the people of England are cheaply fed by the people of the rest of the world.

The simple explanation of this is that Englishmen own, literally or metaphorically, the land and the instruments of production everywhere to such an extent that they may be said not to need to work so hard as formerly for a living. London is crowded with companies whose business lies in other lands: land companies, mining companies, mortgage companies, railway companies, water companies, gas companies, etc. Australia is perhaps owned more by residents of England than by its own inhabitants. Canada is in a literal sense a British possession. The United States has been for years a favorite field for English capitalists. Their money has built many of our railways and is invested in many of our factories. The amount of British capital invested in Argentina has been estimated as high as £200,000,000. The securities of every government on the face of the earth are held in London.

Taking British investments in India and Australia and Canada, and adding to them the sums invested in foreign countries, we see that the revenue regularly coming from abroad to people living in the British Isles must be enormous. It might well be thought that their exports represent merely new investments of their capital in other countries, and that if they ceased altogether the income of the existing possessions would be sufficient to keep them in prosperity. Some Englishmen pull long faces at the sums which they say are paid to foreigners for butter and meat and grain. But, as the writer in the *Contemporary* says, it is the foreigner who is paying his rents and the interest on his mortgages in the shape of these commodities. If, as this writer conjectures, the value of the property of the inhabitants of the British Isles lying beyond their own confines is £5,000,000,000, they may contemplate some decline of their exports without uneasiness.

THE FRENCH BUDGET.

PARIS, July 26, 1899.

The French budget was long kept below the sum of two milliards (2,000 millions of francs); when it attained that sum, M. Thiers is said to have told the Chamber: "Bid it good-by; you will never see it again." He was right; the sum of two milliards rose gradually to three, and now we can bid an eternal adieu to this last sum.

The reign of Louis-Philippe was the golden age of our finances; it was an era of economy, and at the same time of useful expenditure; it was the period of the first development of railways, of many industrial enterprises, of the creation of important banks. The Revolution of 1848 brought about an interruption of this prosperity; the Second Empire had very flourishing finances again, but spent very large sums in wars. It was a period of great financial extravagance, but also of great industrial developments. In 1869, the last normal year of the imperial régime, the ordinary expenses of the state amounted to 1,737 millions of francs.

In 1870 came the war. Its consequences, in a financial point of view, were disastrous. France had to pay to Germany, for the ransom of the occupied provinces, a sum of five thousand millions. The money was found and placed in the hands of the Germans with a celerity which seemed incredible at the time. The secret of it lay in the fact that France was then a very large holder of foreign securities, which were sold, chiefly in London; and the ransom was paid by instalments. Many French people were flattered in their misfortune by the thought of the great wealth of France, forgetting that France had to issue a loan of five thousand millions. This was simply added to the long list of her debts; it has not yet been paid. After what may be called the liquidation of the war of 1870, when its permanent effect was felt in the finances of the nation, in 1894 the total of the ordinary expenses had risen to the sum of 2,623 millions of francs. The difference between this and the last budget of the Second Empire was therefore no less than 886 millions of francs; and this yearly sum may be considered as the result of the unfortunate war of 1870.

As long as the Constituent Chamber was in session at Versailles, there was a great cry for the reform of the finances, for retrenchment in every department, for a diminution in the number of office-holders. For all administrative matters the influence of M. Thiers was excellent; he was a good financier if he was not always a good statesman and a good economist. But France had to reorganize her army, and this involved enormous expenses, which have never been interrupted to this time. When the question of the form of government was finally settled, the consequences of a democratic and republican government were felt by degrees in the financial sense. If the Republicans had preserved the *scrutin de liste*, or vote by general ticket, which is a party rather than a personal ballot, these consequences might perhaps have been delayed; but, with the present system of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, the Deputy becomes a sort of local agent for a very small division of France, and he can secure his reëlection only by gifts of all sorts to his arrondissement and to all personal and local interests. As a whole, the Chamber speaks invariably for retrenchment, while every one of its members is working incessantly for some object which represents directly or indirectly an addition to the budget of expenditure. This tendency is one of the great evils of a democracy; general considerations have to give way to private interests. The increase in the number of offices and office-holders is one of the effects of the omnipotence of Parliament. Each Deputy, in order to keep his seat, is obliged to provide offices for some of his influential electors, his sons, his relations. As soon as a law is passed for the protection of labor, of children, or for any other democratic object, a number of inspectors are appointed with a view to securing the execution of the law. The Chamber has a complete initiative in the matter of expenses, and every member can ask for a new credit. This omnipotence is destructive of all budgets prepared by the administration.

M. Thiers made, after the war, a provision of 200 millions a year for the sinking-fund; and for a few years this sum was deducted from the 2,623 millions of the budget of 1874. The 200 millions has been reduced in 1899 to 95. The difference is 105 millions, and, if we take note of it, we find that the real difference between the two budgets of 1874 and 1899 amounts not to 851 millions, but to this sum augmented by 105—that is to say, 956 millions, nearly a milliard. This melancholy comparison will all the more strike a financier because the rate of interest has greatly changed since 1874. M. Thiers issued the great war loan in five per cents; in 1883 the French rentes were converted from 5 to 4½ per cent.; in 1894 the conversion was continued, and the state now gives its creditors only 3½ instead of 4½. These successive conversions have allowed the state to effect a saving of no less than 108 millions a year, adding which to the sum of 956 millions we arrive at a grand total of 1,064 millions. This is really the augmentation which has taken place in the ordinary expenses in the course of twenty-five years; the French budget of expenses has increased regularly by 42 million francs a year.

This progression is truly alarming, all the more so because it is constant and regular. Many people ask themselves whether France, rich as she is, will be able to bear such a burden long, especially as the population is nearly stationary. The enormous taxation, which is a consequence of the growing expenses, weighs heavily on the earning power of the nation; it is an obstacle to the industrial development, as is clearly shown by the amount of French exports from year to year. In 1874 France exported 3,701 millions of goods of all sorts; in 1899 she exported only 3,503 millions, a difference of 198 millions. These figures compare unfavorably with similar figures in England, Germany, Belgium, and the United States.

I said above that the number of office-holders, of public functionaries, is alarmingly on the increase. I have not their exact number, but it is proportionate to the amount of pensions paid by the state to those who have left the public service on account of age. This, in 1869, at the end of the Empire, amounted to 85 millions; in the budget of 1899 it comes in for 237 millions, an augmentation of 152 millions. It can, therefore, be fairly said that the number of pensions has tripled under the Republic.

France has made and is making enormous sacrifices for her army and navy. The Chambers, since 1870, have invariably voted all the credits necessary for this increase. Our army, the active and the territorial included, and the reserves, would amount, in time of war, to nearly four millions of men. Such a war instrument, in the opinion of the best judges, would be too unwieldy, notwithstanding all the efforts which might be made for its mobilization; it would certainly be too costly. It has been calculated that the expenses of the national defence in the war of 1870-1871 amounted to ten millions a day; the army then numbered at its maximum 600,000 men, reckoning in this number all the levies made in the provinces by the Government of the National Defence. The expenses of a new war, with the present dimensions of the French army, would be much higher; they would rise perhaps to twenty, perhaps to thirty millions a day. It is frightful to think of such outlays if the war lasted any length of time. A national loan, to an enormous amount, would immediately become necessary; it would undoubtedly be subscribed, but at what rate of interest? That depends upon many circumstances, and particularly upon the credit of France at the moment war is declared. Those who have not abandoned the idea of revenge and of the reconquest of Alsace-Lorraine, ought, therefore, to take the greatest care of the credit of the country; but this preoccupation does not seem to have much weight with the Chambers, and they allow the debt of France to grow to the most alarming proportions.

In 1870 the funded debt and the redeemable debt amounted to about 13 milliards of francs; and it was not without some difficulty that the Government of the National Defence issued in London the loan of 250,000,000 which goes in France under the name of the Morgan loan. The Bank of France was obliged to lend about 700,000,000 to the State. At present, the public debt of France reaches nearly 35 milliards of francs. In case of war, in order to maintain the country on a war footing, and to bring all its forces into action, it would be necessary to find from twenty to thirty millions of francs a day. Such a perspective is truly grave, and ought to impress our legislators with the necessity of funding as much as possible of the present debt, of avoiding all unnecessary expenses, of practising seriously a policy of retrenchment, of refusing to create new offices, and of leaving to private efforts and enterprise as much as can be taken away from the work of the state. We hear, on the contrary, constantly of plans for the management of the railroads by the state, or of the mines, which are now worked by private companies. The Socialist school would, if it could, suppress all private enterprises, and make the country an immense state establishment. It is safe to assert that no system could be more ruinous, and at the same time more destructive of those individual forces in which must lie, on the whole, the strength of a civilized and progressive state. Democracy is costly enough, but what would not Socialism be?

WASHINGTON'S VISIT TO BARBADOS IN 1751.

GEORGETOWN,
BRITISH GUIANA, July, 1899.

"No, sir, I don't believe George Washington ever visited Barbados!" Such was the declaration recently made, in all candor, by an American gentleman to a British colonist who had referred to the only journey Washington ever took outside of that country of which he became the Father. It is, however, a fact that, as the companion of his invalid

elder brother, Lawrence, then in a rapid consumption, George Washington sailed from Virginia on the 28th of September, 1751; arrived at Barbados on or about the 3d of November, and sailed thence, on his return to Virginia, on board the *Industry*, on the 22d of December. His passage, each way, was a rough one, and prolonged to five weeks. The methodical young Virginian kept a Diary during his trip, extracts from which were published by Jared Sparks, in his 'Writings of George Washington' (vol. ii., pp. 424 to 426).

On their arrival at Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados, the Virginia brothers would in ordinary course take up their quarters at a tavern, which in those days took the place of a hotel. A hundred and fifty years ago, however, as in our own time, the people of Barbados were much given to hospitality; or, to use Washington's own words, "Hospitality and a genteel behaviour are shown to every gentleman stranger by the gentleman inhabitants." Accordingly, there is this entry in the Diary, on the 4th of November:

"This morning received a card from Major Clarke, welcoming us to Barbadoes, with an invitation to breakfast and dine with him. We went—myself with some reluctance, as the small-pox was in the family. We were received in the most kind and friendly manner by him. . . . After drinking tea we were again invited to Mr. Carter's, and desired to make his house ours till we could provide lodgings agreeable to our wishes, which offer we accepted."

The "reluctance" to accept Major Clarke's invitation, on account of the presence of smallpox in the family, was justified by subsequent events. The Major Clarke who welcomed the Washingtons, and who showed them much attention during their stay in the island, was Major Gedney Clarke, who for years filled the post of Collector of Customs at Barbados, and was a member of Council. He and his family were much concerned in the colonizing of Demerara, then under the Dutch, but now forming a part of British Guiana.

On the 5th, Dr. Hilary, "an eminent physician recommended by Major Clarke," passed a favorable opinion upon Lawrence's case. In the cool of the evening, accompanied by Mr. Carter, the brothers rode out to seek lodgings in the country, as the doctor advised. They "were perfectly enraptured with the beautiful prospects which every side presented to their view—the fields of cane, corn, fruit-trees, etc., in a delightful green." They were, however, unsuccessful in their search for lodgings. On the 7th, they dined again at Major Clarke's, where they met the Surveyor-General and the judges. After dinner, which in those days was taken early in the afternoon, the whole party went with the Washingtons on a hunt for lodgings, this time with success. "We pitched on the house of Captain Croftan, commander of James's Fort. He was desired to come to town next day to propose his terms." On the 8th, Captain Croftan made known his terms, which were fifteen pounds a month, exclusive of liquor and washing, "which we find ourselves." Washington's frugal mind characterized these terms as "extravagantly dear." Lawrence was, nevertheless, obliged to accept them. The brothers moved into their quarters that evening. Of the prospect from their residence, the Diary records: "It is very pleasantly situated near the sea, and about a mile from town. The prospect is extensive by land and pleasant by sea, as we command a view of Carlyle Bay and the shipping." Carlisle Bay is the harbor of Bridgetown.

Again, on the 9th, came "a card" from Major Clarke, inviting the brothers to dinner on the 10th, this time as the guests of the Beefsteak and Tripe Club, which was to meet at Judge Maynard's. This club was instituted by Major Clarke himself, and met at the houses of the several members. The entry in the Diary on the 10th of November will give some idea of the heartiness of the welcome accorded to their Virginia visitors by the Barbadians with whom they became acquainted. It runs as follows:

"We were genteelly received by Judge Maynard and his lady, and agreeably entertained by the company. They have a meeting every Saturday, this being Judge Maynard's day. After dinner there was the greatest collection of fruits set on the table, that I have yet seen—the granadilla, sapadilla, pomegranate, sweet orange, water-lemon, forbidden fruit, apples, guavas, etc., etc. We received invitations from every gentleman there. Mr. Warren desired Major Clarke to show us the way to his house. Mr. Hacket insisted on our coming Saturday next to his, it being his day to treat with beefsteak and tripe. But, above all, the invitation of Mr. Maynard was most kind and friendly. He desired, and even insisted, as well as his lady, on our coming to spend some weeks with him, and promised nothing should be wanting to make our stay agreeable. My brother promised he would accept the invitation as soon as he should be a little disengaged from the doctors."

On the 15th, Washington was "treated with a ticket to see the play of *George Barnwell* acted." Of the acting he observes that "the character of Barnwell and several others were said to be well performed." On the 17th of the month, the future hero was "strongly attacked with the small-pox," which had probably been incubating since his first visit to Major Clarke's. Until the 12th of December his illness kept him within doors. Dr. Lanahan was constant in his attendance upon the patient, and Major Clarke's family visited him in his illness, and "contributed all they could in sending him the necessaries which the disorder required." As soon as he was able to get abroad, Washington called upon the Clarkes, to thank them for their kindness. Leaving his brother Lawrence at Barbados, whence the invalid two months afterwards sailed for Bermuda, vainly seeking for better health, Washington sailed out of Carlisle Bay at midday on the 22d of December, 1751.

Washington wrote down the general impressions he had received on his visit to Barbados, as well of the people as of the country. Of the physical features of the island, the young land-surveyor noted:

"There are several singular risings in this island one above another, so that scarcely any part is deprived of a beautiful prospect, both of sea and land; and, what is contrary to observation in other countries, each elevation is better than the next below."

Of the fruits he found many delicious, but none pleased his taste so well as the pine. His practised eye led him to note that "the earth in most parts is extremely rich, and as black as our richest marsh meadows." After instancing the productiveness of the soil, he philosophizes thus:

"How wonderful that such people should be in debt, and not be able to indulge themselves in all the luxuries as well as necessaries of life. Yet so it happens. Estates are often alienated for debts. How persons coming to estates of two, three, and four hundred acres (which are the largest), can want, is to me most wonderful."

Of the conditions of the inhabitants he observed that there were few who might be called middling people. "They are very rich or very poor, for by a law of the island every gentleman is obliged to keep a white person for every ten acres, capable of acting in the militia, and consequently the persons so kept cannot but be very poor." Washington's soldierly eye noted the bearing of the militia. He held them to be "well-disciplined." Moreover, there were large intrenchments cast up wherever it was possible to land, and "as nature has greatly assisted, the island may not improperly be said to be one entire fortification."

Thoughtful and grave, far beyond his years, the young colonist from North America, then only in his twentieth year, placed on record his observation that the islanders of Barbados had a political grievance. His words ran:

"They are, however, very unhappy in regard to their officers' fees, which are not paid by any law. They complain particularly of the provost-marshal, or Sheriff-General of the island, patented at home and rented at eight hundred pounds a year. Every other officer is exorbitant in his demands."

The friendly relations that existed between the colonists of North America and those of the West Indian islands is well exemplified by the kindness with which the Washingtons were received, when they visited Barbados. How close were the connections subsisting between the Virginians and the Barbadians may be gathered from the fact that no less than thirty-three persons in Virginia are named among the subscribers to the Rev. Griffith Hughes's 'Natural History of Barbados,' which was published in London in 1750, the year before Washington's visit. Among those subscribers were Lord Fairfax, and the Honorables William Fairfax, John Robinson (President of the Council), William Newton, and the Rev. William Dawson, D.D. (President of William and Mary College); Cols. Carter, Burwell, Thornton, Fitz-Hugh, Fry, Beverley, Lunden Carter, Blande, Braxton, Carter Burwell, and George Lee; Majors Dangerfield, Monroe, and Wayener; Thomas Nelson, James Reid, Beverley Whiting, Stephen Dewey, Edward Pendleton, Lumford Lomax, and John Lee. Some idea of the whereabouts of Major Clarke's house may be gathered from a statement in the 'Natural History of Barbados' (p. 6). Referring to the position of the Indian Bridge, which in the early days crossed the stream that ran into Carlisle Bay, Hughes says: "The abovementioned Bridge was placed over that part of the creek, or narrow neck of the Bay, which divides Major Gidney Clark's House from Colonel John Fairchild's." It should be an easy matter to trace the position of Capt. Croftan's house by an examination of the records in the Colonial Secretary's Office, at Bridgetown. Of the numerous Americans who now take holiday trips to the West Indies, perchance some may have the inclination to locate the spot where Washington dwelt when he sojourned in Barbados.

Correspondence.

THE SECONDARY SCHOOLS AND THE COLLEGES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The comments which I wish to make

upon the recent report on historical teaching are with reference to some of its most general features; I feel, therefore, that there will be no injustice in making them before I have examined the report itself. School men have known for some time what, in general, would be its conclusions. In so far as they are likely to meet with general approval, they are of a rather obvious character.

Secondary school men must often in their hearts pray to be delivered from their friends. Our good champions, the collegians, have done much for us, but it is a question whether the limit of their service is not now nearly reached. When we reflect that we cannot possibly accept all the authoritative views of all the authorities, perhaps courage may be plucked up to assert a somewhat more manly independence in the discussion and settlement of problems purely internal in character.

It has for a long time been agreed, in a general way, that the studies below college grade should not substantially differ in the case of young men intending to enter college and in that of those who will not do so. The evident conclusion from this agreement is that secondary curricula must be planned with reference chiefly to previous, not subsequent, work, and that the aim of these secondary curricula is to complement and supplement the elementary study. The pressure on the part of the college men becomes, however, increasingly heavy upon the secondary school, and an emphasis is placed upon the term *preparatory* which is, in my judgment, highly mischievous. The dilemma is often presented to the secondary school of sacrificing, either really or apparently, one of its two classes of students.

There would be something grotesque in the spectacle of a conscientious and not too intelligent school principal sitting down with the final judgment of the specialists in each department and endeavoring to construct a school programme. The historians have just insisted upon four full years for them; Greek demands three; Latin five or six; Science insists upon three or four; the mathematicians have never contemplated any reduction in the time allotted to them; French and German are insisting upon not less than four years, and English is equally grasping. Each department, with the possible exception of Greek, insists that every student shall take all of its work. There is a ridiculous aspect to all this, but there is also a more serious one. Is it too much to ask from our men of widest culture and deepest insight that they shall steadily hold in view all interests and all needs? Or must we resign ourselves to mere partisanship even here?

Similarly, in the judgment of the writer, the wholesale condemnation of the year course in general history shares in this quality of partisanship and partial survey. It can scarcely be open to question that, for many students and in many cases, the single-year course in general history, plus some work in American history, is the best that can be planned. Let our college friends spend some energy in giving us the best possible text-books for this work, and we will ask no more. It is true that such a course finds little space in private academies, or in the course of students who will enter college; in our public high schools, however, a thorough study of outlines and some knowledge of the great landmarks of the world's progress are all that thousands of young people may hope for. Shall we serve their interests well if we inform them thoroughly as to the constitution of Cleisthenes and leave them quite ignorant as to Calvin and Chaucer and William the Silent?

I am, sir, yours very truly,

FREDERICK WHITTON.

MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY, August 4, 1899.

Notes.

Doubleday & McClure Co.'s fall list of publications includes a translation, by R. C. Long, of Jean de Bloch's 'The Future of War,' to which is accredited the idea of the Peace Congress at The Hague; 'Miscellanies,' by the late Henry George, and his Life by his son and namesake; 'Nancy Hanks,' the story of Abraham Lincoln's mother, by Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, and a Life of Lincoln by Ida M. Tarbell; 'Heroes of Our Early Wars,' by the Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady; 'The Boys' Book of Invention,' by Ray S. Baker; 'Tales of the Telegraph,' by Jasper Ewing Brady; 'Nature's Garden,' an aid to our knowledge of wild flowers, by Neltje Blanchan; 'Sketches in Egypt,' by Charles Dana Gibson; and a Kipling Kalendar for 1900. In connection with J. M. Dent & Co., this firm will undertake a "Temple Edition" of Dickens in forty volumes—good news to all who know the meaning of this trademark.

The Century Co.'s "Thumb-nail" series will be continued with 'Rip Van Winkle and the Legend of Sleepy Hollow,' with an introduction by Joseph Jefferson; and the 'Meditations of Marcus Aurelius,' newly translated by Benjamin E. Smith. They announce, too, 'Maximilian in Mexico,' by Mrs. Sarah Yorke Stevenson.

Prince Kropotkin's 'Reminiscences of My Life'; 'The American in Holland,' by the Rev. W. E. Griffis; 'A Dividend to Labor,' by the Rev. N. P. Gilman; 'How Much is Left of the Old Doctrines?' by the Rev. Washington Gladden; and 'The Little Fig-Tree Stories,' by Mary Hallock Foote, are in the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Ginn & Co. have in preparation 'An Introduction to the Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism,' by Profs. Charles Mills Gayley and Fred Newton Scott, of which two volumes will be ready next fall; and 'Ways of Wood Folk,' by William J. Long.

'On General Thomas's Staff,' a story for the young, by Byron A. Dunn, is in the press of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The tenth volume of the sixth series of the Massachusetts Historical Society's selections is unequally divided between an index to that series and a selection from Sir William Pepperrell's papers in the Society's possession (by gift of Dr. Jeremy Belknap). These documents, which centre about the siege of Louisbourg, have been freely availed of by historians, but have only partially been printed. This is especially true of the private letters which make up the bulk of the present reprint, and which satisfy all reasonable curiosity as to a military and naval enterprise of great significance in our colonial history. Two plans accompany the papers, which have been judiciously annotated. An appendix contains a roster of the troops engaged.

Mr. Cecil Headlam has added to the "Mediæval Towns" series (Macmillan) a volume on 'Nuremberg' which well deserves its place beside Mr. Cook's 'Rouen.' Comparing the two books, we find evidence of deeper historical research in 'Rouen' and a greater regard for the needs of the tourist in 'Nuremberg.' The municipal and artistic activities of Nuremberg were both so strongly marked that they afford a rich store of topics to the author and of interests to the traveller. Probably no town in Germany outside the great capitals is more frequented by Americans than the red-roofed city on the Pegnitz, and few persons are fortified with the local knowledge which will enable them to neglect in safety this sketch of its origin, progress, and leading citizens. Commendation now as always must be given the beautiful drawings of Miss Helen James. They adorn any volume which they illustrate.

'Alfred the Great: Containing Chapters on his Life and Times' (London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan) is a high-class advertisement of the national commemoration which will be held in 1901. The editor, Mr. Alfred Bowker, Mayor of Winchester, frankly points in his preface to a circular of solicitation which is given at the end; and the circular, in turn, asks for subscriptions to the fund of £30,000 which is being started by the Lord Mayor of London. "The International Committee organizing this Commemoration have considered it very advisable that a publication should be issued with a view to diffusing as widely as possible public knowledge of the King's life and work. This being the sole object, it became essential that the book should not be costly, but within the reach of all. Therefore, it was also necessary to restrict its scope; numerous subjects and possible illustrations of interest have been left for a full and complete biography of the great king." The volume contains eight essays written by contributors who are all prominent in English letters: Sir Walter Besant, Frederic Harrison, the Bishop of Bristol, Charles Oman, Sir Clements Markham, Professor Earle, Sir Frederick Pollock, and the Rev. W. J. Loftie. On the cover is a reproduction in colors of King Alfred's Jewel. Her Majesty has accepted the dedication, and the Poet Laureate furnishes a poem, entitled, "The Spotless King," which, among other characteristic lines, contains this one:

"And none are truly great that are not good."

The articles are all creditable to their authors, and show that, though the work is intended for the unlearned public, the business of composition has been taken seriously. We have found two papers particularly good, viz., Professor Earle's on "King Alfred as a Writer," and Sir Frederick Pollock's on "English Law before the Conquest." By reason of its purpose and of its own merits, the book should be widely spread.

Those interested in the tendencies of economic thought of the last twenty-five years will welcome Mr. C. W. Macfarlane's 'Value and Distribution' (J. B. Lippincott Co.). To many the "new economics" has been identified with the negative critical work of the Historical School; great emphasis on "induction" as opposed to "deduction"; and a weakness for "ethical" applications. That there is a mass of constructive work, some of

which is embodied in the publications of the Austrian group, much more of it scattered through various magazines and journals, is not so generally recognized, because no effort had been made to bring it together as a coherent whole. To give permanence to this scattered work, and to bring it, as well as that of the Austrian economists, into some sort of co-relation with the work of the so-called orthodox school of economists, is one of the purposes of the present volume. "Ethics" is avoided, and, in the problem of Distribution, the question of equity of the distribution of wealth has been consciously and purposely avoided, the author confining himself to a purely theoretic study of the laws of Distribution. In his criticism of the modern economists, as well as in the statement of his own position, Mr. Macfarlane shows his grasp of economic theory, and has made a valuable contribution to economic literature. Coming from outside the academic circle, the book is significant of the attitude of mind of the educated business man, and points to a more sympathetic relation between the University and the world of affairs.

It is hard to see what reason there is for the existence of Dr. E. C. S. Gibson's commentary on Job ('The Book of Job,' Macmillan), except it be that the series to which it belongs (Oxford Commentaries, edited by Walter Lock, D.D., Ireland Professor of the Exegesis of Holy Scripture) stood in need of something of the kind. The pity is that the kind is so poor, and it is to be hoped that the succeeding volumes of the series will reach a higher level. This instalment makes no contribution to its subject; it fails to see the problems involved, and thus cannot even present the solutions of others. The series as a whole, according to the prefatory note of the general editor, is to be "less elementary than the Cambridge Bible for Schools, less critical than the International Critical Commentary, less didactic than the Expositor's Bible." The latter two minuses are easy of attainment, and are abundantly attained in this volume; with regard to the first, no one would ever choose this book in place of the golden little commentary by Davidson in the Cambridge Bible. We cannot see that it is less elementary, except for two or three pages on the versions, and Dr. Gibson certainly makes no approach to Davidson's exegetical tact and learning. Further, though much has been accomplished since Davidson's little book appeared, there are here few or no signs of advance. The almost solved problem of the original prose legend of Job and of the folk-tale about him meets with no allusion, and though there are references to the contributions of Budde, not the slightest account is taken of his last reconstruction—fantastic, it may be, but epoch-marking. Finally, so far as the present volume is concerned, the only advantage which this series has over the Cambridge Bible is that it uses the Revised and not the Authorized Version as a basis. It would be a cause for thankfulness if the Cambridge Bible would follow this most reasonable example.

In 'Through Armenia on Horseback' (E. P. Dutton & Co.), the Rev. George H. Hepworth, sent out by the N. Y. *Herald* to look into the Armenian massacres, describes his journey of investigation. As he had such full permission from the Sultan that he was even provided with an escort of Turkish officials, we cannot help fearing that many unpleasant facts may have been kept out of his way, and we are not reassured by his manner of operating or by many of his comments, which suggest that one of Mr. Hepworth's characteristics is a certain naïveté not exactly suited to the difficult and delicate task he had in hand. His reflections are at times almost childishly commonplace, his style is generally trivial, and his rather lumbering attempts at gayety are apt to be exasperating. On the other hand, if not keen in detection nor profound in insight, he did not shut his eyes to obvious truths, however painful, or allow himself to be led away by the specious explanations of those who had been personally kind to him. Thus, although he travelled with specially appointed companions, and was hospitably entertained by the local officials, he did his best to hear what he could of the Armenian question from the other side also, and it is that other side which convinced him. If he tries to explain the massacres, he does not attempt to palliate them. His conclusions are pessimistic enough. He believes that the future of the Armenians is hopeless, and meanwhile they are in continual danger of fresh slaughter; that the Turks are incapable of reform; that "I cannot name the root of the difficulty, but I feel sure that it is political rather than religious, and that not all the Powers of Europe can make Turkey other than it is, a moribund nation with a fatal disease for which there is no known remedy."

'De l'Influence Française sur l'Esprit Public en Roumanie: Les Origines,' by Pompiliu Eliade (Paris: Leroux), is a study of the intellectual awakening of Rumania at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. The author, a native who has studied in Paris, ascribes this awakening almost entirely to the direct or indirect influence of France, whether in the form of the enlightenment of the "philosophes," the ideas of the great Revolution, or the stirring glories of Napoleon; whether brought in by wanderers and émigrés, or introduced as a fashion in literature and society by Greeks or Russians. He exaggerates, perhaps, the share of French influence in all this, but not, we think, to any great extent. Writing soberly and carefully, he has given us in accessible form an account of the forces that have aided in transforming a barbarous Oriental dependency into a small but interesting modern state, proud of its Latin language and the descent it claims from the Romans, and in intellectual as well as political community with the rest of the civilized world.

'Les Colonies pendant la Révolution,' by M. Léon Deschamps (Paris: Perrin), is a continuation of his 'Histoire de la Question Coloniale en France,' published in 1891. He now explains the colonial policy of the Constituent Assembly, telling only enough of the story of the troubles in the colonies to make his explanations clear. This is the first time the subject has been studied adequately in the documents themselves. In his introduction, the author has furnished an excellent bibliography of all the sources he has used. The most curious phase of his subject is the long conflict in the legislative conscience between "philanthropy and 5 per cent."—in other words, between the principles of 1789 and the old colonial system; particularly, the ambitions, jealousies, and interests to be served by the maintenance of the privileged position of the planters. It is diverting, as well as instructive, to observe the shifts to which men like Barnave were put to satisfy these planters, and, at the same time, to show a proper regard for the Declaration of Rights. They solved their problem by deciding that such noble principles were not suitable for export to the colonies. Their changing and hesitant attitude upon the status of the mulattoes and free negroes, due largely to the agitations promoted by the Hôtel Massiac, was responsible, thinks M. Deschamps, for the worst mischiefs in the West Indies. With this exception he criticises favorably the scheme of control devised by the Constituent, believing it far ahead of any system then in existence.

Among the numberless articles on the "Affaire" with which the Paris newspapers regale their readers every day of the week, there are not a few which aim at something higher than to satisfy curiosity or to nurture party and race animosity. Such a comparative study of the administration of military justice in the principal states of the Continent, for instance, as recently appeared in the *Matin*, raises the hope that the great harm done by the whole Dreyfus affair may, in the course of time, be in a measure neutralized by profitable lessons. The writer in the *Matin* shows that in Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy military courts are never exclusively composed of soldiers, but always in part of professional jurists of experience and high standing. In France, on the contrary, no such safeguard exists.

A little treatise, 'Die richtige Aussprache des Musterdeutschen,' by Dr. E. Dannheisser (Heidelberg: J. Gross), is to be recommended to the many earnest students of German in this country who are striving, often with an excessive scrupulosity, after the best pronunciation. It is brief, simple, and practical, and may be advantageously used by itself or in connection with any German grammar.

The *Nineteenth Century* has an article on the International Council of Women, by the Countess of Aberdeen, and the *Fortnightly* discusses the same subject by the pens of Gilbert Parker and of Mrs. Sewall. *Nature* also reports the proceedings of the scientific section of the same congress, which was presided over by Mrs. Ayrton, astronomy being represented by Mlle. Klumpke, head of one of the departments at the Paris Observatory, geology by Miss Raisin of Bedford College, chemistry by Miss Dorothy Marshall of Girton College, bacteriology by Mrs. Percy Frankland, and botany and zoölogy by Miss Ethel Sargent. Miss Ayrton, in the course of her interesting and able address, pointed out that there is an important outlet for the work of women at the present time in the manufacture of electrical instruments, the demand for them being so great that manufacturers are not able to cope with it. The various papers contributed are stated to have been worthy both of their subjects and their authors.

M. Camille Flammarion contributes to the July number of the *Revue des Revues* an article apparently called forth by statements published in many French and foreign papers, to the effect that this eminent scientist has retracted what he formerly published on matters of physical research and occultism. He declares such assertions to be erroneous, and announces

that he has nearly ready for publication a work entitled 'L'Inconnu,' which will be devoted largely to a scientific analysis of occult phenomena. The article reports a large number of cases which are certainly curious and, to M. Flammarion, seem sufficiently interesting and authentic to deserve serious consideration.

The publisher of the Imperial Free Economic Society of St. Petersburg informs his subscribers that the issue for December, 1898, has been hindered by the Government censor, but will be sent out as soon as the prohibition has been set aside. The word "free" in the name of the society does not seem appropriate.

The preparation for the celebration in 1900, on a grand scale, of the five hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gutenberg, is being energetically pushed by the authorities at Mainz. The scientific 'Festschrift' will contain contributions on Gutenberg and the art of printing, from the best specialists of Germany and elsewhere, and will be an international document of permanent value, edited by Prof. Dr. Velke; while a more popular volume, with especial reference to the history of printing in Mainz, is being prepared by Dr. Bockenheimer. Academic festivities, banquets, historical processions, concerts, public games and plays, and the like, will constitute the chief portion of the public exercises. The German Emperor and the Duke of Hesse will take part in the exercises.

—The "Midsummer Holiday Number" of the *Century* appropriately devotes itself to out-of-door interests. Those who stay in cities may follow Jacob Riis and Police Board President Roosevelt on a Feast Day Pilgrimage through New York's "Little Italy." The lover of wild nature may listen to the birds about Mr. Burroughs's cabin in the woods, the traveller may drink tea all along the Yangtse-Kiang with Eliza Scidmore, visit the Churches of Auvergne with Mrs. Van Rensselaer as guide, live the life of a nomadic Lapp with Jonas Stadling, or, if desirous of a more stirring vacation, may invade India with Alexander the Great under the leadership of Prof. Wheeler. Well-timed, too, for midsummer use are an account of the Kirksville tornado by Mr. Musick, an eye-and-ear witness; Prof. Abbe's brief deliverance on tornadoes, with its appeal for "untouched" photographs; short articles on "Powerful Electrical Discharges," by Prof. Trowbridge, on "The Protection of Electrical Apparatus against Lightning," by Alexander Wurts, and on "Needless Alarm during Thunder-Storms," by Alexander McCabe. An interesting account, by Marion Haskell, of "Negro Spirituals," or religious songs composed by negroes, and Paul Leicester Ford's paper on "The Many-Sided Franklin," make further agreeable August reading. Most striking, if least agreeable, in the account of Franklin's diversified thrift is the evidence of his traffic in indentured servants and slaves, through the medium of his newspaper. Two short papers by Major-Gen. Wood and General Manager Howard furnish experts' views on administrative and industrial matters in Cuba. Mr. Crawford's novel proceeds at leisurely pace. "The Transit of Gloria Mundy" is the sincerest of all tributes to Kipling-and-Dooley, the latest American hybrid. The poetry is of a midsummer calibre; the trail of the languid hammock is over it all if we except Meredith's fantastic "Night Walk" and Herford's delicious verses on the Mole.

—In the *Atlantic* Mr. Riis and Mr. Burroughs are met again, but indoors. The former writes of "The Tenant," and avows his persuasion that the trades-union label and the colonization of the Jew, whether as a farmer or in manufacturing colonies (experiments already promisingly initiated in New Jersey), are to be the sweat-shop's strongest antidote. Mr. Burroughs preaches agreeably against preaching in art. Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, jr., rallies his affections and quotations about Macaulay with a zeal which proves that his scorn of Thackeray did not proceed from the pride of the un-Philistine. Dr. Cunningham writes somewhat half-heartedly of the Peace Congress as an agent of disarmament, but hopefully of "changes in political aims and ambitions" as "doing away with the occasions of international conflict," and calls attention to the dangers arising from "national vanity" and "irresponsible meddlers," whether individuals or sections of a community, "who try to jerk the reins of government at a critical period." The prevention of strife, he concludes, is the key to immunity from concern as to ways of allaying it; and he points to England as leading the way by showing "a genuine unwillingness to take offence." Prince Kropotkin's tenth paper brings him out of prison into England; tells of his connection with the International Workingmen's Association, of the work of that body, including its division after the war of 1870—a division brought about by the "conflict between the Latin spirit and the German *Geist*." He shows portraits of several of his fellow-workers, and a particularly interesting one of Turgeneff. "His Brother's Brother" is the late Mr. John Holmes, and T. W. Higginson bestows on the reader a brief glimpse of that rare spirit.

—In the March number of the *Zeitschrift für Assyriologie* appears a most interesting paper by Prof. Martin Hartmann of Berlin on the efforts being made to raise the spoken dialect of Egypt to a written language, and to advocate for its expression the modified Latin alphabet invented by Spitta and used by him in his invaluable 'Grammatik des Vulgärdialectes von Aegypten.' We have already noticed this movement, which emanates from Florence (The Landi Press), New York, and Cairo, and the present article shows with what energy it is being carried on and what chances of success it has. The need is clear. In Egypt, as in all Arabic-speaking countries, there are at least two languages. The one, written after a fashion by educated men and spoken in sermons and on public occasions of weight, attempts to reproduce classical Arabic; the other is the spoken language of the people, and is beginning to appear in different forms of popular literature—plays, songs, jests, etc. For the first, the Arabic character is a fairly adequate medium; to the expression of the second, that character, with its lack of vowels and hampering traditions of classical forms, is utterly unequal. Yet the only chance of spreading education in the mass of the people is through the tongue which they speak; and how hopeless it is to attempt that with the Arabic alphabet, will be felt at once by any Arabist who will attack one of the modern plays of Othman Gelal so written. European students of old Arabic require to be equipped with elaborate transliterations and translations to make such skeleton texts—misleading enough in their bones—intelligible to them.

—Prof. Hartmann regards the undertaking as by no means hopeless. The bigoted Muslims of the towns will have little to say to it; but the far less bigoted peasants who, under English rule, are leading a quiet and prosperous life and learning things about and from the unbeliever, will be won over much more easily. The Jews, too, and Coptic Christians will accept it. Curiously enough, he thinks that the Bedawi and semi-Bedawi floating population can be reached with comparative ease. They, as opposed to the Fellahin, are fanatical Muslims, but their religion is not bound up with a written tradition to the extent that holds of the population of the towns. But, for their use, the alphabet will need to be extended, and characters added to represent sounds heard only in the desert. This opinion is of the greatest weight, for few Arabists know the local conditions of Egypt and Syria so well as Prof. Hartmann. And his subject has evidently touched him with enthusiasm; he looks for the movement to spread beyond Egypt, and he especially hails it as a veritable deliverance for those non-Arabic-speaking peoples who use the Arabic character. This last comes close to us; at least it is not so far below our national horizon as it was a year ago. Our wretched complications in the Philippines have brought us face to face with a Muslim population not speaking Arabic, yet using the Arabic script. To deliver them from that would mean almost as much as to deliver them from ourselves.

—Harper & Bros. present us, under title of 'The Letters of Captain Dreyfus to his Wife,' a translation of the collection which appeared in the French as 'Lettres d'un Innocent,' and which Zola solemnly adjured Prime Minister Brisson to read in the company of his wife and children, and then say whether their author was not a martyr. They are undoubtedly moving, and, at this time, their publication cannot but increase the public sympathy for Dreyfus that has now become so strong even in France. Except as documents in a *cause célèbre*, however, they will not be likely to have any permanent value—they are at once too painful and too monotonous. Even as documents they have limitations, as they were written for official scrutiny, and tell little or nothing of the prisoner's life. They are filled with his protestations of innocence, his loyalty to the army and to France that had so foully wronged him, and a continual urging on his wife to clear his honor. Dreyfus's enemies, of course, say that this is all posing; his partisans, that it is all sincerity, and increases the presumption in his favor. With the latter view we concur. But it is curious to note his frequently expressed belief that there was a real traitor, somewhere, for whom he had been mistaken, and whose discovery was as essential as his own vindication—whereas, out of all the confused evidence so far published, proof of definite acts of treason between French officers and an enemy country seems alone wanting, while of domestic forgery, plotting, and general scoundrelism there is no end. The Dreyfus case long ago assumed an importance in French history so profound that the man about whom these passions were raging sank to an abstraction.

This book restores the personal element to the drama; and to the picture it gives of the victim's tortured spirit should have been added the photograph in *Harper's Weekly* of his wasted figure ascending the gangplank of the *Sfax*.

—Unless we happen to stumble upon Mezhov's bibliography with the titles of more than twenty thousand books and articles on Siberia, we hardly think of that country as one which has been much written about. However, with its recent rapid development, and the more frequent visits of western travellers, the available literature on the subject is becoming copious. 'En Sibérie' (Paris: Colin), by Jules Legras, is the tale of a journey along the usual route from Europe to the Pacific at Vladivostok, with a few side excursions; but the author, in spite of his modest disclaimer in the preface (in spite, too, of a little too much personal narrative), has given us more than the notes of a mere globe-trotter. He was charged with an official mission by the French Government to investigate the colonization of the territory he went through, and, although he has reserved the results of his labors for a later, more serious work, the present one contains not a little interesting information. The general impression we get from it corresponds with the one we had previously obtained from travel and from books. Siberia is a country with a rather unattractive history and character of its own, but its conditions and population are being rapidly changed beyond recognition by the flood of newcomers pouring into it, as well as by the opening up of its resources. Although it presents many obstacles of different sorts, its possibilities of development seem almost unlimited. As for the central government and local officials, they appear at one moment the indispensable agents of civilization and progress, at another as doing their best to hinder them. Mr. Legras writes with great frankness about what he saw and what, thanks to his knowledge of Russian due to a previous visit in the empire, he heard and understood as well as saw. His opinion of the Siberians is not complimentary; he finds them lazy, selfish, unlovable, and particularly untruthful. "If I put aside the friends who gave me faithful information, I could count on my fingers the men I have not caught in the act of flagrant deceit. Oh! the offensive and useless flood of lies. They lie behind my back, not suspecting that a mirror is betraying the impostor; they lie when by me, not suspecting that I have an acute sense of hearing and catch asides; they lie in my presence, not suspecting that in my hands are written proofs of their duplicity. They lie with naïveté, with subtlety, or with cynicism, as the case may be; they lie with a caress of their eyes and of their hand."

—At the opening meeting of the International Conference of Hybridization, held under the auspices of the Royal Horticultural Society, at Chiswick, Dr. Maxwell Masters gave an address on the artificial hybridization of plants. This was first practised in the early part of the eighteenth century by Thomas Fairchild, one of whose descendants was present as an American delegate. Fairchild produced a cross between a sweet-william and a carnation pink which is still cultivated. Reference was made to the singular prejudice against the practice, hybridists being accused of "contravening the laws of Providence." This objection was met by Dean Herbert, who, having found in the Pyrenees a narcissus growing between two narcissi of similar character, proved it to be a hybrid. He produced a similar one, and asked why he should be blamed for doing what nature had done. Still, this remarkable prejudice persisted to such an extent that florists, rather than exhibit plants as hybrids, described those raised in their own nurseries as coming from "the Cape," or elsewhere. Another objection to hybridization on the part of some botanists is that it upsets their "systems" and creates confusion as to species and genera. There was a time when "species" was considered a sacrosanct thing, but the researches of Darwin and others have changed all that, and no definite line of demarcation between species, genera, or varieties can be drawn. Dr. Masters believes that the experiments of hybridists are not only advancing science, but adding to the welfare of humanity. H. J. Webber of the United States Department of Agriculture described, at the second meeting, some attempts to produce a hardier variety of orange, that would be less likely than the Florida orange to be cut off by frost. Experiments have been made to produce hybrids between the American orange and the Japanese, which begins to flower just as the blossoms of the cultivated kind are disappearing. It is hoped to produce a variety which will be retarded a little in flowering, and thus escape the spring frosts. Experiments are also making with the Tangerine orange, to effect a combination of its loose rind with the superior qualities of the American orange. Limes, lemons, and pineapples have been the subjects of experiments in hybridization, and the Department is trying to improve cotton by means of hybrids between the upland and the Sea Island kinds.

TRAVELS AND POLITICS IN THE NEAR EAST.

Travels and Politics in the Near East. By William Miller. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1899.

The affairs of southeastern Europe have had a fascination for Mr. Miller, which found expression in his excellent work, entitled 'The Balkans,' in the "Story of the Nations" series, already reviewed in these columns. That complex of peoples and states whose shifting composition eludes the grasp and dazzles the eye of the observer, has found the closest of students in Mr. Miller, who has habituated himself to regard each feature in this bewildering panorama according to its intrinsic quality, eschewing the time-honored standpoint of the Englishman intent solely on unravelling the mysteries of the Eastern question with reference to the future prospects of Britain. Extensive journeys through the picturesque regions that constitute the mighty Ottoman Empire of old, combined with a vast amount of reading and intercourse with public men of various nationalities, have familiarized the author in a rare degree with this mosaic of the Near East, and, while waiting for the kaleidoscope to make another turn, he has given the public the benefit of his observations in a very charming volume of more than 500 octavo pages.

Of the fourteen chapters into which the book is divided, Bosnia (with Herzegovina) and Greece each claim two, and one is allotted to each of the following subjects: Istria and Dalmatia, Montenegro, the Sanjak of Novibazar, the Albanian Coast and Corfu, Crete under the "Concert," Samos, Macedonia, Stambul, Bulgaria, and "The Great Powers in the Near East." The kingdoms of Servia and Rumania, it will be seen, are not specifically dealt with in these pages, but the former enters largely into the treatment of political and economic topics, and the latter is naturally not overlooked in the discussion of the Balkan question as a whole. Mr. Miller made four visits to the Balkan countries between 1894 and 1898, in three of which he was accompanied by his wife, and he extended his journeys into Asia Minor. Nothing appears to have escaped the ubiquitous range of his observation. He is equally master of his pen, whether depicting the wondrous charms of the Dalmatian coastland, or descanting upon the advantages of new and prospective railway lines, or portraying racial peculiarities.

Mr. Miller surveys his chosen domain with an impartial eye, not being an enthusiastic admirer, as he says in his preface, of any one Balkan race to the exclusion of all others. His pleasure at the release of Bulgaria from the Turkish yoke does not make him blind to the vices which stand in the way of her political advancement, nor does his detestation of the Turk as a ruler prevent him from appreciating his virtues as a man. The country whose condition has most favorably impressed our author is Bosnia (or, more properly, Bosnia and Herzegovina), which he styles the "model Balkan state." The twenty years of Austro-Hungarian occupation have wrought a complete transformation here. From the position of a semi-mediæval Turkish province, groaning under oppression and rent by religious animosities (the Slavic Bosniaks are among the most zealous of Mussulmans), Bosnia has suddenly emerged into the light of civilization and become a well-ordered, prosperous, and contented country. As an illustration of the rate at which it is being modernized, we need do no more than refer to the statement on page 153, to the effect that the excursion trains running from Sarayevo to a neighboring pleasure resort have a special van for bicycles alongside of a car reserved for Mussulman women. The description which Mr. Miller gives of this lovely borderland between West and East opens up a delightful vista to the tourist in quest of virgin soil. Boundless praise is lavished upon Baron Kállay for his efficient administration of this region, and upon his charming wife, who has so zealously seconded his efforts.

Bosnia's little neighbor, Montenegro, to whom nature seems to have denied everything save her rocky fastnesses, is, in Mr. Miller's eye, a land not without signs of promise. He has faith in her simple and sturdy, though rude, mountain folk, who for five centuries have bidden defiance to the Crescent ranks; and he is above all impressed with the sagacity and patriotic virtues, not to say shrewdness, of Prince Nicholas, "even by the admission of his severest critics, the ablest of Balkan sovereigns." This "patriarchal autocrat," who "most emphatically knows on which side his bread is buttered," and who has seen himself and his little principality suddenly exalted through the marriage of his

daughter to the future King of Italy, is winning distinguished laurels as a Slav poet. Montenegro is advancing on the path of progress, a hilly road to travel, up which she is being helped by both Russia and Austria. The former extends a kind of godmotherly care over the tiny state, in which her calculating eye fondly sees an advance post of Muscovy on the Adriatic.

Much less refreshing than his account of Bosnia and Montenegro is the picture which Mr. Miller draws of the political condition of Bulgaria, a country resurrected from a bondage of five hundred years, and bidden by the Powers to move forward with the eyes of the world fastened upon her. This peasant state *par excellence*, as the author calls her, has run through a mad course of political evolution since its new machinery was set in motion. Already the theory of public spoils, the clean sweep, railroad jobbery, and all the concomitants of a representative system which has no roots in the past, have become firmly intrenched, while the methods and expedients of the executive power, as depicted by the unprejudiced pen of Mr. Miller, are worthy of the Spanish republics of the South. No wonder that, after inhaling the perfumes of the far-famed rose-gardens of Kazanlik, sixty ounces of whose distilled fragrance sells for a hundred pounds sterling, Mr. Miller cannot help exclaiming, "If only Bulgaria had no politics, that curse of the small Balkan States!" It is some consolation to be told that Prince Ferdinand, that accomplished trimmer, is thoroughly unpopular with his subjects. In Servia, as well as in Bulgaria, parliamentary elections have been "reduced to a farce."

It is a strange irony of history that a people so long held in bondage as the Bulgarians should have such "fantastic notions of its own dignity" as our author had occasion to observe. The question of domestic servants, he tells us, is "far more acute in Bulgaria than even in London." "The natives are so independent that it is difficult to engage them to work for wages." All thoughtful people whom Mr. Miller met during his stay in that country "agreed in pointing out the danger of over-education for Bulgaria," the threatened result (the same as in the case of Greece, according to the writer) being "the growth of a class of professional politicians from among the briefless lawyers, hungry doctors, and discontented teachers produced by the Bulgarian schools." With regard to the amenities of travel, the "Bulgarian Switzerland" is anything but a tourists' paradise. The peasant innkeepers are "honesty itself," but they have nothing to offer in the way of food or cleanly comfort. The effect of new political conditions, however, and of the establishment of railroad routes is visible in Sofia and Philippopolis, which have blossomed out into modern cities.

The author was in Greece at the time of the recent war, and the chapters devoted to that kingdom, conceived in perhaps too journalistic a vein, will to many readers prove the most interesting part of the book. He presents us with a pretty picture of the reign of the spoils system at Athens. There is no country in the world, according to Mr. Miller, in which politics have such a fascination for the common people as in Greece. The Athenians are still the Athenians of old in their eagerness to hear what is going on. The very newsboys devour the political articles in the journals while hawking them about in the streets.

Mr. Miller's journeyings in the dominions of the Sultan have convinced him that the Turkish government is utterly and hopelessly rotten. He has nothing to say, indeed, against the character of the Turkish people. "The plain Turk of the country districts," he would have us know, "is honest enough; upon that all are agreed." In the concluding chapter we read: "No one can help admiring the devotion of the true Mussulman to his religion, a devotion which puts to shame many Christians. . . . He points out, sometimes with no little justice, that the simple life of the East is better than the degraded existence of many of our great cities." But the author finds no words of condemnation too severe for the official class (whose sins, he admits, belong rather to the system than to the man) and the methods pursued by the central Government. "The secret-service fund amounts to £2,000,000 a year, and from six hundred to seven hundred reports are sent in by spies to the Sultan every day."

In refreshing contrast to the pages devoted to Turkish maladministration is an account of a visit to Brusa, in Asia Minor, the capital of Sultan Orkhan, in the early days of the Ottoman Empire, which, according to Mr. Miller himself, is at least one oasis in this *gran diserto*, "an excellent example of what Turkey might be under a wise government." Speaking of the approach to this place from the Sea of Marmora, he remarks: "Here you might be in Southern Europe. On either side a rich and fertile land stretches out before you, a land of wine and olives, cultivated by a bright and cheerful peasantry, who greet the train as it slowly turns and turns on its way up the hillside." Brusa, through the energetic foresight of its governor, escaped the horrors of the Armenian massacres.

Mr. Miller enters into a minute analysis of the Macedonian question, "perhaps the most dangerous problem which the statesmen of Europe will have to face in the near future." Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece are each waiting to pounce down upon this region, which presents a labyrinthine jumble of nationalities. There is also a Rumanian propaganda, based on the presence of a considerable Ruman, or Wallach, element in the Macedonian population; and even the Albanians appear to have started a separate organization in the region, a people who have hitherto been "content to remain subjects of a Power which did not interfere with their 'legitimate' occupation of cutting each other's and their neighbors' throats."

In the chapter entitled "The Great Powers in the Near East," which is the concluding section of the volume, Mr. Miller discusses in a vigorous but dispassionate manner the possibilities in the way of a settlement of the affairs of the Balkan Peninsula. He confesses that he has been weaned from the belief expressed in his recently published history, that a Balkan confederation might be a solution of the great problem that so persistently confronts Europe. His travels and talks have persuaded him that political rivalries and jealousies preclude such a consummation. The Serb has no love for the Bulgarian, the Bulgarian has no faith in the Ruman, and Greece is centred on herself. Albania is a stumbling-block in the way of any settlement. The idea that a solution might still be found in the rehabilitation of Turkey, a Turkey regenerated by reforms, is dismissed after due consideration as an idle dream. "Of all the futile nostrums," says our author, "prescribed for the salvation of Turkey, that of 'reforms' is the worst." He sees no unravelment of this awful tangle until Austria-Hungary and Russia step forward and cut the Gordian knot. Russia will not rest until she obtains possession of Constantinople, and she will have to share the spoils with Austria by allowing her to reach down to Salonica and establish herself on the Ægean. This, the only conceivable solution in the author's eyes, is not put forward as by any means a satisfactory consummation, nor does he pretend to see how it is to come about. The inspiring spectacle presented by Bosnia and Herzegovina at the present time has completely won Mr. Miller over to Austria-Hungary, but the prospect of Russia established on the Bosphorus, intent upon the benevolent assimilation of the neighboring peoples, is to him far from a cheerful one. Not that he is in special dread of Russian power in the Levant—that fear, he admits, has been minimized by the hold that England has secured upon Egypt—but, to Mr. Miller, Russia is Russia still, and he doubts (page 507) whether the substitution of Russian for Turkish rule on the Bosphorus would be an advantage to the people governed. He does not think that Rumania would help Russia a second time in her march towards Constantinople, the Bessarabian steal of 1878 never having been forgiven; and as for Bulgaria, although Prince Ferdinand has thrown himself into the arms of the Czar, he has not succeeded in making his subjects overcome the aversion which the outrageous intermeddling of Russia in their affairs has excited. Altogether the picture drawn by our author, who is no pessimist, of the political condition and prospects of the Near East is not a bright one to contemplate.

Mr. Miller is convinced that the Ottoman Empire is doomed, but to say that its downfall is necessarily close at hand he believes would be a rash assertion. Europe will not plunge lightly into the seething vortex of the Balkan East; and, while the problems of the Far East and of Africa engage the Powers, no one can tell how long the death-agony of the Turk may be prolonged. The author hopes fervently that the great state whose destinies are bound up with those of the Balkan Peninsula may survive the perils that threaten its dissolution. He considers that no greater catastrophe could befall Europe than the dismemberment of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy.

Mr. Miller denounces in unstinted terms the apathy which the English nation has displayed in recent years with respect to the course of events in the Sultan's dominions and the conditions affecting British trade in those regions. He is not afraid to let the world know that all respect for the British flag in the Levant is at an end. "Orientals," he says, "despise people who talk and do not act, and the threats offered to the Sultan, followed by absolute inaction, have enormously damaged our prestige in the Near East." The supineness of the British in the matter of their commercial interests is contrasted with the activity of the Germans, who appear to be ousting their competitors on every side. Mr. Miller is shocked, it is true, at the strange

lengths to which Germany is willing to go in her eagerness to gobble up the Turkish market, and he speaks of the Kaiser as "a commercial traveller whose journeys are utilized for the propagation of German trade."

The volume is profusely illustrated with reproductions of photographs, but we regret to say that they reflect but little credit on the half-tone process. There is a comprehensive folding map on the generous scale of twenty-five miles to the inch. The reader who does not familiarize himself with the short table of phonetic values in the preface and keep the equivalents constantly in mind, will stumble hopelessly over the pronunciation of the proper names. Our familiar "Maritza," for example, figures as "Marica." We shall take leave of this valuable book by pointing out a slip on page 365, where the capture of Salonica by Tancred is stated to have occurred seven centuries ago instead of eight.

FISHER'S MEDIÆVAL EMPIRE.

The Mediæval Empire. By Herbert Fisher. 2 vols. Macmillan Co. 1898.

Among the many good things in this important work, one of the best is a characterization of the discrepancies which existed between the *soi-disant* Roman Empire of the Middle Ages and genuine classical Romanism. Mr. Fisher is not content with recalling, in his first sentence, Voltaire's celebrated saying that the Empire was well named save in the three respects of being neither Holy, nor Roman, nor an Empire. In his concluding remarks he returns to the same idea, except that this time he is regarding the mediæval instead of the eighteenth-century state:

"The Saxon king of a rude race of peasants is required to conserve and to appreciate a conception of government moulded by the genius of the Latin races in a climate of Roman law and Roman religion, and saturated with the spirit of Roman autocracy, that last and most refined distillation of the aristocratic pride of a great city. A barbarian, living in a condition of affable equality with his fellow-tribesmen, is asked to posture as the descendant of Augustus, the masterful and subtle, as the coequal of those Greek rulers for whose elaborate court Constantine Porphyrogenitus wrote his massive and curious book upon ceremonies. Yet the difference between the courts of Constantinople and Tribur was as great as that between the court of Versailles, as it was known to the Duc de Luynes, and the Highland home of Fergus M'Ivor, as Sir Walter Scott describes it in 'Waverley'; and the idea of the Roman Empire as it was printed upon the Saxon brain of the tenth century, no more reflects the ancient classical conception than the Venus of Botticelli in the Uffizi Gallery renders the spirit of ancient Hellenic art."

Eventually the Hohenstauffen emperors grasped the autocratic, imperial idea, but that was only after Romanism, in an ecclesiastical solution, had been filtered through mediæval society for centuries, after legal studies had revived at Bologna, and after a close connection between Germany and Italy had been established.

Apart from an opening chapter on the "Survival of the Imperial Idea," Mr. Fisher's essay deals with the period between Otto I. and Frederick II. Had he entered at large upon the subject of Charlemagne's empire, it is possible that he would have found something truly Roman in the imperial progresses and in the institution of *missi dominici*. But beginning, as he really does, with the rise of Saxon power and the restoration of 962, he must perforce deal with pure Teutonism masquerading in a Roman domino, until he reaches those sovereigns who cared more for Italian politics than they did for the broils of their own "yellow Germany." Altogether, the greater part of these two volumes is devoted to German affairs, though in the last 150 pages the Italian element is duly accentuated.

Coming rather more to detail, we can best indicate the scope of Mr. Fisher's treatise by comparing it with Bryce's 'Holy Roman Empire,' because the latter book now holds the field in English, and is thoroughly well known to all historical students. In purpose there is not nearly so much conflict between the two as one might suppose from merely glancing at Mr. Fisher's title. Being very evidently a man of sense, the later historian recognizes that nothing is to be gained by writing, after Bryce, a general sketch of the imperial theory and its results. He fills in for a single, clearly defined era (and that the distinctively mediæval one), the outlines which Bryce has rapidly but firmly traced. To secure clearness he treats Germany and Italy separately, considering Germany in its imperial aspects first. Here he begins by examining the state of the country at the outset of the tenth century, and then, excluding Lotharingia and Burgundy, proceeds to

"the problem created by the affinities and antagonisms of the four German races, with a view to discovering how far these antagonisms and affinities tended to obstruct and further the imperial mission. It then seemed best to consider the resources and work of the empire in Germany, its influence on law, on administration, on constitutional and financial growth; and, in order to exhibit its work in proper proportions, and to throw additional light upon the causes of its downfall, chapters are added upon the German nobility, upon the expansion of Germany, and upon the German Church."

Reaching in his second part Italian affairs, Mr. Fisher dwells chiefly upon imperial legislation and administration, upon "the relations of the emperors with the city of Rome," and upon "the reciprocal influence of German and Italian culture." In this brief epitome we have enumerated almost every leading topic which he presents, for each chapter is a special, self-contained study, and might have been printed in the *English Historical Review* without creating in one's mind a sense of incompleteness. Yet while each is a separate essay, the union of parts is so skilfully effected that a reader of the whole work need not complain of abruptness in transition. At only two points does Mr. Fisher invade Bryce's frontier, namely, in his opening chapter on the imperial idea, and in his chapter on the city of Rome. Nor can he be said ever to echo his distinguished predecessor. The praise which is due independent research, independent reflection, and strong writing, can and must be freely accorded to Mr. Fisher.

It may seem that we make a purely arbitrary division when we set the chapters of this work which relate to Germany over against those which relate to Italy. If we do so it is because the former portion is, in our judgment, the better of the two. In so far as he is indebted to modern authors—and his acknowledgments are generous—Mr. Fisher depends largely upon Germans even where his subjects are Italian. There can be, of course, no possible objection to this procedure when a just balance is preserved between original sources and recent literature. We have gathered, perhaps too hastily, that Mr. Fisher's familiarity with German *Quellen* is greater than with Italian. That he should use Ficker's 'Forschungen' for his account of Italian administration, Gregorovius for his chapter on Rome, and Gaspary for his notice of early Italian literature, is no more surprising than that he should rely on Schröder and Stobbe for German law, on Reizler for Bavaria, and on Giesebrecht for the mediæval empire at large. But our impression is incorrect if he has not devoted more attention to Pertz's *M. G. H. et al.* than to Muratori's *R. I. S. et al.* Whereas at times we have felt a passage in the Italian division to be comparatively thin, we have found Mr. Fisher's disquisition on German subjects at once solid and mature.

Among German topics, those which have been approached most seriously are imperial legislation, the imperial court, and imperial finance. It is not too much to infer from an allusion at the end of the introduction that Maitland's stimulating writings directed Mr. Fisher's attention towards problems of mediæval law and administration. Wherever the influence of that great scholar takes root, it speedily becomes fruitful of thoroughness and of new ideas. We cannot better indicate the character of the three chapters named above, than by saying that they are worthy products of the Maitland school, or, in other words, that they are accurate and suggestive. A clear instance of the Cambridge professor's influence is furnished by Mr. Fisher's study of the law of inheritance as associated with the imperial court. We make no hint of undue subservience. The influence exercised is of that kind which an unusual scholar and thinker must always have over the most independent minds.

Such subjects as legislation and finance do not admit of picturesque or animated treatment, but the theme with which the first volume closes, viz., "The Empire and German Nobility," does. Here Mr. Fisher introduces several graphic touches, and indicts the mediæval *proceres* in severe though justly deserved terms. The anonymous biographer of the Emperor Henry IV., in an epigram worthy of Tacitus, thus satirizes the freebooting barons whom a state of enforced peace had brought to penury: "Mira res, nec minus ridicula; alii injurias suas injuriis vindicant, imperator suas pace vindicabat." It may well be doubted whether this particular Emperor maintained the public security thus perfectly, but beyond question what the mediæval noble of Germany most loathed was the strong hand which did justice and preserved order. Von Raumer's valiant and disinterested princes are for the most part figments of a fanciful or patriotic imagination, while Mr. Fisher's charges of scandalous selfishness are alike clear and damaging.

"The German nobility possessed a perfect genius for disobedience and treachery. They would ally themselves with Bohemians and Slavs, with Danes and Italians, as it might serve their turn. Restrained by no considerations of patriotism, softened by no tincture of culture, swayed by rudimentary passions, simple, violent, and gross, they would neglect all the higher calls of citi-

zenship to serve their greedy ends. Only occasionally a great cause swayed them, and, fired with the pride of race or bowed to the mastery of a gorgeous dream, they spent their lives nobly in the arid highlands of Asia Minor, or in the malarious paradise of Italy, yet the thickest strand of their existence was woven with cruelty, and perfidy, and vice; and when the mailed heroes of Germany rode off to the Crusade, the monk and the peasant breathed a sigh of relief, and tranquillity returned to the land."

We have a small list of errors to bring against Mr. Fisher, although in reading his pages we have observed few serious misstatements of fact. Vol. i., p. 24, "the first letter of Stephen to Charles Martel in 752" is spoken of, and again on p. 44 the phrase appears, "letters such as Stephen III. wrote to Charles Martel." Doubtless in both these cases Pippin was intended for Charles Martel. Vol. i., p. 35, and again on p. 51, the date 842 is assigned to the Treaty of Verdun, on what authority we cannot imagine, for it seems very decisively settled that the Strassburg Oaths were sworn in 842 and the great partition of territory arranged in 843. Vol. i., p. 70: here once more a chronological slip appears, in the case of a Merovingian sovereign—"The Frankish king Chlotaire III. (*620*-660)." On pp. 101-2, vol. i., occurs a somewhat amusing error. "It might have been expected that the royal hold over Saxony would be relaxed as soon as a non-Saxon dynasty came to the throne. But it must be remembered that Conrad the Second, the first king of the Franconian house, was the great-grandson of the daughter of *Otto the Third*, and that he, like his predecessor, confirmed the Saxon law upon his accession." Vol. i., p. 136: a double mistake occurs in the account of the imperial election which took place on the death of Henry V.—"The Franconians murmured at the appointment of a Saxon, and attempted to substitute Conrad, the cousin of the late Emperor." Probably Mr. Fisher, when writing thus, had Frederick of Swabia in mind, not his younger brother, the future Emperor Conrad III.; but both of these important persons were sons of Agnes, the sister of Henry V. A few lines further on, the date of Conrad III.'s accession is given 1139 instead of 1138, contrary to the date correctly assigned in the chronological table of popes and emperors which is placed at the end of the first volume. A further instance of discrepancy between text and table is furnished on the same page, 1126 appearing in the text and 1125 in the table for the death of Henry V. Vol. ii., p. 127: "Gregory *the Great* deposed an emperor, and struck hard at the two most ingrained abuses of German clerical life, simony and marriage." The title in question is applied to Gregory I., not to Gregory VII. Vol. ii., p. 255: The line

"Ahi serva Italia, di dolore ostello,"

and the two lines immediately following it, are no part of "Sordello's cry to Dante," but an interjection of the poet's own, as may be seen from the succeeding tercet:

"Quell' anima gentil fu così presta," etc.

Vol. ii., p. 259: "Not a city but fabricates for itself some legendary connection with the ancient world. Padua shows the tomb of Antinor, Milan the statue of Hercules, Fiesole looks back to Catiline." The case of Catiline and Fiesole rests on quite a different basis from the other two cited. Finally, we quote a passage, vol. ii., p. 271, which seems to us quite singular. By way of illustrating the bitterness of the thirteenth-century *sirvente*, Mr. Fisher makes an extremely apt reference:

"Barons of Lombardy and Rome and Apulia,
And Tuscans and Romagnese and men of the March,
Florence the flower which renews itself,
Call you to her court.
For she wishes to make herself King of the Tuscans
Now that she has conquered the Germans and the Siennese by force."

"So," Mr. Fisher comments, "sung Guittone d'Arezzo after the Florentine victory at Monteaperto in 1260, with all his rough vigor." Waiving the point that Mr. Fisher's spelling of the battle is not one which Dante approves (*vide* Inf. xxxii., 81, ed. Witte), his reference to the "Florentine victory" removes the sting from the *sirvente*, leaving his quotation flat as decanted Apollinaris. This is not an ordinary slip, and we find difficulty in imagining how it crept into the text.

It is a reviewer's duty to register the errors which he observes, otherwise we should not have mentioned these, for Mr. Fisher's erudition and ability have impressed themselves upon us much more strongly than shortcomings of any kind whatever. Were this "a product of American scholarship" we could avow the fact proudly, nor should less grudging praise be accorded a work which shows the present vigor of historical studies at Oxford.

The Break-up of China. By Lord Charles Beresford. Harper & Brothers.

Ever since 1860, when a few thousand English and French troops exposed the military helplessness of China, but more particularly since 1894, when Japan annihilated the only real soldiers China had, the Middle Kingdom has given strong evidences of approaching dissolution. The signs multiply hourly that the "boneless giant" is more of a carcass than a body capable of self-protection. The eagles are flying from every land, and the symptoms found within, or the signs emanating from, the subject are all those of the moribund. Rebellions and disorders, an empty treasury, and approaching bankruptcy; utter lack of mental initiative on the part of China's statesmen, who cannot see what is coming; the concessions, loans, leases, and gifts of land under pressure of war-ships and armies; the fastening upon the national vitals by aliens who claim the land on which they have settled as virtual portions of distant sovereignties in Europe; the inability to purge out internal morbidness, or to shake off blood-sucking parasites, are all proofs of the hopelessness of the recovery of "the sick man in the Far East."

China, at least the China hitherto known to history, has apparently run her race. Yet Lord Charles Beresford, whom we all remember as the dashing naval commander at Alexandria, and who has seen Egypt become a virtual British dependency, did not go to China to be in at the death. Indeed, between title and text of his book there is paradox, if not contradiction. He believes, or professes to believe, that China can be saved and kept a unit. He went out as a representative of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of Great Britain, in an entirely unofficial character, to learn the actual situation in China. He arrived at Hong Kong September 30, 1898, and remained in China until January 9 of this present year, visiting every place where British communities reside. He convened meetings and discussed the whole situation, asking and answering questions. He interviewed the leading magistrates, seeing six out of the eight viceroys of the great provinces. He entered the precincts of the Tsung-li-Yamen, where he sat at the table with a body of men who are probably the most profoundly erudite, and the most densely ignorant, of all the so-called statesmen in the world. With the exception of three military mobs termed "armies," he inspected the armed forces of China, and himself put the troops through various movements. He visited every fort and arsenal with one exception, all the naval and military schools, the ships of both Chinese fleets, and the one dock-yard which China possesses. On his way home he passed leisurely through Japan and the United States, to which he devotes some chapters. Between the British merchant who says "Speak out," and the British financier who says "Speak gently," Lord Beresford has uttered the truth as he believed it, frankly and without reserve. From the first to the last page, he urges that the policy of Great Britain should be that of the "open door." He contends vigorously always against the so-called "spheres of influence."

Lord Beresford's report makes a book of nearly five hundred pages of thick paper, with large print. He does not conceal his meaning and desire for an Anglo-American alliance. In the bright and gay stamp, upon the yellow binding, of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, these two emblems stand staff to staff, with the yellow flag of China beneath, on which a four-legged, five-toed, red-bellied dragon is trying to swallow a red sun. Whether that sun-ball will be most easily digested if marked "open door," or "spheres of influence," remains to be seen, for China's dragon at present seems to be blind. Besides a voluminous appendix of reports of the various meetings in China, an index, and two portraits of the author, there are two maps, one showing the waterways and trade routes of China, and the other the proposed or completed railways, the location of beds of iron, coal, and minerals, with tables of the area and population of the provinces.

The report is in the brisk, straightforward language of a sailor and man of affairs. In his power to make commercial, trade, and statistical matters interesting, the author reminds us of Mr. Gladstone. The abundant information given is of the first order of value to one who would know the actual China of to-day. British commerce, once the only occupant of the field, has now to face competition and adverse political influences, yet sixty-four per cent. of the foreign trade of China still remains under the British flag. The merchants, as individuals and associated in Chambers of Commerce, were a unit in urging that the "open-door" policy ought to be maintained, and that it was the only one that would save the integrity of the Empire. On the other hand, when the author tells us about the Chinese and their rulers, and gives the results of his inquiries and inspections, we have a most pitiful and monotonous story of corruption, weakness, wastefulness, and inability to know the real needs of the nation, to read the signs of the times, or to understand the dangers, both internal and external. There is an apparent paralysis of the power of initiative. All foreigners agree with the author that China's first requisite is a good

police system for maintaining domestic tranquillity. Then must follow a reorganization of the military and naval forces to protect the country from foreign enemies. To show the difference between Japan, which, as to proportions of population and area of domain, is as a pigmy, but which in unity of purpose is an athlete, and China, which, though a giant, is a helpless hulk, Japan, with a population of 42,000,000, had a foreign trade last year of $444,000,000, while China's foreign trade was only $495,000,000. Yet the Chinese mandarins are still drawing large sums from the treasury to feed, clothe, and equip "armies" which are chiefly on paper, being in actual existence little more than skeletons. For dress parade and inspection, coolies are hired by the day to fill up the ranks. In the arsenals, equipped with costly machinery, the mandarins will have their way. They manufacture jingals instead of artillery of the latest model. The infantry are armed with rifles of a dozen different patterns. The use of bows and arrows is not only still warmly commended, but is in actual practice by soldiers who are expected to fight men with rifles that can kill at two thousand yards. In a word, it seems almost impossible for the average mandarin to rise out of the ruts of a thousand years.

While Lord Beresford intelligently urges the open-door policy—on which Lord Salisbury seems to have turned his back since the book was put in type—as the cure for the old Empire's troubles, he does not tell us how the Chinese character is to be made over or the tide of corruption stemmed. Who, or what, is to open the eyes of the Chinese, or give them moral stimulus or the power of mental initiative? We need a book that will satisfactorily answer that question. This, certainly, is the fact, that in Japan the man of letters was also a soldier. Furthermore, while the central idea in Chinese ethics is filial piety, that of the Japanese is loyalty. The Japanese are more than a race, they form a nation. That the Chinese do is more than doubtful. It is possible for China to become self-reformed, but with only her ethical system, from which the tap-root of aspiration was cut ages ago, it is hard to see how her regeneration can come, either under the "open-door" or the "spheres of influence." Something more than politics must save her.

The Great Lord Burghley: A Study in Elizabethan Statecraft. By Martin A. S. Hume. Longmans, Green & Co. 1898.

The present Bishop of Oxford says jocularly, in the preface to a volume of collected addresses, that he cannot imagine why he is printing them unless it may be because he has grown addicted to the reading of proof-sheets. Major Hume, too, must have had his share of revising proofs during the past three years, for in that time he has published five or six historical books. These we have welcomed with real pleasure, both for their mastery of Elizabethan and Spanish subjects and for the liveliness with which they are written. Nor would we hint that their author is now producing literature at too fast a pace. If we mention his prolific energy here, it is for the sake of drawing a comparison between the present biography and his other numerous works. We should probably go beyond the mark were we to call Burghley one of Major Hume's heroes, but he holds the Elizabethan statesman in marked respect, and devotes to him the most elaborate study which, so far as we have seen, has yet issued from his pen.

One cannot deal with Burghley on a small scale. The materials which he left his biographers are enormous, and if Nares erred on the one side in producing a series of quartos which weighs sixty pounds, the shortcomings of the epitomist are almost equally glaring, though they may not be so ludicrous. According to the scale of modern memoirs—*e. g.*, Lord Selborne's autobiography—the 500 octavo pages of Major Hume are indeed but a moderate book. For one surrounded as he has long been by the ample records of Burghley's time, verbal restraint must be difficult, even with a fresh remembrance of Macaulay's satire against the Brobdingnagian propensities of Dr. Nares. Considering that among the Lansdowne MSS. at the British Museum there are 122 folio volumes of Burghley's papers, and that Lord Salisbury's collection at Hatfield comprises 30,000 documents, any sketch of the man's career which can be contained in one volume is reasonably compact. Just as a life of Sir Robert Peel means interminable Hansard, a life of Lord Burghley means interminable dispatches.

The clearness which is characteristic of Major Hume's literary style is also noticeable in what he says concerning his attitude towards Burghley. He regards Elizabeth's Lord Treasurer neither as a "demigod," nor as a statesman of the highest class, nor as a high ethical example. He even professes that our modern moral standards are out of place in judging the acts of Tudor politicians. It was during Burghley's age that the majority of the English nation "cheerfully changed their faith four times in a generation to please their rulers," and therefore it would be

> "absurd to hold up to especial obloquy a minister for having persecuted at one time a religion which at another time he professed. The final triumph of England in that struggle of giants was won by statesmen who, like their mistress, owed as much to what we should now call their failings as they did to their virtues. Their vacillation and tergiversation in the face of rigid and stolid opponents were main elements of their success. Cecil was by far the most honest and patriotic of them, but he, too, was a man of his age, and must be judged from its standpoint—not from that of to-day."

For purposes of this review, the domestic relations and even the social qualities of Burghley are largely negligible, but apropos of the vast wealth which he accumulated and of his other canny traits, we must cite Mr. Hume's estimate of his egotism when viewed side by side with his public duty. It is, that country came before family. "The first cause he served was that of the State, the second was William Cecil and his house. Through a long life of ceaseless toil and rigid self-control, these were the mainsprings of his activity and devotion." Moreover, we should emphasize the sense of personal dignity which, at a time of almost universal pilfering and blackmail, kept him above suspicion of bribery. When regarding the rights and wrongs of public questions, he showed the disinterested temper of a jurist, and under other circumstances he might readily have developed into a great judge.

As a royal councillor, Major Hume considers that Burghley checked much of Elizabeth's flightiness and created in her mind a salutary confidence. "When passion or persuasion led her into a dangerous course, as they frequently did, she knew that Cecil, sagacious, and steady as a rock, would advise her honestly." At the outset he had become a member of the advanced Protestant party surrounding Somerset, and though only by wariness he escaped his first patron's fall, and was often forced in later days to trim his sails, he clung to Protestantism for what it meant politically. On the other hand he dreaded France, however governed—even by the Béarnais—and inclined towards a Spanish connection whenever the religious issues which were respectively typified by the English and Spanish governments could be forced into the background.

Historically, Burghley's attitude towards France and Spain is very interesting, for it was not merely a personal fancy, or a prejudice which he had derived from his surroundings. He had inherited it as a tradition of statecraft from the early years of the fifteenth century, when England and Burgundy were arrayed against France and Scotland. Burgundy and Spain becoming connected by marriage, the latter assumed in Burghley's eyes the place of recognized ally. The rancor of Philip II. against Protestantism, and his position at the head of Roman Catholic Powers, made him a difficult person to negotiate with, but Burghley was always looking in the direction of a *rapprochement*. Just as Richelieu in the next generation sided with the Protestant princes of Germany while putting down the Huguenots at home, so the English statesman would by preference have sided with Spain against France while repressing Romanist activity in his own island. Major Hume quotes a saying of De Beaumont, the French Ambassador in 1598, that Burghley still heads "all the old councillors of the Queen who have true English hearts; that is to say, who are enemies of the welfare and repose of France."

As usual, we have only words of commendation for Major Hume's sound learning and entertaining style. We must, however, confess to some amusement at a passage in which he strikes a balance between divine and human elements of control in mundane affairs: "How England should emerge from the welter of the old tides and the new, depended to some extent upon providential circumstances, but more largely still upon the personal characteristics of those who guided her national policy and that of her competitors." But this graceful concession to Providence of a recognized though subordinate rôle opens up questions which it is no part of our function to discuss here.

The Real Hawaii. By Lucien Young. Doubleday & McClure Co. 1899.

The Making of Hawaii. By William Fremont Blackman. Macmillan. 1899.

Hawaii Nei. By Mabel Clare Craft. San Francisco: William Doxey. 1899.

Perhaps the most innocent way of exploiting our conquests is to write books about them. Even if the books contain much that is untrue, no great harm is done, for the fate of the countries is settled; while there is a faint hope that if the truth concerning them becomes generally known, their condition may be ameliorated. Doubtless the American public has grown a little tired of Hawaii, having had the affairs of

that region thrust upon its attention for some years; but as these affairs remain unsettled, we must still welcome information, and the three books before us furnish a good deal of it. Each has its purpose—one to prove that the revolution was justified, one that present conditions are the result of evolution, and one to arouse pity for the fate of the race that once possessed the islands. All, however, include much historical matter of sufficient authenticity, and many descriptions of persons and places and travels and customs. Mr. Young is more elaborate, Mr. Blackman more philosophical, Miss Craft more imaginative; but all have written well.

Mr. Young, who is an officer in our navy, participated in the original revolution, and defends it with much show of righteous indignation. His reasons are the wickedness of the Hawaiian people and their rulers, the practical ownership of the islands by foreigners, the diabolical designs of Great Britain, and the strategical advantages of the post. He tells us that while England maintains a seeming friendship towards the United States, "it is a moral certainty that the near future will draw Great Britain and the countries of Europe, by mutuality of interest, into an antagonism to the United States." Great Britain is preparing to treat us "as her greatest foe." She has drawn a chain of hostile ports around us, and the only missing link is Hawaii. Hence Hawaii "is second in importance to no other single point on the earth's surface." Its importance "is no more a matter of opinion than is a geometrical axiom. It is a primal, incontrovertible fact." This wisdom has of course not been hidden from the Britishers, and their insidious schemes are fully exposed by Lieut. Young. It is plain enough that if we look through his glasses, our country was not safe until the American flag was hoisted over the Government offices in Honolulu.

Prof. Blackman's work is a study of social, political, and moral development, or, we might say, decadence. The natives have been, after a fashion, Christianized, and after a like fashion civilized. The result is that most of them are dead and the rest are dying. They are almost universally licentious and diseased. Their place has been taken by a mongrel population, and the hope of the region lies, according to this writer, in the immigration of Teutons, who shall eventually find the tropics as favorable for their development as the temperate zones. Meanwhile Hawaii is ruled by a slaveholding aristocracy, who fatten on the products of Asiatic bondmen. It is vain to deny that slavery has been reestablished under the American flag, although probably in a mild form. Whether the relations between masters and contract laborers are better than between our planters and their slaves, is an unsettled question. Prof. Blackman takes a hopeful view of the situation, but the evidence that he presents hardly supports it. At all events, his account of the islands and their people is remarkably free from bias and is marked by sobriety of statement.

Miss Craft's contribution is in some respects more superficial than the others, her book being made up largely of letters written to American journals at the time of the revolution. Nevertheless, she has the insight that comes from living on intimate terms with the natives, and it is impossible not to share her sympathy with them. They mourn the extinction of their own government, but they are not of the stuff of which rebels are made. They have much to complain of, according to Miss Craft, whose arraignment of the missionary rulers is severe, but they are too few and too feeble to resist. A large part of her book is devoted to description of a somewhat flowery, and occasionally poetical, character—not bad of its kind. Altogether, by a perusal of these three books one may feel that he has a sufficient knowledge of the conditions, past and present, under which the history of the Hawaiian Islands has been and will be shaped.

The Social History of Flatbush. By Gertrude Lefferts Vanderbilt. D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

History of the Town of Flushing. By Henry D. Waller. Flushing: T. H. Ridenour. 1899.

From the heights of Prospect Park in Brooklyn one looks down on the hamlet of Flatbush, placed on a plain sloping gently to the ocean, and so hidden among embowering trees and shrubs that its pretty ancient name, Midwood, seems more fitting than its modern one—a corruption of two Dutch words, signifying level and forest. Midwood was one of the five little groups of farms clustered about the western point of Long Island, settled by colonists from Holland, who followed in the track of Hendrik Hudson, and chose for their home the fertile soil of Seawanhaka, opposite the Island of Manhattan. Descendants of sailors and soldiers, they left the turmoil of a struggle for life among the waves to seek new homes to be hewn out of the heart of a forest wilderness. Under the government and authority of the States-General, they bought their lands in fair bargain from peaceable Indian neighbors, and devoted themselves to diligent agriculture; the palisadoes required by law to be built around their houses being needed more for protection against small wild beasts than against savages. These five towns remained intensely Dutch, little disturbed by the streams of alien immigration mingling with the ancient stock which flowed so copiously among their neighbors of Manhattan. The author of the 'Social History' finds little to record in the short and simple annals of Flatbush except the tranquil progress of a pure domestic life, carefully nurtured by religion and common-school education. She draws with filial tenderness the picture of thrift and probity, and collects with faithful and minute detail such descriptions of the ways and lives of the inhabitants, their architecture, implements, dress, and customs, as compose a veritable museum of relics, reviving the memory of a civilization only two centuries old, yet ancient to us of this day.

About a score of miles eastward from Midwood, the town of Flushing, originally Vlissingen, was established on the north shore of Long Island in 1645, under a patent granted by Gov. Kieft of New Netherlands. In its position, its original settlement, and its varied history, Flushing presents a strong contrast to its quieter neighbor. Though the source of its title and the form of its government were derived from Holland, not a Dutch name is to be found among the original patentees, who were all English. The claim of English dominion, established over the western part of Long Island only after a war, gained validity in its eastern part by the force of events at an earlier date. The little village, when only two years old, was drawn into the dispute through a claim made by the agent of Lord Stirling, under a grant from the Plymouth Company. The agent, proclaiming himself Governor of Long Island, was promptly disposed of by Stuyvesant, who sent him as a prisoner to plead his case in Holland. The town was involved, too, in the quarrel between Connecticut and New Amsterdam over the boundary which had been settled in 1650 by an agreement, called the Hartford Treaty, which Holland ratified, though the English disregarded it, continuing their encroachments both on the mainland and among the Long Island towns. Some of these even petitioned the Hartford colony to cast over them the "Scurts of your government and protecktion." For a time, however, the quarrelling provinces agreed to exercise no authority over the Long Island towns, leaving them in an anomalous state of quasi-independence. They formed themselves into a "Combination" under the guidance of one Capt. Scott, an English adventurer. Both provinces soon set upon this unlucky chief, who was banished, and a sort of peace continued until the Dutch rule came to an end.

Among so sturdy and restless a community as that of Flushing, of course religious disturbances were likely to be as rife as political troubles were. Their first settled minister of the Gospel was Francis Doughty, the true type of an ecclesiastical adventurer, an Episcopalian silenced as a Nonconformist, who emigrated to Taunton, preached the heretical doctrine that Abraham's children ought to have been baptized, and was banished from Rhode Island. Thence he came, for liberty of conscience' sake, to Newtown, where he attempted to set himself up as a patroon, and was at last forced by Stuyvesant on the reluctant inhabitants of Flushing, among whom he remained till his church was closed for seditious preaching against the authorities, and he himself took refuge in Virginia.

The most interesting chapter in the religious history of Flushing is that which relates to the Quakers, who came first to the town in 1657. They were regarded by Stuyvesant as "a heretical and abominable sect," and severe punishment was inflicted on all who harbored them. This persecution called forth from the leading inhabitants a vigorous and noble remonstrance, followed by the arrest and imprisonment of many of its signers. Ultimately, the subject came under the cognizance of the Directors in Holland, who administered to Governor Stuyvesant that stern rebuke, famous in history, which ended for ever this single attempt at persecution known to New Amsterdam. It should be remembered, to the honor of this peculiar people, that they were the first among the colonists to confess the iniquity of slavery. The subject, first discussed at the annual meeting of Friends at Philadelphia in 1693, was considered at many of the meetings of the Flushing Quakers. An address published by one of their number, William Burling, in 1718, is one of the first productions of anti-slavery literature in this country.

Mr. Waller's volume is an unpretentious compilation of historic facts, without any attempt at teaching philosophy by example, and is enlivened by curious anecdotes and biographical sketches of several men of note

given by Flushing to the service of the State and nation, both before and since the Revolution. Attention is irresistibly drawn to the contrast between the annals of the Hollanders in New York and those of their kindred, the Boers, who emigrated under like auspices and about the same period to the wilds of Africa. Yielding to the course of events, the Dutch in this hemisphere blended insensibly with the conquering race, lending to the union their own peculiar virtues and qualities. The African colonists from the first resisted and to this day resist the spirit of the age. Agriculturists always, they were compelled by their position between savage enemies and civilized aggressors to become also hunters and warriors. Driven ceaselessly backward by the rising tides of commerce and conquest, they were forced by the English first westward from Cape Colony into Griqualand, thence, after stern resistance, into the region watered by the Orange River; and, at last, with obstinate resolution taking up another exodus, they trekked their long and painful way, with flocks and families, towards the heart of the continent, across the River Vaal. In the midst of this haven of rest a new danger suddenly arose. The discovery of gold inundated their chosen home with floods of alien and unquiet adventurers. True to the spirit of the age, these demand a share in the government, which would speedily grow into its control. The Boers, firm and stubborn as ever, persist in being an anachronism and an anomaly among the peoples of the earth. They stand at bay.

Through Nature to God. By John Fiske. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899.

To watchers of the tides and currents of thought, just now setting decidedly against rationalism, the later turn of Mr. Fiske's philosophy is an interesting phenomenon, and none the less so where his argument seems insufficient. The present little volume, continuing the line of thought of the 'Idea of God,' has three disconnected parts, entitled, "The Mystery of Evil," "The Cosmic Roots of Love and Self-Sacrifice," and "The Everlasting Reality of Religion." Mr. Fiske's solution of the problem of evil is the familiar one, that evil is only relative, and that it is absurd to suppose good to exist without a correlative and reacting evil. Hardly more than a hint is afforded of how this thought is to be followed out, although it was developed at large more than a generation ago in James's 'Substance and Shadow.' In the second part, the author endeavors to show that "the cosmic process exists purely for the sake of moral ends"—quite too serious a proposition for so light a book. He has much to say of the prolonged infancy of man; but he does not attempt to refute the alleged facts that have again recently been put forth and tabulated, to show that the duration of man's infancy is related to the length of his natural life in the same way as that of all other mammals. We remark, too, the lack of any clear distinction between cerebral evolution taking place strictly by natural selection (the more cunning and, to some extent, the more good-natured individuals averaging in the long run the larger families) and intellectual development under the influence of tradition, which variations at birth can influence only so far as those individuals who are congenitally suited to accepting established customs, are likely to produce more numerous progeny than those who are congenitally ill adapted to the traditional ideals.

If a "cause," in the sense of an active body of sentiments, can be damaged by an argumentative defence that seems at first sound, but is sure at last to be found worthless, then it may be doubted whether the third part of Mr. Fiske's book is likely to do religion more good or more harm. The nature of his reasoning is sufficiently shown by the following sentences:

"Now if the relation thus established in the morning twilight of Man's existence between the Human Soul and a world invisible and immaterial, is a relation of which only the subjective term is real and the objective term is non-existent, then, I say, it is something utterly without precedent in the whole history of creation. All the analogies of Evolution, so far as we have yet been able to decipher it, are overwhelmingly against any such supposition. To suppose that, during countless ages, from the seaweed up to Man, the progress of life was achieved through adjustments to external realities, but that then the method was all at once changed, and, throughout a vast province of evolution, the end was secured through adjustments to eternal non-realities, is to do sheer violence to logic and to common sense. Or, to vary the form of statement, since every adjustment whereby any creature sustains life may be called a true step, and every maladjustment whereby life is wrecked may be called a false step; if we are asked to believe that Nature, after having, throughout the whole round of her inferior products, achieved results through the accumulation of all true steps and pitiless rejection of all false steps, suddenly changed her method and, in the case of her highest product, began achieving results through the accumulation of false steps—I say we are entitled to resent such a suggestion as an insult to our understandings. All the analogies of Nature fairly shout against the assumption."

There is much more of this. But it is mere reiteration. Every reader will see how all this heat and "shouting" contrasts with Mr. Fiske's quiet way of pushing his reasons when he *sees* their force clearly, instead of only *feeling* something, he knows not quite what. To say that "the analogies of Evolution are overwhelmingly against any such supposition" is quite the reverse of the truth. According to accepted ideas of evolution, species do not become adapted to their environment in so far as that environment enjoys abstract "reality" (if that means anything), but only in so far as that environment affects the continued propagation of the species. Correct notions about ways of getting food and the like are developed because the species would die out if they were not. But Mr. Fiske will not be able to point to a single idea which evolution has rendered true in any other sense than that it is favorable to the continuance of the species. He himself, in his second sentence above, defines a "true" step as an "adjustment whereby any creature sustains life"—which is approximately, though not accurately, a good definition for the purposes of evolutionary philosophy. But, in that sense, the development of a wholly erroneous conception of the sun or moon, or of another life, or of anything else which in some respects cannot really influence the species, may be a "true step," provided it be stimulating or tend to sustain life. If Mr. Fiske would content himself with saying that Truth, in any other sense than that of a valuable adjustment, is unattainable, if not inconceivable (as his Pragmatist friends, James and Peirce, contend), his reasoning would be considerably amended.

There are several passages in the book which remind us that Mr. Fiske is not a thorough-going evolutionist, but is a follower of Spencer, who holds that Evolution and Devolution ceaselessly alternate under the influence of an immutable law that knows no growth, no cause, no reason; so that not evolution, but immutability, according to his account of the matter, is the general characteristic of the universe.

The Races of Europe: A Sociological Study. By William Z. Ripley, Ph.D. With Supplementary Bibliography of the Anthropology and Ethnology of Europe. Two vols. D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

Dr. Ripley's book impresses one at sight as the result of great labor and painstaking. You need not be an ethnologist to discover that the author, the artist, and the publisher have done their best. The race and type portraits are most of them in front and side-face, to enforce the text. The graphic charts and maps of cephalic index, stature, color, etc., compiled from a hundred heterogeneous sources, are brought to a common, intelligible standard. The author says that most of these are the handiwork of his wife, so we take off our hat to her for the most interesting parts of the volume, which not only illustrate the text, but brilliantly illuminate it. The bibliographic supplement is both a collection of book titles and an alphabetic list of topics, under each of which the pertinent authors are given in chronological order. The Boston Public Library, with commendable generosity, has brought the books together at Dr. Ripley's behest. Any student past fifty will miss the name of almost every author at whose feet he sat thirty years ago.

Putting aside society, language, industries, fine arts, and religions as functional only, Dr. Ripley devotes himself to the term *race*, meaning blood, as applied to Europe, insisting always that the study cannot be divorced from the environment, in the fullest meaning of that term. Races of Europe and the map of Europe—that is the text. Head-form holds the first place as a characteristic of race; after that come color in the skin, the hair, and the eyes, and stature. On this basis it is inferred that there were three races in Europe, all secondary or derivative. By race the author does not, with Deniker, mean the biological groups now peopling Europe; much less does he hold the view of Agassiz regarding fixed types. As an evolutionist he holds that races are only ideals, inseparable branches of a common stem. The three ideal, fundamental races of Europe are:

1. *Teutonic*, a variety of the Cro-Magnon man, with long head and face, light hair, blue eyes, tall stature, and narrow, aquiline nose. Also called Homo Europæus, the Nordic, Kymric, Germanic, and Reihengräber race.

(2.) *Alpine* (Celtic speech, Hallstatt culture, Asiatic affinities). With round, broad head, light chestnut hair, hazel-gray eyes, medium stature; broad and heavy nose. Also called Homo Alpinus, Lappanoid, Occidental, Aveyron, Dissentis, Sarmatian, Celto-Slavic race. Lineal descendants of the lake-dwellers.

(3.) *Mediterranean*, earliest, with long head and face, dark brown or black hair, dark eyes, medium stature and broad nose.

Also called Homo Mediterranensis, Atlanto-Mediterranean, Ibero-insular, Ligurian, Iberian race.

In France all three races occur—the Alpine in isolation, the long-headed in the open, the Teutonic latest and most energetic. Remnants of the Cro-Magnon race still survive in the Dordogne valley. The Basques are not a physical type, but have been evolved from the Mediterranean by isolation and inbreeding. The Scandinavians had no early stone age. They are one with the Lithuanians, Finns, and Teutons, having an Alpine substratum. Germany differs little from France in race, being Teuton in the north and Alpine in the south. If they only knew it, they have no need of strife. Even the withering suggestion that the Prussians are nothing but Finns, anyhow, loses its force when you know that the Finnish head is as long as the Teuton's. Italy was originally peopled by Ligurian long-heads; the present Umbrian type is an overflow of the Alpine Celt. The Etruscans came upon the Umbrians as a mixture of Alpine and Tyrrhenian.

Beyond the Pyrenees, Africa! The Spaniard is Mediterranean, allied with Africa from the earliest prehistoric period. Switzerland is the home of the broad-headed Alpine descendants of the lake-dwellers, with long heads in the highlands and the valleys. Holland is Teuton in its highways and Alpine in its byways. The British Isles have the long head as the prevailing type, but the round-barrow man was round-headed, whether Celt or not. The Russians are mixed of long-headed Teuton, Finn, and Lithuanian, Lappish Mongol-Tartar, and Slav; these last are fundamentally Alpine, and entered Russia from the southwest.

The Jews have changed head-form in the historic period; nine-tenths of them being now short-headed. They are not a race, or a language, or a nation—they are a people. The Greeks were anciently long-headed, but the author has some excellent words about their present melancholy condition between the two brachycephalic millstones. Turks are physically allied to Mongols, and are in Europe only to keep the dogs of war apart. The Magyar is one-eighth Finnic and seven-eighths Alpine. In the Caucasus the Iranian long-headed brunet is in rivalry with the Armenian short-head. Asia Minor is Mediterranean and Iranian at bottom, overlaid with Armenoid, Hittite and Turk.

A brief discussion of the later stone period and earlier iron and bronze period brings the author in his closing chapters to the serious consideration of race and environment in relation to the critical problems of modern life. Hereditary forces, both natural and selective, are allowed their just share in moulding men and manners, but, with much force, environmental pressure, both physiographic and human, is here accorded a large place in the programme. The chapters on urban selection and acclimatization cannot fail to awaken the liveliest interest just now. It is only fair to Dr. Ripley to say that he professes only to have coördinated a vast mass of material, and that he himself often balks before jumping to conclusions which the data do not now justify.

Irish Life and Character. By Michael MacDonagh. Thomas Whittaker. 1899. Pp. viii, 382.

The title of this volume is misleading. What is offered us is not a grave study of Irish life and character: it is an anthology—admirable, the best that has yet appeared—of Irish humor, repartee, and sarcasm, bulls, colloqualisms, and oddities; a collection such as might be made concerning most countries or peoples. In no country and with no people, least of all in Ireland, do such constitute the staple of life, or are they a conclusive indication of real life and character. It is a misfortune for any people not fully masters of their own destiny, when this side of their lives comes to be too much dwelt upon. "Nigger minstrelsy" has worked harm to the negro, as the Irishman of the music-halls has to Ireland. It is well for the people of India that the humorous side of their lives has not thus been exploited; it will be well for the Filipinos if theirs be not.

These considerations aside, Mr. MacDonagh has well executed his task, and his book may be taken as a standard on the subject. It would have been interesting if in footnotes or appendix he had stated the sources whence his examples were culled; and an index would have laid his readers under additional obligations. Very many of his staple pieces are old friends. One must bear in mind the extent to which the *ben trovato* prevails. The world would be a less pleasant place than it is if anecdotes, flowers of speech, and travellers' tales were passed on in the truthful nudity of their origin, as if reproduced by phonograph. We have no desire to throw the cold water of explanation or criticism over some of the author's most amusing passages. We must, however, protest against the thin end of the wedge of political controversy occasionally introduced, as where it is hinted that differences between North and South of Ireland, and between Irishmen and the rest of the world, are due principally to racial characteristics rather than to history and environment. The author's remarks on the reproduction of Irish dialect in writing are admirable, and should be taken to heart by all who purpose making incursions, verbal or written, in that field. Upon one important point we must differ, and our experience has been longer and perhaps wider than Mr. MacDonagh's—that is, the general joyousness of Irish life, and the openness of character of the average Irishman. We believe that Irish life, at least since the famine, is upon the whole more sombre than that of neighboring English-speaking peoples; and, as to openness of character, it is a myth. There is a *mauvaise honte*, a caution, even a suspicion (all the result of circumstance) in Irish intercourse, little prevalent elsewhere. The Irishman is apparently at first easier to become acquainted with and apparently open; but he guards his inner life, his thoughts, his real opinions, to a degree unknown among people who have had full control of their own fate.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1899.

The Week.

Whether for good or for ill, the people of the United States have assumed to govern the people of Porto Rico, and no better opportunity for proving our humanity can ever occur than is afforded by the disaster which has befallen that island. At present, it must be clearly understood, the entire administration of the government, central and local, is in the hands of our War Department. We have abolished whatever government heretofore existed and substituted our own. We have assumed the entire responsibility for the welfare of the island, and, according to some accounts at least, the people have welcomed our rule in the belief that their condition would be improved. Unless our enthusiasm for humanity was entirely exhausted in slaughtering the miserable Spaniards who were forced by their Government to serve as food for powder and yellow fever in Cuba, we ought to contribute most generously for the relief of the present distress.

The *Herald* has an instructive dispatch from Iloilo, showing that conditions in several of the other important Philippine islands are ripe for troubles as great as we have encountered in Luzon. Near Iloilo the insurgents are strongly intrenched, and "considerable fighting may be expected in the fall." In Cebu, "the insurgents still hold their strong positions in the mountains. The majority of the population do not want to fight, but are hostile in spirit." But what the *Herald's* correspondent has to say about Sulu and its Sultan is particularly interesting. This is the Mohammedan ruler whom our Christian and missionary Administration is trying to subsidize, promising to leave him undisturbed with his system of polygamy and slavery if only he will fly the American flag over those institutions. Thus far, the Sultan has not accepted the terms offered. Apparently they are not high enough. He gives out a statement that he is "like a brother to the nation of Americans, and wants to know if they are the same to him." Evidently, this Mohammedan despot comes high as a brother, but we must have him.

How do the people feel about the situation in the Philippines, and about the question of expansion generally? We know the position of some prominent men—although not a few politicians of high standing have been noncommittal; but how shall we discover the sentiments of the great mass of voters? A flood of light upon the feeling of the "plain people" is thrown by a canvass which has been made by *Farm and Home*, an agricultural journal published at Springfield, Mass., and Chicago, Ill., and having a great circulation in both the East and the West. On the 1st of May this journal propounded to its readers a series of ten questions, all of them bearing on our new national problem, except one as to whether United States Senators should be elected by the people, asking them to put their replies on postal cards. It now publishes a summary of the replies which have been received—nearly 21,000 in all, of which about 10 per cent. came from New England, about 25 from the Middle States, nearly 40 from the Central West, and the rest almost equally from the South and the Pacific Coast. The first question was, "Should the Filipinos be held in subjection to the United States, or should they be allowed to form an independent government?" The answers from each of the five sections of the country were largely in favor of independence, the totals footing up 12,520 for independence to 8,416 for subjection. The majority was still greater for Cuban independence—13,199, as against 7,362 for annexation. On the other hand, a large proportion favor the annexation of Porto Rico to the United States—11,897, as against 6,004 for its independence, and 1,746 for its annexation to Cuba. Finally, not to go through the whole list, the expressions of opinion were most emphatic on the comprehensive question, "In general, should the United States adhere to or depart from its former policy of non-interference with nations beyond either ocean?" There were 15,624 replies in favor of adherence, as against only 3,887 in favor of the new departure.

Senator Burrows of Michigan wishes to have it distinctly understood that he did not mean anything uncomplimentary to the President, or hostile to the Administration, in his recent interview. But he reiterates his belief that, if the end of the war in the Philippines is not in sight when the Presidential campaign of next year opens, the fact will be used to the disadvantage of the Republican party. The feeling which Senator Burrows expresses is evidently increasing among Republican politicians, and the Administration shows some recognition of the situation by the announcements that the army will be reinforced, and that other steps will be taken to end the war soon after the close of the rainy season. Moreover, there are signs that Republicans who have kept quiet about this business hitherto are getting ready to go a good deal further than Senator Burrows went, and to say that a continuance of the war will not only be bad for the Republican party, but a reproach to the nation.

To those who look on all the nations of the world as of one blood, and whose humane feeling, therefore, has embraced Spaniards as well as Cubans, it seemed that the war might prove a blessing to the common people of Spain. The government of her colonies really bankrupted the country, and when that mill-stone was cut from the neck of Spain there was hope that she might once more prosper. That hope, we sincerely regret to state, is dispelled by an examination of the Spanish budget. The last budget figured the expenditure at about $175,000,000; but the budget for the coming year estimates the expenditure at nearly $187,000,000. This increase is explained as the consequence of the additional burden laid upon Spain by the loss of her colonies and the expenses of the war. So far from being a relief, the lopping off of these colonies is to overweight the load of Spain. Instead of cutting down the expenses of the navy—and for a navy Spain has now no use—the Government has increased them. Instead of reducing the army, it has enlarged it. Instead of reducing the pension payments, it has added to them. Had reductions been made in these expenditures and in the charges for the church and the royal family, the public creditors might have felt disposed to submit to the confiscation of one-fifth of the interest to which they were entitled; but, as it is, they have good reason to complain. But the rate-payers, who are called on to pay $35,000,000 more than their average annual payments for the last ten years, deserve more sympathy. There is one thing, however, to be thankful for. The Government can no longer drag its wretched subjects from their homes to perish by pestilence in the tropics. It will continue to grind them to the most abject poverty by its exactions, but it can no longer inflict exile and death in addition to fiscal oppression.

The report of the Commissioner of Pensions contains the rather surprising statement that the number of pensioners at the end of June was actually more than 2,000 less than it was a year ago. In spite of the granting of 37,000 new pensions, the ravages of death among the old pensioners, with other causes, have decreased the total number. Death alone struck off more than 34,000 names from the roll, and other changes raised this number to 43,000. The Spanish war

is already responsible for nearly 17,000 claims, and as less than 300 of these have been allowed, the charge on this account has not begun to be felt. It will be heavy enough if our forces are to be employed much longer in the Philippines, and it is doubtful if the pension payments will not again exceed $140,000,000. When it appears that out of 111,000 claims filed 89,000 were allowed, that nine-tenths of the applications of widows were granted, and that two-thirds of those for increase of pensions were acted on favorably, it seems difficult to believe that the present Commissioner of Pensions can be accused of lack of liberality. But when we find that during the year 63 attorneys have been disbarred, 10 suspended, and 2 dropped, and that the total number disbarred is now 1,163, we cease to be surprised at any evidence of rapacity and fraud in connection with our pension system.

Evidences of dissension, or perhaps we might say of independence, among the Bryanite politicians are multiplying. Even those who were apparently united in their approval of the Chicago platform fell out in a conference last week at Syracuse when it came to drawing up resolutions. Some of them thought that the platform should be reaffirmed, "with such modifications as changing conditions may render necessary." Others opposed this, and insisted on substituting "additions" for "modifications." The dispute over this point became so violent as to result in the secession of one faction, leaving the other to declare for Bryan and against monopolies and imperialism. While this particular conference may have been insignificant in numbers, it is yet an encouraging sign to have the shibboleth of the Chicago platform discarded. Whether we desire the success of the Democratic party or not, we desire it to have some rational principles to contend for. If the ignorant and crazy element which got control of the organization in 1896 should be broken up by its quarrels, leaders of more wisdom may assume the direction.

The meeting of the New Jersey Democratic State committee at Asbury Park last week made it very evident that the Democratic leaders in that State would be glad to see Bryan and his 16-to-1 platform eliminated from next year's Presidential campaign. A reason for this is easily found. With Bryan and his doctrine at the front in 1896, the State, long counted on as Democratic, gave McKinley the unprecedented plurality of 87,692. Last year, on a platform which ignored Bryanism, confining itself principally to State issues, the Democratic candidate for Governor kept the Republican plurality down to 5,499, the Democratic vote increasing 25,000 over the vote for Bryan two years before. With so simple a lesson in mathematics in evidence, it does not require a great deal of astuteness to convince a New Jersey Democrat that Bryan is no help to the party in his State. The "old-line" Democrats are, however, as usual, timid about taking a decisive stand against the Chicago platform, and this is probably the reason why one of the leaders who gave his advice at Asbury Park was so earnest in urging that the party should "put the young men on the firing-line." The Democratic record in New Jersey on State issues, as set forth during the last ten years, is not one which in itself would cause a very enthusiastic rally around the party banner.

If we may trust a report from Louisville, ex-Governor Altgeld has taken a different position from that of Mr. Bryan in regard to the quarrel over Goebel's nomination for Governor of Kentucky. Mr. Bryan is to take the stump in Goebel's support; but Mr. Altgeld says that his election would mean the triumph of "fraud, trickery, thugism, and crime." It would mean that "political conventions, instead of being run by the people, and carrying out the policy and will of the people, will be run by men who betray the people, and will be controlled by those interests that plunder the country." This language certainly sounds as if it might have come from Mr. Altgeld, and if correctly reported it is of a good deal of importance. He intimates that he may go to Kentucky and make speeches against the Goebel ring, and if Mr. Bryan is to appear on the other side, the present relations between the two leaders cannot continue. However this may be, we can hardly look on Mr. Bryan's taking part in the Kentucky contest otherwise than as a political blunder. Even if not antagonized by Mr. Altgeld, he will arouse dangerous animosities.

Croker is back again, and talking volubly, in his familiar rôle of a statesmanlike observer. He went away an advocate of expansion and an opponent of Bryan. He returns an admirer of Bryan as "one of the greatest men America has produced," and an opponent of expansion. Columns of space are given to the enunciation of his new views and to speculation as to why he has abandoned his old ones. The simple explanation is that he thinks the change of position a shrewd one. He will reverse himself again within six months if he shall conclude next winter that he has made a mistake now.

The Mazet committee has adjourned for a month. Its work during the past fortnight has been very fruitful. The chief features have been the exposure of police demoralization as it is shown in the rapid increase of thefts and robberies, and the proof of the reckless disregard of the public interests with which contracts are given out to favorites by Tammany officials, as in the making of the ridiculous Horgan & Slattery municipal architects, and in the grant of most valuable privileges to corporations by the Department of Public Buildings, Lighting, and Supplies. If the community were not hardened to such things, there would be an outburst of popular indignation at the testimony of Commissioner Kearny on Friday, viz., that he gave both the Metropolitan and the Third Avenue Companies the right to put in thirty-six underground ducts on each side of the streets which they use, without getting any return for the city, and although he well knew that they did not need any such number for the wires to operate their cars, and must intend to utilize a large proportion of them for the very lucrative business of furnishing electric power in various ways. It is a public service to bring out and put on the record such facts as these, even if nothing appears likely to come from it immediately.

The Commerce Commission of the State of New York is busily engaged in ascertaining the depth and width of various canals in this country and Canada. Information of this character is, of course, necessary to enable the Commission to understand the condition of the commerce of New York city. But it is to be hoped that the Commission will not lose sight of the fact that, no matter how much money is spent on the Erie Canal, the kind of government maintained in this city is ultimately decisive. If property becomes less secure here, if taxes are to continue to increase, and blackmail to become a necessary expense in every kind of business, the commerce of the port will probably decline. No natural advantages, no development of waterways, will counterbalance the drawback of misgovernment. These natural and artificial advantages have made New York the cheapest port for both exports and imports. Local extravagance and corruption, together with the tariff outrages concocted by Congress or invented by Appraiser Wakeman, are fast making it the dearest.

The shooting of M. Labori, one of the counsel of Dreyfus, at an early hour on Monday morning, while he was on his way from his lodgings to the court-room, is the most dramatic incident of the Dreyfus case so far, but, perhaps, not the most exciting that the trial will give rise to. The arrest of Déroulède and others on a charge of conspiracy to overturn the Government, simultaneous-

ly with the events at Rennes; the conflict of testimony between Gen. Mercier and ex-President Casimir-Perier, and the rising heat within the precincts of the court-martial, all point to something like a crisis in the history of the republic, but what will be the outcome no one can foretell. It seems quite certain that the parties desiring a change in the form of government have seized upon the Dreyfus case as a *pou sto* for overturning the republic. There has been no moment, since the government of Napoleon III. was abolished, when such parties did not exist, and when they were not conspiring to restore the Bonapartist or Bourbon or Orleans monarchy. Any kind of internal commotion or external complication plays into their hands, and nothing could serve them better than the passions aroused by the Dreyfus revision.

In his testimony on Monday M. Casimir-Perier denied flatly the statement of Gen. Mercier that in 1895, when Dreyfus was on trial, there was danger of a war with Germany, and the Berlin papers ridicule the idea of such a war. Why was it necessary to get up a war scare when the former court-martial was in session? Evidently to have an excuse for the secrecy of the trial. In a secret trial, where the judges were prejudiced against the accused, it would be possible to alter documents, to introduce new matter into them, to insert the name of Dreyfus in place of the letter "D," and to bring in a verdict of guilty based upon a medley of forgeries and inconsequential matter that the prisoner and his counsel were not allowed to examine. For such a dastardly purpose a war scare was the most appropriate means at hand. This was Gen. Mercier's last card in the former trial, and is played for what it is worth now, but Casimir-Perier's testimony trumps it completely.

There is abundant reason to give credence to the London *Times's* statement that the leading traitor in the affair for which Dreyfus suffered was Lieut.-Col. Henry, who while in prison cut his own throat, and that Esterhazy was his tool, sharing the proceeds of their joint perfidy. Esterhazy was a weak character, eaten up by vices, unenterprising, and incapable of carrying on an extended plot, although base enough for any crime. Henry was a man of hardihood and of no little adroitness, as is shown by the fact that he pushed his way to the head of the secret-service department of the French army, while efforts were making to find the culprit who was betraying his country by supplying information to Germany. It was while acting in this capacity that he was detected as the forger of a document to confirm the guilt of Dreyfus, who had already been condemned and was at that time suffering punishment on Devil's Island. For this forgery he was arrested and imprisoned. His suicide was not quite explainable on the theory that he was merely seeking to keep Dreyfus in prison, but it was easily explainable if he were the chief traitor for whose crimes an innocent man was suffering. It is a safe wager that this will turn out to be the true solution of the mystery. The question whether there are not other officers, of higher rank than Henry, who had guilty knowledge of Henry's crime, if nothing more, now becomes one of exceeding interest.

It is at last positively stated by Lord George Hamilton, the Secretary of State for India, that the Government has deliberately concluded that the gold standard is required in the interest of that empire. No other conclusion could well be reached; nor will any disturbance be likely to occur in consequence of this decision. An expiring wail is extorted by the decision from Mr. Moreton Frewen, but, compared with his former truculent vaporings, it has a despairing sound. The worst of it, according to him, is that not 3 per cent. of the inhabitants of India have yet learned that their currency was tampered with in 1893. This suggests the appalling possibility that as the outrage inflicted on them has escaped discovery so long, they may never find it out at all, and 300,000,000 of people may thus, like patients disembowelled by surgeons while under the influence of anæsthetics, not know that anything has happened to them. As is well known, the common people of this country did not really understand about "the crime of 1873" until about the year 1896, which was so late in the day as to make it impossible to convince the majority of them that any crime had been committed. At all events, no one can maintain that the present action of the Government will make the condition of the people of India any worse than it has been; and as the price of silver has an upward tendency, that condition, if in any way connected with the price of silver, may be ameliorated.

The currency of India is therefore to be established on a basis in some respects similar to that of France and the United States, but with important differences. No more silver will be coined at the mint, but there will be a gold coinage as well as a gold standard, and the British sovereign will be a legal tender. The silver rupee will have an arbitrary value, sixteen pence, or fifteen rupees to the sovereign. The rupee will continue to be a legal tender, but the Indian Government assumes no obligation at present to maintain the "parity" of the metals. Practically, one can exchange silver coins for gold at the official agencies of the governments of France and the United States, but nothing of the kind is contemplated by the Indian authorities. It is not improbable, however, that the legal "parity" may be maintained in practice, because the price of silver is not likely to fluctuate a great deal, now that its demonetization as standard money has taken place throughout the civilized world.

Complaints of the conduct of English soldiers in India have been made from time to time, and a few days ago a long list of outrages committed by them against natives was read out in the House of Lords. The charges covered everything from robbery and assault to wanton murder. It was a pretty black showing for Tommy Atkins. The Secretary for War did not deny that the army in India had been disgraced by such crimes, and said that everybody must regard them with the "utmost reprobation." The War Office would do its best to see that the offenders were brought to justice. Still, he thought that there had been an improvement. The amount of crime committed by British soldiers in India had steadily diminished, as had the number of courts-martial. All that the discipline of the army could do to repress and punish acts of ill-usage of the natives was continually exerted; yet such things, admitted the Secretary, were inseparable from military life. He evidently needs to sit through a lecture by Gov. Roosevelt on the "strenuous life."

It is not surprising that Americans should look on the confederation of the Australian colonies as a normal step in their political evolution. The votes cast in the Australian colonies, however, indicate that very diverse views concerning the wisdom of confederation prevail there. In Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania, the advantages of confederation were so clear as to make the vote for it overwhelming. But in New South Wales the case was very different, and as 80,000 votes were cast against confederation, to 101,000 in its favor, it is evident that some grave objections were believed to exist. One of these objections was that the taxes of New South Wales would be increased; but the most serious one was that the free-trade policy, so long established in New South Wales, can hardly be maintained. The Federal Parliament will probably be a protectionist body, and the establishment of intercolonial free trade will be a small compensation for the creation of a tariff wall against the outside world. The prosperity of Sydney cannot be expected to increase at its former rate, and the whole colony will probably find it has surrendered substantial advantages for those of a sentimental character.

THE FILIPINOS TO THE POWERS.

On the subject of Aguinaldo's appeal to the Powers to bring influence to bear at Washington for the purpose of ending "the unjust war which is devastating the country," it may be instructive to imagine the substance of the remarks that might be made in the Cortes by that distinguished Senator and General, Don Valeriano Weyler.

"I take the floor [*pido la palabra*], Mr. President, to call the attention of the Senate and the Government to the request of the Filipino republic for recognition by the European Powers. Grave questions of international law and comity are involved in this matter, upon which it might be thought that I, a brusque soldier, should have no competence to speak. But your Señorías will not forget that during my administration of the island of Cuba these same questions were fully discussed in the Senate of the United States. It was my duty to take cognizance of what was said by the able jurists in the American Senate. The swords of the insurgents I could well despise, but who would not tremble before the tongue of a Frye, a Lodge, a Morgan? A mere child myself in all these niceties of international law, I sat at the feet of the Gamaliels in the Senate at Washington, and it is from them I learned the great principles regulating the attitude of one nation towards the colonies of another, and determining the recognition of insurrectionary forces. Simply using the word Filipinos where the learned American Senators said Cubans, I will show your Señorías that it is our duty, as it is that of all the European Powers, to interfere in the name of humanity and liberty to put an end to the cruel war in the Philippines.

"One of the dicta of the illustrious Lodge, Mr. President, was that there was something unnatural and abhorrent in the arbitrary control of an island, containing 1,500,000 people, by a country 3,000 miles away. What shall we say, then, of sending troops to subdue 8,000,000 people 7,000 miles away? Again, it was argued by the enlightened Morgan that recognition of the Cuban insurgents was due them because they were supreme in a large part of the island. What did it matter, he demanded, if Spain held the capital and all the seaports? The Cubans held the mountains and swamps in the interior—a larger area, all told, than that controlled by the Spaniards—and were therefore entitled to be known as the masters of the island. This is an overwhelming [*contundente*] argument for the immediate recognition of the Filipinos. They rule a far larger part of Luzon than the rebels did of Cuba. On the five-foot map of the Philippines, all the territory in the control of the Americans can be covered by a child's hand. If we heed the appeal of the Filipinos, we shall simply, therefore, be executing the principles taught us by distinguished Americans.

"The prolonged and bloody nature of the war in the Philippines, Mr. President, is another reason for interference by neutral Powers. Gen. Otis's predictions of a speedy collapse of the insurrection have proved as illusory as those I used to issue in Havana. The Filipinos are fighting more stubbornly than the Cubans. There is no hope of subduing them except by exterminating them. Many American soldiers say that the natives will have to be killed off. But when I said the same thing of Cuban rebels, the American public cried out on 'Weyler the Butcher,' and Senators clamored for American interference to prevent the extermination of men who could not conquer, but would not submit. Is it not time for us, and for all civilized Powers, to say to President McKinley, as he said to Spain: 'In the name of humanity, this war must stop'?

"Point after point in the American argument for recognizing Cuban belligerency might be pressed, Mr. President, as conclusive reasons for our granting belligerent rights to the Filipinos. The latter have a larger army than the Cubans ever had. They have a fully organized Congress, composed of 100 men, who, writes one American observer, 'would compare in behavior, manner, dress, and education with the average men of the better classes of other Asiatic nations.' As for their fitness to govern themselves, we have the testimony of the victorious Dewey and the American General King, that they are far superior to the Cubans in that particular. An American correspondent wrote of Aguinaldo's government that 'he has made life and property safe, . . . made brigandage and loot impossible . . . and a woman's honor safer in Luzon than it has been for thirty years.' There is thus a far stronger and more promising republic in the Philippines than there ever was in Cuba. The American publicists who taught us that it was right to recognize the one, will be the last to complain if we recognize the other.

"Spain, your Señorías, has especial reason for moving in this matter. Several thousand Spanish prisoners are in the hands of the Filipinos—not only soldiers, but civilians, many women and children. Their sufferings wring our hearts. The United States undertook, by the Treaty of Paris, to secure their liberty, but has not been able to do so. Our country offered to ransom them for a great sum, but the Americans would not allow it. Aguinaldo now proposes to release the captives if we will recognize his government. How long would the Americans have hesitated if the case had been as flagrant in Cuba? They say of the Filipinos, as we said of the Cuban rebels, that they are bandits and savages. But let me read what a Frenchman, M. Jean Hess, says of the Filipinos, after being long with their army. He is an impartial witness, and he writes in the *Figaro:* 'It is surely a marvellous thing, the resistance of these peasants, led into battle by generals of twenty years, only yesterday in college, beardless boys, young lawyers and doctors. These Filipinos are not the savages, the stupid brutes, that they are said to be in America. They are polite and devoted and courageous to an extraordinary degree.' If the Cubans deserved rescue from destruction, do not these young heroes?

"But it may be said, Mr. President, that for Spain to interfere would give offence to the United States, and might lead to war. Ah, your Señorías, let me tell you what I have learned from reading the debates in the United States Senate. In the speeches in that body it was clearly laid down, by its most influential members, that for America to recognize Cuban belligerency would really be an act of great friendship towards Spain; that Spaniards could not possibly resent it. Boldly commending their own chalice to their lips, let us, then, take the action in behalf of the Filipinos that the United States, for less provocation, took in behalf of the Cubans, and welcome this noble people, struggling against foreign oppressors for their liberty, to the rights and privileges of an independent nation. *He dicho.*"

A PAROCHIAL PROBLEM.

The policy of annexing to the United States remote countries, inhabited by vast alien populations, has been conscientiously opposed, it cannot be too often repeated, because it is detrimental to our own interests. It is not a question of improving the morals of the Filipinos; it is a question of impairing our own. We may concede that if we could benefit other communities by undertaking to govern them, it would be our duty to assume the task, provided the government of our own community did not suffer. But it has been argued, and, in the forum where reason and experience are controlling we may say it has been demonstrated, that our government was so constituted by its founders as to be unfitted to rule over subject races. Government for the people and of the people cannot signify the government of one people by another.

Furthermore, our system of government has become infected with disorders so serious as to make not only its improvement, but even its preservation, a sufficient task for all the forces of reform. To undertake the civilization of millions of Asiatics when the continuance of our own civilization demanded all our energies, seemed, therefore, a policy fraught with disaster. The problem of the relations between white and colored citizens, so far from being solved, is assuming a more serious cha-

racter than ever. The problems arising from the multiplication of foreigners, ignorant of the elements of political ethics, in our great cities, are now of sufficient gravity to arouse general alarm. Such considerations, however, were lightly brushed aside as ignoble and petty. The very existence of these problems was denied, or, if they were recognized, they were described as parochial, and as, therefore, undeserving of the attention of a people numbering seventy millions. So great a nation, it was declared, had only to undertake to civilize the Malays, in order to develop sufficient virtue to correct the domestic abuses which had shown signs of being incorrigible. We had not succeeded in reforming ourselves; but if we undertook to reform others, we should incidentally work out our own salvation.

If we are not mistaken, this was the doctrine proclaimed by the Rev. Washington Gladden, and it is, therefore, significant to find him now expatiating, in the *Independent*, on the "Perils of the Public Schools." He declares that we have come to a critical period in the history of education in this country. "The administration of our schools is surrounded with grave dangers; there are many signs of deterioration; these are tendencies that must be checked, or the foundations will be destroyed." It is true, Mr. Gladden admits, that to tell the truth about the matter—and one may add about some other matters—is to run the risk of being called all sorts of opprobrious names. But he believes that the "shifty optimism" of Americans needs to be rudely disturbed. Our systems of public education are the sources from which our national life derives its vigor. But "poisonous or debilitating moral influences" are getting possession of our schools, and unless they are expelled, the doom of the nation will not be long delayed. Hitherto the moral influences prevailing in the public schools have been on the whole sound; the teaching force has been excellent. But it is now undergoing deterioration of a serious character, and the injury which assails and perverts it comes from the government of the schools. The persons who control the employment of teachers, the administration of the schools, and the courses of study pursued, are inferior, in intelligence and in reputation, to their employees.

This was formerly not true, nor is it now true everywhere; but, as a general rule, Mr. Gladden declares, it is true. The excellence of our public-school system has been due to the fact that until recently men of culture and character were intrusted with this duty. But it is "a melancholy and portentous fact that in many cities these places are falling into the hands of petty politicians, and are used by them mainly for the promotion of their interests." Hence, there is corruption in the purchase of sites, the erection of buildings, the selection of books, the purchasing of supplies. Teachers are even subject to "assessments"; they have to pay to get their places and to keep them, and Mr. Gladden cites many cases where prominent teachers have been dismissed because their opinions were displeasing to political bosses. It follows that "honorable and high-minded teachers are humiliated by the necessity of dealing with incompetent employers; to be put under such direction and censorship is degrading. . . . Pretenders and charlatans in the school-room are more likely to get credit and promotion than the conscientious teachers. The most capable young men and women halt and turn back on the threshold of the profession, because of the precariousness of the tenure and the annoyances of the associations."

Mr. Gladden's testimony hardly needs to be confirmed. Similar complaints are everywhere made, and the evils are so intimately connected with our system of party government that we should believe them to exist without positive testimony. Nor does Mr. Gladden exaggerate the seriousness of the evil, which he admits cannot be removed by legislation, but only by the aroused conscience of the people. But when we consider that this is only one of a number of intestine disorders, that the task of arousing the conscience of the people concerning even one of them is herculean, while to deal with them all is hopeless, and that the dominant element in our government looks on all such questions as too petty for our attention, we cannot envy our religious expansionists their feelings. They can offer no reasonable ground for expecting any reform in our system of government, even in the case of the public schools. They have seen the attitude of the Administration towards reforming the civil service, and they will be face to face with the misgovernment of our colonies as soon as their military administration terminates, if not before. Such light-hearted assumption of responsibilities for the discharge of which no preparation or competency exists, appears to us altogether unprincipled. It is properly attributed to the "shifty optimism" of our people, as Mr. Gladden calls it; and there is no commoner cause of failure to meet obligations that should have been assumed only after careful deliberation.

RAILROAD POOLING.

At a public dinner in Chicago last week, speeches were made by the Hon. M. A. Knapp, Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and by Mr. Paul Morton, General Manager of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, both of considerable moment, in view of the fact that, while differing on many points, they agreed that railroad pooling ought to be legalized. The pooling privilege was taken away from the railroads by the Interstate Commerce act a long time ago. The main object of the law was to prevent unjust discriminations in rates; and all the powers of the Government have since been employed to enforce the law. The net result of these protracted efforts was recounted by Mr. Knapp in his speech at Chicago in these words:

> "I undertake to say that if the worst enemy of the railroads whom you can name were elected President of the United States, and if he should pack the Interstate Commerce Commission with the worst Populists of the land, those men would never dare to do the reckless and indecent things which the managers of railroads themselves have done. Can you name any five men so ignorant, so prejudiced, so inimical to the common interests of the country that they would upset the commerce of the country and demoralize rates and business in the way the railroad men have done by putting in force the rates that now prevail to the seaboard by way of Galveston from the Missouri River? Would they let the Missouri River rate be as low as the Chicago rate? Would they allow flour to be carried from Minneapolis to the Atlantic cheaper than from Chicago? In such things the railroads are making a fearful misuse of their power."

Presuming that Mr. Knapp's statement is true—and there is no reason to doubt it—what does it teach to a real statesman? Apparently this: that Congress, obeying the behest of public opinion, set out to prevent certain abuses of railway management, but failed to adopt proper measures to that end; that the steps taken have rather aggravated the evils they were intended to cure; and that the time has now come for the adoption of more rational means to prevent the abuses complained of. A philosopher would go a little further, and say that since all the harsh punishments devised to prevent railway discriminations had failed, it would be wise to attack and if possible remove the motive for making the discriminations. Railway men do not discriminate without a cause. They do not incur the penalties of the law from any natural penchant for crime. They are in business to make money, and they would prefer to make it lawfully. It is easier for them, as well as safer, to sit in their offices and take traffic as it comes, instead of running and rummaging for it and getting it by secret, underhand, lying methods which subject them if detected to fine and imprisonment.

It is vitally necessary to the railway man that he shall get business. His official existence depends upon that. The law may fine him for the methods he adopts, but get it he must. His rivals and competitors will get it if he does not. Probably they are using the prohibited means for taking it away from him. In other words, they are probably cutting rates, gouging, cheating, lying, and discriminating wherever they can find a carload of freight of any kind. They are doing the same things he is doing, and they are denying it just

as he does. They may all be caught, and, after a long investigation followed by a long trial, punished, but the evil breaks out at another place immediately, and as soon as the backs of the Interstate Commerce Commissioners are turned, it breaks out afresh, with perhaps some variation of form or method, at the same place where the investigation and trial occurred.

In short, the Interstate Commerce law sought to expel nature with a fork, and it failed. Railway discriminations, although not so open as formerly, are as flagrant, as damaging, as disastrous, and more demoralizing than before—more demoralizing because they involve and necessitate more falsity and more perjury than before. The pooling system, which the law prohibited, was established expressly to take away all motive for discrimination in rates between individuals and localities. The vital principle of the pool is that the earnings of competing railways shall be placed in a common heap and divided among the competitors with a small percentage of gain based upon actual earnings—a percentage sufficient to keep them up to a certain standard of efficiency, so that no road may get a share of the money without doing a share of the work. This simple and philosophical safeguard against railway discriminations happened to run counter to the popular demand for competition in the carrying trade, and was sternly prohibited. Hence these twenty years of riotous discrimination, in spite of all the powers of Congress, of national commissions, of State commissions, of public sentiment, and of the public press. And now Mr. Knapp formally protests against "the error and inconsistency of a legislative policy which makes rate competition compulsory, and at the same time condemns as criminal misdemeanors the acts and inducements by which in other spheres of activity competition is mainly effected." For this reason he advocates "the legal sanction of combination by rival carriers in the conveyance of passengers and property between competitive points."

"This," he continues, "is the one sensible and practicable plan, adapted to present conditions and suited to existing requirements. Such a policy would promote and invite the conduct of public transportation upon principles consonant with the nature of the service and beneficial to the people and the railroads alike. Legalized pooling would promote the public welfare, because it would give railways the opportunity now lacking to conduct their business by just and honest methods, and range their interest and influence on the side of law."

Replying to the suggestion or thought that he might be here advocating the principle on which Trusts and combines are founded, Mr. Knapp points out the difference—that in commercial transactions concerning commodities in the market we want not uniformity of price but competitive prices, while in the transportation of property we want uniform charges without favor or discrimination. At all events, experience has shown that in the matter of railway management our choice lies between competition on the one hand and discriminations on the other—discriminations for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many. We cannot have railway competition and fair dealing at the same time. We can take whichever we like best; Mr. Knapp thinks that fair dealing and uniform rates are the desiderata of the present day. He would have the Interstate Commerce Commission vested with power to fix rates where they are unreasonable—a power which necessarily includes the fixing of all rates, since it depends upon the Commissioners to say what rates are reasonable and what are not. This seems to us rather a long stride toward absolutism, or socialism, as the case may be.

Mr. Paul Morton concurred with Mr. Knapp on the pooling question, and went a step farther toward enlarging the powers of the Commission. He said that he "would like to see all transportation, that which passes between two points in the same State as well as interstate traffic, declared subject to federal supervision and amenable to the national commission."

THE TRANSVAAL TROUBLE.

The danger of war between England and the Transvaal is undoubtedly increased by the proroguing of Parliament. Mr. Chamberlain, in whose hands the management of the affair now practically rests, is an ambitious and not too scrupulous man, and might easily, when freed from daily questioning in the Commons, commit the country to some position from which there would be no escape except by an appeal to arms. He has greatly increased his prestige and power by his career as Colonial Secretary, and will not shrink from war—in fact, so we learn privately, tells his friends that he rather desires it—if he can see a good chance of thereby adding to his own and his country's glory. He is not a man, either, to be deterred by the hobgoblin of inconsistency. If he were, he might well have been staggered by the two extracts from his own speeches of only three years ago, which were thrown in his face by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman the other night. They are well worth reproducing. On May 8, 1896, he said in the House:

"A war in South Africa would be one of the most serious wars that could possibly be waged. It would be a long war, a bitter war, and a costly war, and, as I have pointed out already, I believe generations would hardly be able to blot it out; and to go to war with President Krüger to enforce upon him reforms in the internal affairs of his State, in which Secretaries of State, standing in their place, have repudiated all right of interference—that would be a course of action which would be immoral."

And later in the same year, he said:

"What is the alternative policy which the honorable member would have put forward? We know what it would be. He would have sent an ultimatum to President Krüger that, unless these reforms, which he would have specified, were granted by a particular day, the British Government would interfere by force, and then he would have come here and he would have asked the House for a vote of credit of £10,000,000 or £20,000,000—it would not matter which particularly—and would send an army of 20,000 men at least to force President Krüger to grant reforms in a State with which we have pledged ourselves repeatedly—not this Government, but previous governments by the mouths of successive Secretaries of State—that we would have nothing to do. That is his policy. It is not my policy, and it never will be."

Mr. Chamberlain's view of the serious character of what would be practically a race war in South Africa is more than confirmed by a writer in the last *Fortnightly*. He is an Englishman, and describes himself as an Imperialist and Conservative; yet he declares, out of a knowledge gained by twenty-three years' residence in South Africa, that a war to gain the reforms sought in the Transvaal not only would be unjustifiable, but would "mean ruin and disaster for the territories south of the Zambesi." Moreover, he presents figures to show how greatly the available forces of the Dutch, in all those regions, outnumber the British. If it comes to a race war, the Dutch can put 92,300 men into the field to-morrow, as against no more than 39,500 that could be mustered by the British. Of course, England could pour in troops and would conquer in the end; but her statesmen may well pause before entering upon a struggle which could not fail, says this writer in the *Fortnightly*, to "leave a legacy of undying hatred and distrust between the two white races."

Yet British subjects resident in the Transvaal have great grievances, which it is undoubtedly the duty of the English Government to see redressed. The main trouble is the denial of the franchise and of representation to 90,000 British, who pay nine-tenths of the taxes of the country, and yet have absolutely no political rights, as against the 80,000 or 85,000 Boers who rule over them. This not only is an outrage in itself, but is in the teeth of what the Transvaal authorities promised when the London Convention was agreed upon. To show concisely how Krüger went back on his word, we will first quote his promises made at the time the Convention of 1881 was negotiated, and then show how he gave them the lie.

"The Commissioners were Sir Hercules Robinson (President), Sir Evelyn Wood, and Sir Henry de Villiers. They held several conferences with Mr. Krüger and other Boer leaders. At one of these conferences the following conversation took place:

"President—Before annexation, had British subjects complete freedom of trade throughout the Transvaal? Were they on the same footing as the citizens of the Transvaal?

"Mr. Krüger—They were on the same footing as the burghers; there was not the slightest difference, in accordance with the Sand River convention.

"President—I presume you will not object to that continuing?

"Mr. Krüger—No. There will be equal protection for everybody.

"Sir E. Wood—And equal privileges?
"Mr. Krüger—We make no difference, so far as burgher rights are concerned. There may perhaps be some slight difference in the case of a young person who has just come into the country."

Now how did Krüger live up to that agreement? At the time he made it, and also in 1884, when the second London Convention was framed, the naturalization law of the Transvaal simply required five years' prior residence. That was reasonable enough, and it applied to all. But in 1886 began the great inrush of foreigners, when the Witwatersrand goldfields were exploited, and in 1889, when many of these immigrants were approaching burghership, the law was suddenly changed so as to restrict citizenship absolutely to Boers born in the Transvaal. Later the law was again modified, so as to admit to citizenship after twelve or fourteen years, and on very onerous terms; but in 1894 the rule of complete exclusion was restored. Nothing could more surely fix the charge of bad faith upon President Krüger.

But he is a very astute old gentleman, and is evidently preparing to make every reasonable concession in order to avoid war. In fact, he has already come very near to granting the entire British demand as formulated by Sir Alfred Milner. It is only a difference between a five and a seven years' residential qualification for citizenship, with all residents prior to 1890 enfranchised at a stroke. That difference is surely not worth a bloody war. If Mr. Chamberlain is patient, he will get all he ought to ask by means of moral pressure and renewed negotiations. His triumph would be all the greater if peacefully won. There is good reason to think it will be, and that, despite his truculent tone in the final session of Parliament, there will be no war.

COPYRIGHT IN SPEECHES.

A novelty in copyright is involved in the decision made on Thursday by Mr. Justice North of the English High Court of Justice. The case before him was curious. In the recent volume of 'Appreciations and Addresses,' by Lord Rosebery, were included five speeches taken almost verbatim from reports in the London *Times*. Lord Rosebery himself furnished the clippings to his publisher (John Lane), freely making over all his right and title to them. But the *Times* contended that he had no rights in the premises whatever; that its reports were copyrighted; and it brought suit to restrain publication of the volume containing the alleged infringements on its own copyright. The Court has now decided for the newspaper, and has granted an injunction against the publisher.

The case was argued on July 14, and from the views then advanced by learned counsel it is possible to infer the grounds on which the decision was based. It was agreed on both sides that Lord Rosebery himself had no copyright in his oral address, as such. He might have secured it, by taking the steps indicated in the law of copyright to protect "lecturers," but he failed to do so. Therefore, his winged words became, the moment they left his lips, public property. The only question was as to the copyright of the report published in the *Times*.

It certainly seems, at first sight, a moral if not a legal absurdity that one man can so copyright the words of another that the latter has no right to reproduce them. The value of the speeches lay in the fact that they were Lord Rosebery's. The words were his. Is it not of the essence of copyright that it can be gained only by the author of original matter? Is the reporter to be given rights above the orator? Is the copy more sacred than the original? The defence made the most of this line of argument. But the plaintiff pressed home the single legal point which seems to have prevailed with the court. This was that there is no such thing as copyright of ideas; it is all a matter of literary form; and Lord Rosebery having abandoned his ideas and words to the use of the public at large, the reporter who gave them a certain form is entitled to exclusive control of that form. Some other report might be used without his consent, but that particular report is his own, the product of his own labor and skill, and cannot be appropriated by another. This was, in brief, the contention of the plaintiff's counsel, and Judge North has evidently upheld it.

The decision is no doubt good law, but it has its humorous features. Some of these were dwelt upon by Lord Rosebery himself the other day, before the case was decided. He was speaking to the boys at Epsom College, and apologized for the brevity of his remarks on the ground that "there is a question of the copyright of what you are likely to say." The only thing perfectly clear about copyright of a speech was that "the one person who has no property in it is the man who delivers it." For himself, therefore, he felt it would be almost criminal, until the question was settled, to "add to this species of indescribable property which is at this moment in the lost-luggage office of the law." It would prove a serious embarrassment to public speakers, he said, if what they uttered to-day might be decided to-morrow to be stolen goods.

Of course, the law of copyright has to rule out all questions of literary excellence. It knows nothing but a form of words. A furniture catalogue may be copyrighted just as securely as a poem by Swinburne. Railway time-tables or Stock Exchange reports are just as sacred in the eye of the law, just as deserving of protection, as a novel by Miss Wilkins or even by Laura Jean Libbey. Whether little or much brain and labor has gone to the production of a given arrangement of words, whether their market value be small or great, are questions into which the law of copyright cannot enter. It simply undertakes to protect any literary form, no matter how or by whom wrought out; and it is only a legitimate extension of that doctrine to protect the reporter who has produced the form, though the ideas are another's.

One argument advanced in this particular case was that the reporter's work was analogous to that of a translator. Translations are copyrighted, though without a single original idea; so, it was argued, may be the report of a speech. We do not know how much legal effect was given to this contention; but we do know that reporters often are translators of an astonishing sort. They sometimes put an orator's words into such a shape that, far from wishing to assert any property in them, he freely and even indignantly repudiates any responsibility for them. On the other hand, reporters in the guise of translators have been known to do great service to orators—making their speeches read much better than they sounded on delivery. Dr. Johnson was the original reporter of this kind, taking care, he said, so to report the speeches in Parliament that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it. A modern instance is given in connection with the late Sir John Macdonald. He had given orders to the leading Ottawa paper that his speeches were always to be reported verbatim, as he prided himself on the perfection of his extempore style. But once, when he spoke after dining generously, the reporter's notes turned out so incoherent that the editor took fright, and sent the young man to get Sir John's own revision of his remarks. That statesman gravely corrected the reporter's literal transcript of what he had said, and as gravely remarked to him on taking leave, "Young man, let me give you a piece of advice, of which I fear you stand in need: never touch liquor."

ALASKAN NOTES.

SOUTHEAST ALASKA, July, 1899.

Four years ago I gave the readers of the *Nation* an account of the changes which I had observed to have taken place in Alaska since 1880, and also a statement of the conditions noted as existing in 1895. These records were made at a propitious moment, for, while they were being written, the steamer *Portland*, with her epoch-making cargo of Klondike gold, was actually on the way to Seattle. A few weeks later, a whole continent was rippled with excitement, which rose in many instances to a species of mania, and resulted in the Klondike "rush" of 1896. From all quarters of the world a horde of gold-seekers converged towards the passes at the head of Lynn Canal, with results which are known to all men.

The half-insane indifference to conditions

and limitations which has marked all recorded "rushes"—and which the climate of the Yukon rendered especially noteworthy in the present case—has at last subsided. Matters in Alaska and on the Canadian Yukon are assuming a business-like aspect. Men who have good claims are working them quietly; while thousands who rushed in without knowledge, experience, or means, are leaving a country which they should never have entered, or are pushing out as a forlorn hope into the still unexplored wilderness. I have heard it estimated by men familiar with the district, that six thousand persons have left or will be leaving during the present season, from the vicinity of Dawson alone, while the exodus from Kotzebue Sound and the Copper River basin promises to be complete. I cannot find that an ounce of gold has been obtained by any man in the district strictly belonging to Copper River, and many of those returning allege that none of the statements made by the agents of transportation companies in regard to this area has proved true. Yet some two thousand persons entered that domain of snow. How many have succumbed to scurvy, starvation, and the perils of the route, will never be known. The survivors are being gradually collected and aided to return to civilization by the Government of the United States.

It may be more convenient to review briefly the situation in geographical order, beginning in the southeast and proceeding northward and westward.

The condition of affairs at Metlakatla, or Port Chester, Annette Island, is very satisfactory. Mr. Duncan's community has evidently prospered; the number of cottages has increased; the church is finished and is a monument to the industry and skill of its native builders. It may seem paradoxical to speak of the melody of an Indian dialect, but the sermon in Tsimpsian to which we listened was certainly melodious and agreeable to the ear, while the hymns, sung in English, were not less so. The Klondike fever had drawn away the creatures who, under the pretence of mining, were endeavoring to establish a groggery on the south shore of the island, and they doubtless found a more congenial and profitable field of operations somewhere on the road to Dawson.

Much prospecting has been done in the Prince of Wales archipelago, and those engaged in the work speak very hopefully of the veins discovered. There are no placer mines in this district, and the development of the quartz leads is hardly far enough advanced to warrant an expression of opinion as to their value. The Sumdum Bay district is producing gold, and the quartz there, which promised so well in 1895, we were informed is now yielding satisfactory returns.

At Wrangell the boom resulting from the alleged route to the Yukon, via the Stikine River and Glenora, has collapsed, and the town presents no signs of life. A row of stern-wheel steamers, peacefully decaying on their skids, is more eloquent than any verbal testimony to the cessation of the river trade.

There is little change at Sitka. The Presbyterian mission seems flourishing, and, at the time of my visit, mine-owners were awaiting the melting of the snow on the mountains in order to introduce to their properties several experts who were awaiting an opportunity to inspect them. At Juneau and Douglas signs of steady growth were visible; the latter already seems to exceed Juneau in the matter of houses and local population. The steady increase in the facilities for working the low-grade ores of the Treadwell lode has resulted in an aggregation of more than eight hundred stamps, which is confidently claimed by Alaskans to be the largest number on any continuous property under one management in the world, and which is exceeded, if at all, only by some of the South African mines in the Transvaal. The growth of the mining industry in all this region appears to have been on a business basis, the Klondike excitement having merely led capitalists to look into the various properties sooner than they would have done otherwise.

Proceeding northwards, we come upon Skagway, the town of the future. This place has passed through its "storm and stress" period. The horde of adventurers who made it a bye-word for a time, are now scattered. The Yukon and White Pass Railroad, now completed to Lake Bennett, has its seaward terminus at Skagway. This railroad has recently come into control of the telpherage line over the Chilkoot Pass, so that, for some time to come, if not permanently, the monopoly of the traffic over the passes is in their hands. We have heard much of the terrors of both passes, and the exaggeration has not been very great; but I do not remember having seen any extended reference in print to the scenery of these passes, which is remarkably fine. I suppose it will not be long before a ride to the summit will form a part of every well-conducted tourist trip. On the 7th of June we visited the summit, where the ice on Summit Lake was in a slushy condition, and saw what was perhaps the last sledge train depart for Lake Bennett. The ice was pronounced unsafe for further use, and now the railway is completed to Lake Bennett, connecting with lake and river steamers for Dawson, which can be reached from Skagway in six days. This seems to insure the future of the town, as, for a long time to come, fast freight for the upper Yukon will follow this route. Skagway itself is situated on a level gravel-flat, with room to grow and plenty of water-power within easy reach. Abundant wharfage is already provided, a pure water supply reaches the town in pipes, and the streets and building-lots have been laid out with forethought, though as yet but partially improved or cleared. Permanence in the output of the Upper Yukon placers will mean a steady growth and reasonable prosperity for Skagway.

Westward from the Sitkan archipelago, conditions are somewhat different; intercourse with civilization is more restricted and the mails less frequent. Prospectors have been everywhere, but there are few places where mining is actually carried on. The black sands of Lituya Bay and Yakutat occasionally afford rich returns to the gold-washer, but, like similar sands in Oregon and California, their occurrence and metallic contents are too capricious and variable to insure a permanently paying industry, or one which can be relied on to last in any particular locality for even a single season.

I have already referred to Copper River and the total absence of gold, in a commercial sense, in its basin. At its mouth are beds of lignite and traces of oil and asphaltum. A party was reported as vigorously engaged in exploring the coal; but, since there is no harbor from which it could be shipped, even if a market existed, it seems unlikely that results of commercial importance will follow.

Prince William Sound is a picturesque sheet of water, surrounded by a fringe of fiords many of which still carry glaciers. In the southern part of the Sound copper pyrites have been found in large masses in several localities. If other conditions prove favorable, these deposits may become the seat of a new mining industry hitherto untried in Alaska. Surveys have been pushed by the officers of the army and the Coast Survey during the present season about the Copper River delta and in several of the fiords; a hospital for scurvy patients from the interior has been kept up, and many stranded prospectors who were able to work have been set at clearing trails until their accumulated wages would enable them to pay their way on the steamer out of the country. Invalids have been sent out at Government expense.

The effect upon the natives of the sudden influx of gold-seekers has been of two kinds. The energetic and hard-working native has prospered greatly, as his costume and domicile bear evidence. Those less sensible have fallen victims to the usual causes of mischief among the aborigines. Three years ago there were some 200 natives of Innuit stock in Prince William Sound. Now, I am informed on good authority, only 62 remain alive. A rapid diminution in the number of Indians in the Sitkan region is generally reported, and my own limited observations seemed to indicate that there is a foundation for these reports. The coming census enumeration will probably give more exact information.

In Cook's Inlet little change was to be noticed. The small area of placers near the head of the inlet and on Turnagain Arm have been worked as usual, and have paid a moderate return on the investment. The existence of large beds of glacial gravel on the Kenai peninsula east of the inlet led to unfounded claims of the presence of rich placers. A large number of people lost time and money in endeavoring to work these gravels, which are barren and are now wholly deserted. A large hydraulic outfit had been actually received, and, I am told, was abandoned on the beach without even being unpacked.

A new party has been prospecting the lignite beds of Kachekmak Bay during the present season, but we are not advised of the results. The former prospectors have withdrawn. Further to the westward, the Apollo mine, at Unga, is doing well, and, like the Treadwell, enlarging its plant.

Turning northward, the alleged discoveries at Cape Nome, on the north shore of Norton Sound, are the latest sensation. The region is without wood and the placer-ground of limited extent. Most of the ground is already claimed, and the general testimony is to the effect that the gold-bearing gravel is very thin; bedrock being reached, on the average, at a depth of two or three feet. Some gold has, no doubt, been obtained there, but it is probable that these diggings will prove of small importance.

From the Yukon, in Alaskan territory, superfluous and disappointed prospectors con-

tinue to emerge. A certain number of others come with them, who have been at work, say little, and do not appear discontented. Those who fail in Klondike usually go down the river and swell the tide of emigrants from St. Michael's. It is difficult, from the flood of more or less conflicting testimony, to select that which is reliable; but the best evidence is to the effect that a change is taking place similar to that recorded of Dawson, reason reasserting itself, and matters coming down to a business basis, while monuments of folly are stranded along the river from the boundary to the sea. The rush into the Kotzebue Sound region appears to have been a duplicate of the Copper River craze, and, like it, has resulted in a large mortality, much suffering, and a failure to obtain gold. It is probable that the wild schemes which obtained support in the early days of the Klondike excitement have had their day, and that investors in future will not waste money on snow-locomotives, steam-dredges for bars where there is no fuel, and toy steamers which cannot stem the current of the Yukon.

The prosecution of the salmon fisheries of the Territory is going on with vigor. Numerous small canneries have sprung up, often with a fleet of small steamers to sweep every bay and cove within reach. The fisheries at the great sources of supply, such as Karluk River, are gradually exhausting the fish, each year showing a smaller pack; little if any attempt is made to replenish by hatching out the young fish, and there is no enforcement of the restrictive features of the fishery laws, so that the eventual destruction of the salmon, in a commercial sense, appears to be only a question of time. The codfisheries languish for want of a market for their product; a few vessels sent out by a couple of firms seem to be able to supply all that the inhabitants of the shores of the Pacific at present are ready to consume.

The trade in continental furs is reduced to its lowest terms. The extraordinary prices which the last London sales brought out are a sign of the exhaustion of the supply, which becomes more and more evident with each succeeding year. The fur trade, as a business by itself, may almost be said no longer to exist in Alaska.

The Arctic whaling fleet of the present year does not exceed ten vessels. The pursuit of the whales from Herschell Island has driven the survivors into the recesses of the Banks Archipelago, where this year two or three vessels will follow them. The rendezvous at Herschell Island is to be abandoned, and within a few years Arctic whaling will be little more than a memory. From all of which we conclude that when man is pitted against the lower animals, his energy, persistency, and cunning will prove, in the long run, invincible. Anything bigger than a sparrow will in time be exterminated if it seems to the average man that he can profit by killing it. If this tendency is to continue unchecked, we may well wonder what is to be left for future generations. W. H. D.

PROF. DICEY ON THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION.

LONDON, August 1, 1899.

Prof. Dicey's first lecture before the Oxford University Extension meeting consisted in a comparison of the constitutionalism of Republican America, as exhibited in the Federal or the State constitutions, with the modern monarchical Constitution of England. The constitutions of the thirteen colonies, he said, were English; the Declaration of Independence effected no material change. The common law of England and English statute law up to 1776 still applied as before. The men who carried through the American Revolution were, like the Whigs of 1689, "the least revolutionary of Revolutionists." Nowhere more than in America, whence the French had been triumphantly expelled, was there greater exultation in the freedom of the English people, as contrasted with other European peoples who lived under despotisms. Americans shared to the full a prevalent belief that the prosperity of England was due to its Constitution. The complaint of the colonists was that in their case the principles of the Constitution had been violated. Washington, like George III., might have termed himself "a revolution Whig." Kent has recorded the great impression made on him by reading Blackstone's Commentaries, which had in America a circulation quite immense for the time. Montesquieu, then widely acknowledged as an authority on the English Constitution, was admired by Burke as much as by the authors of the 'Federalist.' At the moment of separation, the English Constitution "seemed to every American the model of a free government." Moreover, the English colonists brought to the New World, with the common law, "all those conceptions of individual freedom and the proper relation of the Government to private citizens which had found expression in the Constitution of England."

Turning now to details and qualifications, feudal elements surviving in England naturally disappeared in America, especially in New England, where Puritan ideals prevailed. Montesquieu's influence emphasized the importance of the principle of the separation of powers; and "the necessity for substituting a written and rigid for an unwritten and flexible constitution" worked changes far greater than American constitutionalists probably realized. A like reverence for the rule of law obtains in America and England, as contrasted with a tolerance, as in France and elsewhere, of special rights and special laws for the Executive and its agents. In both countries, "the private rights of citizens to personal liberty" are "the foundation rather than the result of the Constitution." Universal suffrage was not more essential to the American Constitution as originally framed than to that of England in 1786. The supremacy of the Constitution in America, and the consequent function of the judiciary in disregarding laws inconsistent with the Constitution, whether of the State or of the United States, is a point of clear difference between America and England. This American provision results from Montesquieu's doctrine as to the importance of the separation of the three powers. Another specifically American arrangement is that of the non-parliamentary executive. The President has powers which may enable him, under favoring circumstances, "to balance or even to overbalance the authority of Congress." His Cabinet officers are "just such a Ministry as George III. would have instituted if he could." It has been well said by Mr. Bryce that Abraham Lincoln was more powerful than had been any Englishman since Cromwell.

The subordination of Congress and the State Legislatures to the Constitution of the United States and of the several States was here dwelt upon, and the position of the judiciary was discussed. Suppose an English judge having to deal with a contract under the Gaming Act of 1892. If he holds that act to apply, he treats the contract as void, and his duty is done. It may be otherwise with an American, say a Philadelphian, judge, who may clearly see that the Pennsylvania act applies, and may yet have to disregard this act as in some definite way violating the State Constitution. In this particular an American judge has a duty not paralleled in the range of an English judge's functions.

Another peculiarly American constitutional practice is that of legislation by the people through a Constitutional Convention, which may be elected with the express purpose of limiting certain powers as exercised by a State Legislature. Such a convention differs materially from French constituent assemblies such as that of '48 or '71. The sovereignty of the French people is for the moment vested in such an assembly, which has more duties than that of framing a Constitution. The American Constitutional Convention is "the very best form of law-making by the people, for (1) it is not elected on party lines, (2) it may and does contain eminent men who would not, or could not, take part in ordinary political affairs; (3) its whole mind is devoted to constitution-making; (4) it is not distracted by national dangers or party considerations; (5) it cannot carry measures opposed to popular opinion."

Prof. Dicey's second lecture dealt with the working of the American Constitution. Briefly adverting to the fact that in his first lecture, a skeleton outline of the American Constitution, space had forbidden his doing justice to the Senate, the lecturer remarked that the building of a constitution was one thing and the working of it quite another. The latter depends upon the character and circumstances of the people who manage it. There were conspicuous merits in the working of the American Constitution. At the very outset it accomplished what was little short of a miracle in politics. There was a period between the Declaration of Independence and the final adoption of the present Constitution, which came after the Treaty of Paris and was therefore not a favorite subject of study for Englishmen. This period was characterized by a degree of political inefficiency on the part of the newly freed colonies that made its history a painful topic for Americans. To this period a term was set by the adoption of the Constitution, and the marvellous political success which the new order palpably organized and made possible served in large measure at once to account for and to justify the loyal enthusiasm with which Americans regarded their Constitution.

Three great and good results, among others mentioned by the lecturer, were impressively dwelt on. The Constitution had adapted itself to expansion of territory and population unparalleled in history. The area over which it is the ultimate and organizing law is prodigious, and the population under it had grown in 1890 from that of Switzerland, or about three millions, to sixty millions. Over

this vast empire there prevailed such absolute freedom in matters religious as was elsewhere unparalleled in history. This was a great consummation, as was also the substantial recognition of the rule of law in every part of the Union. Furthermore, Americans had achieved in an incredibly short space of time the complete abatement of the worst sort of bitter feelings ordinarily so persistent and ineradicable after sanguinary civil strife.

As to the defects in the working of the American Constitution, these attached, said Prof. Dicey, partly to circumstances and in some degree to the Constitution itself. Circumstances had been most favorable at the outset, but the strain of a sort of world invasion had been sudden and severe, with results of mixed good and evil. A trend towards a somewhat exclusive interest in the greater concerns of the nation at large, to the neglect of local and State issues, had been accentuated unhappily by the unscrupulous naturalization of raw and ignorant immigrants, often of more than questionable antecedents. Then, also, there was the custom inherent in various constitutional provisions of requiring that a member, whether of Congress or of a State Legislature, or even of the city Boards of Aldermen, should be eligible only by his immediate neighbors. No Congressional district could be represented by a member whose residence was outside of the narrow limits of the district. Apply such a rule retrospectively in England, and that remarkable group of reforming Whigs who lived mainly in Edinburgh, founded the *Edinburgh Review*, and got themselves elected to represent various boroughs not in Edinburgh and many of them bearing the unsavory title of Rotten Boroughs, could never have come to the front, could never have carried through that programme of necessary reform upon which the present soundness of the English Constitution so largely depended.

Inherent in the Constitution of America were also several serious defects, which could be summarily connected with what might be called its unresponsiveness. Its wise framers, fresh from the abuse of power at their expense by George III., nurtured in traditions full of analogous abuses of power in the colonies by irresponsible and incompetent colonial governors and other emissaries under the prerogative, had devised a system of checks and balances which effectually hampered the various powers of their body politic. But, in the working out of their system, responsibility had disappeared along with all possibility of the abuse of power. Hence arose a situation in which the Government at Washington did not feel responsible for the acts of the Government of say Illinois, while in Illinois necessary acts of government in the local interest were hampered and suspended in a vague expectation of interference from Washington. In the matter of taxation, there was an entire lack of any provision making it any one's duty to consider the whole amount of taxation imposed upon the people. Congress dealt with Federal taxes, while the several States imposed such local taxes as they deemed necessary. The prevalence of lynching and the small proportion of actual convictions for murder, as well as the alarming frequency of homicide, were then adverted to in feeling terms. The lecturer closed by hinting that the one thing most indispensable for righting the most glaring wrongs now made possible by the working of the American Constitution, was some modification of those constitutional provisions requiring those who receive political office by popular election to be actually resident in the district that elects them. The good men and true are there in America; let them but be brought to the front as they were when the Constitution was framed, and effectual remedies will not be far to seek.

Correspondence.

A HOME-MADE BATH-TUB.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Years ago there was a worthy lady among us who did much good and useful work through the news press of her day, heedless of the scoffing Philistines who sought, among other stupid and short-sighted methods of their kind, to cast ridicule on her reformatory efforts by mispronouncing her good Teutonic name of Swisshelm as Swizzle'em.

One of Mrs. Swisshelm's press letters gave detailed instruction to those of her own sex whose only appliances for lavatory processes, outside of water and towel, were restricted to a basin, but who were nevertheless as appreciative of that condition which ranks next to godliness, and, though unversed in methods, as anxious to experience it in their own persons, as their luckier sisters, whose bath-room facilities were of the amplest and most expensive sorts. The good lady, being very minute in her instructions as to the best way, with very limited material, in which to apply the purifying element to the whole body, a fine opportunity was afforded for the wit which finds its more congenial field in salacious ruts than in lustral operations; but doubtless there were thousands of poor, hard-working women who blessed the writer and her medium of communication for putting them in the way of enjoying, in privacy, full baths at as little cost as that of washing their hands and face.

What has brought to my recollection Mrs. Swisshelm's good letter in the cause of cleanliness, and its accompaniments of comfort and health, is that there have just been placed in my hands some copies of a printed sheet, headed "Cheap Baths," which its author has arranged to have distributed gratis, on application to the office of the Newport (R. I.) *Mercury*, and which shows how Mrs. Swisshelm's minimum appliances can, at a cost of fifty cents, be extended to a sufficient substitute for the hat-bath which is every morning—or oftener—brought into one's bedroom or dressing-room, for the exclusive use of each sleeper, in the finest country houses in England, and is filled to the required height with water for the use of the bather. This is done on the theory that a bath-tub confined to one person, and used in one's own room (though it lacks what we are apt to consider the crowning advantage of providing for complete immersion), is preferred by most people on the other side to waiting one's turn with others—sometimes at a considerable distance from one's room—for the long, fixed tub of our bath-rooms. That this preference is not confined to transatlantic people is proved by the fact that one of the most recently built and one of the finest and costliest marine villas in Newport does not possess a single bath-room.

The author of "Cheap Baths" has long been a recognized authority, in both hemispheres, on questions of the planning, construction, aeration, sunning, ventilating, and sanitation generally of congested urban districts; and the fact that he judges a home-made imitation, at nominal cost, of the house-furnisher's metallic or India-rubber hat-bath worthy his serious consideration, as in line with his prolonged, public-spirited efforts towards better housing and living, and that he has been at pains to give an elaborate description of and prescription for his invention, should, it seems to me, commend his sheet to reproduction or quotation, and to a good send-off at the hands of the press.

I enclose a copy. A. J. Bloor.

Stonington, Conn., August 8, 1899.

"YOUSE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Permit me to say a word in reference to the communication of G. A. Leavens, in a recent issue of the *Nation*, which has just come to my notice, regarding the word "youse." He is wrong in attributing the expression to the "foreign Celt." After acquiring it by association with the American-born, the foreign Celt *may use it;* but he could not possibly bring it into the country with him, as the word is never heard in his native land. Nor is the "Chicagoan," to whom he refers, correct in saying that the word is used in the sense of "yours." The word "youse" is a corruption of "you," second person, plural number, nominative case, and is heard in the speech of the illiterate native-born in New York State. When the "foreign Celt" does not say "you," he says "ye."

Respectfully yours, M. Fitz C.

Rochester, N. Y., August 7, 1899.

Notes.

The Funk & Wagnalls Co. announce a 'Standard Encyclopædia' companionable with and supplementary to their 'Standard Dictionary.' The size of the work is not estimated.

'The Vizier of the Two-Horned Alexander,' by Frank R. Stockton, with illustrations by Reginald Birch, and Paul Leicester Ford's 'The Many-Sided Franklin,' are among the fall publications of the Century Co., along with Mrs. Burton Harrison's new novel, 'The Circle of a Century.' Six of this author's books have been taken over from Lamson, Wolffe & Co. by the Century Co., as well as two of Mr. Charles F. Lummis's from their former publishers.

A. S. Barnes & Co. will shortly publish 'The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry,' by Prof. John Phelps Fruit.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will soon issue 'A General Survey of American Literature,' by Miss Fisher, author of 'A Group of French Critics.'

Special interest attaches to the announcement of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. that Mr. Walter H. Page has resigned the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and has accepted an invitation to take a prominent post in the direction of the literary work of the allied

houses of Harper & Brothers and the Doubleday & McClure Co. His successor in the editorship of the *Atlantic* is Mr. Bliss Perry, the well-known novelist and essayist, lately appointed to the Holmes professorship of English literature at Princeton University.

Prof. J. Mark Baldwin's 'Social and Ethical Interpretations in Mental Development' (Macmillan), which we noticed at some length a year ago, has meantime been translated into French by Prof. Duprat, and appears as No. 18 of the "Bibliothèque Sociologique Internationale" of M. René Worms (Paris: V. Giard & E. Brière). In a new preface, which bears date of Princeton, January, 1899, Prof. Baldwin sets forth his relation to M. Tarde and to Bagehot in respect of views reached in common by these three thinkers, yet independently and by different routes. Some differences with M. Tarde are also touched upon. The French version fills almost exactly the same number of pages as the original.

One has only to read Mrs. Walworth's report on the convalescent camp at Montauk to recognize the value, as incidental history of the late war, of the statistical volume, 'Women's National War Relief Association,' just published in this city by the Board of Directors. While its numerous portrait illustrations (added to many others) make its aim seem partly monumental, it is a veritable "document," proving for the thousandth time, in Mrs. Walworth's words, "that war is tragedy; that war is hell." Above all, it is the mismanagement, misjudgment, and miscalculation or want of calculation manifested by the War Department which shine in these pages.

What such a publication as this, or the professional 'Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion,' does to evolve a truthful image of war, the Medical Reports regularly issued by the Imperial Maritime Customs at Shanghai do towards revealing the mode of life of the Chinese. That for the half-year ended September 30, 1898, the latest to hand, contains Dr. Macdonald's report on the health of Wuchow—a city which, he says, "like all I have ever seen or heard of in Cathay, is an overcrowded, unsanitary slum, in which it would be futile for Europeans to attempt to retain health, and utter folly to attempt to rear their families." Its "execrable" state he exhibits in detail. "This is a joyless town," and "melancholy is emphasized by the custom of public wailing." "The people are not fond of reading; they attend no stimulating public meetings; they are profoundly ignorant and without resources. This is one cause of the opium habit."

We have received from the Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co. of Los Angeles, Cal., a volume entitled 'The Free Harbor Contest,' by Charles Dwight Willard. The contest was between those who wished to get a Government appropriation for constructing a harbor at San Pedro, and those who insisted that the money should be spent at Port Los Angeles. The latter port was favored by the Southern Pacific Railroad, which controlled the land approaches; and the manner in which its cause was maintained in Congress is told with much vivacity by Mr. Willard. In fact, his book is of value chiefly as showing how laws are passed and how appropriations are determined by Congress. Even after the victory was won by the advocates of San Pedro, it seems, Secretary Alger was induced to delay action until they trembled lest their astute enemies might after all triumph.

'Otia Merseiana' is the title of the first volume, generously printed, of an annual publication intended as the medium of the new Arts Faculty of University College, Liverpool (London: Th. Wohlleben; New York: G. E. Stechert). Ten papers, long and short, offer a variety suited to many tastes. The greatest space is accorded to two lectures, by R. Caton, on the Temples and Ritual of Asklepios at Epidaurus and Athens, with numerous interesting illustrations. Next comes Dr. V. H. Friedel's "Études Campostellanes," or study of the Codex Calixtinus, a "codex archetypus," preserved in the cathedral of St. James of Campostella. It would, he says, have been revised by a second visit to the archives, but for the return of the sick soldiers from Cuba, which made the province of Galicia very unsanitary. Another long article is that by E. H. Parker on the Population and Revenue of China, in which the enormous fluctuations in the number of inhabitants are to be noted. R. J. Lloyd's "Attempted Reformation in the Pronunciation of Ancient Greek"; Kuno Meyer's "Stories and Songs from Irish MSS."; R. Priebsch's "Chief Sources of Some Anglo-Saxon Homilies," and John Sampson's "A Welsh Romani Folk-Tale [The Master-Thief]," are still other dishes in an excellent feast.

M. Jules Lemaître has taken a hand in the anti-Masonic propaganda in France. In a little volume, 'La Franc-Maçonnerie' (Paris: M. A. Leret), he shows an astonishing familiarity with the doings of the secret order of which he, of course, is not a member. The harmful influence of the Freemasons, according to him, dates from the beginning of the present Republican régime, when they became a political agency and anti-religious sect. It was in consequence of this transformation that, in 1888, the American lodges broke off all relations with the "Grand Orient" of France. What the present propaganda is aiming at is the application of the existing law relative to secret societies to the Freemasons, and, furthermore, the right of association for all legimate purposes. Another publication bearing the same title as the above (and the imprint of Perrin & Cie.), contains the results of a study of Freemasonry in France, by M. Georges Goyau, published last spring in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Its tenor is the same as that of M. Lemaître's book, which it even surpasses in fulness of detail pertaining to the machinations of French Freemasonry during the last thirty years.

The comparison of the English and the French by M. Demolins (known to our readers), and now by a writer using the *nom de guerre* of "Anold," reminds one of a discussion between freshmen as to the relative merits of Homer and Shakspere. Anold protests that, were it not for M. Demolins, a comparison between the two peoples would never have occurred to him; "for, in order to compare two individuals, it is necessary that they should have something in common." Nevertheless, he has chosen for his title 'À Quoi tient la Supériorité des Français sur les Anglo-Saxons' (Paris: Fayard Frères), and his register of Anglo-Saxon sins is quite as long as M. Demolins's catalogue of virtues. His conclusion is that in physical power and energy the Anglo-Saxons are superior to the French, but are their inferiors intellectually and morally and, above all, in the realm of art. The writer indulges in much sarcasm, he is often flippant and sometimes silly, his judgment of conditions in the United States is incorrect, and in his fear and condemnation of all foreign influence he is a thorough *chauvin*. Yet his criticisms of M. Demolins are often well taken, and his book, as a source of information on contemporary France, is worth reading, more especially the second half, "Le mal dont nous souffrons," in which he is, in his own way, quite as severe as M. Demolins himself, and whose every page reflects the lurid political atmosphere hanging over Republican France.

Some idea of the proportions which the Dreyfus literature has reached may be formed from the fact that a single Paris publisher, P. V. Stock, has on his list eighty-eight publications on the *Affaire*, or bearing some relation to it. Some of these publications are pamphlets, but most of them are volumes listed at from one to twelve francs each.

M. James Hocart, a Frenchman by birth, a British subject, and at present a liberal Protestant pastor at Brussels, has published in a volume, 'La Question Juive' (Paris: Fischbacher), five lectures, in which he defends the Jews against the accusations of the anti-Semites, and more especially against the insincere and ill-founded attacks of Édouard Drumont. The book is written in a generous spirit, and the arguments—historical, ethnological, religious, and economical—are supported by the best of authorities. The writer recalls the fact that there are in all France, according to M. Leroy-Beaulieu, only about 80,000 Jews (Reinach puts the number still lower), while Drumont asserts that their number in Paris alone amounts to from 120,000 to 140,000, and in the provinces to 400,000.

Handy volumes of well-selected French popular songs are rare. Prof. Jakob Ulrich's 'Französische Volkslieder' (Leipzig: Rangersche Buchhandlung) will therefore be welcomed by students and teachers in that field. It was published to supply a want felt by the editor himself when delivering a course of lectures on French folksong at the University of Zürich. Ballads and romances form the majority of the selections, but the other species of popular songs are also represented.

A little lesson in French has been administered in Canada on occasion of a sonnet to Sir W. Laurier produced in Parliament on a hot day by C. A. Gauvreau, M.P. The Montreal *Reveil* (June 3) took it up at various points, beginning with the first line—

"Il n'a rien *affronté*, lui dont le nom sans tache"—

which seemed to be contradicted by a later one—

"Il *combattit* pourtant, superbe et sans relâche."

This criticism had an echo in Parliament, when the Opposition taxed Sir Wilfrid, by confession of M. Gauvreau, with not having braved (*affronté*) anything, exposed himself to anything, looked anything in the face, combated. M. Laurier came to the rescue of his admirer, maintaining that the meaning which the poet intended for *affronter* was 'to deceive' (*tromper*); so that the first phrase should read, "Il ne s'est pas rendu coupable de tromperie." To this the *Reveil* replies (July 8) that the dictionaries are unanimous in making 'deceive' an obsolete meaning, and that such an application in the sonnet would be purely fantastical.

An historical word-study of the term "pa-

gan," or, rather, its German equivalent, "Heide," of unusual interest, is found in the *Neue Kirchliche Zeitschrift*, No. 1, *a. c.*, from the pen of Prof. Th. Zahn. He shows that the derivation of the word from "pagus," a village, in the sense that the villagers, accepting Christianity later than the city population, were early regarded as the representatives of paganism, cannot possibly be correct because it is in conflict with actual historical facts. Rather "paganus" is the opposite of "miles," the oldest conception of a Christian being that of a warrior, and the former term was often used in the sense of a non-military person. The "pagani" were accordingly those who were not soldiers of the cross. Zahn's study, which covers more than twenty-five pages, is a notably complete and exhaustive discussion. We remark that in the Oxford Dictionary the parallel sense of "rustic" for "heathen" is discredited, the difficulties alleged being both chronological and etymological.

The Berlin musical correspondent of the Milan *Perseveranza* (issue of July 18) writes of two attempts in Germany to make an opera of Hauptmann's 'Die Versunkene Glocke.' One, by Heinrich Zöllner, has already been performed, without giving satisfaction to the Hauptmannites, yet offering some interest to musicians. The absence of recitatives was felt, and the Bell itself was ineffective when it sounded. The general treatment was Wagnerian.

The *Annales de Géographie* for July opens with an article by Prof. W. M. Davis of Harvard, in which he defends his theory of the formation of the peneplain against the arguments of Prof. R. S. Tarr of Cornell. This is followed by an anthropogeographic study of Corsica, in which Prof. F. Ratzel attempts to show how its insular position has affected its history. Prof. Lévi of the Collège de France has an interesting sketch of a recent journey across Siberia by rail, steamer, and tarantass. He gives evidences of the energy and wisdom with which the Russians are developing the resources of the country. The Government grants very few concessions for mines in the gold district, for instance, fearing that the gold-fever, already very strong, might "compromise or ruin" the normal growth. Travellers are very numerous, and include, besides officials and engineers, many commercial agents. The railway, on account of its hasty construction, light rails, and weak roadbed, is deemed "a strategic instrument of doubtful value." There are also minor articles on agriculture in France, the maritime commerce of Germany, some illustrated notes on an Algerian plain, and on the economic value of Samoa.

In accordance with a resolution of Congress approved March 1, the United States Geological Survey publishes Maps and Descriptions of Routes of Exploration in Alaska in 1898, together with general information concerning the Territory. The folded maps are ten in number, one (general) showing previous routes of exploration during the present century.

The development of the regions within the Arctic Circle is not confined to Alaska or the Yukon. In an account of the Murmanian coast by F. Immanuel, which occupies the whole of the main part of the sixth number of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, the story is told of the construction of a naval station and commercial port at Katharine Haven in the extreme northwestern part of Russia. Here, on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, in an absolute wilderness, seven hundred miles from the base of supplies, is a town with Government buildings, church, schools, biological laboratory, telegraph, tramway, and electric lights. A dry-dock for large vessels is planned, and work has probably already begun on a railway which is to connect the port with St. Petersburg. The ceremonial opening of Alexandrovsk, which has been but three years building, was to have taken place in July in the presence of the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch, for whom the town is named. Its great importance lies in the fact that, through the influence of the Gulf Stream, it is ice-free throughout the winter. This was known to Peter the Great, who first conceived the idea, which his successor has at length carried out, of making it a naval station. The commercial value of the coast lies mainly in the cod fishery, 963 vessels having been engaged in it in the summer of 1895. The Government is making serious efforts to improve the condition of the fishing folk by schools and loans for the purchase of boats and tackle.

A Danish northern-lights expedition has just left Copenhagen for Iceland. Its headquarters will be at Akureyri, a prettily situated little town on Iceland's northern coast—one not without social attractions, and having a small public library as well as several important trading establishments. The expedition has been for several months under preparation, and its members have been carefully practised in the use of the instruments, all of the latest construction, which it carries with it. While the headquarters will remain at Akureyri, an auxiliary station will be established on a high hill not far away, and the two stations will be connected both by telephone and by an optical telegraph. The Director of the Danish Meteorological Office, Dr. Adam Paulsen, is at the head of the expedition. He will test his own published theories on the aurora, as well as all the other late ones advanced by various scientists. Among the instruments to be used are photographic ones of great accuracy, and others of a novel character for the measurement of aerial electricity. Dr. La Cour and Dr. Jantzen are the two chief aids to Dr. Paulsen, while Count Harold Moltke is attached to the corps as its artist. The expedition will return in May, 1900.

From recent statistics of the vaccinations at the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, it appears that of 1,465 persons treated in 1898, all but three were cured. The mortality, which in 1886 was 94 per cent., has thus been reduced to about 20 per cent. In the thirteen years from the foundation of the Institute till the end of 1898, 21,631 persons were treated in Paris, and of these 99 died.

The bill for providing seats for shop-girls in Scotland has been rejected by the House of Lords after it had gone successfully through the House of Commons. The Parliamentary committee of the Scottish Trades-Union Congress had readily agreed to coöperate in promoting the bill, and it was at their instance that it had been brought forward by the Scottish members of Parliament. The extent of the outcry that has been raised against this action on the part of the Lords shows how near to the heart of the nation lie all questions of social legislation at the present time, and how far the standard of moral responsibility has been moved up.

—*Scribner's* for August is avowedly a fiction number, and to that end contribute, among others, Richard Harding Davis, in a moment more or less *perdu*, Dr. Van Dyke in canoeing mood, Thomas Nelson Page with a well-told story of the South in the dark days succeeding carpet-bag rule, and Albert Vorse White in a clever sketch of New York's Italian Marionette Theatre, illustrated by a red right-hand. Space to breathe, how short soever, from fiction, is granted to a few papers. Senator Hoar's second one on Daniel Webster gives that statesman's impression of London in '39, when he visited the Parliament houses and found himself knowing more than his guide. Mention is made of Mr. Jeremiah Evarts as a devotee to the cause of the Indian, to which cause, indeed, he gave his life. He claimed to have had Webster's promise of support, but nothing more seems to have come of it than a memorandum in Webster's handwriting, evidently for a speech to be made in the Senate in the Indian's behalf. Mr. Hoar commends to the youth of the country, for careful study, Everett's 'Life of Webster' as on a par with the 'Agricola of Tacitus.' He quotes a letter of Lord Ashburton's to Webster as vindication, in its tone of esteem, of Webster's integrity in the Maine boundary settlement. From one sentence in the letter, "I do not pretend to be a free-trader for America," our Senator derives great comfort, wishing that "many of our English advisers and many Americans who have been prone to take their advice, had been as sensible." Robert Louis Stevenson's letters in this month's instalment embrace, among others, several to Mr. William Archer, whose criticisms of Stevenson the latter calls "very bright and neat, and often excellently true." The whole paper is, as Stevenson writes to Henry James of the 'Princess Casamassima,' "full of lineament." Two agreeable outdoor articles are Ernest Seton Thompson's "The Trail of the Sandhill Stag," blending natural history and poetry under a thin veil of fiction, and Theodore Wores's on "Japanese Flower Arrangement," both charmingly illustrated by their writers.

—In *Harper's*, one of the inevitable warlike numbers is by Lieutenant Calkins of the United States Navy, on the Filipino Insurrection of '96, made from a study of Spanish archives left in Manila. The story of Blanco's failure is thus summed up: "Spain's colonial policy could not be carried on by men who strove to be simple and loyal, hopeful and humane." Aguinaldo's career is followed dispassionately but admiringly, and modern conquest in the Philippines is declared never to have extended itself "many miles beyond the range of naval artillery"—a lesson which he who executes may read. Rear-Admiral Beardslee writes entertainingly of his share as a small and clandestine midshipman in an episode of the Taiping Rebellion. Dr. Wyeth relates with unction an incident in the career of the Confederate General N. B. Forrest, who, with an inferior force, captured Colonel Streight's bold raiders after five days of eventful pursuit. An Alabama girl of sixteen conducted Gen.

Forrest to an old ford across Black Creek after Streight's men had burned the bridge, and the fiery General's phonetically spelled note, "left on the bureau" for "Miss Ema Sanson," conveying his "highest Regardes for hir gallant Conduct while my forse was skirmishing with the Federals," gives local color to the picture, especially when from Miss Sanson's account we find that the sly dog had time while she rode behind him in hot haste to the ford to ask her for a lock of her hair. Most haunting and grim of all the echoes of war is Mr. Frederic Remington's story of a Reconcentrado, with his own characteristic illustrations.

—While the conclusion of the letter H by Dr. Murray in the Oxford Dictionary (New York: H. Frowde) is not that of volume v. (H—K), it is nevertheless a notable mark of progress in the mighty work and a subject of hearty congratulation. This section of the vocabulary, we are reminded, is, apart from some prolific Greek compounds, predominantly English. "*H* is not silent in any word of Old English or native origin"; and of all the native words from Ha- to Hu- inclusive, a very large proportion have come down from the earliest periods of the language. Hence, all along the line, the etymologies are obscure, and in the tract Horizontality—Hywe we are balked by *hovel, hoyden, hub, huckster, huddle, hug, humbug, hummock, hump,* and *husk,* to mention only a few. *Humbug,* a cant word, came into vogue about 1750, and directly, in 1751, it was shortened to *hum.* The dialectal word *hub,* though occurring in print as early as 1649, first found dictionary recognition at the hands of Webster in 1828; and when, thirty years later, Dr. Holmes, in the 'Autocrat,' styled Boston State-house "the hub of the solar system," the town presently received the nickname of "The Hub," and the word acquired a universal literary currency in a tropical sense. The same edition of Webster first listed the American word *hydrant,* as useful a vocable as it is irregular in its formation. Marryat jotted it down in his cisatlantic diary in 1839, and it is now fully naturalized in his country. Indigenous are likewise our *hourly* (an omnibus), probably quite obsolete and perhaps always confined to Boston; *hostile* (an Indian on the warpath); *house-lot; how?* (for *what?*), one of Holmes's pet aversions; *hunker,* offspring of the forties, but of uncertain derivation; and *horse-sense,* not traced beyond 1870, when it appeared to be a Western neologism. The sense of 'coarse,' 'robust,' here attributed to *horse* in composition and often exemplified, is not allowed to *horse-chestnut,* in which we are bid see a connection between the animal and his food, as between him and his tormentor in *horse-fly.* Yet the corresponding German *Roszkastanie* offered (p. 398) for comparison harmonizes with manifold uses of *Rosz-* signifying 'coarse,' as *Roszveilchen* (p. 397). However, the old botanical name, *Castanea equina,* appears decisive. The unscientific unit called *horse-power* practically overloads the beast one-third. Lincoln's phrase about swapping horses while crossing a stream, and Caleb Cushing's revolutionary vision of a "man on horseback" putting an end to this republic, have escaped Dr. Murray's readers or sub-editors.

—The perpetual struggle between the written and the spoken word is illustrated in the case of *housewife,* which has three modes of pronunciation conceded to it, the first being as if each word were uttered separately; the next, "huzwif" and "huzzif." Another century might have been added to the citations under *housewifely* if Cowper's "Poet's Cat" had been remembered:

> "When in came, *housewifely* inclined,
> The chambermaid. . . ."

Hullabaloo has been a long time in finding its feet, orthographically; Southey wrote it "hallaballoo" in 1800, adding, "I never saw that word in a dictionary," and after 137 years it is "of still unsettled form." A like discord is observable in *Humeism* and *Humism, Hu'mean, Humian,* and *Hume'ian*—all relating to the philosopher. "*Humour* is now usual in Great Britain, *humor* in U. S.," and the English formations *(e. g., humoured, humourless, humoursome)* retain, with Dr. Murray, the *u,* while derivatives of a Latin type *(e. g., humorist, humorous)* drop the needless vowel. In this way a sort of poetic balance is maintained in Anglo-America. In defining humor it is said to be "distinguished from wit as being less purely intellectual, and as having a sympathetic quality in virtue of which it often becomes allied to pathos." The quoted definitions are noticeably sparse. Lowell's "Humor in its first analysis is a perception of the incongruous" is best, though it stops short. Some have found humor, as in the familiar conundrum, to be a perception of similarity in things unlike; wit, of differences in things like. We observe that *hydropathy* is stressed upon the *o* without an alternative on the *a,* which is often, perhaps oftenest, heard in this country (and so with *allopathy,* but not with *homœopathy*). All early words in English compounded of *hypo-,* we learn, were pronounced with short *y,* upon the Greek analogy. "The later tendency in the South of England has been to treat *y* in all positions except before two consonants as [long *i*], and, against etymology and history, to say *hȳposulphate,*" etc. This double usage is indicated throughout.

—The last volume in the series of public-school histories, that devoted to Winchester College and written by Mr. Arthur F. Leach, Assistant Charity Commissioner (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), contains a good deal of new information, and will doubtless be valued, in the absence of something better, by the audience to which it especially appeals. But "those unfortunates who are not Wykehamists" will find it exceedingly dull. Unless they are already acquainted with the arrangements of the school, much that Mr. Leach says will be quite unintelligible. School patriotism is an excellent thing; and perhaps such a series as this appears in is not the place to look for any large or philosophic handling of the history of English education. A graceful style, again, is not so common that we can insist upon it; but clearness and correctness of expression we certainly have a right to expect. Headmasters' English is already a subject of scoffing; and this series of public school histories may end, if the editors do not take care, in furnishing one more argument against the system they eulogize. Yet the book deals with some topics which ought to be of interest to the general reader. Among them may be noticed the influence of the example of Winchester, the first of the great scholastic foundations, on the organization of Eton in the fifteenth century, and of Westminster in the sixteenth (pp. 198 seq., 300 seq.); the thoroughgoing and apparently successful defence of London and Bedell, the two Visitors at the Dissolution of the Monasteries, damned by most modern historians, but taken under Mr. Leach's Wykehamical wing (pp. 247 seq.); the ridicule which Mr. Leach pours on the conventional belief that the Roundheads were hostile to learning (pp. 339 seq.); and the amusing assertion that Arnold's "real work" at Rugby "was to introduce more Winchester notions" (pp. 414 seq.). In reviewing lately Mr. Rouse's 'History of Rugby School,' we notice his desire to diminish Arnold's claim to respect as a reformer by insisting on the merits of his Rugby predecessors. We should like to know what he has to say to this Wykehamist version of Rugby history!

—In 'The Natural History of the Musical Bow,' a brochure of some 90 pages (New York: Henry Frowde), Mr. Henry Balfour, Curator of the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Oxford, discusses a subject which to many, even among musical, people will be no less surprising than new. Saturated, as we are, with the elaborate music of our concert-rooms, and accustomed to the sonorous effects of a hundred instruments played together, we can hardly conceive that any human being can find his highest musical ideal in the low twanging of a bowstring struck with a reed. Yet such is the case with countless multitudes inhabiting nearly one-half of one continent and considerable portions of two more, besides many islands of the sea. We are accustomed to regard the bow as something to play with; for them it is something to play on. A scant resonance is given to this unpromising instrument by pressing it against, or holding it in, the teeth; but it remains audible, at best, only a few feet from the performer. Yet the South African will sit for hours together pleasing himself with the few notes which he can produce by changing the form and size of the mouth-cavity, and which no one else is enjoying, or even hearing. It must not be supposed that this primitive type of the musical bow is the only one. In other regions we find it fortified by various contrivances to give it some little resonance. This is usually done by the aid of half a gourd, or calabash, attached by its closed end to the bow, or else set on the ground as a rest for the bow when struck. In all these forms of the instrument, however other arrangements may vary, the bowstring is almost invariably divided into two unequal lengths by a ligature which draws it inward toward the bow, sometimes to actual contact with it; and this ligature is, no doubt, the original of the bridge in our stringed instruments. But we must not anticipate Mr. Balfour's revelations. In a future work he promises still greater marvels—nothing short of the genesis of most of our stringed instruments from this simple monochord. And, indeed, when one thinks of it, what is a Hebrew *kinnor,* or a harp of the ancient Assyrian or Egyptian type, but just such a bow strung with several bowstrings instead of but one? All this and more we hope to see thoroughly explained in the promised book. Of the present little work we can say that it is extremely interesting, easily understood, and, at the same time, of great value as a contribution to ethnographical studies; because, if we can trace one such primitive instrument in all its migrations from the place of its origin, we shall be greatly as-

sisted in determining the migration of mankind in those regions and the filiation of races. The pamphlet is copiously illustrated, has a good index, and is also furnished with an instructive map showing the "habitat" of the musical bow, so far as at present ascertained.

KNAPP'S BORROW.

Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow (1803-1881). Based on Official and Other Authentic Sources. By William I. Knapp. Two volumes. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899.

Mr. Birrell, who has several times made deliverances on the subject of Borrow, somewhere remarks that, while no biography has yet appeared, we need not regret the lack of one, since 'Lavengro' tells his own story so well. And he furthermore censures the rashness of the writer who shall put himself in the lists with such an autobiographer. We are glad that fear of this kind has not deterred Prof. Knapp from telling in a sober, unembellished way the tale of "El Gitano's" strange and rugged career. Goethe's title, 'Aus meinem Leben: Wahrheit und Dichtung,' inevitably suggests itself when one is reading the adventures which begin with 'Lavengro,' run through the 'Romany Rye,' and are concluded with the 'Bible in Spain.' "How much of this is truth, how much poetry or enlargement?" is a question not to be dodged by either the hostile or the friendly critic. It perplexed the early reviewers of the series, and although it may have stimulated the sale of the 'Bible in Spain,' it certainly deprived 'Lavengro' and the 'Romany Rye' of the immediate success which they deserved. Until the doubt be set at rest by careful, sympathetic, and honest inquiry, Borrovians must remain without the means of estimating the real character of books which constantly excite their interest and admiration.

Prof. Knapp has approached his task in precisely the right spirit. He recognizes that there is no need whatever of a fanciful or romantic biography. An ill-advised author possessing a great mass of Borrow's MSS. might have been tempted to work up picturesque incidents—the gleanings or débris of 'Lavengro'—and supplement Borrow's own narrative in an imitation of his style. But Prof. Knapp is kept by reverence for his subject (let alone by discretion) in the dependent relation which a good biographer should assume, and he properly selects for his function the detachment of fact from mystery. How necessary detective work is in a Life of Borrow, may be gathered from two illustrations. He constantly represents himself, in correspondence and in official documents, as being a good deal younger than he is; and during the "veiled period" of seven years which lies between the end of the 'Romany Rye' and the commencement of his connection with the Bible Society, he was devilling for publishers in London and Norwich, instead of wandering through Transylvania, the Levant, and Asia. He knew his own age quite well, but desired the praise of precocity, while pride in another form kept back any free confession of the miseries which he suffered after he left the road. Other similar tangles, wilfully constructed, baffle Borrow's biographer, besides the commonplace difficulties which are due to mere gaps in the record.

It is not probable that Prof. Knapp would confirm the statement that he has the same feeling towards Borrow which Baudelaire had towards Poe. Still, when one confesses to an enthusiasm which has been maintained for fifty years, he discloses a profound depth of affection. In the case of Borrow as in that of Poe, many faults of disposition confront the casual acquaintance and pain the devotee. A capacity for bitter hatred, growing crabbedness of temper, suspicion of good friends, and an unsleeping pride are defects which no candid writer can conceal, and Prof. Knapp does not even make apologies for them. His attitude is: "In the end, when all the data lie before you, you will come to know the man. The only key to his methods, as to his heart, is sympathy." So much for the biographer's general tone. When we approach details, we find that Prof. Knapp—himself a well-known student of language—lays less stress on Borrow's philological attainments than on his genius. In the petulant appendix to the 'Romany Rye,' a singular claim is put forward on behalf of the "philological pearls" which 'Lavengro' contains; and whereas almost every reader will pass lightly over this smattering of polyglot words and phrases, Borrow undoubtedly considered that he displayed the most surprising erudition in all his books. Prof. Knapp, like other specialists, finds him versatile but somewhat inaccurate. "Il savait parfaitement son grimoire, but in writing he suffered from Babel." Character and literary genius rather than knowledge of tongues are Borrow's chief claims to his biographer's services and devotion.

Few authors have ingratiated themselves with the best judges of literary merit by writing solely about themselves, and among them is Borrow. Exceptional experiences, original reflections, or attractive traits must be possessed by the man who can so hold his readers that the egotism of his strain is not tedious or disgusting. In almost every case, too, where this success has been won, the magic of style is added to the other qualities. We admit that Borrow, towards the end, lost a large part of his audience; but among the remnant are some shining names. How did he recommend himself at the outset, and why, having reached such eminence as he enjoyed between 1843 and 1845, did he die forsaken and forgotten?

Borrow's claims upon the attention of a later age are at least two-fold and separate in nature. Had he never published ten pages, his personality would still be memorable, and then he could, at his best, write a fascinating story. Consider the physical prowess of our average man of letters in the present century, and imagine where he would have stood socially in the Viking Age. A large number of our modern scribes would, we fear, have gone to the wall in the ninth century. Not so Borrow. He, like Sir Richard Burton and Col. Fred. Burnaby, could have taken his part then or at any epoch, just as Isopel Berners does in 'Lavengro.' Six feet three, muscular, ready of speech in twenty or thirty languages, a good boxer, a life-saving swimmer, an accomplished horseman, dowered with striking features, and hair which wore from early manhood the silver of old age, what a figure was Don Jorge in his prime, and what a companion on English heath or Spanish despoblado! He felt keenly the intellectual cravings of the scholar and the physical power of the athlete or the fighter. A being thus endowed is seldom humble, and, when he finds that the world will buy his books, what wonder if his self-confidence oversteps discretion?

Borrow suffered not so much from excessive as from misdirected pride, and we may discover the cause of subsequent calamities in the circumstances of his youth. He lacked regular training, by which we mean in part the discipline of teachers, and even more the discipline begotten by contact with one's fellows. His father was a captain who rose from the ranks, and his mother had been a supernumerary in a company of strolling players. He would not imply that his parents were of themselves unworthy or thoughtless of the boy's real welfare, but they had not the means of helping him forward in the best way. Prosperity at the start would have been everything to Borrow. It would have mellowed his temper, and made him less scornful of those who might be his peers in cleverness and well-meaning, although accident had given them the "advantages" of ancestors, wealth, and a regular education.

When one is conscious of a certain genius, and good fortune persistently turns her face the other way for thirty years, he must be gifted with an uncommonly sweet temper if he escapes without ugly traces of his early hardships. Borrow's disposition would probably have required careful watching in any case, and, so far as we can trace his boyish development, it received little or none. The privations born of poverty entered into his soul, and even after marriage had driven away the wolf their vestiges remained. Writing to his wife from London in 1854, he says: "My spirits are very low and your letters make them worse. I shall probably return by the end of next week; but I shall want more money. I am sorry to spend money, for it is our only friend, and God knows I use as little as possible, but I can't travel without it." And, again, four days later: "The money arrived safely, but whether it will be sufficient is a question. Perhaps you had better send another note, and I will bring it home unchanged, if I do not want any part of it. I have lived very economically as far as I am concerned personally; I have bought nothing, and have been working hard at the Museum. Our money is our best friend."

However one may account for Borrow's successive estrangements from his friends, and the increasing isolation which is so pathetic a feature of his closing years, there can be little doubt that the unfavorable reception of 'Lavengro' affected him most painfully and permanently. When the 'Bible in Spain' was rapidly passing through edition after edition, some of those who knew how unusual the ex-colporteur's life had been, encouraged him to publish other personal sketches. For instance, Richard Ford, the *Quarterly* reviewer, suggested a 'Bible in Russia,' and felt certain that the gypsy vein could be worked still further. Owing, perhaps, to such promptings, but in great part to his deep subjectivity, Borrow began the full narrative of his nurture as a student of languages. Fortunately he could enliven the tale with rare glimpses of wayfaring folk, and unfortunately he could make it an engine for directing certain flings at the Pope and genteel society. After long delays in the preparation, and after the public had been more than once led in vain to expect its appearance, the book issued from

Murray's press in 1851, just when the Ecclesiastical Titles feud raged fiercest and when the air reëchoed with shouts of No Popery. To be sure, the anti-Romanist part had been written long before, but the critics got a wrong impression, and, considering 'Lavengro' in the light of a foolish, hastily conceived attack on Wiseman's propaganda, handled it roughly. Borrow, who had designed something which should outdo the 'Bible in Spain,' became savage under the lash, assumed a bitter attitude towards the literary part of mankind, and through disappointment grew irritable, morose, and unhappy. At intervals a walking tour would restore his spirits for the moment, but between the publication of 'Lavengro' and his death in 1881 he enjoyed few days of settled calm. This mood of hostility or revolt also affected the springs of his literary impulse, and withheld him from making any further ventures on a large scale except the 'Romany Rye,' which concludes 'Lavengro,' and 'Wild Wales.' After his wife's death in 1869 he seldom saw any one, and, owing to his step-daughter's neglect, he actually died alone.

Borrow felt a great deal of affection for certain persons, especially for members of his own family, and he could be extremely generous, but one sees little of the romantic lover in him. He held high standards of decency and honor, resenting breaches of them in others whether he were directly affected or not. Indeed, his striving for robust, manly ends is what endears him to thousands who, through thick mists of prejudice, catch frequent glimpses of his sincerity. One is often staggered by petty misrepresentations contrived in the main for self-glorification, but the whole list of them would no more furnish serious ground for a charge of dishonesty than his hobnobbing with gypsies in the Peninsula would supply a charge of disloyalty to the Bible Society. He was clearly erratic, in his younger days a victim to mental disturbances or *Anfechtungen* which he called the Horrors, often on the verge of suicide, and always angular even when famous and relieved from money embarrassments. The great thing is that he should have ever emerged so triumphantly from gloom as to produce the scene with the gypsy hag at Merida, the fight with the Flaming Tinman, and the score of similar passages which will remain perennially delightful. When the clouds are off his soul, he has a strength and freedom which are precious enough to be reckoned a true gift of the gods.

The chief business of Borrow's biographer, we have already said, is to compare the episodes of the 'Lavengro' series with established facts, and thereby to help us criticise the autobiographical books for ourselves. Prof. Knapp fully recognizes the need of holding fast to this purpose, and, after bringing together almost all the available data, he has reached a definite conclusion. He is convinced that Borrow confined himself to actual events at the outset of the composition, and, despite his statement in the appendix to the 'Romany Rye,' meant it for a strict autobiography. Take, for example, a characteristic exploit of Borrow's London days—*teste* 'Lavengro'—the hurried production of 'Joseph Sell.' Prof. Knapp says:

"We now come to the crucial test. If all the rest of 'Lavengro' is strictly true, why not this 'Life of Joseph Sell,' and the nomadic episode that is the resultant? So far everything has been verified, and the date fixed by reliable records. Only names have been distorted or substituted—the *Oxford Review*, the 'Newgate Lives and Trials,' the 'Publisher's Philosophy'; but they have been identified. Tredinnock was put for Trethinnick, Petrement for Perfrement, Philoh for Philo, Ardry for Arden, Taggart for Bartlett, Joey's for Charlie's, Isopel for Elizabeth, Jasper for Ambrose, etc.; but registers, newspapers, and the autograph MSS. correct them. . . . Returning to the 'Life of Joseph Sell,' a great deal has been said and written to prove that it was an imaginary, an apocryphal book. It has been sought for, but in vain, because it was not a book at all, and the author of it never said that it was. It is expressly stated to have been a tale in a collection or series of such, written by various authors—Christmas stories possibly—that may have been issued with an advanced date, as the 'Bible in Spain' was—in this case, 1826. Mr. Borrow himself did not see the work, and knew not under what general title the 'Collection' was published. He sold the MS. and left town, and did not return to London in more than a twelvemonth. . . . I believe that Borrow wrote such a tale; that it formed part of a series, but under what name I dare not say, for the original autograph gives only 'Joseph Sell.' "

And, in his chronological bibliography of Borrow's writings, Prof. Knapp places 'The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell' between the translation of Klinger's 'Faustus' and the 'Romantic Ballads.' Whether in the particular case cited his reasons will or will not seem sufficient to all may be doubted, but the passage shows his confidence in Borrow's credibility. We must add that he often settles beyond question the accuracy of strange things told in 'Lavengro.'

Much might be said concerning the Bible Society and its relations with its accomplished and vigorous agent. Prof. Knapp has been censured for not finding the correspondence which passed between Borrow and his employers, but the present secretary, who informed him that no letters existed, is quite as much to blame. From other sources, moreover, the essential facts have been made out. The Rev. A. Brandram and the Rev. J. Jowett, who were then the secretaries of the Society, felt at the beginning of the connection that Borrow's manner of expressing himself was not quite regular, and Mr. Jowett gave him an admonition in the following terms:

"I am sure you will not be offended if I suggest that there is occasionally a tone of confidence, in speaking of yourself, which has alarmed some of the excellent members of our Committee. It may have been this feeling, more than once displayed before, which prepared one or two of them to stumble at an expression in your letter of yesterday, in which, till pointed out, I confess I was not struck with anything objectionable, but at which, nevertheless, a humble Christian might not unreasonably take umbrage. It is where you speak of the prospect of becoming *'useful to the Deity, to man, and to yourself.'* Doubtless you meant, *the prospect of glorifying God;* but the turn of expression made us think of such passages of Scripture as Job xxi. 2; xxxv. 7 and 8; Psalm xvi. 2 and 3."

Probably Borrow read the texts recommended to his notice and took the hint conveyed in the letter, for Jowett soon after compliments him on the amendment of his language. His masterpiece, the 'Bible in Spain,' was compiled from his official communications to the Society, and, if he ever resented Jowett's warning, he later on took very artistic and delicate revenge.

"It is rather amusing," says Prof. Knapp, "to contemplate the Secretary as he stood in those days on the platform of the public auditorium in Earl Street, with Lord Bexley, or the distinguished 'Friend' above named [Josiah Forster], in the chair, reading aloud chapter after chapter of the 'Bible in Spain.' For so it was that the text of the letters tallied with that of the book, save here and there a slight emendation suggested by a later perusal, and the stereotyped heading of *Revd. and Dear Sir*, to conceal the epistolary genesis of the whole."

Prof. Knapp has devoted time and pains without stint to his work. His East Anglian researches, especially, deserve praise, while his acquisition of original MSS. places him in a position of advantage over all other students of Borrow's life and writings. Much of the material for which room could not be found in the biography is consigned to his edition of 'Lavengro.' A certain volubility of style and a slight acerbity towards those of Borrow's contemporaries who would not make a hero of him, are sometimes noticeable, but we readily forget any minute blemishes when we consider the vast amount of neglected information which Prof. Knapp has collected, and the scrupulous honesty which he displays in revealing what he has discovered. Hitherto Borrow has been, if not a myth, at least half in shadow to the vast majority of his readers. Now we can see him in the light of his personal ties, and of his outlook upon the world as it is preserved by his correspondence. We trust that a sense of the service which he has rendered to fellow-Borrovians will reward Prof. Knapp for the toil which he has so willingly expended.

Wordsworth and the Coleridges. With Other Memorials, Literary and Political. By Ellis Yarnall. Macmillan Co. 1899.

Among Mr. Yarnall's earliest recollections were those of Lundy, Garrison, and all the leading abolitionists, whom he met at the house of his aunt, Mrs. Lucretia Mott. There, too, he met Channing, "whose writings against slavery," he falls into the error of remarking, "were of earlier date than that of the beginning of the [Garrisonian] movement." He remembers Sumner saying, in the spring of 1860, that in case of Lincoln's election the Southern States would certainly secede, and he (Sumner) would not lift a finger to retain them; but, after the attack on Sumter, he naturally changed his mind. Mr. Yarnall's belief that Chase and Greeley had each a hope of being made President of a Northern Confederacy—whence their willingness to let the erring sisters go in peace—is too dishonorable to them to be accepted without serious challenge. It was Mr. Yarnall's good fortune to recognize Lincoln as a man of genius before his election. Remembered prophecies are generally of the *post-eventum* kind, but Mr. Yarnall is able to quote from a letter which he wrote to the English *Guardian*. A visit to Lincoln, just before Bull Run, confirmed the impression based on his speeches against Douglas. Another of Mr. Yarnall's prophecies that pleased him had for its object the marked ability of Mrs. John Stuart Mill, long in advance of Mill's adventurous praise of her.

During his first visit to Europe (1849) Mr. Yarnall made an excursion from Carlsruhe to the siege of Rastadt, one of the besieged and a leader of the insurgents being Mr. Carl Schurz. It meant more to go to Europe in 1849 than it means now. "After you," said Allibone of dictionary fame to Mr. Yarnall upon his first return, "you've been in Europe." Emerson, on the contrary, counted it a virtue in Whittier

that he had never been abroad. Prof. Henry Reed, the Pennsylvania Wordsworthian, had inoculated Mr. Yarnall with his enthusiasm for the poet, and a visit to Wordsworth was one of the most memorable events of Mr. Yarnall's first European journey. His second chapter gives an account of this visit. Wordsworth died the next year, and his physical decay was already strongly marked. Mr. Yarnall speaks highly of his conversation, but reports nothing that might not have proceeded from an ordinary mind. His opinion that there ought to be more English bishops—"five times as many"—smacks strongly of his exaggerated churchmanship. There is even a suggestion of an enfeebled mind in his reading aloud to Mr. Yarnall Prof. Reed's preface to an American edition of his (Wordsworth's) poems, and, after one quotation or another, saying, "That's from my writings." Quite the most beautiful part of the narrative is that which vividly reflects Mr. Yarnall's reverential admiration for the venerable poet.

"Walks and Visits in Wordsworth's Country" reports a succession of visits and rambles in the Lake Country in 1855, 1857, and 1873. In 1855 Mrs. Wordsworth was still living, nearly eighty-five years old, and Mr. Yarnall saw a good deal of her and gives an affectionate account of her; refraining, however, from the capital testimony to her intellectual parity with her husband—her contribution of the magical phrase,

> "that inner eye
> Which is the bliss of solitude,"

to one of his most perfect lyrics. Mr. Yarnall was fortunate in his walking companion, the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, son of S. T. Coleridge and brother of Hartley. Together they visited Greta Hall, where Southey had lived and the Coleridge children were brought up. In 1857 Mr. Yarnall saw something of the Arnolds at Fox How. Miss Arnold told a touching story of the day of Wordsworth's death—how, full of the sentiment of its approach, she and another young friend climbed a hill overlooking Rydal Mount and watched until they saw the shutters closed and knew that the great soul had passed. Henry Crabb Robinson was at the Arnold dinner and talked a good deal, but Mr. Yarnall was not much impressed by him. In 1873 Mrs. Arnold was eighty-two years old, and yet full of cheerfulness and animation. Mr. Yarnall's recollections tally well with Matthew Arnold's letters of filial devotion to his mother in her long widowhood. He questions whether the Lake Country made Wordsworth, or whether his genius had invested it with something of the charm which it has now for all beholders. Seeing that there was only one Wordsworth, the credit of his surroundings for his personality is not easy to make out.

From Wordsworth and the local associations of his fame Mr. Yarnall passes to Sara Coleridge and her brothers Hartley and Derwent. He might well be proud of the friendship accorded him by the sister, and his generous tribute to her mind and character does not exceed their worth. In one of her letters to him she resents as a pure libel Carlyle's account of her father in the Life of Sterling. There is some looseness of statement where she is described as being "as to her mental part almost a child of Southey," and, a little further on, "as to her intellectual part, probably even more indebted to Wordsworth." There are some good bits about her father, of whom Southey said, "Coleridge writes so that there are but ten men in England who can understand him, and I am not one of the ten." Wordsworth and Rogers were not more successful. "Wordsworth with Rogers had spent an evening with Coleridge at Highgate. As the two poets walked away together, 'I did not altogether understand the latter part of what Coleridge said,' was the cautious remark of Rogers. 'I did not understand any of it,' was Wordsworth's hasty reply. 'No more did I!' exclaimed Rogers, doubtless much relieved." Quoting Mr. Derwent Coleridge's criticism on the Brownings, Mr. Yarnall adds one of Tennyson's: "Browning would do well to add something of beauty to the great things he gives to the world." A meeting with Macaulay is reported, mainly interesting because of the frankness with which he revealed his limitations.

Next we have a chapter celebrating with genial warmth Mr. Yarnall's friendship with Sir John Taylor Coleridge and his son John Duke Coleridge, the late Lord Chief Justice of England, which is followed by "Charles Kingsley: A Reminiscence." Mr. Phelps, our former Minister to England, will be pleased to read that Chief Justice Coleridge thought him the most delightful Minister we had ever sent to England; and this after Lowell. Kingsley spoke of Emerson as editing Whitman, and Mr. Yarnall made no correction at the time, nor does he now make any. Strangely enough, Kingsley thought 'Blithedale Romance' the best of Hawthorne's novels. Keble has a chapter to himself, and we get a vivid picture of him in his Hursley church and rectory, the beautiful church built in good measure from the earnings of 'The Christian Year.' An Oxford Commemoration is described in terms which flatter the young barbarians of our own colleges. An elaborate and important chapter on William Edward Forster follows. It is enriched by many passages illustrative of the course of English politics. In conclusion, we have "The House of Commons in 1865," describing a great debate upon the *Alabama* Claims. The day following the debate, Mr. Yarnall had an interview with Gladstone. Lincoln's second inaugural had just appeared, and Gladstone said: "I am taken captive by such an utterance as this. I see in it the effect of sharp trial, when rightly borne, to raise men to a higher level of thought and feeling."

To his own stock of reminiscences Mr. Yarnall has added many apt quotations reinforcing his own sentiments and opinions, and, if some of his stories are not perfectly new, they are such that we are glad to have them told once more.

A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne. By A. W. Ward. New and revised edition. Macmillan Co. 1899. 3 vols.

The new edition of Dr. Ward's History has long been waited for. It does not present us an essentially different work from the older one, but it is a considerable improvement, and the revision has been carried out with labor and amplitude. The result is a production which, with all its limitations, becomes indispensable as a reference-book and guide through the vast field with which it deals. Nearly seven hundred pages have been added, extending the work from two to three volumes. An analytical table of contents and a much fuller index greatly enhance the value of this edition, which finally makes complete a monument of encyclopædic learning.

Great as is the author's achievement in this work as we now possess it, it cannot be admitted that the plan and method pursued are those of an ideal literary history, nor that we have here the definitive history of English dramatic literature. Three stages are observable in the writing of literary histories—first, the collection of literary biographies in alphabetical order; second, the arrangement of these in chronological order and by chapters, with occasional summaries and connecting notes; and, thirdly, the organic history, in which at all points the attempt is made to trace the operation of the laws of cause and effect. Dr. Ward's work remains in the second category. It is descriptive and encyclopædic rather than historical. It lacks distinction of style, as well as subtlety and variety in critical appreciation. The author avoids the rhapsodies of Swinburne and the occasionally effusive æstheticism of Symonds, but he also lacks their special gifts. His scholarship, too, lacks grasp, and is summary and judicial rather than penetrating. His temperament and manner are more nearly those of Hallam than of more modern critics. We are given a good digest of the present state of knowledge, displayed with a careful regard for the weight of evidence. We are safe, but we are seldom inspired. There is no trifling with subtlety or whim, and the obvious is given its full value. The author lacks the robust and catholic taste of a born literary critic. He breathes more freely the atmosphere of the dramas of Dryden or Lee than of Webster or Ford (vol. iii., p. 313). The reader wearies of the insistent presentation of the point of view of prudential morality. It is true that the English drama in its great periods offers the most interesting material imaginable for ethical analysis, but it is material which requires to be judged with discrimination as well as in the mass and by the decalogue—witness our author's failure to perceive the full value of the paradox underlying Lamb's famous exculpation of the Restoration comic dramatists (vol. iii., p 507). In the last analysis we others also reject art-for-art's-sake, but in the meanwhile neither art nor the criticism of art should be too obviously concerned with the categories of ethics.

Other peculiarities mark this work. The treatment of the origins of the drama, in the light of our present knowledge, is defective. The author would have done well to follow in this period the guidance of Creizenach. Nor can much better be said of the treatment of the early transition drama (vol. i., pp. 164f.), which at best is halting and vague. Amid the recent fluctuations of critical opinion with regard to the merits of Marlowe, Kyd, and Peele, Dr. Ward's judgments seem to us generally sound and well proportioned. As to Greene, we think he has allowed himself to be swayed too much by the extravagant enthusiasm of Churton Collins and others; while Lyly receives scant recognition. And why should the non-dramatic works

of the dramatists, as in the case of Greene, be treated so at length in a history of the drama? The excuse suggested (p. 392) seems to us quite insufficient. The work as a whole, as in the earlier edition, is much stronger in its treatment of the later Elizabethan dramatists. Jonson, as before, receives full justice, and the discussion of Chapman is appreciative and interesting. The history of Shakspere's reputation and of Shakspere criticism is considered at length. The pseudo-Shaksperian plays are treated with exemplary moderation of judgment, rising to exceptional appreciation, and justly, in the case of "Edward III." We confess ourselves far from persuaded by the argument for classing the greater Shaksperian comedies as comedies of incident rather than of character. The comedy of character is not the same thing as the comedy of humors. Is it not rather comedy in which the incident flows from the character of the *personæ*, as it does measurably in "As You Like It" or "Much Ado"? Dr. Ward is quite right in holding that Shakspere's greatest power was that of characterization. But characterization marks the comedies as well as the tragedies. Dr. Ward's conservatism in the question of the influence of foreign dramatic sources on the Elizabethan drama (*e. g.*, vol. iii., pp. 264f.) we must hold to be fully justified until further evidence is adduced by those who are for generalizations magnifying this influence. As yet very little has been brought to light to prove the existence of any considerable influence of the early *dramas* of Italy or Spain on that of England.

The author has made the commendable effort, too often neglected by English scholars, to take into account the labors of all previous workers in the field. Naturally some things have been overlooked, such as the work of Fischer ('Kunstentwicklung der englischen Tragödie'), Tolman's thesis on "The Taming of the Shrew," the recent reprint of Bale's "The Three Laws," Collier's reprint of "Horestes," and others. Occasionally careless revision or proofreading mars the first and second volumes. Additional errata in volume i. should be noted at pp. 63, 72, 76n., 169, 264, 279, 308, 358n., 502, 505 (read "one less than"); and in volume ii. at pp. 57, 320, 561, 619 note 1 (read Brandon), 623 (verb omitted), 638 note 4, 648 note 2. There seems to be contradiction in the several references to the additions to Marlowe's "Faustus" (cf. vol. i., pp. 336-7, and vol. ii., pp. 453, 458, and 468). A slight obscurity of phrase in vol. iii., p. 38, in regard to the authorship of "Henry VIII.," appears to leave an inconsistency with the opinions expressed in volume ii., 205f. and 746.

Imperial Democracy. By David Starr Jordan. D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

There is no uncertainty in the note which rings through these addresses. Human liberty ought to be the corner-stone of a democracy in practice, as it necessarily is in theory; and this truth, and the consequences of disregarding it, are the burden of Mr. Jordan's discourse. His book is headed with a line from Lowell—

> "They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

and concludes with a citation from Thoreau's "Plea for Capt. John Brown." These voices sound with undiminished clearness across the gulf which separates us from the era of the abolitionists. They will sound long after the sentimental sophistry of our religious expansionists has passed away in shame. Who could now be induced to read one of the numberless defences of negro slavery as a civilizing and Christianizing agency, which were once put forth by the clergy, North and South? But when will Thoreau and Whittier and Lowell be forgotten?

In spite of the subject and his own convictions, Mr. Jordan is not impassioned. His language is often forcible, but it is always within bounds, and his power lies in the array of arguments which he marshals. He examines the claim that war stirs the fires of patriotism, and asks his hearers if they really believe there is now more devotion to our country than there was a little more than a year ago. If there is, how is it shown? Does slaughtering helpless enemies increase our courage? Is it patriotism "to trample on the Spanish flag, to burn fire-crackers, or to 'twist the Lion's tail'?" Rather is it true that patriotism declines as the war spirit rises. "Men say they have no interest in reform until the war is over. . . . The patriotism of the hour looks to a fight with some other nation, not towards greater pride in our own."

Equally forcible is Mr. Jordan in showing what is involved in a colonial policy. It is nothing less than a change in the nature of our government.

"We must give up the checks and balances in our Constitution. . . . We cannot move accurately and quickly under the joint leadership of a conservative and steady-headed President, a hysterical or venal Senate, and a House intent upon its own reëlection. . . . The town-meeting idea must give way to centralization of power. . . . The extension of dominion rests on the strength of arms. Men who cannot hold town-meetings must obey through brute force. . . . A republic cannot be an oligarchy as well. The slaves destroy the republic. Wherever we have inferior and dependent races within our borders to-day, we have a political problem—'the negro problem,' 'the Chinese problem,' 'the Indian problem.' . . . In the tropics such problems are perennial and insoluble. Cuba, Manila, Nicaragua, will be slave territories for centuries to come. These people in such a climate can never have self-government in the Anglo-Saxon sense. Whatever form of control we adopt, we shall be in fact slave-drivers, and the business of slave-driving will react upon us. Slavery itself was a disease which came to us from the British West Indies. It breeds in the tropics like yellow fever and leprosy. Can even an imperial republic last, part slave, part free?"

To the plea that England administers tropical colonies without injury to herself, Mr. Jordan replies that England is an oligarchy. Her foreign affairs are regulated by a powerful governmental machine, with the control of which the people have nothing to do. An oligarchy may be a good government, but it is not the kind of government that our fathers established. But unless our colonies are to be ruled by an oligarchy, they must be ruled by such rulers as we now choose. What they have done for Alaska, Mr. Jordan tells us minutely, and it is a chapter in our history full of shame and humiliation. We have ruined the hunting and fishing by which the Aleuts formerly supported themselves in comfort, and they are now starving and demoralized. If any one says, We will change all that, and commit the administration of our dependencies to good men only, Mr. Jordan retorts with some of his experiences in suggesting the names of competent persons for Government positions requiring scientific training. Does the recent order of the President concerning the civil service indicate that the change for the better is taking place?

We could continue citing Mr. Jordan's arguments indefinitely, but we have said enough to show how completely he has covered the ground, and how clearly he has stated the issues. His book is an arsenal of weapons for all who detest war and oppression, and who detest them all the more when carried on under the pretence of establishing peace and freedom.

Food and Feeding. By Sir Henry Thompson. Frederick Warne & Co.

Sir Henry Thompson in this, the ninth edition of his valuable work, in which some new matter in relation to "slow cookery" is incorporated, announces that it is to be his final contribution on the subject of Food and Feeding. Of the value of this treatise there can be no better evidence offered than that, above all others, he has succeeded in arousing among the English an effort to improve their culinary methods, which are acknowledged to be inferior to those of any other civilized people. Had he attempted to accomplisn this through appeal to their epicurean impulses, he would have met, as all his predecessors did, with signal failure. He chose his audience among the British middle classes, to the gratification of whose palates through the employment of improved cookery he was careful to make slow approaches. Before enlarging upon that topic, he gained their confidence by impressing upon them the value of varied and succulent diet as a hygienic promoter of longevity. That assured success.

Before disclosing to his countrymen the pleasure to be derived from the proper preparation and serving of aliments, Sir Henry Thompson tells them that they have adopted and maintained for centuries a diet that is suited neither to their climate nor to their mode of life. Their food is too rich in fats and proteids; in consequence, they fall victims to dyspepsia and many other chronic diseases with which they would not be afflicted if they could bring themselves to submit to the light, varied, and easily assimilated diet of their Continental neighbors. This they look upon with contempt, and pride themselves upon subsisting on what they consider "simple and wholesome food," which in fact is most harmful, and leads to premature corpulency that is exceedingly prejudicial to health. It is to his inappropriate diet that may be ascribed the passion of the Briton for violent muscular exercise. It is the natural, unconscious effort to rid his system of surplus and effete matter that leads him to follow athletic pursuits to excess. Of late years, in this particular, we are imitating him; but with us it is a cultivated or artificial impulse, for our diet is one more conducive to a sedentary mode of life than to one that stimulates to inordinate physical exertion. We eat far less of meat than the English, and vastly more of fish, cereals, and vegetables; moreover, the

culinary art in this country is very much in advance of what it is in England outside of the ranks of the nobility.

There is no other chapter in 'Food and Feeding' that can be read with more profit by the amateur cook or female head of a household than the one which treats of stewing and braising. These two processes come within the domain of "slow cooking," for to hurry the one or the other is to distort their purpose. Moreover, in stewing or braising the least expensive portions of meat can be utilized to concoct most savory and appetizing dishes. No two culinary methods are more abused or open to more complete failure. Their intention is to prepare and serve meat in a tender condition and in the most attractive form. In stewing, the contents of the saucepan, covered, should never be allowed to rise above a temperature of 170 degrees Fahr., and they should be kept at that point for three, four, or six hours, according to the quantity of material that is under treatment. This slow method cooks not only the meat, but likewise the vegetables, which could not be thoroughly done at the same time as the meat with rapid stewing.

In braising, Sir Henry Thompson fails to note one very important detail of the process. It is the outcome of long experience that, in braising beef, as a preliminary the braising-pan should be sufficiently heated to sear the flesh on both sides, before adding the ingredients and proceeding to the process of slow cooking. By this means some of the juice of the meat is retained, while the quantity that forms one of the constituents of the sauce is not materially reduced. Whereas the author of 'Food and Feeding' mentions the *mirepoix*, the *coulis* or sauce of the braise, composed of essence of ham or bacon, vegetables, wine, spices, and strong bouillon, he says nothing of the *marinade*, a bath composed of the same materials, in which flesh products are immersed for eight or ten hours previous to braising. This omission may be taken as evidence of the thoroughly practical quality of Sir Henry Thompson's knowledge of culinary processes. Many experiments with all sorts of *marinades* for meat, fowl, and fish have failed to disclose any advantage to be gained by their use. Salt-pickle is the only one that is completely effective, and that because it is a preservative, and meat can remain in it without decomposing for a sufficient length of time to become impregnated with a saline flavor. All *marinades* would be equally useful if, along with flavoring, they possessed preservative power; but flesh cannot remain in them for a sufficient length of time to become saturated with the savor of their ingredients; therefore, while to the sense of smell a *marinade* conveys delightful suggestions, it fails to respond with equal force to the palate.

There are so many topics in 'Food and Feeding' which arouse interest that satisfaction, to those interested in the culinary art, can be obtained only by perusal of the book. It is of no value to the amateur who pins his faith upon compilations of recipes. The only work, published in late years, that compares favorably with it is Thudichum's 'Spirit of Cookery.'

The Royal Navy: A History, from the Earliest Times to the Present. By William Laird Clowes. In five volumes. Vols. 1 and 2. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1898.

This elaborate work, which is being issued under the direction and partial authorship of Mr. William Laird Clowes, with the assistance of Sir Clements Markham, Capt. A. T. Mahan, Mr. H. W. Wilson, Gov. Theodore Roosevelt, and L. Carr Laughton, is more of an historical storehouse than a history. The scheme of it involves more than strictly naval history, as a very considerable portion of its contents is devoted to the history of voyages and discoveries from the earliest times to the year 1898. The inclusion of this maritime history makes more cumbersome in number and size volumes which at best, under the plan proposed, must be unwieldy. Besides the two under review, three more are to be published to complete the series.

In order to fulfil the design to begin at the beginning, the very early narrative up to 1060 may be necessary, but this portion of the naval and military history of England is uneventful as narrated, and possesses no more value than mere chronicles. When we reach the early maritime codes, we find matters of curious interest. The laws of Oleron, for instance, provided that when a ship was weather-bound, the master must (under penalty in case of damage) call the crew aft for consultation when a change of weather followed. "Gentlemen," he was required to say, "what think you of this wind?" And the voice of the majority was to determine whether the vessel was to put to sea or not. This sounds a little like "Pinafore." In 1215 we find that the management of King John's navy was largely in the hands of the priests, the Archdeacon of Taunton being apparently the chief. Women, too, have had indirect control, but rarely at sea and in immediate command; the example of Cleopatra at Actium standing almost alone. Privateers were found to be as lawless and objectionable in 1243 as in later days, and Nelson's remark that "the conduct of all privateers is, as far as I have seen, so near piracy that I only wonder any civilized nation can allow them," is so pertinent for all time that it is hard to understand why our own country refused so long to agree to the abolition stipulation of the Declaration of Paris, insisting upon a *quid pro quo*, the exemption from capture of merchant vessels at sea.

Coming to later dates and the epoch of Drake and his companions, we find insufficient credit given in this work both to the military qualities and to the achievements of Sir Francis Drake. The student will still have to refer to Corbett's 'Drake and the Tudor Navy' for the most intelligent account of Drake and his successful cruises. In the face of all the recent material that has been brought to light concerning the Spanish Armada, the treatment of this subject is unsatisfactory. It resembles too closely the patchwork of the whole book, and lacks both spirit and blend.

The second volume shows signs of improvement. In the introduction the author refers to a favorite project of his own for preparing historical records of certain ship names. There is very much in a name, both in the navy and in the army, and the habit of renaming ships from older ones of fine record, which exists largely in the British navy, might be followed to advantage in our own service. In fact, if our regiments in the regular army were localized in name in addition to their numerical designation, it would emphasize their identity, and cause them to be followed with interest by the town or section from which they received their name. This would, of course, be heightened if the regiment was partly or wholly recruited from that locality.

The civil administration of the royal navy had become so corrupt in 1628 that vessels for which money had been appropriated and paid over were not even in existence. Similar statements have been made in more recent times of other European Powers, in regard to the construction of fictitious ships that went to sea upon fictitious voyages, and were lost to sight everywhere except upon the books of the dock-yard, which were thus balanced. The military history of the British navy contained in the second volume includes the narrative of the major and minor operations from 1603 to 1714, which attains interest when the author quotes from other authorities; otherwise, the account lacks both style and interest.

For later volumes, not only will there be more abundant material, but more practised hands will take up the parable. The present illustrations are profuse and attractive, varying in form and quality from full-page photogravures to plans and vignettes of considerable excellence.

Au Congo Belge. Par Pierre Mille. Paris: A. Colin et Cie. 1899. Map. Pp. xv, 308. 16mo.

The two fundamental principles upon which the Congo Free State was established by the joint action of the great Powers, were freedom of trade and freedom of the negro. M. Mille's book shows how the first of these has been acted upon by King Leopold, its absolute ruler, and touches incidentally upon the condition of the natives. Our author was the correspondent of the *Temps* at the recent inauguration of the railway, and, in his opening chapters, describes a few of the incidents of his journey to Stanley Pool, of which the most striking was the review of a great body of savages at one of the stations. His main object is to show how this vast territory, eighty times as large as Belgium, with an estimated population of thirty millions, is being developed. Some information is also given of the methods adopted in the French Congo and their results. After an account of the railway and its financial history, he dwells upon the system employed for the collection of the natural products, chiefly rubber and ivory, which, with the exception of a few Government coffee and cocoa plantations, is all that has been attempted as yet in the development of the resources of the country. This is followed by a brief exposition of the King's colonial policy, of the division of the territory into his "private domain" and the provinces in which certain companies have trade concessions, together with some statements in regard to the financial history of these companies. He closes with a reference to what he believes to be the two great sources of danger to the State—the over-eagerness to occupy new territory, and a want of the "sens de gouvernement."

What he has to say about the King's colonial policy is introduced by a suggestive conversation with a fellow-passenger who

had under his care some four or five thousand rubber vines.

"'Are you going to plant them on the Congo?' I asked. 'Certainly; on my property on the Sankuru, *since I am the colonist.*' [The italics are M. Mille's.] And as he saw that I did not understand him, he added: 'What! don't you know that there is only one colonist in the Belgian Congo, and that is myself? You will find there great companies, . . . you will see some State plantations; . . . but a free man, on his own land, who does a little trading with his own money, and cultivates for himself alone—there is only myself.'"

That is, there is absolutely no private initiative. The whole trade is in the hands of the King and the companies. Certain districts are regarded "in principle as opened to commerce and to private cultivation, in reality only to a certain number of companies," which for the present cannot be increased, new concessions being refused. The rest "belongs to the King, constitutes his particular domain, his park, and his farm," and makes him, to use M. Mille's words (in this case in English), *"the biggest India-rubber and ivory merchant in the world."* It is only on the coast that free trade practically exists. It should be said that the author, so far from condemning this policy, advocates its adoption, with some necessary modifications, in the French Congo, which, neglected by the Government, remains absolutely undeveloped.

M. Mille does not attempt to show—it would be an impossible task—what the natives get in return for their forced tribute of rubber, a tribute at times collected by the military agents as men storm cities ("ont pris du caoutchouc comme on prend des villes"). If the required amount is not brought, the failure is punished sometimes by barbarities which would have disgraced the "conquistadores." The great thing to be desired is some controlling power over these agents which shall see that justice is done to the negro. "When the Belgians shall have established this," the author says in closing, "we shall be able to say that the great commercial and humanitarian enterprise which the Independent State of the Congo is or ought to be, has definitively succeeded." Now it is simply a gigantic ivory and rubber Trust.

An appendix contains some official documents, including the last budgets of the French and Belgian Congo, and commercial statistics. There is also a map.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, E. F. The Modern Farmer in his Business Relations. San Francisco: N. J. Stone Co. $3.
Baldwin, Prof. J. M. Interprétation Sociale et Morale des Principes du Développement Mental. Paris: Giard & Brière.
Cairns, W. B. Introduction to Rhetoric. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Day, Miss Susan De F. The Cruise of the Scythian in the West Indies. F. T. Neely. $2.
Franklyn, J. A., and Cooper, N. J. Sewage-Analysis. London: Kegan Paul; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.
Gratry, P. Pages Choisies. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Halloway, Charlotte M. Nathan Hale, the Martyr-Hero of the Revolution. F. T. Neely.
Ilges, F. W. Munkacsy. [Künstler Monographien.] Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Kipling, Rudyard. The Day's Work. Part I. [Outward Bound Edition.] Scribners.
Legge, Arthur E. J. Both Great and Small. John Lane.
Mathew, Frank. Defender of the Faith. A Romance. John Lane. $1.50.
O'Neill, F. J. More Fun than Huckleberries. W. H. Young & Co. 50c.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1899.

The Week.

We expressed the opinion the other day that Mr. McKinley would concur in the obvious suggestion of President Schurman's interview at San Francisco, that we ought to retain the Philippines because of our future interest in the trade of China. Now Mr. H. L. Nelson, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, tells us that this is exactly the kind of gray matter that the President's brain is depositing at Bluff Point. He thinks, says Mr. Nelson, that, if we should abandon the Philippines, we should be an object of derision to Europe, and that the Orientals would consider us of no account; that the trade of the Philippines is a small matter in itself, but that that of China is something to be struggled for, and that the Philippines furnish an excellent foothold for such a contest. This is not put in the form of an interview with the President, but as an inference from his daily walk and conversation. Of course it must be taken as an incomplete version of what is passing in the President's mind. Yet it is fitting to inquire what this conception involves and implies. It implies, first, that as many people, Filipinos and Americans, must be killed as may be necessary to give us a footing for the "struggle" in China. Trade with China we can carry on better from our Pacific Coast direct than by any roundabout route; but if we must struggle, *i. e.*, fight, for trade, then we want the Philippines for a *pou sto*. So we are to fight the Filipinos first in order to gain an advantageous position for fighting Russia, or some other Power or Powers that have effected a lodgment on Chinese soil, which they may use to the detriment of our trade. This is a fair interpretation of the droppings recorded by the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, mixed up as they are with some edifying reflections on the goodness of our intentions towards the Filipinos and the ultimate benefits we shall confer upon them.

One great trouble with all of Mr. McKinley's deliverances about the war is that he tries to unite in his own person the contradictory characters of the swashbuckler and the missionary. He has to wave the flag and threaten death and destruction to all who "assail" it, but in the same breath he has to express a tender concern for the souls of the men he is about to kill. This makes him a sort of "Fighting Bob" with a psalm-singing attachment. The result is some highly ludicrous juxtapositions of language. One such occurred in the President's message to Congress last December, when he was describing the glorious sea-fight at Santiago. As a kind of climax he burst out with the words, "The Spanish loss was deplorably large." Why "deplorably"? Were we not there to kill all of them we could, and the more the merrier? What Mr. McKinley's narrative and the tone of it required him to write was "magnificently large," "inspiringly large"—but no, the chance to roll his eyes and do a little canting was too good to be lost, and so he ended his war pæan with a snuffle and wrote "deplorably."

There was a similar impression of a monk on the warpath given by the President's remarks at the Catholic Summer School at Plattsburg, on Tuesday of last week. At one moment he talked like Emperor William, threatening to dash to pieces all who opposed him. The next he was a very Saint Columba in his yearning over those who withstood him. He would begin a sentence in the spirit of Napoleon (who, as the Abbé de Pradt said, regarded men only as projectiles to be hurled against his enemies), and would end it with a sentence worthy of Wilberforce. At the very instant when he seemed to have worked himself up to the point of ripping out an oath, he blessed instead. "Rebellion may delay," he declared in a terrible voice, "but it can never defeat"—what? Our formidable armies? The irresistible march of our banners? No; only our "blessed mission of liberty and humanity"! Surely, there never was such a dying fall into twaddle.

How completely "we have changed all that" appears in the news from the island of Sulu. Gen. Bates is negotiating a "treaty" with the Sultan. This is a new business for the United States—to make a "treaty" with one of its own subjects. But the fact of the treaty is not as startling as its contents. It proposes to leave a Mohammedan despot in absolute control of territory belonging to the United States. Not even moral or religious interference is to be allowed, as one article of the treaty specifically bars out missionaries. Slaveholding is to be continued, though the Sultan agrees, as a concession to silly American prejudices, to allow slaves, when able, to buy their freedom. The only hitch is over the question what flag the Sultan shall fly when on his journeys. He wants his own; at last accounts, Gen. Bates was still urging him to adopt the American. We hope there will be no yielding on this point. The idea of having any other flag than the star-spangled banner floating over the Sultan's harem and slaves must surely be quite intolerable to McKinley.

President Schurman, upon reaching his Ithaca home on his return from the Philippines on Monday, expressed the opinion that what the Administration is doing in the Philippines is to "establish that sovereignty" which the United States assumed by virtue of the treaty of peace; that "the vital issue is the honor of the nation, the protection of loyal Filipinos, and the fulfilment of our obligations to the nations of the world involved in our acceptance of sovereignty"; and, finally, that "the means and agencies for the accomplishment of this end must be determined by the President." Dr. Schurman adds that the President understands the situation better than any one else can possibly do, and says that he has "no doubt the President will soon effect a solution of the Philippine problem which will be entirely satisfactory to the American people." In other words, the President of the Philippine Commission tells the country that it must trust everything to Mr. McKinley; that Congress has no part to play in the solution of this vast problem; and that discussion among the people is out of place, because "to his statesmanship and tried ability we may intrust the issue with perfect confidence." If Mr. Schurman has been correctly reported, the proposition to regard the President as an absolute dictator in a most important question of national policy has never before been expressed quite so clearly. Is the nation ready to accept such doctrine?

We shall not make haste to assert that the interview with Admiral Dewey, printed in Monday's London *News*, is authentic. Just because we like what he is reported to have said at Naples about the Philippine situation, we shall not assume that he really did say it, without confirmation. But we beg to point out that it is antecedently credible, because it is in line with what Dewey has before said and written concerning the Filipinos and the Philippine problem. The Admiral is now quoted as being fully convinced that the Filipinos are "capable of governing themselves"; that they "have all the qualifications for it"; and that "the only way to settle the insurrection and assure prosperity to the archipelago is to concede self-government to the inhabitants." Now this is really going no further than Dewey went in his letter to the Secretary of the Navy, dated Manila, August 29, 1898, in which he wrote:

"In a telegram to the Department on June 23, I expressed the opinion that 'these people are far superior in their intelligence and more capable of self-government than

the natives of Cuba, and I am familiar with both races.' Further intercourse with them has confirmed me in this opinion."

Admiral Dewey is said to have declared in the Naples interview: "I have never been in favor of violence towards the Filipinos." This is in full keeping with what he said to the Rev. Clay MacAuley last January: "Rather than make a war of conquest on this people, I would up anchor and sail out of the harbor."

So far, therefore, the interview is fully borne out by Dewey's known utterances. But now we come to a passage bearing on the actual situation and the actual duty of this country, which, if not repudiated—if adhered to and repeated—by the Admiral, will shatter Mr. McKinley's Philippine policy. It is this:

"The islands are at this moment blockaded by a fleet, and war reigns in the interior. *This abnormal state of things should cease.* . . . I should like to see violence *at once put a stop to.*"

If Admiral Dewey said this, it would be, we maintain, only a logical development of the views he has publicly expressed. If the Filipinos are capable of self-government, then a war upon them to make them submit to our yoke is, indeed, an abnormal state of things which should at once cease. If we began to use violence through a criminal blunder, the sooner we admit our hideous mistake, the better all round. But it will be asserted that the Admiral could not have cast such an awful reproach upon McKinley, because it would be not only an indiscretion, but an act of insubordination. We remember, however, that the Santiago "round robin" was flagrant military insubordination; yet it was necessary in order to expose and correct the frightful mismanagement of the War Department, and undoubtedly saved the lives of thousands of soldiers. Gen. Miles was guilty of insubordination in publishing what he did about his superior officer, but he won popular sympathy thereby, and the Government did not dare to punish him. Now, it may be that Admiral Dewey has concluded that it is his duty, in defiance of military etiquette, to speak out in a similar way in order to expose official blundering, which has long since assumed the proportions of a crime.

The tone of the imperialist press shows clearly enough the growing unpopularity of the Administration's course in the Philippines. One newspaper which, only a few months ago, was insisting that everybody except a few fanatics and fools favored expansion, and was satisfied with the President's policy, now says that it "is strange beyond accounting that some overture is not made to the Filipinos," declares that "the increasing American distaste for an inconclusive slugging match in the Philippines is apparent," and admits that there is "a growing disrelish of the war, until and unless peace plans go hand in hand with it." Another of these organs, which used to ridicule the notion that the country was not enthusiastic for the war, now says that "many Republican Senators who have been in Washington have stated frankly that the sentiment throughout the country is changing, and that, while the feeling for expansion is still strong, it is being tempered by regret that the conquest of the Philippines is being accomplished at such a sacrifice of money and treasure." It is also admitted by the same newspaper that "the reports brought back to this country by the returning soldiers have had a dampening effect upon the public spirit." The San Francisco *News-Letter* summarizes the views of the Oregon volunteers who recently passed through that city on their return, in the statement that "to a man they declare that the Philippines are not worth the blood and treasure it will cost to conquer and govern them"; that "it is plain from the men's talk that they did their duty because their country had called upon them, but that they would not volunteer in a similar service again," and that "they say that our California boys feel just as they do, and that the same feeling, with more or less force, permeates all the volunteer regiments."

The officers chosen to be colonels and lieutenant-colonels of the ten new regiments reflect as much credit upon the Administration as did those put at the head of the first ten regiments now nearing completion. With one or two exceptions, they are men of unusual proved ability, many of whom, like Capt. John Bigelow, jr., distinguished themselves in the fighting about Santiago. This evidence of a desire to select the proper men for these positions, irrespective of politics, makes it all the harder to understand why the President should every now and then foist upon the service an officer utterly unfit to be in it, either by reason of bad character or because of his age. A case in point is that of Major Charles Newbold, recently appointed paymaster, at the age of sixty-two years. For many years a good, honest dairyman in Washington, as we learn from the *Army and Navy Register*, Major Newbold entered military life as a paymaster in the volunteers after the close of the war with Spain, and was duly transferred to the regular army, with the rank of Major, on the retirement of Paymaster-General Carey, a few weeks ago. In two years this fortunate man will be retired for age, with a pension of three-fourths of his present pay, $2,500, for the remainder of his life, envied by a couple of hundred officers who, after thirty and even thirty-five years of arduous service in the line of the army, are still wearing a captain's shoulder-straps. We should like to hear, from any one qualified to speak, some reason for this outrageous appointment. Is it that Newbold supplied milk to the White House, or must the dairymen be kept in line at Uncle Sam's expense?

Senator Tillman of South Carolina is not looked on as a particular friend of the colored race, but he seems to think that it is time to protest against the treatment which it is now receiving. With his usual violence of expression, not unjustified in this case, he denounced the conduct of a band of "whitecappers" who have been going about and whipping inoffensive negroes, calling those who took part in such outrages cowards. What is significant is that Senator Tillman based his condemnation of these proceedings on the condemnation which they were receiving from public opinion. "The Yankees," he said, "are watching us close, and the eyes of the whole world are now on the race problem in the South. They will take advantage of everything of this kind to abuse the South." Boston, he continued, "was the head and centre of all devilment"; this being especially manifested by the conduct of "that Jewett woman," who came down and rescued the family of the murdered negro postmaster. He warned his hearers that the better feeling which had begun to prevail between the sections would disappear unless the abuse of "poor ignorant black wretches" was stopped, and suggested that the representation of South Carolina in Congress might be cut down because of the new election laws. These laws were intended to disfranchise the negroes, and the claim was made that when this was done they would no longer be persecuted. This claim has not so far been justified by the event, and the condition of affairs is evidently extremely serious. The remarks of Senator Tillman were made at a mass-meeting called to denounce the whitecappers; the prosecuting attorney and the Sheriff both begging for the vindication of the law. A particularly ominous feature of this disturbance is the motive assigned for maltreating the negroes. They have been quiet and inoffensive recently, it is said, but some of the whites covet their lands, and are taking these means to get possession of them. Such mass-meetings as this are urgently called for in other parts of the South.

The exact legal situation created by the decision of the Court of Cassation in the Dreyfus case, and the instructions under which the present court-martial is proceeding, are not generally understood, we think. A careful reading of the full text of the decision shows that, like most judicial opinions, it is extremely cautious. In reality, it does not go beyond disannulling the former verdict

against Dreyfus, on the ground that it was irregularly obtained. It was the illegal submission of secret documents to the military tribunal, of which the accused was left in ignorance, which compelled the Court of Cassation to order a new trial. True, it did refer in the decision to the evidence used against Dreyfus, and did, in a way, discredit it. But it did not do so in any such fashion as to prevent the present court-martial from giving weight to the old testimony if it chooses to. Thus it simply said of the famous "canaille de D." letter that "at present it is considered inapplicable to the condemned man." This is very far from deciding, as some have inferred, that the letter could not be used against Dreyfus at all. So of the alleged confession to Capt. Lebrun-Renaud. The court only said that it was not possible to fix the precise language of it, on account of the discrepancies between witnesses. Even in regard to the bordereau, the court did not positively decide that Esterhazy wrote it, but stopped with citing various facts which "tend to prove" that it was not written by Dreyfus. The upshot is that, legally, the court-martial can do what it pleases with all this discredited evidence, and, provided its proceedings are regular, can find any verdict it chooses against Dreyfus without danger of fresh reversal by the Court of Cassation. This suggests the peril that a monstrous injustice may be repeated under the forms of law.

Col. Picquart is the real hero of the Dreyfus case, and his testimony is easily the most important yet given at the trial. It ought to be convincing, as against the mass of suspicion and hypothesis which is all that has been urged as proof of guilt. His bold bearing, his quick sense of personal honor, and his love of justice, leading him to risk reputation and life in behalf of a man whom he never knew, have marked him out for admiration from the first; and his appearance at Rennes has been in keeping with all that was known of him before. It is a terrible charge which he substantiates against Gen. Mercier, and one no less damning against Gen. Gonse. The former not only submitted documents in secret to the first court-martial, but used one which he positively knew did not refer to Dreyfus. And Gen. Gonse, when proof of the horrible injustice done was laid before him by Picquart, simply said, "If you say nothing, nobody will be the wiser."

Two witnesses in the Dreyfus case on Monday attempted to create prejudice against him by telling of his relations with women of a certain class. One of these witnesses went so far as to repeat private conversations on this subject. The trial has gone very wide of the mark in many ways. Indeed, it has not been confined to the subject of the inquiry at any time, but has ranged through the whole earth and the things under the earth, yet the precincts of opéra bouffe were not actually invaded until Gribelin and Junck were called as witnesses and began to tell what they had observed or heard in relation to the *demi-monde*. If anything could bring about a reaction in favor of Dreyfus among French soldiers, it would be this travesty of decency and justice. Lord Russell, the Chief Justice of England, is quoted as saying that there had been no testimony in support of the charge against Dreyfus that would warrant an English magistrate in holding him for a regular trial. This must be the opinion of every American lawyer. The rules for the admissibility of evidence constitute the foundation of the whole structure of jurisprudence, and they are just as necessary, just as indispensable, in a military trial as in any other, because the principles of justice are not altered in the least by the fact that a man serves in the army. Tested by the rules of evidence, the case against Dreyfus has already vanished. Adverse evidence has resolved itself into the private opinion of half-a-dozen generals and ex-War Ministers that Dreyfus might have committed the act of treason, because he had access to the documents named in the bordereau, and, therefore, he must be the guilty man. "If he did not do it, who did?" exclaims Gen. Mercier in tones of triumph, as though the burden of proof were on Dreyfus and not on his accusers.

Why no representative of the Pope was allowed to take part in The Hague Conference is explained at length by M. Georges Goyau in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for August 1. It was all the doing of Italy. The Czar earnestly desired the coöperation of Pope Leo, and copies of his original appeal for disarmament and of Count Muravieff's circular fixing the bases of discussion were especially sent to the Holy See; and the Pontiff's immediate and hearty approval of the whole movement was rightly thought to be of great influence in helping it on. Everybody looked for some official representing the Pope in the Conference, but Italy suddenly interposed a veto. Only territorial sovereigns were invited, she said, and she could not assent to the implication that the Pope had any such sovereignty. Russia persisted in pressing the desirability of having Papal representation, but the Italian Prime Minister finally said that if the Pope had a delegate at The Hague, the kingdom of Italy would not. He also drew Germany into the case, the German Government notifying the Russian that if any European Power withdrew from the Conference, Germany would also withdraw. So it practically became a question of no Pope or no Conference. Thus it came about that the Pope, whose encyclical in 1894 in favor of arbitration and disarmament was an anticipation of the Czar's noble summons to the nations, was prevented from having any direct voice in the councils at The Hague. M. Goyau closes his account of the affair with the sententious remark: "So, while Italy scored a success, the Holy See and the nations scored an experience."

The condition of India, as described in the speech made by Lord George Hamilton in introducing his budget, is much better than has been supposed. The great famine was not the only disturbing element; plague, earthquake, and a frontier war have also contributed to the impoverishment of the country. Nevertheless, the deficit for the year 1897-'98, the last year for which the accounts have been closed, was little more than £3,000,000. The total cost of the famine to the Indian revenue was over £10,000,000, and the frontier war took a good deal more than £2,000,000. Concerning the famine and the general question of the poverty of the country, Lord G. Hamilton observed that there were two theories current. One school maintains that British rule is bleeding India to death, and that distress and famine are caused by overtaxation. The other school holds that famine has always prevailed periodically in India, depending on the rainfall, and that under British rule its effects have been steadily narrowed. As evidence in support of this theory, the recuperative power of the people is important. In March, 1898, immediately after the famine, the surplus revenue for the coming year was estimated at less than £600,000. It proved to be over £3,000,000, which is the largest surplus ever realized in India. These figures certainly show a remarkable recovery from the effects of the famine, but their effect is somewhat impaired by the fact that the expenditure for the year in question was considerably reduced by the appreciation of the rupee. The amount of bills of exchange remitted was so large as to enable the Indian Government to diminish its gold liabilities in England by £2,695,000, while it succeeded in exchanging rupees for gold to the amount of about £1,500,000. The receipts from railways and irrigation works were also the largest ever recorded in India, and there was an actual reduction of military expenditure. As to establishing the gold standard, Lord G. Hamilton emphatically declared that he never would have considered it had he not satisfied himself that the establishment of such a standard would be one of the most effective instruments for improving the industrial condition of the lowest paid of the wage-earners of India.

WHY WE CANNOT CONQUER THE FILIPINOS.

The problem of Philippine conquest is not a military one. This country undoubtedly has the physical force to make the islands a desolation and call it peace. We can harry their coasts. We can ravage their fields. We can drive their fleeing inhabitants to mountain fastnesses, and dash their little ones against a stone. If it is a mere question of brute strength—of money and men and ships and guns—we can employ it without limit. We can kill and burn and destroy like Avengers of God. No one doubts that. Mr. McKinley, in boasting of the new forces he has got together for bending the Filipinos to his will, is only glorying as a full-grown man might in his ability to break every bone in the body of the street waif. The disparity is too glaring. If we exert our giant's strength to crush the Filipinos, we can undoubtedly do it. But what we assert is that it is not a question of mere *force majeure*. There are moral obstacles in our path more terrible than an army with banners. If we wage a war of extermination against the Filipinos, they will have invisible allies mightier than all the battalions that tread the earth; so that they that be with them are more than they that be with us, and we can never conquer them.

We cannot conquer the Filipinos because we cannot, as a nation, place ourselves in a pillory to become the hissing of mankind; cannot justify the bitter taunt of the Spaniard that our pretended unselfishness and humanity were but thinly veiled greed and cruelty; cannot give fresh edge to the sneers of Germans at our vaunted purpose to set a captive race free, and to the cynicism of Frenchmen at the expense of our mission of justice and liberty; cannot make our best friends in England hang their heads in shame; cannot put it in the power of the civilized world to say that our generous professions were a hollow mockery and our plighted faith no better than a harlot's vow.

We cannot conquer the Filipinos because we cannot march over the dead bodies of our national leaders and prophets and heroes; cannot look into the grave and troubled face of Washington bidding us remember that "the basis of our political system" is the right of a people to make its own government, and urging us to exhibit to the world the "too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence"; cannot, in Lincoln's presence, "ask a just God's assistance" in the effort to "bestride the necks of a people because they will be better off for being ridden"; cannot, with McKinley leading us, do what he said would be an act of "criminal aggression"; cannot welcome and applaud Dewey while going in the teeth of his saying, "Rather than make a war of conquest of this people, I would up anchor and sail out of the harbor."

We cannot conquer the Filipinos because we cannot use any of our historic battle-cries in the fight against them; cannot allow our soldiers to give one countersign of liberty, while pursuing them; cannot arm our officers and men with the triple armor of a just cause; cannot nerve our troops with a hatred of the enemy nearly as intense as their hatred of the cruel and repellent work they are set to do; cannot look upon a victory except with shame that it is won over a foeman so unworthy of our steel; cannot ask a beaten army to surrender and trust to our good faith, lest the taunt be thrown in our face, as it was in President Schurman's by a Filipino envoy, that American good faith is not a thing to be considered seriously.

We cannot conquer the Filipinos because the country and Congress will not give the President the money necessary to pursue his ruthless work; because an outraged public sentiment will demand that he quit doing what we went to war with Spain to stop her doing; because burdened taxpayers will protest against being made to pay for shot and shell to do the work which wise statesmanship should be able to do without the firing of a gun; because we are too great a nation to trample on the weak, too free a people to permit chains to be riveted on another race by our agents and in our name, and too jealous a republican commonwealth to see our blood and treasure poured out in distant lands for the benefit of a favored few.

And if, in spite of all, the war of conquest and extermination is pushed to its bloody end; if the last Filipino town goes up in smoke and flame; if the last armed native is brought to bay in swamp or pass, and falls under our volleys; it is not the Filipinos who will be conquered; they, even as they die before the pitiless hail of our bullets, may well exclaim: "Americans, you have not conquered us, you have conquered yourselves; in our ruin you have pulled down the pillars of your own temple of liberty; in beating us down you have trampled upon your own history and principles; in destroying our republic you have destroyed your own."

RESULTS OF POLITICAL COURAGE.

One of the reproaches brought against those citizens who refuse to obey the orders of party leaders without criticism or discussion, is that their energy is wasted. "Why do you throw away your ballot and your influence," the independent voter is asked, "by deserting your own party? You cannot join the other party, for you do not believe in its principles, and if you hope to accomplish anything, your only chance is to stay where you belong, and take the bad and the good together." This appeal is probably in most cases sufficient to overcome the disposition to revolt. Men hate to be called bad names. They dislike to break off friendly relations with their old companions, and above all they dread the reputation of being visionary and unpractical. They find it on the whole easier to turn a deaf ear to the voice of conscience than to that of the party organization, and they justify themselves with the reflection that, after all, they could accomplish nothing if they did take an independent course.

Yet the fallacy of this appeal is constantly exposed. Every one admits that the conduct of party leaders may become so bad that they have to be displaced. No one denies that unscrupulous politicians may favor measures so contrary to party traditions and principles as to require repudiation. The question, therefore, concerning party policy is always open. Conditions are incessantly changing, and the course of party action must be determined by human volition. This being so, it is absurd to assume that the individuals who happen at any time to be in office, or to be in control of the nominating machinery, must have the absolute power of deciding on the policy of their party. To a certain degree they must have this power. The immediate demands of administration have to be met. But beyond that point administrative officers have no right to go. The intelligent members of the party must be consulted. If they are to be consulted, they have a right to give their opinions, and if the matter is a vital one, to insist on them. That is a condition of the healthy growth of parties. The party must advocate new measures all the time, and if the new measures are dictated by the managers and not by the thinking members of the party, it will very soon decay. We have had many examples of this in American history, and they afford ample proof that energy is not wasted by independent political action.

This truth was very well brought out by Mr. H. C. Parsons, a member of the Senate of Massachusetts, at the recent Ashfield anniversary. He reviewed the political course of George William Curtis, and pointed out that while he had been called the "ideal independent," he was properly the ideal party man. When his career is reviewed, we are struck with his activity in what we speak of as "politics." He attended all the caucuses, served on committees, was a delegate to conventions, presided at political meetings. He was chairman of his county committee and Presidential elector. He accepted some nominations for office, and might have had others if he had wished to bargain for them. He urged on college students "that participation in the details of politics without which, upon the part of the most intelligent citizens, the conduct of public affairs falls under the control of selfish and

ignorant or crafty and venal men." In all this, Mr. Curtis preserved his independence, and under his guidance and that of such men as he, the Republican party was enthusiastically supported by the best citizens. It was successful because of the courage which its intelligent members displayed in asserting their right to hold the party managers to their principles.

Hence, it involved no change in his theory of party government for him to oppose the Republican managers when they lowered the party standards. We need not dwell on the results of his action, because they are current history. But what the rising generation of educated voters needs seriously to consider is the practical results of such political courage as Mr. Curtis displayed, and as is now displayed by such good Republicans as Senator Hoar and Mr. Parsons. Young men are told that such opposition is blind and hopeless; that the anti-imperialists are fighting as those that beat the air. But every day's tidings prove the falsity of this view. It is not a question of creating a party; it is a question of influencing the managers of the existing parties. That these managers have been influenced by the courageous attitude of the anti-imperialists is easily demonstrated.

The aim of these citizens may be defined roughly as the preservation of government by the people, and the ideals of human equality and freedom. To hold distant peoples in subjection by right of conquest, as the Republican managers proposed, was inconsistent with that aim, and hence the independent element was thrown into opposition. But the Democratic party organization, owing to its expulsion of its independent element, was in no condition to attract Republican voters. Moreover, the managers of that organization were by no means sincerely hostile to an imperial policy. They thought it might be popular, and they cared little for consistency. The situation was extremely discouraging for the independents. They were too few to count, and both parties were against them. It was a time for the faint-hearted to draw back and to submit to what seemed inevitable. Fortunately there were enough courageous men to sustain the cause, and they may now contemplate the results of their action with good cheer.

One of these results is that they have furnished the Democratic party with a policy. From half applauding the subjugation of the Filipinos, the leaders have gradually veered around until they are ready to denounce it. Mr. Richard Croker's personal convictions about free government and human liberty are, perhaps, not very clear, but he is in position to judge of what is popular, and he has changed his tone about expansion. He thought it was assured, but he now thinks differently. Mr. Bryan was somewhat obscure in his first utterances, but he has grown more and more explicit. Appearances indicate that the Democratic party will adopt substantially the platform of the anti-Imperialists, so far at least as the continuance of a war of conquest is concerned. To have made this a political issue when the policy of subjugation seemed at one time to be universally accepted, is a great victory. It may be fairly attributed to the political courage of a comparatively few independent and patriotic citizens contending against great disadvantages.

Nor is this all. It is not only the Democratic leaders that have been aroused, but the Republican managers also. Signs are multiplying that they are alarmed. They are becoming more and more apologetic, the more the real issue is explained to the people. They are perhaps too far committed to their policy to change it openly; but they will probably be led to modify it. They assert that the war will soon be over, and they hope, no doubt, to overwhelm armed opposition. But if they find that they cannot conquer within six months, they will probably resort to diplomacy. Eventually, therefore, the principle of the consent of the governed may secure recognition, and that is the chief principle involved. If we review the whole situation, the "ideal party man" seems to have accomplished much. He has not thrown away his influence, which those who thought he must submit to fate have done. On the contrary, he has exerted it so successfully that future ages may hold that it turned the scales of destiny, and that those who were not frightened at being called traitors, have made themselves an enduring name as patriots.

THE IOWA DEMOCRACY.

The Democratic State Convention in Iowa last week was a political gathering of unusual significance. The party managers have nowhere in the West been more insistent upon keeping the silver issue to the front than in that State. In the State convention of 1897 a platform was adopted which gave first place to the financial question, laid "special emphasis" upon that portion of the Chicago platform bearing on this question, and specifically reasserted the demand for free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1. Again, in 1898, the party put the same issue to the front, declared that the utterances of the Chicago platform concerning finance "explicitly define our faith on the money question," and held free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 "indispensable to the financial, industrial, and political independence of our people."

In sharp contrast with this attitude of the Iowa Democracy in 1897 and 1898 is the position which they take in 1899. The platform adopted at Des Moines begins with an unequivocal and unreserved endorsement of the Chicago platform, "in whole and in detail," but it does not "lay special emphasis" upon the financial portion of it, and so far from holding free coinage at 16 to 1 "indispensable," it does not even mention that policy, or say a single word about silver. The new issue of imperialism has forced the old one of the national finances into the background.

Upon this new issue the Iowa Democrats first "rejoice in the exalted sentiment and motive that prompted the Government of the United States to take up arms in defence of the bitterly oppressed people of Cuba, and in the successful termination of the war with Spain, its patriotism, and the unsurpassed bravery displayed by our soldiers and sailors on land and sea." They declare that "war for liberation of the tyranny-cursed island was worthy of the greatest republic, but for the same reason that we glory in the successful war against Spain, we deprecate and condemn the war against the Filipinos." They characterize the first as for the emancipation of a people, and the other for the subjugation of a people, and insist that, "if the war against Spain was right, and it was, that against the natives of the Philippines, who have committed no offence save to love liberty, and to be willing to fight and die for it, is wrong." They assert that "the attempt, unauthorized by Congress, to conquer the natives of Oriental islands is a repudiation of the American doctrine affirmed in the Declaration of Independence, and in conflict with the principles which George Washington and the patriots of the Revolution made sacrifices to establish." The last resolution in the series is as follows:

> "We oppose conquest of the Philippines because imperialism means militarism, because militarism means government by force, and because government by force means the death of government by consent, the destruction of political and industrial freedom, and the obliteration of equality of rights and assassination of democratic institutions."

All this is sound doctrine. It is an excellent statement of propositions which can be seriously discussed and ought to be so discussed. The fly in the ointment is an absurd plank which expresses the belief that the war against the Filipinos was "inspired by Great Britain for the purpose of producing conditions that will force an Anglo-American alliance"; which not only protests against the war and demands its termination by the extension to the Filipinos of the same assurance given to the Cubans, but records "our deep-seated antagonism to an alliance with Great Britain or any other European Power," and expresses "our detestation of the attempt made in British interests to disrupt the friendly relations which have uniformly existed between the United States and Germany." This is a most transparent bid for both

Irish and German votes on demagogical grounds.

The other principal feature of the platform is the portion devoted to Trusts. The Iowa Democrats "view with alarm" the multiplication of these combinations of capital, call them "the direct outgrowth of the policy of the Republican party," condemn this policy, declare their "solemn conviction that the Trusts must be destroyed or they will destroy free government," and "demand that they be suppressed by repeal of the protective tariff and other privilege-conferring legislation responsible for them, by the enactment of such legislation, State and national, as will aid in their destruction."

The significance of all this is that the party evidently welcomes the chance to make an aggressive fight along the new lines of battle, which have been laid out under the eye of the commander-in-chief. Bryan not only was favored for the nomination next year, but was in Des Moines while the managers were framing the platform, and approved the course which was taken. The Iowa Democrats have undoubtedly "sounded the keynote" for their party in the Presidential campaign of 1900, provided that the conditions in the Philippines shall not materially change before next summer. Under existing conditions all the politicians in both parties could not make silver the chief issue next year, nor prevent the expansion policy from being the one which will engage the attention of the people. Issues are born out of the course of events and the feeling of the voters about those events; they are not made to order by a little group of political schemers. The war in the Philippines is what the people are thinking about, and even if Bryan should try his best to organize the Democratic politicians, and Mark Manna the Republican, to make another fight over the silver issue, they could not succeed. Bryan evidently sees this. The readiness of the Iowa Democrats to make the change of base should be a warning to Republicans.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

At the moment when the British Parliament received the report of its committee favoring a national system of pensions for the aged, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company announced that it had matured a plan for the benefit of its superannuated workmen. To the sperficial observer it may seem that these movements indicate a universal tendency; but the supposed analogy disappears when the difference between the agencies controlling the distribution of the pensions is considered. Ultimately, it is hardly too much to say, the pension policy of a government tends to be determined by the pensioners. The experience of the United States is practically decisive on that point. The ordinary Congressman does not dare to propose any reform of the scandalous abuses of our system, but is rather disposed to extend its scope, both by general and by special acts. The pensioners constitute a privileged class, often numerous enough to hold the balance of power at the polls, and they are solidly united against any reduction of their stipends. It is true that the interests of the masses should control the action of legislators, but practically legislators can seldom resist the demands of any large and well-organized body of voters. The masses are ignorant and indifferent. The interested classes are alert and insistent. It is hard to prevent them from enlarging their claims. It is impossible to cut them down when once allowed.

A railroad company differs from a state in that it has no "politics" in its constitution. There are not two organized bodies of men each trying to get hold of the management for the purpose of installing its members in the offices. The purpose of its existence is to sell transportation to the public at a price that shall pay all expenses, and furnish besides a reasonable compensation to the people who have spent their money in building and equipping the road. Of course, human nature being what it is, there is frequently a great deal of jobbery in railroad management. But, as a general rule, it is true that the stockholders choose managers because of the ability which they have displayed in attaining the legitimate ends of the railroad. Managers that cannot manage so as to pay dividends, have to give place to more competent men.

But in a government there are no tangible dividends. Governments do not make money, but spend it. They have no means of support except what they obtain from the revenues which their subjects earn. Their operations may promote the general welfare, but they do not directly increase the financial welfare of any one except their officers. Hence the responsibility of legislators for financial results is of the slightest. If times are hard, the people will generally hold the Administration responsible, but, as a rule, unjustly. Under President Harrison the Republicans passed the pension bill, the silver bill, the bill admitting the mining Territories as States, and a high tariff bill which struck off the revenue from the sugar duties. These measures so depleted the Treasury as to bring on a panic, which was attributed to the Administration of President Cleveland, although he did his best to repair the mischief. The mass of the people are altogether incapable of fixing responsibility for financial mismanagement by their rulers, while the stockholders of a corporation have some capability of this kind, although it is limited.

Hence, the chief inquiry concerning a railway's pension system is a scientific one. We want to know the figures showing the term of employment, the wages paid, the probable duration of life, etc., just as we ask similar questions about an insurance company. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company, we may be sure, made a careful investigation of the whole subject before deciding on its plan. The plan involves the compulsory retirement of employees at the age of seventy years, or in some cases between sixty-five and seventy years. It implies practically service of the company for life, and is in addition to the relief-fund already provided for those invalided, which fund is also enlarged in its scope. Calculation has doubtless been made that this system will be economically advantageous to all parties. Employees will know that faithful service on their part will secure them against want in their old age, and will be encouraged to make additional provision for themselves. Stockholders will consider that the expense of the pensions will be repaid by better service, by the automatic displacement of the superannuated, and by the creation of a permanent force of employees. The latter will look on their pensions not as alms, but as accumulated earnings, or as increased wages paid for prolonged service.

The plan laid before the English Parliament is theoretically sound. It is meant only for virtuous citizens who have been able to support themselves up to the age of sixty-five, but who find themselves at that age with an income of less than ten shillings a week. No one sentenced to penal servitude within twenty years, no one who has received poor relief (except medical relief) within twenty years, no one who has not tried to the best of his ability to make provision for himself and those dependent on him, is to have a pension. These conditions are practically absurd. We know what similar ones amount to in this country. We have seen the practical operation of limiting pensions to those free from "vicious habits," and who are unable to support themselves by manual labor because of "mental or physical disability of a permanent character." These restraints are not applied, and it is vain to try to apply them. The restraints proposed in the English scheme are even more preposterous. The idea of ascertaining whether a million, or several million, persons have done their best to make provision for old age, is altogether fantastical. Such investigations, to amount to anything, would require a vast force of officials whose expenses would be more than the pensions. The additional inquiries concerning good character for twenty years and the receipt of alms would be almost equally difficult. In a small village, where population is not migratory, such investigations might be practicable. In great cities they would ordinarily be hopeless.

But even if the scheme proposed could be worked, at the estimated cost of £10,000,000 a year, that is not the end of it. It is only the entering wedge. A very urgent demand is already made for extending the limits of the scheme. It is vain to urge that such alms-giving discourages thrift; that if the possession of a few pounds in the savings bank is to prevent a man from getting a pension, he will not think it worth while to save. Such arguments are beside the question, because, as we have said, it is a political one. The pensions have been promised, and the populace demands them. The *Spectator* declares that if the proposed scheme is adopted, difficulties and perplexities will arise which must ultimately ruin not only the Government, but the present safe and vigorous system of finance. Hence it suggests that it would be wise to begin with pensions for those aged 75 years, with some further restrictions. It adds that "nothing would be easier" than to reduce the age to 65, if it seemed wise. That is true; but it is also true that, after taking a step of this kind, retreat is impossible. *Facilis descensus*, and when the common people have once learned that they can be supported at the public expense without the opprobrium of the alms-house, they will not be satisfied until they have fully exploited this bountiful source of revenue.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE AGORA AT CORINTH.

AUGUST 4, 1899.

Since I described, somewhat more than a year ago, in these columns, the discovery of Pirene, the excavations at Corinth have yielded another important result, which makes it permissible, if not desirable, that this truly American work, which is going on so far away from the eyes of most Americans, should be trumpeted out a little at home. When I look back on the results of three excavation campaigns of from two to three months each, I am filled with wonder that we have been able to accomplish so much.

In the year 1895, when the excavations of the American School conducted by Dr. Waldstein at the Argive Heræum had come to a close, the managing committee of the School, through its chairman, asked me what excavation enterprise I had to propose, assuring me that whatever selection I made would be supported to the extent of the resources which the School had at its disposition. To this question I replied promptly. For more than a year I had had Corinth in my mind. I had felt that the time had come for the excavation of a large Greek city, which up to that time had not been attempted. Corinth afforded an opportunity to make this beginning, because the prosperous town that covered a good deal of the site of the ancient city had been wiped out by the earthquake of 1859. And yet I was appalled at the magnitude of the undertaking. The area of the old city was well known from traces of the ancient wall; but within this area, at the foot of the imposing Acro-Corinth, extending about a mile from north to south and nearly two miles from east to west, not one point of ancient Corinth was identified. There was, to be sure, a probability that one might strike something almost anywhere; but that one would miss the important things was vastly more likely. That one should hit the bull's-eye without some sort of suggestion was the most unlikely thing of all. A Greek ephor, M. Skias, had in 1890 made one attempt to find the Agora, resting upon a theory which he had formed in regard to its location —an attempt which had only a negative result. M. Skias came to the conclusion that very little of the Greek city would ever be brought to light. Feeling the uncertainty of any immediate results of excavations in this great area, I had for a time turned my attention to Argos, which affords a little strip of free ground, at the foot of its acropolis, while the rest of the ancient city is largely covered by the modern city of ten thousand inhabitants. But there was some difficulty in securing that particular area in Argos, and I had already reverted to Corinth when I was called upon to make my selection.

In order, however, to have two strings to my bow, I secured from the representative of the Greek Government in archæological matters the concession not only of Corinth, but also of Sicyon, where the School had already rendered conspicuous service in excavating the Theatre. Prof. B. I. Wheeler, my colleague for that year, then visited with me both sites, in order that, as he expressed it, "we might not be talking through our hat" in answering the committee. As he concurred with me in the belief that Sicyon offered no essential encouragements which the more important neighbor city did not also afford, Corinth was the choice.

In the spring of 1896 we took the field, and dug more than twenty trial trenches, spread out over a wide area, but most of them in or near the wretched hamlet which goes by the name of Old Corinth, with the hope of finding out where to strike in earnest. It was only after this stage was reached that we could ask the Greek Government to step in and expropriate the land. Although we found much that was of interest, particularly vases of all ages, in several of these trenches, it was not until near the end of the three months' work that we gained, partially at least, our object. In Trench xviii we found, as we had hoped, the Theatre. This was buried under from fifteen to twenty feet of earth and badly broken up. So, after digging branches and supplements to our main trench until we got up to xviii f, we left it unexcavated, and so it lies to-day. Prof. Babbitt, however, made a plan of it, accompanied by a full description.

But the importance of the Theatre lay in the fact that it gave us the first identified *point*. Pausanias has a fairly full and fairly clear description of Corinth; and, having secured one point, we were on his track. Had we had a second point, we could at once have drawn a line and placed most of the monuments which we have now found. Had the name of the venerable temple ruin by which Corinth has long been known to travellers been known to us, we should even then have had this line. It is true that I guessed its name and recorded my guess in the report of this first year's work.

In a trench dug in a valley just east of this temple, we found at a depth of about twenty feet a broad pavement, which, combined with the configuration of the soil, made me think that the Agora was near. To find the Agora was to solve the topography of Corinth, because Pausanias, after describing what is inside the Agora, proceeds out from it, describing monuments right and left along the main streets.

I can never adequately set forth the impatience with which I waited for the opportunity to put my guesses to the test of another excavation campaign. When the time came around to begin, the campaign dropped out on account of the war between Greece and Turkey; and two years of waiting increased my eagerness to a fever. In the work of 1898, proceeding up the valley east of the temple, we found buried under thirty feet of earth Pirene, the most famous fountain of Greece, with its architecture (a two-story façade) almost intact, except for the loss of its marble facing. There was much else in the work of that year that was interesting—public attention was especially drawn to the inscription from the Synagogue in which St. Paul preached; but the main result was Pirene. If we had found but two stones of it, it would have been important because it was our second point; and now we had our line. It was the same as if we had the Agora. We could now point in a certain direction and say, "There is the Agora"; but we could not tell quite how far away it was. But a broad marble staircase, thirty steps of which we laid bare, leading from the broad pavement before mentioned up the valley lengthwise, towards where it ended in a broad level space, led us to think that it was near. How very near we little knew. The campaign came to an end without the complete uncovering of Pirene.

This year I began the campaign with just as much interest, but no feverish eagerness. The finding of the Agora was now simply a question of time. I had outlined to the committee, as the work of this campaign, the completing the excavation of Pirene, the excavation of the temple, and the proceeding *towards* the Agora as far as the money held out. The three movements we carried on at the same time.

When we began to proceed up the marble staircase which led up the valley, we found that we were already at the top, and almost immediately we found the foundations of the propylæa, mentioned by Pausanias, through which the street to Lechæon, the harbor of Corinth on the Corinthian Gulf, passed out of the Agora. From the mere mention of Pausanias one would have no idea of the magnificent position of this gateway, looking down the valley, challenging the gaze, the observed of all observers. It was what we were looking for; but it came so suddenly that I did not dare to believe in our good fortune, nor did I announce it until the end of the campaign, when we had gone a long way through the propylæa, and cleared a considerable portion of the Agora itself.

Two important results followed. The "Old Temple" became at once and for all time the Apollo Temple, because it lies just where Pausanias puts the Apollo Temple. Then the huge, rough-hewn block of native rock just west of the temple was found to be a fountain, at the time dried up, with only about a third of its height protruding from the ground. Not until we had cleared it out to the bottom could we be sure that

it was a fountain-house; and then we knew from its position that it was the fountain Glauke, called after the unfortunate princess of that name, the wife of Jason, who threw herself into it to escape the fiery poison given her by Medea, who, if she could not have Jason, would destroy all that belonged to him.

All the results of our work will appear as heretofore in the *American Journal of Archæology*. The story need not be made complete here. In brief, in three campaigns we proceeded straight to the goal. The two touchdowns were the Theatre and Pirene; the goal was the Agora. Before the close of our work this year, one who is universally recognized as a leader in the archæological world said in public: "Since the excavations of the American School we have a topography of Corinth. Before, all was conjecture and confusion." These conjectures, to some of which great names were attached, were, of course, mutually contradictory, and most of them now seem ridiculous. One who has gone below the surface and found the bottom facts is privileged to smile at the great guessers of the past, and appropriate the words which Metternich used of his companions in statecraft: "My God! how wrong they are, and how right I am."

Without the aid of several generous donors, this work, which has cost about $3,000 a year, could not have been carried on. The School, which is doing a fine work in quickening classical learning, is barely self-supporting. Excavating, which is that part of its activity which arouses most interest in Greece, and probably elsewhere, has to be paid for by a few willing friends. May these never grow less, but more! A buried city, and a famous one, is being brought to light by our American School. While Germany is laying bare Miletus, and Austria Ephesus, we ought to keep pace with them at Corinth. RUFUS B. RICHARDSON.

HUMANISM IN EDUCATION.

OXFORD, July 31, 1899.

The Romanes lecture, delivered here, towards the end of the academic year just closed, by Prof. Jebb, deserves a particular sort of attention from those who are concerned with the teaching of the classics in America. Attention can best be aroused, I am convinced, by dwelling on particular points which the lecturer made, and I shall therefore venture to refer those desirous of getting at the discourse as a whole to its published form, a pamphlet which was procurable on the day of the lecture.*

Prof. Jebb began with an historical retrospect which occupied about one-half of his discourse, and paved the way for a luminous and cautiously framed delineation of the present functions and future prospects of classical studies in the education of our times. His argument bore most specifically upon education in England; but he did not avoid general considerations, nor could a survey of the present usefulness and future possibilities for Englishmen of classical training fail to have its very direct bearing upon the problems of American education in the present day. In this retrospect the new education inaugurated by the Italian Renaissance in the period between Dante and Erasmus occupied much of the lecturer's attention. Mediæval education was averse to literary studies, since it was chiefly scholastic philosophy and theology, with law and medicine, upon which mediæval thought had been focussed. Greek, having been altogether lost in the West, had no place in the training of the Middle Ages. Ecclesiastical influences predominated everywhere, and the teaching of such Latin authors as were read was "encumbered with a fantastic pedantry" which insisted, for instance, that every passage construed might have "four meanings—literal, metaphorical, allegorical, and mystical." Mediæval education had, in fact, the well-defined practical aim of preparing its pupils for the Church, for Law, or for Medicine. The only rudiments of a general all-round training which the Middle Ages yielded were apt to associate themselves with life in the households of princes or nobles, and with prevailing physical or military preoccupations. Thus, until that time of intellectual and artistic quickening known as the "Revival of Learning" was at hand, education in Christendom had a markedly narrow and technical complexion.

In contrast with this, Prof. Jebb described the educational innovations of Vittorino da Feltre, called from the chair of rhetoric at Padua to undertake at Mantua the education of Marquis Gonzaga's children. Unlike most mediæval educators, this innovator, Vittorino, was no ecclesiastic. He nevertheless, as the speaker averred, "neither felt nor sought any conflict between the classical and the Christian ideal." He planned, and carried out in practice, an education "at once intellectual, moral, and physical." Improving upon the "old court training" of mediæval days in a thoroughly Greek vein, he gave an "education in which mind and body should be harmoniously developed." "No antique idea," said the lecturer, "appealed with greater force to the humanists, since none presented a stronger contrast to mediæval practice." The purely intellectual features of Vittorino's scheme were, if possible, opposed still more sharply to ecclesiasticism. Without having in view for his pupil any special calling, his aim was to form "good citizens, useful members of society, men capable of bearing their part with credit in public or private life. He treated the great writers of antiquity as living men," into whose mind and soul it was possible to penetrate "by sympathetic study." At first only Latin authors were used, but in time some Greek was taught at the Pleasant House (La Giocosa), a villa where Vittorino's school was organized. Music, mathematics, and such science as the time could boast of also received attention. Vittorino's whole system earned the name of humanistic, "not simply or chiefly because the intellectual part of it was based on Greek and Latin," but, "in a more important sense," because it aimed to develop "the pupil's whole nature, intellectual, moral, and physical."

The lecturer then spoke of the foundation of Winchester College in Vittorino's boyhood, and noted that the Mantuan public school at La Giocosa was in its prime when Henry VI. founded Eton. Still, not either of these, but St. Paul's School, founded by Dean Colet, the friend of Erasmus, was "the oldest English school which was humanistic from its origin"; and the Statutes of Harrow, dated 1590, gave what seemed to be one of the earliest, if not the earliest, English example of "detailed regulations, as distinguished from merely general prescription, concerning the school study of Greek." Then, having noted that this education of the earlier Renaissance in Italy culminated in the establishment of the study of Greek in English schools, the lecturer summarily glanced at the expansion of the resources of humanism "as an instrument of education, by the manifold development of the higher classical learning in the centuries since the Renaissance."

As the outcome of modern archæological research, he said that antiquity had gained "a more vivid reality," and the ideal of humanism has been "reinforced in a manner which brings back to us something of the spirit which animated the Renaissance when it was largest and most vigorous." For the enthusiasm of the Renaissance, Prof. Jebb here pointedly added, "was nourished by the monuments of classical art scarcely less than by the masterpieces of literature." But this very progress, so recently made, had brought us, he averred, to a point where "the larger benefits of humanism become more difficult to harmonize with the new standards of special knowledge." To understand the Greek and Latin literatures required "some study of ancient thought, ancient history, archæology, art," while to become an expert in any of these branches was "the work of years." On this account, he added, in words which might be taken as a fair enough description of the training which culminates in the existing school of *literæ humaniores* at Oxford, "much can be said in favor of a plan by which the university student who is to devote a course of three or four years to the humane letters, confines himself, during the earlier stage of it, to the languages and literatures; then turns away from these viewed in their wider range, and concentrates himself for the rest of his time on one or two important aspects of classical antiquity, such as philosophy and history, to the exclusion of the rest."

Having thus described the modern and "reinforced" ideal of humanism in its culmination at the university, the lecturer addressed himself to that necessary foundation for a humanistic course in the university which must be found in the pursuits and experiences of the younger student "in the highest form of a school where the classics are taught"—a student, be it noted, especially in view of present American conditions, "who has not yet reached the moment at which the need of specialization begins to be felt." "Give this boy-student aptitudes and tastes for literary studies; make him one of that very considerable number of boys—a number immensely larger than the number of those who are fitted to excel in Greek or Latin composition"—who can be appealed to by a "world very distinct from that in which he moves," and can feel it, nevertheless, to be a world not "wholly alien." When such a youth first achieves some appreciation of the best classical poetry and prose, he goes through "a little Renaissance of his own," as Prof. Jebb happily termed it, and feels "the stimulus of discovery." In fact, he "perceives in some measure a beauty of form unlike anything that he has found elsewhere."

*The Romanes Lecture (1899): Humanism in Education. By R. C. Jebb, Litt.D., Hon. D.C.L. Delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre, June 7, 1899. Macmillan.

Something of the thought, the charm, and the music of great classical writers finds a "way into his consciousness" and dwells in his memory.

Many learners and teachers of the classics in America will unquestionably recognize Prof. Jebb's striking words as applicable to experience by no means unknown to American schoolboys engaged in preparing for the admission ordeal imposed by Harvard or Yale or any of our leading universities. But I think they will at the same time feel that the number of those in America who go through this "little Renaissance of their own" might be greatly increased if the demands of specialization in the university course for which our schoolboys are preparing did not scatter many a fairly gifted learner's powers over a somewhat formidable number of rudiments. Whatever may be the advantages secured by the usual American insistence upon the mastering of a minimum of attainment in a considerable number of subjects, one cardinal defect attaches to it inevitably. Being, under our usual system, required to dance attendance in the antechambers of too many of the palaces of truth which modern investigation has reared, the boy of good promise is often flurried and distracted at the very moment when he might be pressing on and entering for a brief moment the "Pleasant House" of the humanists.

Prof. Jebb gives as a date for the establishment of the study of Greek in the leading English public schools 1560-1600. This very period, when Greek was still struggling for its foothold, covers the school years of an overwhelming majority of the educated early colonists of America. Humanism and humanistic studies were yet plants of tender and uncertain growth in the England from which our forefathers severed themselves. It is, doubtless, fair to say that those of their number who could be classed as intellectual were chiefly among the New England pioneers. Just among them it is especially noticeable that mediæval preoccupations with theological controversy were especially at home. The whole episode of Sir Henry Vane's brief tenure of the governorship in Massachusetts Bay, if carefully entered into, will show that the atmosphere of early New England, like that of the Middle Ages, was averse to literary studies, and must reveal why the humanistic training of the Renaissance had but a precarious and stunted growth in New England. Sir Henry Vane was at Westminster School and at Oxford, Roger Williams was at Charterhouse, and several others (the Winthrops, for instance) must have had good schooling in England, but they were all brought to America in the heat of theological dissensions which made a fair flowering of the newly planted humanism impossible. Of contemporary and new intellectual movements in England, that which culminated in the foundation of the Royal Society attracted the most attention and roused the most enthusiasm in New England.

If we turn to William Penn's later colony, or to the earlier planting of Virginia, we find the same absence of any and every condition favorable to the new humanism and humanistic study. Outside of New England, theological enthusiasm was less, but commercial preoccupations too often took its place. It is accordingly our plain duty to acknowledge that humanistic studies in America were starved at the outset, and never enjoyed that full contact with the spirit of the early Italian Renaissance which was gradually transforming the schools of England, at just the critical moment when the American colonies were planted. Our Renaissance did not reach its completion until the movement from Germany inaugurated about fifty years ago. This remarkably fruitful movement shows so many signs of affinity with specialism, and found our soil so ill prepared, that a native growth of American humanism seems now more than ever problematical. We can hardly say with Prof. Jebb that the progress of knowledge during the last fifty years has "reinforced" our ideal of humanism, since there are facts tending to show that "the spirit which animated the Renaissance when it was largest and most vigorous" never fully and freely visited our Western shores until we had framed, without it, that whole system of the "good old-fashioned" college course which is one of our stumbling-blocks to-day.

In the second half of his lecture Prof. Jebb asked what was the general position of the humane letters in England at the present day, and what are their prospects of retaining this position? The progress of science, he declared—as who must not?—had been the most salient feature in the intellectual development of this century. And he added that this century was the first since the revival of learning in which a serious challenge had been thrown down to the defenders of the humanistic tradition. "But I think," was his conclusion, "that the position of humanism in this country at the close of the century is much stronger than it was at the beginning." There were certain elements in the imaginative literature of the early nineteenth century which worked on the whole against humanistic study, and there was "no popular force tending to spread a recognition of the humanistic ideal." All that has changed, for the influence of Tennyson throughout the English-speaking world "has made strongly for an appreciation of the classical spirit." Then, also, there had been, the lecturer said, the influence of Matthew Arnold, less popular, but not less penetrating than Tennyson's, whereby the distinctive qualities of the best Greek achievement have been subtly conveyed to the understanding of cultivated readers. And of Grote's great work he said that it had done more than any other one book of the century to "invest his subject with a vivid, an almost modern interest for a world wider than the academic." Such works, furthermore, as those of Symonds and Sellar had served to popularize the classical literatures in a scholarly sense, while translations "such as that by which Prof. Jowett has made Plato an English classic," have completed the work of this serviceable classicizing literature of the last forty years. I think we may also add that the controversy which for a time raged in America some ten or a dozen years ago, played a by no means contemptible rôle in bringing to the popular mind some sense of the importance of the Greek achievement.

All these considerations may, therefore, embolden the American humanist, whatever be the discouragements of his immediate outlook as compared with the brighter prospects of his fellows in England. We may, perhaps, even for America, cherish the hope that the danger which threatened humanism a generation ago has lost some of its worst terrors. What Prof. Jebb describes as "the powerful alliance between insurgent men of science and disaffected humanists, aided by the legions of Philistia," will probably not succeed in permanently dropping Greek in the schools for all but a few boys. And so we may hope that classical studies in America may not be, in the lecturer's words, "so narrowed, so hampered, so maimed, as to lose nearly all their distinctive educational value and die out of the schools." LOUIS DYER.

MEMOIRS OF MME. DE LA FERRONAYS.—I.

PARIS, August 2, 1899.

It is not often that people publish their memoirs in their lifetime; they generally leave that care to their successors. Chateaubriand was induced by financial difficulties to market his famous 'Mémoires d'Outre-tombe,' but this title sufficiently proves that the memoirs were not to appear while he was alive. He contented himself with having them read aloud, in fragments, in the drawing-room of Madame Récamier. I do not know what reasons induced Madame de la Ferronays to publish her memoirs, which appeared a few days ago, and which are making a great sensation in the class of society in which Madame de la Ferronays has moved and taken a prominent place for (I may almost say) half a century, and which goes under the familiar name of the Faubourg St.-Germain. If she herself was born in what she calls "a family of high bourgeoisie," she became, by her marriage, a part of the Legitimist society, and has remained all her life a stanch royalist. What gives a peculiar interest to her memoirs is their Legitimist tinge. I will not note here stories and anecdotes innumerable on purely social questions, on well-known families, on persons who have more or less notoriety. They are often related with *esprit*, but they are in a sense what the French call *hors d'œuvre*. The history of the relations of the La Ferronays with the Count de Chambord has a more permanent and general interest.

Immediately after her marriage, Madame de la Ferronays started with her husband for Italy, to see her mother-in-law, who lived at the Villa Buonvisi, near Lucca. Her mother-in-law was extremely pious; she herself had, she says, read books not much in accordance with what was approved at the Villa Buonvisi. "I called the Queen Mary Tudor the 'bloody Queen'; I vaunted willingly the greatness of Queen Elisabeth; I considered Gregory VII. and Innocent IV. as scourges of the human race. It was in this way that history was then taught, and, with some modifications, I have not entirely got over this way of thinking." Her father-in-law, during the Revolution, served in the army of Condé, and was a devoted friend of the royal family in exile. Attached to the Duke de Berry, he became a sort of political courier for the Princes on the Continent. On the very day when the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien was arrested, he had been sent to him with a message from the Duke de Berry, and left his house an hour before the Prince was arrested by the gendarmes sent by Bonaparte. He returned to France in 1814 with the King and the Princes, and when the Duke de Berry

was married, he became the master of his household. The Duke had a very violent temper, and, after a scene of which the details are not given, M. de la Ferronays left his service. He was appointed Ambassador to Russia, where he remained several years; he became very intimate with the Emperor Nicholas—so much so that, after the Revolution of 1830, the Tsar, "feeling concerned for the financial embarrassments in which he might be placed, sent a courier through the whole of Europe to place his privy purse at his disposal. My father-in-law declined it; but the generosity of the Emperor demanded from him the acceptance of a pension of 24,000 francs, half of which, after his death, was continued to my mother-in-law."

After 1830 M. de la Ferronays received the delicate mission of reëstablishing relations between the royal family, which was living near Prague, and the Duchess de Berry. The "King" was very angry with the Princess, who had thrown herself, against his wish, into the insurrectionary movement in La Vendée, and had given such a singular end to her expedition. She had been made a prisoner, and in prison gave birth to a child. She declared that she had been secretly married to Count Lucchesi-Palli. The King wished to see the marriage act, and, it having been produced, he pardoned her.

M. de la Ferronays, after having presented his wife to his parents at the Villa Buonvisi, had to present her to the members of the royal family in exile. They first took the road to Brunsee, where lived the Duchess de Berry, called simply Madame. "Brunsee was a fine habitation, with a grand air, worthy of the great Princess whom the tempest had thrown there. M. de Lucchesi had, before the public, the position of first chamberlain; but when, with all the forms of the greatest respect, he gave advice to Madame, she followed it without hesitation. The children did not yet appear before strangers. [The Duchess de Berry had five children by her second marriage, four of whom lived. The eldest, Anna, born in the citadel of Blaye, died a year after.]" The next visit was to Kirchberg, a house belonging to the Blacas, who had put it at the disposal of the royal family. Madame de la Ferronays was introduced to all the members, to the Dauphin, who was "very red"; to the Count de Chambord, who was just recovering from a fall from his horse which left him a little lame for the rest of his life.

On her return to Paris, Madame de le Ferronays began the series of visits which were the necessary preface to her new life—to the Duchess de Montmorency, to the Viscountess de Noailles, etc.; she tells many anecdotes of the ladies who were at that time the stars of society. Of Madame de Montmorency she relates:

"She had *le plus grand air du monde.* Her youth had been spent with the emigration, and she had almost known want. Her eldest daughter, the Princess of Bouffremont, was a model of every virtue; as much cannot be alleged of her second daughter. It was said that when the latter was on the point of marrying M. Louis de Talleyrand, titled Duke of Valençay, her maternal grandmother, Mme. de M——, called her, and said to her: 'My dear child, there are three ways of conducting one's life: the first is to do as I did, to defy Mrs. Grundy and to amuse yourself much; the second is the way of your mother, who respects propriety; the third is to imitate your sister, but it is very tiresome. . . .' The epoch of the youth of Madame de M—— was one in which there was much frankness, and I heard it said that a very great lady of the Court of Louis XV., finding herself at breakfast in a château where a numerous company was assembled, and the talk was of a violent storm which had taken place in the night, 'Indeed,' said one of the invited guests, 'it was dreadful; and I said to the Bishop, "Do get up and draw the curtains."' This gallant Bishop was also a *grand seigneur.*"

"One of the salons of the time was that of an American lady, daughter-in-law of the Thorns, who were the first Americans to keep a great establishment in Paris. To be admitted to it was a brevet of elegance. The fat Princess Léonie de Béthune did the honors there; she was an old spinster, of a rather vulgar appearance, sufficiently ill-natured, and of whom, though people feared her tongue, rather ugly things were said."

The Thorns inhabited the magnificent hôtel which, in our time, belonged to the Duchess of Galliera, and has since become the Austrian Embassy. A sister of M. de la Ferronays was married to Mr. Craven.

"She so completely identified herself with the English nationality that she acquired an English accent in speaking French; she approved and accepted only the English ways of living. Mr. Craven, wholly devoted to Lord Palmerston, executed for him several secret missions, not much in harmony with what ought to have been the sentiments of my sister-in-law, and was sent to France, after the conclusion of the Spanish marriages, as private secretary to Lord Normanby. . . . Later, it was Mr. Craven who, though retired from the diplomatic service, prepared the crisis which ended in the fall of the monarchy of the Two Sicilies."

In 1843 the Count de Chambord held a sort of royalist levee in London, where he stayed for a time in Belgrave Square. The La Ferronays, of course, were there. "The most important of the personages surrounding the Prince, who was treated with the greatest consideration, and who, at any rate, thought himself most worthy of respect, was Viscount Chateaubriand. He alone, in the drawing-room where all stood, used to sit in his chair, which he never left." Madame de la Ferronays was presented to him. "He hardly inclined his head to bow. I did not feel much enthusiasm before the man whom pride had (involuntarily, perhaps) rendered so fatal to the monarchy." In the same year M. de la Ferronays took his wife to Lorraine, where lived, in the château of Saint-Mars, the last survivor of the eldest branch of his family, a lady who had long been a canoness and married late a gentleman of Lorraine, the Count de Gosset, "to whom she considered that she had paid a great honor, and whose name, after his death, she adopted the habit of dropping. Saint-Mars was an immense place, which suffered much during the Revolution. Madame de Gosset was a strong Legitimist, and chose the second La Ferronays of the younger branch for her heir."

In 1845 the sister of the Count de Chambord was married to the heir of the Duchy of Lucca. "Exiled princesses are difficult to place, and this marriage was made in spite of the Pretender's reputation for levity." A year afterwards, the union of the Count de Chambord with the Archduchess Theresa was announced, and caused great astonishment in the royalist party. "The Princess was three years older than her royal husband, and was known to be far from handsome." Several unions had been thought of for the Count, among them a marriage with the Grand Duchess Helen (who died Duchess of Nassau). Notwithstanding the concessions made by the Emperor, who insisted that the Grand Duchess should be married in the Orthodox Church, but consented to leave her entire liberty to enter the Catholic Church the day after the ceremony, the Dauphiness absolutely refused to allow a union with a schismatic. It was necessary to look elsewhere. The choice seemed to fall upon a daughter of the Duke of Modena, the only reigning prince who had refused to recognize the legitimacy of the royalty of the Orleans-Bourbon branch. He had two daughters, Theresa and Beatrice. The latter had, unfortunately, "a passion for Don Juan, second son of Don Carlos." "There is no way to combat or to explain the follies of young persons, even Archduchesses." There remained Theresa. The future Countess de Chambord was tall and had *un grand air;* but, at her birth, an accident had deformed one side of her face. . . . Educated at the court of Modena, where the most complete absolutism, the most reactionary ideas, were the rule, she had felt this influence; and what was called liberalism seemed to her an insult to the divine law."

Correspondence.

CALIFORNIA AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: California is popularly supposed to be a stronghold of "expansion," since the commercial benefits expected from this policy might very naturally be heaviest on this coast. Recent developments have, however, put the California expansionists in a very laughable predicament. When we entered upon the humanitarian war with Spain, and the President called for volunteers, California was the first State to turn over a regiment to the United States Government, and her generous enthusiasm was still further shown by the great number of Californians who enlisted in the various regiments from other States while they were encamped at the Presidio in San Francisco. After the war became one of conquest in the Philippines, and troubles began to thicken around the Administration, so that a call for volunteers was talked of in Washington, the two Senators from California sent a telegram to President McKinley, offering him an entire regiment from southern California. The men, they said, were ready and eager to enlist.

The call has now been issued, and recruiting offices opened in Los Angeles, the headquarters of the regiment so generously and promptly offered to the President. Witness the result! The latest dispatch from Los Angeles says that Lieut. Chappalear has been ordered to leave Los Angeles for San Diego, in the hope that he may find a few recruits there for the Thirty-fifth Volunteers. During the last week at Los Angeles just one recruit was obtained, and he was a Chinaman born in this country. It makes all the difference in the world, even to commercial Californians, what we are fighting for, and the State that was quickest to muster in troops for one war, bids fair to be the slowest to find men for our present policy of aggression.

Edson R. Sunderland.

Oakland, Cal., August 11, 1899.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY IN SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The communication in your issue of August 10, referring to the report of the Committee of Seven on the "Study of History in Schools," seems to me to contain certain fundamental errors. I heartily agree with the writer that it is time that the secondary-school men freed themselves from the domination of the colleges, and in great measure arranged and organized the curriculum to suit themselves. But in the performance of that task they may, perhaps, receive some assistance from the reports of various committees that have been studying the problem from the standpoint of specialists interested in certain subjects. There is nothing in the nature of dictation in the report of the Committee of Seven. It is the result of two years of careful work, and if there is anything in it that is helpful, the teachers may profit by it. What is not acceptable need not be adopted. The reader of the report will see that the secondary school is nowhere in the report spoken of as primarily a preparatory school. Indeed, it is because the Committee believes that history is of great importance in a curriculum which is made up for the purpose of fitting boys and girls for intelligent citizenship, not simply for entering college, that the chief emphasis is laid upon the educational value of historical work rather than upon the acquisition of a modicum of information sufficient to meet college requirements.

The writer of the communication has also erred in saying that "the historians have just insisted on four full years for them." A good many schools now give four years to history, and the Committee, after studying European and American schools, consulting teachers, and examining programmes, has marked out what is believed to be a model four years' course. But to insist on four years of history as a college entrance requirement did not so much as occur to the Committee. We believe that, following present tendencies, the secondary schools of this country will before long give continuous courses in history, especially for those students that are not required to spend from one-third to one-half of their time on ancient languages; but we have not insisted upon anything like this.

Finally, it seems to me that the task of the secondary-school man has been lightened, not increased, by the reports of the committees of specialists. He now has before him a long list of recommendations and suggestions. It is not too much to expect that he can obtain help from them; he cannot reach the impossible, and crowd eight years of work into four, or treat each subject as if it were the only one needing consideration. It is to be remembered that the report of the Committee of Seven was prepared at the suggestion of Superintendent Nightingale, chairman of a committee of the National Educational Association, an association composed almost solely of secondary teachers. This committee has been charged with the labor of making recommendations for the unifying of college entrance requirements. It is such a body as this, and not a committee of specialists, that must seek to reconcile conflicting claims and organize a systematic programme. Above all, it is not to be expected that, when a committee of historical students has prepared a report in response to Mr. Nightingale's request, the report will be considered a piece of presumptuous interference on the part of college professors.

Andrew C. McLaughlin,
Chairman of the Committee of Seven.

August 15, 1899.

THE PROPOSED "NATIONAL INSTITUTE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have received with much regret a proposition, signed by several eminent names, and looking towards the establishment of "The National Institute of Art, Science, and Letters," to consist of 200 members. My special ground for regret is that this organization, unlike almost all organizations established for similar purposes in America within the last half century, appears to be limited to one sex only.

Among national societies based upon the larger membership, and including women as well as men, are the American Social Science Association, the American Philological Society, the American Folk-Lore Society, the American Modern Language Society, the American Historical Society, the Appalachian Mountain Club, the Associated Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, and the Association of American Authors. Many of these organizations have had women not merely as members, but as officers. Thus, Prof. Abby B. Leach was Vice-President and is now President of the Philological Society; Miss Alice Fletcher is Vice-President of the Folk-Lore Society; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is a Vice-President of the Association of American Authors, and Mrs. Caroline Healey Dall has always, I believe, been a director of the Social Science Association.

I have been, at different times, a member of each of these societies, have been an officer of several of them, and, indeed, President of three, and I am not aware that the slightest inconvenience has ever followed from the union of both sexes in their membership, or that any proposition has ever been made looking towards a change. Meanwhile, there have been similar societies which, while originally based on a narrower plan, have expanded their membership to include women; as has been done, for instance, in the American Oriental Society and the New England Historic-Genealogical Society. Other learned societies have admitted women occasionally and sparingly, though enough to establish the precedent. Thus, the late Prof. Maria Mitchell was admitted to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and also to the Academy of Arts and Sciences; while women are now chosen freely, I believe, into the Society of American Artists. In fact, it may safely be said that in recently formed societies of a national character for the promotion of "Art, Science, and Letters," the tendency has been all one way. Can any good reason be given why the proposed "National Institute" should attempt to turn back the tide? For one, I can take no part in such a movement, and have, therefore, felt obliged, however reluctantly, to decline the honor of its membership.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

Glimpsewood, Dublin, N. H., August 20, 1899.

THE ALASKA BOUNDARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It may be of some interest to your readers to call attention to the testimony, as an historical document, which the maps of North America and Canada in the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica bear to the Alaska boundary question. In both, the United States claim is distinctly sustained.

Yours, James M. Hubbard.

Ripton, Vt., August 16, 1899.

"YOUSE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am afraid your correspondent is mistaken in saying that "yous" is unknown in Ireland, for there is the best of authority on the other side. In that admirable book of Jane Barlow's, 'A Creel of Irish Stories,' a book which is the perfection of art, and of that art which does not thrust itself in your face as an end in itself, but serves as a model for the production of perfect form, the word occurs as the ordinary plural of *you*. I cannot give the page, as I have not the book at hand; but my memory is certainly not at fault, for I read it only a few days ago.

P. Q. R.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s fall announcements include three additions to the "American Statesmen" series, viz., 'Salmon P. Chase,' by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart; 'Charles Sumner,' by Moorfield Storey; and 'Charles Francis Adams,' by his son and namesake. Also, a 'Life of Bishop Latimer,' by the Rev. A. J. Carlyle; 'Horace Bushnell,' by the Rev. T. T. Munger; 'Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes,' edited in two volumes by his daughter, Mrs. Sarah F. Hughes; 'Letters and Passages from Letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson to a Friend, 1838-1853,' edited by Charles Eliot Norton; 'Reminiscences,' by Julia Ward Howe, together with 'Is Polite Society Polite? and Other Essays,' by the same author; 'Contemporaries,' by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; 'Life of Rear-Admiral Charles Henry Davis,' by his son, Capt. Charles H. Davis, U. S. N.; 'The American in Holland,' by the Rev. William Elliot Griffis; 'The Dutch and Other Quaker Colonies in America,' by John Fiske, together with 'A Century of Science, and Other Essays,' by the same author; 'The Narragansett Friends' Meeting in the Eighteenth Century,' by Caroline Hazard; 'The End of an Era'—namely, that of slavery in Virginia—by John S. Wise; 'The Prose of Edward Rowland Sill,' essays by a poet; 'Sonnets and Madrigals of Michelangelo Buonarroti,' rendered into English verse by William Wells Newell, with Italian text and notes; 'Sonnets,' from Bion, Moschus, and Bacchylides, by Lloyd Mifflin; 'Two Tragedies of Seneca,' translated by Ella Isabel Harris; 'An American Anthology,' by Edmund Clarence Stedman; 'The Martyr's Idyl, and Shorter Poems,' by Louise Imogen Guiney; 'Beyond the Hills of Dream,' poems by W. Wilfred Campbell; 'Animal and Plant Lore,' edited by Fanny D. Bergen; 'The Book of Legends,' gathered by Horace E. Scudder; 'The King's Jester, and Other Short Plays for Small Stages,' by Caro Atherton Dugan; 'Plantation Pageants,' by Joel Chandler Harris; and the 'A. L. A. Index to Portraits,' edited in two volumes by William Coolidge Lane.

Henry Holt & Co. will shortly issue 'Moulds, Mildews and Mushrooms,' by Prof. Lucien Marcus Underwood of Columbia University.

The Scribners will publish Robert Louis Stevenson's 'Letters,' edited by Sidney Colvin; 'Letters of Sidney Lanier'; a new volume of 'American Lands and Letters,' by Donald G. Mitchell; 'Search-Light Letters,' by Judge Grant; 'Fisherman's Luck, and Other Uncertain Things,' by the Rev. Henry van Dyke; 'The Authority of Criticism, and Other Essays,' by Prof. W. P. Trent; 'Anglo-Saxons and Others,' essays by Miss Aline Gorren; 'Nooks and Corners of Old New York,' illustrated, by Charles Hemstreet; an historic 'Stones of Paris,' by Benjamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte Martin, illustrated; and 'Reminiscences,' by Mrs. John Drew.

It will be convenient to divide the list of forthcoming publications of the Macmillan Co., beginning with the American contingent. This includes F. Marion Crawford's 'Life of Pope Leo XIII.'; Norman Hapgood's 'Abraham Lincoln: The Man of the People'; 'Francis Lieber,' by Prof. Lewis R. Hartley; 'The Men Who Made the Nation,' by Prof. Edwin E. Sparks; 'Topics of United States History,' by John G. Allen; 'Select Charters, and Other Documents Illustrative of American History, 1606-1775,' edited by Prof. William MacDonald; the third volume, 'National Expansion, 1783-1845,' of Prof. A. B. Hart's "American History Told by Contemporaries," and the first volume of the same editor's "Source Readers of American History," viz., 'Colonial Children,' which has its counterpart in Alice Morse Earle's 'Child Life in Colonial Days,' and its sequel in Hamlin Garland's 'Boy Life on the Prairies'; the following in Prof. Woodberry's "National Studies in American Letters"—'Brook Farm,' by Lindsay Swift, 'The Knickerbockers,' by the Rev. Henry van Dyke, 'Southern Humorists,' by John Kendrick Bangs, 'The Flower of Essex,' by Prof. Woodberry, 'The American Historical Novel,' by Paul Leicester Ford, and 'The Clergy in American Life and Letters,' by the Rev. Daniel D. Addison; 'The Development of the English Novel,' by Prof. Wilbur L. Cross; 'Studies in Literature,' second series, by Prof. Lewis E. Gates; 'An Introduction to the Poetical and Prose Works of John Milton,' by Prof. Hiram Corson; 'The United Kingdom: A Political History,' by Goldwin Smith, in two volumes; the second volume of Thomas E. Watson's 'Story of France: The Revolution'; 'The Roman History of Appian of Alexandria,' translated by Horace White, in two volumes; 'Among English Hedgerows,' by Clifton Johnson, with illustrations from the author's camera; 'Scotland's Ruined Abbeys,' by Howard Crosby Butler; 'Nature Pictures by American Poets,' edited by Annie R. Marble; 'The Listening Child,' a selection of English verse for children, by Lucy W. Thatcher; the first volume of Russell Sturgis's illustrated 'Dictionary of Architecture'; a newly rewritten edition of Prof. Charles H. Moore's 'Development and Character of Gothic Architecture'; August Mau's 'Pompeii,' translated by Prof. Francis W. Kelsey; 'Tropical Colonization,' by Alleyne Ireland; 'The Economic Works of Sir William Petty,' edited by Prof. Charles H. Hull; 'How Can I Earn My Living?' a handbook for women, by Mrs. Helen C. Candee; and the first volume of a 'Cyclopædia of American Horticulture,' by Prof. L. H. Bailey.

The English portion of Macmillan's list embraces 'Cardinal Newman as Anglican and Catholic,' by Edmund Sheridan Purcell; 'The Life and Letters of Archbishop Benson,' edited by his son; the Autobiography of Clement Scott, dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph;* the ninth and concluding volume, with index, of Henry B. Wheatley's admirable edition of Pepys's Diary; 'Sir Henry Irving,' by Charles Hiatt; 'Sir J. Everett Millais,' by J. Lys Baldey; 'The Welsh People: Their Origin, Language, and History,' by John Rhys; 'A History of the British Army,' by the Hon. J. W. Fortescue; 'The Moorish Empire,' by Budgett Meakin; 'Highways and Byways in Normandy,' by Percy Dearmer, and 'Highways and Byways in the County of York,' by Arthur H. Norway; 'Destruction of Ancient Rome: A Sketch of the History of the Monuments,' by Rodolfo Lanciani; 'A History of Gothic Art in England,' by E. S. Prior; 'Pre-Raphaelite Painters: Their Associates and Successors,' by Percy H. Bate; Ostrogorski's 'Democracy and the Organization of Political Parties,' translated from the French by Frederick Clarke; the third volume of Palgrave's 'Dictionary of Political Economy'; 'The National Income and its Distribution,' by Prof. William Smart; and 'The Psychology of Socialism,' by Gustave Le Bon.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will issue 'The Honey Makers,' a work for apiculturists, and others, by Miss Morley.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, have in press 'Our National Music and its Sources,' by Louis E. Elson.

'Twenty Famous Naval Battles: Salamis to Santiago,' by Prof. E. K. Rawson, is in the press of T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The second volume of President Sharpless's "History of Quaker Government in Pennsylvania" is about to be produced by T. S. Leach & Co., Philadelphia. It will bear the title of 'The Quakers in the Revolution.'

The size and varied composition of Mr. Kipling's audience, from orchestra chairs to top gallery, is plainly put in evidence by the different editions of his writings. In addition to original magazine publication, we believe that his present arrangements contemplate three issues, in different styles and at different prices, of each of his volumes. Naturally, the "Outward Bound" edition which the Scribners publish is the last one to be reached by the successive writings; and in that handsome form we now have Part I. of 'The Day's Work.' Part II. will follow shortly, and four additional volumes are promised by the beginning of 1900. It is to possessors of the foregoing issues of the Outward Bound edition that these volumes appeal—in fact, the publishers announce that they will not be sold separately.

The recent havoc wrought by the elements in Porto Rico is a gloss upon Mr. William Dinwiddie's 'Puerto Rico: Its Conditions and Possibilities' (Harpers), a volume full of interesting photographic illustrations. The author spent two months on the island, directly after the Spanish evacuation, and shows himself a good observer, well disposed to the native inhabitants, and not given to exaggeration. He writes systematically of what he has seen and learned, and supplies at the end some trustworthy statistics of trade. There is a good index, and a good map should have accompanied it. Mr. Dinwiddie says (p. 19): "The early historians record frightful devastations by hurricanes in the months of July and August," notably in 1825 and 1837; "but," he adds, "it has been many years since a storm of any far-reaching violence has visited Puerto Rico." His informants led him to make light of these scourges—"puny affairs as compared to our own cyclones of the broad prairies." Mr. Ober, in his 'Puerto Rico and its Resources,' is by no means of this opinion.

Under the title 'Oriental Wit and Wisdom' (London: Luzac & Co.), Dr. Budge has republished in one handy volume the 727 Laughable Stories of Bar-Hebræus, the famous Maphrian of the East, who lived in the latter half of the thirteenth century. The translation was originally issued together with the original text, and its separate publication is intended for those general readers "who for want of time and other reasons" are not able to study Syriac. As the version has already been commended by specialists, it may be looked upon as authoritative, and there will doubtless be many who will be glad to peruse this compendium of mediæval jokes in English. The tales of a flavor too coarse for English are lightly veiled in Latin. It is surprising that they are so few. The title does not fully explain the nature of the Stories, many of them being aphoristic and serious rather than jocular.

Given a rare book, *rarissimo*, say the 'Canzoni di Dante, Madrigali del detto, e Madrigali di M. Cino e di M. Girardo Novello' (Venice: Guglielmo di Monferrato, 1518), reproduce it sumptuously in its entirety under the title 'Canzoni d'Amore e Madrigali di Dante Alighieri,' etc. (Florence: The Landi Press), and limit the edition to 86 numbered copies, and you have a newly created situation dear to bibliophiles and dearer to Dantophiles with short purses.

We have received from the Buffalo Public Library a beautifully printed 'Descriptive Catalogue of the Gluck Collection of Manuscripts and Autographs' acquired by that institution through the generosity of the late James Fraser Gluck (Cornell, 1874), together with some others through different channels. The preface makes what we should judge to be a large claim for the collection as the most extensive and valuable owned by any public institution in this country in 1887; in 1897, Mr. Gluck nearly doubled its value. It is preponderatingly English and American. There are sermons by Beecher, Chapin, Parker, J. F. Clarke, Thomas Starr King, Phillips Brooks, and others; MSS. of books and articles, etc. Five sources have been most prolific: the correspondence of Gen. William F. Barry, Theodore Tilton, J. R. Osgood, and Mr. Gluck himself. A portrait has been attached, where possible, to the autograph. The editing of this catalogue has been well executed by Mrs. H. L. Elmendorf. Often the specimen is reproduced in full—with permission in the case of writers still living.

The forty-seventh annual report of the Boston Public Library, 1898-99, is a document of much value, and inspires a sense of the loss which the institution has sustained in the transfer of its librarian, Mr. Herbert Putnam, to the National Library at Washington. We have space only to remark on one item, which tells of every new work of fiction in English under consideration for purchase being read and reported upon independently by two outside volunteers and by a third in case of disagreement. These volunteers are members of a committee, all women, and from fifteen to twenty in number.

Their decision is not final, and is frequently reversed, but "these reports are of the greatest service to the administration of the Library."

The Boston Public Library report laments the inability of its own bindery to keep up with current work and at the same time make necessary repairs to precious volumes in constant request and use. The nineteenth annual report of the Peoria (Ill.) Public Library enumerates four showy works and one of a better class (the dearest costing $9.00) which fell to pieces in from three to nine issues.

A more ardent than well-equipped admirer of Thackeray has been doing a poor service to readers of the New York *Critic* by guessing at Thackeray's contributions to *Punch*. He did so after applying to *Punch's* biographer, Mr. M. H. Spielmann—who has a marked file of the paper and the manager's ledger, and can pronounce without appeal on every surmise—for authentic information, which Mr. Spielmann withheld, having a mind to use it himself. This ought to have been enough to put a damper on Mr. Frederick S. Dickson's zeal, but he braved the confutation in store for him, and has accordingly drawn from Mr. Spielmann the inevitable exposure and correction. He comes up smiling, however, in his rejoinder, and contrives to get in a whack at *Punch* for its travesty of Lincoln in the aberration caused by our civil war.

In the second number of the *Mayflower Descendant* (Boston, 623 Tremont Street) is begun publication of the second volume of Plymouth Colony Deeds. The Commonwealth published volume i. in 1861, when the civil war doubtless checked the enterprise. It is announced that the Massachusetts Society "is to begin the compilation of the genealogies of the *Mayflower* passengers and all of their descendants, *in all male and female branches*," under the direction of its Committee on Historical Research. Its stock of accumulated data is already considerable, and for a fee of two dollars the Committee will make a preliminary examination of it for the satisfaction of those who wish to perfect their lines of descent. For this the editor, Mr. George Ernest Bowman, should be addressed.

The renewed hostilities with the Yaqui Indians in Mexico lend interest to an illustrated article on them by Verona Granville in the July number of the *Land of Sunshine*, in which the recent peace is assumed to be lasting. Mr. Charles F. Holder's opening paper, describing, with curious specimens, the new Aquarium set up at Avalon Bay, Santa Catalina Island, by the Banning Co., ought to help towards the writer's desire to see established in that favorable spot a zoölogical station like that at Naples.

There has been published in England a big-type arithmetic, and if it should be generally adopted, one more source of cruelty to children will have been done away with. Much has been said lately about the injury done to children in the kindergarten by giving them work to do of too excessive fineness, but this work is at least of a pleasurable sort, and their constrained attention is in so far of a less exhausting nature. But to add to the inevitable hardship of learning disagreeable things the wholly unnecessary effort required to follow fine print, is an injury which is without excuse, and one which it is strange that educators are not more alive to.

The Association of Collegiate Alumnæ has issued a forty-page pamphlet giving a detailed account, with value, conditions of application, and whatever the student would care to know, of the fellowships and scholarships open to women in this country for graduate work, and of the scholarships open to women for undergraduate work in the nineteen colleges belonging to the Association. This information has never been collected before, and will be of value not only to the many who want to choose a place for study, but to the many more who are interested in the progress of education generally. It is generally understood that opportunities for women are broadening, but it is not so clearly realized how far this process has advanced. This compilation shows that of the twenty-four colleges and universities now doing graduate work of scope enough to bring them into the Federation of Graduate Clubs, only three fail to admit women. Of those that admit women, only three fail to provide scholarships and fellowships for them; and of these three, one does not offer fellowships or scholarships either to men or to women. The universities which have the unenviable distinction of refusing to share their stores of learning with women simply because they are women are still (we take occasion to mention this curious anachronism from time to time) Clark, Princeton, and Johns Hopkins.

As usual, the competition for the Grand Prix de Rome drew many visitors to the École des Beaux-Arts during the third week in July. In painting, the subject assigned was taken from Musset's "Rolla"; "Hercule, fatigué de sa tâche éternelle, S'assit un jour, dit-on, entre un double chemin. Il vit la Volupté qui lui tendit la main: Il suivit la Vertu qui lui sembla plus belle." The paintings of the ten competitors showed little originality of conception and composition, but remarkable skill in drawing and the use of colors. Only one of the young men, Emmanuel Benner, had ventured to represent the two female figures fully draped, and at the same time to lend to Virtue a face which makes the decision of the demigod at all plausible; to nine out of ten of these young Frenchmen Virtue appears stern and forbidding. Aside from the coloring of the backgrounds, otherwise more or less conventional, the canvases might all belong to the era of the First Empire, so strongly does the classical tradition survive in the School.

The Comédie-Française has for the second time shown its generosity towards an unfaithful member. The elder Coquelin has for three or four years been playing on various European stages, and thereby forfeited the sum of 100,000 francs deposited as security with the company. The latter, after having won its suit against him, has not only given him absolute liberty as to his future movements, but has also restored to him the above sum. A similar treatment was extended, several years ago, to Sarah Bernhardt, who, by the way, is just now making in her own theatre in the Place du Châtelet improvements which cannot be completed before January.

—In his second volume of the 'Writings of James Monroe' (Putnams), Mr. Hamilton covers only two years, and does not complete the record of Monroe's earlier mission to France. Most of the material was used by Monroe, in his own defence, and by Pickering, as a state paper. The new documents consist of the letters written to Jefferson and Madison, in which the personal character of the writer is shown more plainly than in the formal dispatches to the Secretary of State. That Monroe was unfortunate in his mission is well known, and the reasons for his failure stand out in every letter. He sympathized with the French, and presented his credentials just after the death of Robespierre, when the victories of the French armies seemed to promise supremacy in Europe. Easily influenced by the welcome accorded to him, he overstepped his instructions, and took a position that displeased the Administration at home and could not be maintained in France. He secured the release of Thomas Paine, and, while boasting of it to discredit the supposed inactivity of his predecessor, Gouverneur Morris, he found he had a troublesome guest on his hands, who borrowed his money and wrote savage libels on Washington. He took upon himself to aid Spain in making peace with France, and proved only a catspaw to that astute power. He looked upon England as the enemy of France and the United States, and, while denouncing her horrid conduct, read the treaty of Jay, which made war between the United States and Great Britain impossible. He wished to raise a loan for France, but found no support at home. Wherever he turned, he met with a want of success.

—The cause is obvious. His small, narrow mind ran to suspicions, and he saw treachery in every act that could in any way affect his influence. His confidants were keen to recognize this, and, while feeding his suspicions, drew him away from the very men who could have done so much to aid him. It was not extraordinary that he should denounce Jay to Jefferson and Madison, for Jay's negotiations on the Mississippi question under the Confederation were open to criticism. But it was unusual for one minister to denounce to the Secretary of State another, acting in a foreign state and under instructions not known to the critic; all the while asserting "my own perfect knowledge of the principles," etc. He had closed the door to any communication of the terms of the treaty from Jay, and nursed a fancied slight until it became a real grievance, laying it before Randolph and the French committees with equal freedom, and, it may be added, with equal indiscretion. In like manner he hinted charges against Consul Parish, merely because of his English birth. Too ready to listen to the suggestions of others, he ever saw his dignity wounded by acts necessary in themselves and of very remote concern to himself. He was always rushing in to defend his acts where no defence was necessary, and was "pained and surprised" when others ventured to question the expediency of his deeds or utterances. In truth, he stood isolated, and had no sources of information. His dispatches are plainly made up from the gazettes of the day, and read more like annals than intelligent accounts of the motives or policy of France. This defect becomes evident when his letters are compared with those of Morris, or of Rufus King. His enthusiasm was forced, and under it lay a crabbed and somewhat bitter ability, more adapted to conduct the affairs of a Virginia plantation than the foreign relations of a nation. The proof-reading of the volume still shows a little carelessness.

—Berkeley, of all authors, without exception, the most stimulating to a beginner in metaphysics, has hitherto appeared in four editions of his collected works. The first, of 1784, is contained in two sumptuous quartos with broad margins, open type, and paper not too brilliant. Unfortunately, like most such quartos, they are in other respects unsatisfactory, important passages being omitted at the whim of the editor. The second edition, of 1837, noticeable only as being compressed into one volume, is said to be a reprint of the first. This is not true of the third, published in 1843, in two volumes octavo, by Thomas Tegg, uniform with his editions of Hartley, Harris, Cudworth, etc. It was edited by Rev. G. N. Wright, and has some peculiarities that certainly facilitate perusal. The three Latin treatises are presented in literal English versions. The "Principles of Human Knowledge" has been subjected, obviously for the convenience of Oxford students, to a singular process. Subtitles are introduced; long sentences are broken up, so far as punctuation can accomplish it; freely scattered italics draw attention to leading conceptions; hands point to striking passages; every logically essential proposition is enclosed in brackets; while occasional footnotes call attention to comments in Reid's 'Intellectual Powers.' The fourth edition is the celebrated one in four volumes by Alexander Campbell Fraser (Clarendon Press, 1871), of which every page is disfigured with superfluous explanatory notes, to the reader's deep disgust. For George Berkeley knew how to give expression to his ideas as well as any man that ever lived, Alexander Campbell Fraser not excepted, nor near to being excepted. Mizar would shine out the clearer were it unincommoded by Alcor's mimicry. The volumes are edited, however, with much ability and with modern accuracy, contain Berkeley's curious early metaphysical note-book, and form altogether a highly important work.

—We are now presented with a fifth edition of the good Bishop's philosophical works in three volumes of Bohn's Libraries (New York: Macmillan); and this edition will best answer the purpose of the majority of readers. The new editor, Mr. George Sampson, has given us the complete philosophical Berkeley, and nothing but Berkeley, save for the indispensable brief histories of the several publications, and an old Biographical Essay by Arthur James Balfour, containing many fine observations—altogether quite a charming thing; not omitting very much, either. The works are, in this edition, printed in the order of their original publication, but with the author's own definitive text. In reprinting them, modern critical scrupulosity is carried to its highest pitch, quite beyond Fraser. The "Querist," for example, having been much changed in the second edition, is here printed twice, so as to exhibit both forms. Facsimiles of the original title-pages are given, and two portraits of the Bishop, one from the painting in the National Portrait Gallery, the other in the family group from a replica of the Yale portrait. The painter in both cases was John Smibert. The only thing we regret in this edition is that it should be confined, albeit not strictly (the Guardian papers being included), to the philosophical works. Perhaps a fourth volume will remedy that. The celebrated verses in which Berkeley predicts that America will be comparatively free from the conventionalities of schools and of courts are, however, inserted so as to give an opportunity for the conventional British sneer by Mr. Sampson.

—Few if any English books have done so much for 'Ecclesiastes' as the first edition of Mr. Tyler's work bearing this title, which appeared in 1874. It is unnecessary to rehearse the position taken by the author of explaining Qoheleth through post-Aristotelian philosophy. In its new form (London: D. Nutt) the book is rewritten throughout and many changes have been introduced. The old threefold division is retained of introduction, exegetical analysis, and translation with notes. The notes might have been enlarged with great advantage. But the thing which, in this edition as in the first, must most strike the Semitist, is the startling contrast between Mr. Tyler's acquaintance with classical literature and with that of the Semitic world, and his equally startling ignorance of Semitic forms and ways of thought. The only exception to this is his evident knowledge of the Mishna, but it may be safely said that the exegetical light to be gained there is darkness visible. His book thus exasperatingly resembles the brilliant little work of Plumptre. For example, he quotes approvingly Plumptre's attribution of the phrases "under the sun" and "seeing the sun" to Greek influence, being ignorant of, or ignoring, the many close Old Testament and Semitic parallels. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." In all probability the verdict of the future will lie with Zeller's cautious admission that the author of the book may have been touched by Greek culture, and not with Mr. Tyler's "theory of vigor and rigor" that he elaborately labored to dissuade from the study of Greek philosophy. Commonplaces can hardly be treated as proofs of common origin; and deep in the primitive Semitic mind there lie just those antagonisms of vanity and tempered enjoyment, of submission to a personal and omnipotent Ruler and recognition of evil in his rule, that puzzle Mr. Tyler and drive him for an explanation to contradictory Greek schools. When students of the literature of the Hebrews will study it in its place among the literatures of the Semites, such hypotheses of influence will sink back to their true level. For Mr. Tyler personally, a somewhat extended examination of Muslim thought—in literature, life, and theology—might mean much.

MORE FICTION.

Tristram Lacy: or, The Individualist. By W. H. Mallock. The Macmillan Co.

The Awkward Age. By Henry James. Harper & Brothers.

Vengeance of the Female. By Marrion Wilcox. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

In an early chapter of Mr. Mallock's novel there is a letter written by Lord Runcorn, a Prime Minister and uncle of "Tristram Lacy, the Individualist." It is addressed to a benevolent lady of rank and fashion who has selected Lacy as a hopeful Conservative candidate for a doubtful constituency, and asked the uncle for an expression of his opinion. Real prime ministers are generally accomplished letter-writers, and Mr. Mallock has been quite clever enough to write up to a tradition of high office. The letter is, first of all, a definite answer to inquiry, and, after that, a polished bit of composition in which the class that Lacy represents is most effectively characterized. Yet if ever there was a letter which should have been withheld from publication, or at least consigned to the seclusion of a fine-print appendix, it is this fatally perfect one, signed "Runcorn." Its appearance on page 10 leaves the reader with 400 pages ahead of him and nothing new or more to be learned about the principal character. Mr. Mallock justifies Lord Runcorn's wisdom, but the process is only more tedious, not much more interesting or suggestive, than are the admirable arguments from given premises in text-books on logic.

Lacy has already experienced and discarded religious faith and poetic ideals; tried and abandoned the careers of politics and arms; loved and been jilted; known poverty and wealth, and has become, to quote his uncle, a victim of the modern malady, pessimism, whose fundamental peculiarity is not an inability to enjoy the smaller things of life, but an inability to believe that there is any true greatness in its great things. For his enjoyment of these smaller things Mr. Mallock makes sumptuous provision—family seats in England, *châteaux en Provence*, sunshine and roses, and women whose dower of wit and peerless grace is supplemented by shining raiment of infinite variety. One of these women Lacy almost wishes to marry, and another is quite determined to marry him. She is a widow of many perfections, including devout religious faith, and, by delivering Lacy to her in the last chapter, Mr. Mallock probably means to intimate that he will recover through her his lost ideals and a fresh and strong incentive to action.

The consciousness of failure in what should be the great figure of his novel may have increased the animosity with which the author regards many of the lesser people, in whose characterization he shows great energy of bad taste and bad temper. These are mostly poor people obliged to do some sort of work in order to live, and separated hopelessly from prime ministers and their nephews. Ordained by God to a degraded position, they try, at least temporarily, to forget His decree by talking about human brotherhood, equal opportunity, etc. They even gather together in a squalid way and charm each other with prophecies of the good time coming and absurd plans for hastening its arrival. In describing these wretched and ridiculous beings, Mr. Mallock drops the moderate irony, the fluent grace, the brilliant cynicism so perfectly at his command when roaming delightedly in high society. He becomes vulgarly malicious, and what may be meant for scathing satire is only cheap and stupid caricature. His most virulent attack is upon a woman who follows his own trade, and whose books have achieved immense popularity because they combine a reasonably interesting tale with discussion of serious social questions. He calls the lady Mrs. Norham, but we all know her name. Fortunately, we need neither admire her books nor agree with her opinions in order to perceive Mr. Mallock's venom and to know that it has overreached itself. The English people may have little literary judgment and no literary taste, yet it is preposterous to assert that the whole nation, including an occasional duke, has ever accepted with enthusiasm any book that could have been written by a woman with the instincts of an ambitious

scullery-maid and the style of a drunken prig. At intervals the stream of Mr. Mallock's wrath flows away from Mrs. Norham and her offensive disciples, and pours itself upon a group of rich Jews. These are abundantly endowed with unpleasant peculiarities, which might, however, be forgiven if it were not for their determination to spend their money on and with the British aristocracy. Never, if Mr. Mallock can help it, shall the Israelites be permitted to bribe with gold his own chosen God, the God to whom he pays perpetual tribute in literary frankincense and myrrh.

People who hold eccentric or even extreme views on social subjects, people who talk and write volubly without any preliminary thought, people who sacrifice mind and morals to get notice from great society, are, of course, legitimate targets for satire, and have not been spared by satirists; but these people have never been suppressed, or improved, or shamed, or even effectively ridiculed by a writer who cannot keep his temper, who appears to be working off personal prejudices and grudges, who himself shows conspicuously the weaknesses he lashes. In the earlier periods of English literature, including its greatest, the author openly sought a noble patron. As acknowledgment of gracious patronage, he prostrated himself in a preface or dedication, and then became a free man. A sincere admiration for Mr. Mallock's literary ability, and a belief in his power to write usefully and well, urge us to suggest to him the propriety of reviving that ancient custom.

A society that at the same moment affords models for fiction so far apart in aim, thought, spirit, and style as 'Tristram Lacy' and 'The Awkward Age,' is necessarily vast, complex, and tolerant. It appears to be bound together only by a few habits, chief of which is a reckless consumption of tea between the hours of five and six. Mr. James's set is rarely caught in the act of swallowing anything more substantial than tea, which may account for their thin blood and acute nervous susceptibility. For a good many years Mr. James has been disembarrassing himself of the serious view, and avoiding the representation of people whose force has a physical basis sufficient to support explosive passions, violent prejudices, or moral earnestness either in the practice or the criticism of life. He has now arrived at a point of intellectual remoteness from the flesh where he regards men and women with almost as slight reference to their bodies as if he were a philosopher contending that nothing is real except what cannot be perceived by the senses. If this attitude towards his creations were only a literary device, none could be cleverer or more discreet for an author embarking on the delineation of such a coterie as that which surrounds Mrs. Brookenham. To think of these frankly inquiring minds and untrammelled spirits united with bodies would be to picture to ourselves an uncommonly bad lot, much worse than we have any right to suppose Mr. James has ever wished to introduce. Readers will so think about them in proportion to their limitations, or inability to be quite content with fiction that is no grosser than psychology.

In his earlier works, the author's psychological analysis was often independent of the action. He has gradually achieved a much more lively and artistic method. The minds reveal themselves or conceal themselves by talk. The Brookenham circle talks wonderfully. The one real joy and indissoluble bond is the desire "utterly and unreservedly to go to the bottom of things," the assurance that there's not a "single thing they can't take their ease about, can't intelligibly name, and comfortably challenge." The kind of things which they frequently delighted to turn inside out may be inferred from the title. By the presence of a girl of the Awkward Age, the "saloon" was broken up, or, in the words of one of its gayest habitués, lost its solidarity, became nothing more than a collection of fortuitous atoms.

As a literary performance, 'The Awkward Age' is very brilliant and fascinating. All the author's seriousness is devoted to the art of expression, the perfecting of method, form, and phrase. Yet he has his defects. The people who talk so well in the free-and-easy vernacular of the English "classes" talk too much; they have too many catch phrases, such as, "She is of a charm," "You are of a splendour," which are not English at all; frequently, in their eager chase after the real meaning of things, they become Delphic, and break into ejaculations which, however expressive to the author, leave the reader in the lurch. These defects are trifling, yet peculiarly irritating, because they show how easy it is, while polishing a manner for perfection, to get quite adrift from nature and lapse into the most artificial mannerism.

The book entitled 'Vengeance of the Female' is not so ferocious as it sounds. Lord Salisbury's famous reference to Spain and other southern European nations as "dying States" has offended the author, and her opening prefatory comment is not discreet or polite, or in a way justified by her own observation of these nations. Her assumption is that they are not exhausted and moribund, but still in a stage of irresponsible, prattling infancy, and therefore incapable of governing themselves. Having taken that position, she sustains it by the recital of a number of very amusing incidents, and by a silence about the abundant evidence of how old the Latin races are, in art for instance, and literature and experience of life, including sin. The points of Latin character which have attracted her are those that show out in domestic and social life so grotesquely different from the Saxon that they are almost always misunderstood, or, if understood, despised. The author has understood and has not despised, because, when she is not writing a preface, her own strong point is a sense of humor. To this valuable quality is added a faculty for seeing and frankly accepting the variety in human nature with no desire to harmonize or to adjust according to a conventional standard. Her appreciation of scenery and of local atmosphere is keen enough to give freshness and novelty to places that every scribbling traveller has written about, and she knows when to stop and where. It is not probable that her book will affect the judgment of statesmen, but it is quite up to convincing them that it would be well to lend a hand and keep alive nations that can afford us so much harmless mirth.

THREE BOOKS ON THE KLONDIKE.

Alaska and the Klondike. By Angelo Heilprin. D. Appleton & Co. Pp. 315.

The Trail of the Goldseekers: A Record of Travel in Prose and Verse. By Hamlin Garland. Macmillan Co. 1899.

Two Women in the Klondike: The Story of a Journey to the Gold-Fields of Alaska. By Mary E. Hitchcock. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899.

The power of gold has never been illustrated more vividly than by the celerity with which it has made the name Klondike known the world over. In the early months of 1897 no one but a few adventurous prospectors had heard of that region, which now adds $10,000,000 or more a year to the world's treasure; nor did any one dream that a "San Francisco of the North" would be built at the confluence of the Klondike and Yukon Rivers in a few months, with electric lights, newspapers, bath-houses, banks, theatres, and most of the comforts of civilization. Prof. Heilprin gives an entertaining description of Dawson City and the Klondike in which so many of the conditions that once made California the land of romance have been repeated—the gathering, from all parts of the world, of men of all classes, from the professional gambler and ruffian to the college-bred gentleman or the man of fashion; their chivalrous conduct towards the few women among them, in inverse ratio to their respectability; the miners dancing in crowded halls, their pockets stuffed with gold dust; the absurd prices asked for provisions at certain times (a gallon of milk $60, chickens at the rate of three for $100, watermelons $25 each, hay $1,200 a ton, and so on). The hotel at which the author put up charged $25 a week for board and $35 for a room, which, however, did not include windows, for, by a strange oversight, none of those who had preceded Prof. Heilprin to Dawson City had thought of bringing window-glass—or brooms! "Not until the approach of impending winter, when it was virtually too late to supply the deficiency, was it realized that a most important article of comfort had been overlooked in the mad race to the interior." Yet in this same windowless Dawson there was a well-built saloon embellished with four mural decorations for which a local "artist of promise" had received $800!

Dawson has already three weekly newspapers, appropriately named the *Nugget*, *Midnight Sun*, and Dawson *Miner*, two of which cost 50 cents and the other 25 cents a copy. Eastern ten-cent magazines cost 75 cents each. A single copy of a Seattle paper which brought the news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet sold for $50; but the man who bought it rented a hall and dispensed the news at a rate which yielded him a profit of several hundred dollars. The Dawson post-office was in a most primitive condition, letters being tacked up to the sides and fronts of different buildings, petitioning for rapid delivery. Women alone could be sure of getting their letters promptly; while a man had to wait for days, they walked in with an air of superiority and were promptly waited on. The same precedence—often by days—was given them in the matter of filing claims. Obviously in the Klondike, women have all the rights they could desire—all except the poor squaws, who may be seen carrying sacks of

flour weighing fifty pounds or more over the mountain passes, side by side with the dog-teams. Mules and horses were, of course, in evidence, too, though thousands of them had perished on the trails. Prof. Heilprin had been warned against one of the passes because of the stench of decaying horse-flesh. What he saw convinced him that there must have been a dead animal for every sixty feet of distance. "The poor beasts succumbed not so much to the hardships of the trail as to lack of care, and the inhuman treatment which they received at the hands of their owners." The dogs, too, had a hard time of it. "Poor creatures! They are at times so freighted down that they seem hardly able to walk." It is true, the men did not spare themselves any more than their animals. Some, unused to toil of any kind, carried from 50 to 80 pounds, and, of course, broke down. As for the Indians, they must have changed since Hearne wrote, a century ago, that they considered a woman worth two men because she could pull so much more on their journeys. To-day, if we may believe our author, the squaw carries only fifty pounds, while the Indian himself takes double that weight.

There is much of this entertaining information and gossip in Prof. Heilprin's volume, but its most interesting part is that which describes the gold-fields. Three excellent maps make it easier to follow his remarks. In looking them over one is struck first—as in the case of the Dawson newspapers—by the local color in the names, especially of the waterways, among which there are the "Bonanza," the "Nugget," the "All Gold," and even the "Too Much Gold" creeks. The next thing that attracts attention is that nearly all the good and promising streams of the region fall off from Dome Mountain and its ridge, which is therefore "held in a respect bordering on veneration by the Klondikers," as it is believed to contain the "mother lode" or source of all the gold dust. So far, however, practically all the gold that has been obtained in the Klondike or across the American line—which is only forty miles away—is alluvial gold, from river and creek bottoms and the adjacent loose hillsides. One reason why the Klondike placers remained so long undiscovered is that superficially they present an appearance unlike that of other gold-fields. Miners from California at first indulged in sarcastic remarks about the folly of searching for gold in "moose-pastures," but it was in these pastures, under a dense overgrowth of trees, bushes, and moss, that much of the gold was found. The vale of Eldorado was one of them. The frozen ground, too, presents new problems, but otherwise the miners stick to their old-fashioned pick, shovel, gold-pan, and old-time rocker and sluice-box in preference to more modern contrivances, the result being that a third of the product goes over into the tailings and is lost for the present. Nevertheless, there are claims that have yielded up to $200,000. The Professor thinks the wealth of the region has not been over-estimated, and that many good locations are still open. There are also opportunities for hydraulicking. In a chapter entitled "Physical History and Geology," the author treats local conditions for professional readers, and there is a final chapter on Laws regulating mining.

Tourists are already beginning to wend their way to the Klondike, and for them there is much useful advice in the present volume. The information regarding the climate will come as a surprise to many, who are hardly prepared to read about a "wonderful land of the North," with its "mellow sunshine that is not to be found elsewhere." The author, who has visited many parts of the world, writes: "I can truthfully say that never before had it been my fortune to experience such a succession of wonderful summer days as during my stay in the region about Dawson," the temperature never rising above 82 in the shade. "During the period of free navigation," he says in another place, "there is usually little or no wind, the summer atmosphere of the North being singularly passive." He found, too, that the mosquito plague had been grossly exaggerated except for certain localities, his own experience having been almost absolutely negative. The trails, again, are not so bad as painted, while railway and steamboat have already greatly reduced them. Add to all this that the Klondike is a paradise for botanists and for lovers of berries of various sorts—many of them unknown in the East—and that the scenery on the way up includes some of the finest fjords and mountains in the world, and we have reasons enough for packing our valise for a trip 1,300 miles north from Seattle—not forgetting Prof. Heilprin's volume as a guide.

The next two works on our list, while they impart but little information regarding the Klondike, are properly a contribution to Klondike literature, and as such are acceptable for their truthful recitals of personal experiences in a journey to or towards the land. Mr. Garland, whose 'Rose of Dutcher's Coolly' would hardly suggest for its author the rough-shod would-be miner of 1898, was one of the unfortunates who were lured by promises and representations into following the "Ashcroft Trail," one of the now famous "all-Canadian routes" to the gold-fields, whose termini were to most followers the dismal swamps and mountain fastnesses of the Stickeen or of the adjacent region. The horrors of this and the Edmonton route have been made too well known by newspaper report to permit for them any further advertising, and no glowing accounts of "open prairies of sweet grass," of "road-gangs" laying out easy trails, and of the "poor man's" route, made largely in the interest of transportation companies, are likely to entice prospectors further in the direction of this line of travel. Mr. Garland's account of his failure, after three months of hard travelling, to reach his destination, Lake Teslin, is pathetic to a degree, but it presents with wonderful vividness the hardships and miseries of the unknown trail. We recall few books of travel which are so graphic in their portrayal of nature; and if the aspects chosen are mainly from the side of wretchedness, rather than from that of warm sunshine, it can only be regretted that, in the region traversed by our author, the sterner aspects of nature are much more often found than those which gladden the landscape. As a book of travels, 'The Trail of the Goldseekers' can make slight claim; but as a personal narrative in connection with an historic movement it will be read with much interest, even long after the movement itself has ceased.

Mrs. Hitchcock, who, as we are informed in a prefatory note by Mr. Elisha Dyer, "is the widow of the late Commander Roswell D. Hitchcock of the United States Navy," and "descended from Lord Fitz Gerald," and who, with her travelling associate, Miss Edith Van Buren, a grand-niece of President Van Buren, enjoyed the advantage of having been "born and reared in luxury and refinement," presents an aspect of travel very different from that of Mr. Garland. A journey to Dawson by way of the lower Yukon, and out again to civilization over the White Pass, is no longer one of hardship, although at times discomforts of a rather mild type may present themselves, and consequently the narration of such a journey need not be other than one of pleasant or of pleasing facts. As such, Mrs. Hitchcock has given it to her readers, and it will be conceded that she has made a readable, even if unnecessarily bulky, book. Much the greater part of the 500 pages is given over to an uncompromisingly minute detail of happenings in tent, on the trail, and in the cabin of a steamboat—happenings not alone to man and woman, but to a "Great Dane," to a parrot, and to sundry canaries, all of which were a part of the "outfit." But from this mass of very unimportant material, agreeably served up, one can with diligent study obtain a fair insight into the condition of things which ruled at the time that the journey was undertaken, namely, the summer of 1898. Possessed of a keen intelligence, Mrs. Hitchcock was able to observe much which would readily escape the ordinary male tourist.

While the book, therefore, can hardly be considered to have been written in a serious vein, it is not without its value in its plain and homely statements, and its method shows it to be reliable. It is largely embellished by reproductions from photographs, many of which were taken by the authoress or her associate. One wonders at the subtitle, a "Journey to the Gold-fields of Alaska," seeing that the Klondike is entirely in British territory. The map which accompanies the book, prepared by "Miner" Bruce, is far from accurate or adequate, and almost wholly deficient in just that part which deals with the Klondike.

STORR'S LIFE OF QUICK.

Life and Remains of the Rev. R. H. Quick. Edited by F. Storr. Macmillan.

Here is a book which no one who is interested in the course of education during the last thirty years can afford to neglect. Quick produced one educational classic, his 'Educational Reformers,' published in 1868. In this book he hit upon the device of connecting many of the most important educational truths with great persons, like Milton, Rousseau, Locke, Comenius, Pestalozzi. Thus he found opportunity for much entertaining biographical detail, and aroused interest in principles by starting with persons. Though Quick was intensely concerned with the practice as well as with the theory of teaching, yet his long and varied experience as a teacher would not be pronounced specially successful. But his failures as well as his successes were all made tributary to his thinking and to his writing, and in acuteness of observation and philosophic grasp he is excelled by few writers on education. He became, in fact, the central figure in a

small circle of men who have accomplished the most for educational reform in England. From these men came the founders and supporters of the *Journal of Education*, that mirror of English educational thought and progress; and not the least influential of this circle is Mr. Storr, Quick's biographer. It is a pleasant task to endeavor to convey, within the limits of a review, some just idea of the range and value of the contents of the book, and of the charm of the person whom it describes.

It is not unnatural to compare the book with Parkin's 'Life of Edward Thring.' Thring and Quick, most different in personality and character, had each the habit of keeping a full written record of their thoughts and experiences. The biographers of both have followed the wise plan of letting the subject speak in his own words. The consequence is, that each book gives the sympathetic reader an extraordinary sense of personal acquaintance with the man whom it describes. Thring was more intense, poetic, brilliantly endowed. To him were given powers of personal inspiration of others, a faculty of public speech, and a facility of expression which were denied to Quick. But Quick's gentleness—not without fire (his Harrow sobriquet was "Old Fireworks")—his philosophic mind, his inextinguishable love for getting at the truth of things, his power of stripping off the outside husk from any practice or theory which had nothing but custom to support it, have given to his words and opinions peculiar and lasting weight.

Robert Quick was born in 1831 and died in 1891. His father was a substantial London merchant who left him with a competence. The pecuniary independence thus secured to him allowed him greater freedom than falls to most educators. Books and travel to any extent were within his reach, and a position could be immediately laid down when results seemed unsatisfactory. His early years of study were interfered with by delicate health, the result of measles, from the effects of which he never fully recovered, though he was a large and muscular man. In 1850 he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and took his degree with only moderate distinction in 1854. At Cambridge he devoted himself to mathematics rather than to classics and literature, for which he had more aptitude. He followed this course in consequence of a theory, which he afterwards rejected, that it was well to devote one's self, at college, to subjects for which one had little taste, rather than to those which were most congenial, because the latter would be sure to receive attention at some subsequent period! On leaving Cambridge, he took orders, apparently because more obvious opportunities for work for others seemed to offer themselves in the Christian ministry than in other callings. He had, in some way, made the acquaintance of Thomas Carlyle, and it was by his advice that he first visited Germany, spending a month in Hamburg and acquiring some facility in German conversation. This visit was followed by others, the longest one of six months in Leipzig; and he became an excellent German scholar. His familiarity with German thought and the German language led naturally to the production of 'Educational Reformers,' for, as he himself says, he soon discovered that all books of any value on the history and science of education were in German.

The student of Quick's life will be interested to know the names of the various places at which he worked. He began at the grammar school at Lancaster, in 1858. Here he remained only six months, leaving on account of a disagreement with the head-master about Sunday work. Then followed work at Guildford, Hurst, Cranleigh, and, from 1869-1874, at Harrow. Cranleigh was what the English call a preparatory school, *i. e.*, a school where young pupils are prepared for the large public schools. Quick was called to Harrow just after the appearance of his 'Educational Reformers.' He was himself an old Harrovian and had been a schoolmate of the head-master, H. M. Butler, and it might have seemed that he had at last found his true field of work. But he lacked that agility of mind, that facility for turning off routine work, that large supply of nerve-force which the brilliantly successful assistant-master requires. He saw, also, only too clearly, the defects of the system—the total lack of coördination of work, the absolute independence of every master of the work of every other. He could not easily endure the neglect of individual needs which is often inseparable from class teaching; the indifference, stupidity, and idleness of the mass of the boys distressed him. The consciousness, too, that he was debarred from his favorite occupations of study and writing by the endless grind of teaching and of correcting exercise-books, continually distressed him. And so, after five years of service, he left Harrow, not without appreciation, not without having left his impress, yet not having achieved a decided success.

In 1876 Quick made a singularly happy marriage. In 1879 he was appointed lecturer on education in the University of Cambridge. This position he held for four successive years. During the later years of his life, he made two private educational ventures: the first, a preparatory boys' day-school in London, from 1876 to 1881; the second, a preparatory boys' boarding-school at Guildford. His interest in the development and education of his own children, Oliver and Dora, intensified his interest in these two experiments. In 1883 he was appointed by his college to a living at Sedburgh, which he held until 1887. He then established himself at Redhill, within easy distance of London, where, without the strain of obligatory duties, he passed the last four years of his life.

One hundred and twenty-six out of the five hundred and forty-four pages of this volume are occupied by the biography of Quick, which is itself largely an autobiography. The remainder consists of extracts from the forty volumes of his journals. These note-books cover a period of more than a quarter of a century, and are the record of the thought of a lifetime. Dr. Storr says that there is scarcely a dull page in the forty volumes, and this our reading fully confirms. Here the personality of Quick is so clearly revealed that, as one reads, one almost seems to be in conversation with him. We must pass over entirely his instructive study of child-life entitled "Dora and Oliver," a careful account of the development of his two children, from their birth to their seventh and fourth year. Nor can much place be given to his thoughts on distinctly educational subjects, valuable as they are. They are, in fact, too valuable to condense, and it may be assumed that progressive teachers will read them in full. We will prefix dates to the passages quoted:

(October 17, 1877.) "Now I have settled down here quietly with Bertha [in his private school at Bayswater, London]. I have been looking over books, etc., and the conclusion I have come to is that I have material for educational writing which I could not manipulate without an additional life or two. The danger now is lest I should be crushed by my material and never do anything. How strange it is that one is so long in learning the importance of great books, and the necessity of neglecting middling ones!"

(January 1, 1878, Marine Parade, Brighton, 6 A. M.) "When one thinks of the immensity of time and of the Christian hope that there is endless existence before us, one is perplexed that this infinity of time should take its character from a few years that seem to bear no proportion to it. One observes, however, that, in the time here, by far the greatest portion is determined by certain hours or, it may be, minutes.

" 'In itself a thought,
A slumbering thought is capable of years,'

says Byron. With most of us the greater part of our life seems merely wasted. Perhaps the scanty moments we give to prayer may, in importance, be the chief part of our existence."

(June 6, 1881.) "I was lately examining some old papers. They were old scribblings of mine in 1853, twenty-eight years ago. I could not help feeling vexed that they were so good. The first twenty years of life are the really most important part, after all."

(July 23, 1885.) "As I grow old, my capacity for the active business of life (never very great) seems to grow considerably less, while my desire (and, I fancy, my ability) to theorize on life seems to increase. But my time is so consumed by small things that I never get free and never *feel* free to think and write."

(May 15, 1886.) "Perhaps, before the end of my journey, I may be able to write some useful essays, working up the materials in these note-books. The question is whether I shall find time. Till lately, one has thought of the station as at an immeasurable distance. It does not seem so, now. Like the members of that old-fashioned sect still known by the name given them at Antioch, I don't believe in the existence of a terminus."

(June 15, 1886.) "My father used to say that one of his best points as a man of business was that he never let stock hang on hand. He would keep the decks clear and not get hampered with the old stuff."

(July 8, 1887, Redhill.) "In our present state, the machinery of life is far too extravagant of force. When one has arranged one's affairs, seen one's callers and returned their calls, read one's letters and answered them, there is hardly any time left except for meals and sleep. It seems to me a clear duty to reduce all these demands on one's time. Besides this, I think we should spend a portion of the day with some great writer. One is disinclined to rise to the thoughts of a great writer, and one gets to prefer incessant grind. How few intimacies one has with great writers! One has 'no time' to cultivate their acquaintance. But one finds plenty of time to read newspapers and periodical twaddle which does no good at all."

(October 17, 1887, Redhill.) "In indexing my notebooks, I have lately had to read a good deal of my own writing. It is extremely devoid of what M. Arnold calls charm. But one claim to attention my writing has: I write because I *think*."

(October 26, 1887, Redhill.) "I am always engaged in a struggle with my physical surroundings. I do not like disorder, far from it; but never having paid proper attention to keeping things in order, things are too many for me. And, after trying hard to get them straight, I fail. My difficulties arise from two sources—first, I have a sort of acquisitiveness which prevents me from throwing away what may come useful; and, secondly, I am always putting things to rights, but never take pains to keep them so."

At Redhill, Quick passed a laborious life. The day was about equally divided between his pedagogic and literary studies, and the hours devoted to his friends and correspondents. The four walls of his study were lined

with book-shelves reaching to the ceiling. His visitors had difficulty in finding a seat: chairs, arm-chairs, and sofa were strewn with books, pamphlets, and reviews. Travelling scholars of all nationalities knocked at his door, some in quest of information, others requiring an introduction or a recommendation for some post, or not rarely seeking pecuniary assistance.

Mr. Quick went to pay his friend, Prof. J. R. Seeley, a visit on February 20, 1891. He was to stay four days, and to read his friend's proofs. He stayed more than four days, and he did not read the proofs. On the second day, the two friends went out for a walk after luncheon, but had hardly left the door when Quick was stricken with apoplexy. He was brought back to the house, where he lingered sixteen days, at first in complete consciousness, which gradually diminished until the end. Prof. Seeley says of him: "I never knew a man of happier disposition and temper. He was all candor and kindliness. Intercourse with him was always easy, yet never insipid. He had a singular modesty which he contrived to unite with perfect firmness of judgment. His religion he had learnt from Frederick Maurice."

Here this sketch must close. The more the reviewer has read the extracts from the note-books, the more valuable does he esteem them. Not only every teacher, but every one alive to the deepest concerns of humanity, will do well to have this book at hand, and will find in the thoughts of this noble soul cheer and inspiration.

Colonización de Filipinas: Inmigración Peninsular. Por Manuel Sastron. Manila. 1897.

It appears that, just before the Philippines passed out of the possession of Spain, a plan of colonization on an extensive scale was under consideration by the Spanish Government. It was proposed to establish agricultural colonies in the archipelago, the material for which was to be drawn from the population of the South American republics. The idea was entertained that large numbers of Spaniards who had been disappointed in their expectations of getting on in the New World, would be glad to try life over again in the Philippines, with the aid of liberal subventions from the mother country, and that in this way a step forward might be made in bringing the interior of the islands within the domain of civilization. The supporters of this novel scheme of colonization went so far, it seems, as to contemplate the translation of no fewer than 20,000 families, or 100,000 souls.

The little volume before us is an exposition of the conditions that would confront the settlers of Spanish blood ("Peninsulares") in their new home. It deals primarily with the problem of agricultural colonization, but also discusses the situation presented by the islands with respect to the importation of laborers and handicraftsmen of all kinds. The author has filled the position of civil governor in several provinces of the archipelago, has sat in the Spanish Cortes, and is a doctor of medicine. He writes from the standpoint of the Castilian who would shed the last drop of his blood for the maintenance of the integrity of the Spanish realm. He is imbued with the conviction that the Santa Madre Patria has been actuated by the noblest motives in her dealings with the Filipinos, who, he contends, show a smaller percentage of illiteracy than many peoples of Europe and America, and whose material progress, as measured by imports and exports, he considers most satisfactory.

Dr. Sastron's object in putting forth this memorial is to protest solemnly against the notion that the Philippines can offer a field for agricultural colonization on the part of white men. He regards the climate in practically every part of the archipelago as hopelessly fatal to such expectations. The maladies which he enumerates as the three great inevitable scourges of the interior are gastro-intestinal catarrh, chronic dysentery, and anæmia resulting from malaria. He declares emphatically, although reluctantly, that, even under the most favorable conditions of alimentation, the foreign cultivator of the soil is almost sure to succumb to one or another of these ailments or a combination of them; and as to acclimatization, he asserts that there is no such thing as becoming acclimatized in the sense that immigrants are acclimatized in Cuba, for example, in the case of those coming to the Philippines to till the soil with their own hands. Even the agricultural colonies established in recent years by the Compañía General de Tabacos de Filipinas, although composed of natives, with Spanish overseers, and generously fitted out in every respect, including safeguards as to sanitation, proved a complete failure in consequence of the unwholesome climate. In one of these settlements, located in the central part of Luzon, all the European employees, without a single exception, were prostrated by the malarial fever within a fortnight after their installation. All that Dr. Sastron is willing to admit is that there would perhaps be just a bare chance of success for agricultural colonization within prudent limits in the island of Mindanao, provided, of course, that the twenty different tribes living there in a state of anarchy ("en la mas completa desorganización politico-social") had not to be reckoned with. He quotes the following passage from one of the publications of a society in the Philippines which bears the name of Real Sociedad Económica de Amigos del Pais:

"To pretend to apply the same principles of colonization [as in the temperate zone of Australasia] in Java, Malacca, or the Philippines is sheer insanity, an unrealizable aspiration, a dragging to death of the very immigrants with whom we are seeking to accomplish the miracle of the regeneration of these colonies. Indeed, they themselves are fully aware of it, and, whether through knowledge or through instinct, they have not come nor will they ever come to these regions."

The very journals of Manila, according to the author, in spite of their interest in the increase of the Spanish population, almost unanimously shared his views.

Dr. Sastron devotes considerable space to the discussion of the possibilities of coffee culture in the archipelago, and he enters into a laborious calculation of the cost of starting a family in this line of industry, as well as of the probable outcome. He is forced to conclude that the outlook is anything but promising. It was only about 1872 that the cultivation of coffee in the Philippines began to assume large proportions. In 1887 the production reached high-water mark. In that year, in a few districts in the province of Batangas (bordering on that of Manila), the value of the crop reached the sum of about $2,500,000. After this, however, the yield declined rapidly, owing to some blight or malady that appears to have baffled all attempts at prevention, until at last it was reduced to a small fraction of what it had been before. A large proportion of the growers have cut down their plantations.

The kind of immigration which, in the eyes of Dr. Sastron, would profit both the islands and the immigrants, is that of miners, mechanics, and other non-agricultural hands; but even here his view of the possibilities is by no means an enthusiastic one. He is inclined to think that the mineral wealth of the Philippines may ultimately prove considerable, but his speculations are anything but glowing. He considers native labor unfitted for such industries as the mining of coal, and in more than one place he expresses the conviction that it takes three Filipinos to do the work of one European.

This handsomely printed book of 115 pages was set up by the inmates of the orphan asylum at Malabon, of which now probably not a trace remains after the havoc wrought there a few months ago. Truly, war in the Philippines is "hell."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arnold, Sir Edwin. The Gulistan. From the Persian. Harpers. $1.
Birt, Archibald. Castle Czvargas. A Romance. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Chapman, Prof. C. E. Personal Rights and the Domestic Relations. Conneaut, O.: Home Study Publishing Co.
Daniels, Prof. W. M. The Elements of Public Finance. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
De Quincey, Thomas. Murder as a Fine Art. Cassell & Co. 10c.
George, H. B. Napoleon's Invasion of Russia. London: Unwin; New York: New Amsterdam Book Co. $4.
Halsey, Helen N. The Child Witness. F. T. Neely.
Kirk, Eleanor. The Prevention and Cure of Old Age. Brooklyn: The Author.
Leaf, H. M. The Internal Wiring of Buildings. London: Constable; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Lodge, H. C. The War with Spain. Harpers. $2.50.
Matthaei, Prof. A. Deutsche Baukunst im Mittelalter. Leipzig: B. G. Teubner.
Maupassant, Guy de. Boule de Suif. From the French. London. Heinemann.
Mendes, H. P. Looking Ahead. F. T. Neely.
Méras, B., and Stern, S. M. Cinq Histoires. Henry Holt & Co. 80c.
Milne, W. J. Grammar School Algebra. American Book Co.
Milne, W. J. Plane Geometry. American Book Co.
Moore, J. H. Better-World Philosophy. Chicago: Ward-Waugh Co.
Mudge, Rev. James. Honey from Many Hives. Eaton & Mains. $1.
Müller, F. Max. The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy. Longmans, Green & Co. $5.
Murray, J. A. H. A New English Dictionary. Horizontality—Hywe (Vol. V.). Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Potter, Helen F. A Man of Honor. F. T. Neely.
Ralph, Julian. A Prince of Georgia, and Other Tales. Harpers. $1.25.
Rayner, Olive P. Rosalba. The Story of her Development. Putnams. $1.
Reekie, Charles. My Scottish Sweetheart. F. T. Neely.
Root, F. S. Tousled Hair. F. T. Neely.
Rowe, Prof. S. H. The Physical Nature of the Child. Macmillan. $1.
Ruge, Sophus. Norwegen. [Land und Leute Monographien.] Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Sampson, George. The Works of George Berkeley. Vols. I. and II. London: Bell; New York: Macmillan.
Saunders, Marshall. Deficient Saints. A Tale of Maine. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Schreiner, Olive. The South African Question. Chicago: C. H. Sergel Co.
Shakspere, W. Macbeth. King Henry VIII. [National Library.] Cassell. Each 10c.
Shibley, F. W. A Bundle of Yarns. Providence: H. Gregory.
Smith, L. W. Tennyson's Princess. Boston: B. H. Sanborn & Co.
The American Monthly Review of Reviews. Vol. xix. Jan.-June, 1899. Review of Reviews Co.
The Golden Picture Book. Thomas Nelson & Sons. $1.75.
Thwaites, R. G. The Jesuit Relations. Vols. XLVII. and XLVIII. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.
Wetmore, Helen Cody. Last of the Great Scouts: The Life Story of Col. William F. Cody. Duluth Press Publishing Co., Minn.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1899.

The Week.

President McKinley was in great form on Friday when he made his speech to the church militant at Ocean Grove. He declared that his policy in the Philippines was:

"Peace first; then, with charity for all, establish a government of law and order, protecting life, property, and occupation, for the well being of the people—a government in which they shall participate under the stars and stripes."

Peace first by means of ten new regiments! Gunpowder and ball with charity for all, and the whole gamut of hypocrisy described by Tacitus in words that have rung through the ages, "Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant"—They make a solitude and call it peace. But what would you do? say the would-be missionaries, Methodist and other, who throw the cloak of religion over this welter of blood. We would do what Admiral Dewey recommended in his interview in the London *Daily News* of August 21, viz.:

"I have never been in favor of violence towards the Filipinos. The islands are at this moment blockaded by a fleet, and war reigns in the interior. This abnormal state of things should cease. I should like to see autonomy first conceded, and then annexation might be talked about. This is my opinion. I should like to see violence at once put a stop to. According to my view, the concession of self-government ought to be the most just and most logical solution."

Those words ought to be printed in letters of gold, and no places would be more fit for their display than the platform of the Auditorium at Ocean Grove and the entrance to the White House at Washington city.

How rapidly the situation in the Philippines changes from week to week, and always against the policy of subjugation, is shown by the news that native mayors, supposed to be in sympathy with the Americans, have been put in jail for conspiring to aid the insurgents. One of them, in fact, is said to hold a Colonel's commission in the Filipino army. Yet it was only two or three months ago that the acceptance of office by these men was trumpeted abroad as a convincing proof of the peaceful spread of American rule. There we were setting up municipal governments. Couldn't the blind anti-imperialists see that the natives hailed our coming, and were glad, as soon as protected from the savage Aguinaldo, to accept our beneficent sway? Well, here are these pet mayors of ours risking their lives to work for Philippine independence. The very men whom President Schurman and the other Philippine Commissioners were pointing to as triumphant evidence of the readiness of the better class to welcome American control, are now shown to have been actively recruiting for the Filipino army. It will not do to dismiss them as treacherous scoundrels. They are our own chosen scoundrels, if scoundrels they are; and if they have tricked us and left us a laughing-stock, that only shows into what perils and pitfalls we have walked.

It is reported from Washington that Gen. Otis has decided to extend to the Philippines the law excluding the Chinese from the United States. What reason exists for such action it is difficult to conjecture. Perhaps the intention is to keep the Chinese at home in order that we may deal with them there. But other nations can get at them in China, while if we let them come to the Philippines we may secure a monopoly of their trade. All accounts agree that the Chinese element is the most tractable that we have to do with, and that it is the most industrious and progressive. Our Government passed the exclusion laws because they were demanded by the people of our Pacific Coast States. The Chinese were pouring in in such numbers as to excite a fear that they would outnumber the whites, and the laboring class was especially violent in its protest against their competition. It is stated that the native Filipinos are also strongly opposed to "Chinese cheap labor," and one of the diplomatic agents of our Government writes from Manila that the exclusion of the Chinese would aid materially in bringing the war to a close. If our Government is reduced to such expedients as this to aid its military operations, the situation is indeed desperate. The Chinese have on all rational grounds a better right to be in Manila than we have. Many thousands of them have long been there. They carry on most of the retail trade, and their influence has been described as valuable by Admiral Dewey. To forbid their immigration is not only to insult the Chinese Government, but is plainly injurious to the prosperity of the Philippines. It seems incredible that so doubtful a measure as this should have been adopted for no better reason than the hope of propitiating malcontent Filipinos; but no other explanation is suggested.

The expenditure for the army during the last two months is said to amount to $30,000,000, or half a million dollars a day. What Congress appropriated for this purpose was not far from $80,000,000, which will be exhausted, at the present rate of outgo, before next December. It is urged that a good deal of this expenditure is on account of contracts that have now been completed. On the other hand, the army is being rapidly increased, and the additional expenditure will be very considerable. Furthermore, the cost of maintaining troops will necessarily be greater this year than last. Nearly all prices have risen, and in some cases the rise has been very great. Possibly Mr. Root may develop such abilities as a war minister as to expel jobbery from the Department; but the task is formidable. Some fifteen months ago, the Government hired two steamers on the Pacific Coast, worth perhaps, $250,000 apiece, at the rent of $1,000 a day, all operating expenses being assumed in addition. After twelve months one of these steamers was returned to the owners, but the other is still retained by the Government, at the same rent. Now that the war is to be prosecuted with renewed vigor, this vessel will probably be kept in service for another year. There is nothing exceptional in such jobs as this. They are necessary incidents of war, and, if the people disapprove of them, they should demand that the war be stopped. On some accounts we are glad to see that the disbursements are at such a rate as will require application to Congress for enlarged appropriations. They will not be granted with the same haste as in the past, and the attention of the people will be called to the price which they are paying for a very doubtful kind of military glory.

Quay met in convention at Harrisburg on Thursday and heartily endorsed Quay. He also had a good word to say for his supporter in the White House. Quay declared himself proud of the Pennsylvania troops. If they are proud of him, the commonwealth is secure. He renewed his promise to the Cramps of a subsidy for the ships they build. Quay resolved that he was for everything that is good for the State and nation, and especially for himself. That is a faithful summary of the so-called Republican State convention at Harrisburg. All accounts agree that there was never a convention in the State so boss-ridden, with the delegates so listless, with nominations and pledges of future nominations so minutely and tyrannically determined in advance. As the free expression of the mind of the party, or even of that of the Quay goods and chattels who composed the convention, it would be ridiculous to take its action and resolutions. The whole thing was simply designed to show that Quay is supreme boss, his power unimpaired by the revelations of last winter, morally damning as they were. It also was designed to show Mr. McKinley that he,

with the "great moral earnestness" which Col. Hay has said is his chief characteristic, has done just right in standing by Quay through thick and thin, in spite of the protests of the mind and conscience of the Republican party in Pennsylvania. "Let them kick, Mr. President," is what Quay says in effect; "I will furnish you the delegates just the same."

One searches the Pennsylvania platform in vain for warm approval of the President's Philippine policy. It simply promises him support in "the prosecution of the war," in order that "the supremacy of the flag may be maintained." Not a word about the wisdom of taking the islands, or the desirability of keeping them. In this respect the Pennsylvania Republicans imitate the example of their brethren in Iowa and Kentucky, and even in Ohio. They shy awkwardly at the Philippine issue, and are evidently prepared to bolt and run from it, if political safety seems to lie that way. The Ohio Republicans are heartily in favor of "a wise solution" of the Philippine problem, and, *sotto voce*, wish to heaven they knew what it was. The Kentucky Republicans are going to support Mr. McKinley until he establishes "order and progressive government" in the Philippines, but they evidently wish he would be a little quicker about it. So it goes. A President who does not know his own mind has behind him party leaders who are afraid of their horses.

The demand for iron and steel has so far outstripped the supply that the export of these metals has fallen off and some importations have taken place in lines which are usually abundant at home. Structural iron is in particular demand, but all the mills are filled with orders from four to twelve months ahead. The supply of ore is not equal to the demand. The number of lake vessels fit for carrying ore is likewise deficient. In short, all people seem to want iron at the same time. Now, is not this a favorable time to repeal the duty on iron ore? The revered Dingley put a tax of 40 cents on it, and also on the sea water or other dampness that might be absorbed by it in the course of transit. There is plenty of iron ore in Cuba actually owned by American citizens who cannot get the use of their own property without paying a fine of 40 cents per ton. If this iron ore were obtainable, it would, of course, take the place of some of the manufactured iron which, under the stimulus of the present excessive demand, comes in from abroad over the top of the Dingley tariff.

The merits of the controversy over the advance in the price of beef are not easily determined. There are so many causes in operation as to make it impossible to tell the effect of particular ones, and we may add that so many reckless statements of fact are made as to obscure the whole question. It seems to be undisputed, however, that the price of live cattle in the West has materially advanced. At Omaha, for example, steers are selling for a half more than they have brought in recent years. This disposes of the charge that the recent advance of prices in this city is due to the arbitrary action of the great butchering companies. They have raised the price of meat because they have to pay more for cattle. On the other hand, it is quite probable that their charges were unreasonably high before, and are still unreasonably high. They are protected against competition, except among themselves, by the extent and completeness of their organizations. They have perfected the art of butchering, they have developed the art of utilizing by-products, they have created the art of refrigeration, and they have made an art of transportation. It is obvious that any attempt to compete with such organizations must be on a large scale, must be scientifically planned, and must be very ably managed. Considering the increased demand for meat for exportation, the growth of population, and the ability of the people to pay for meat because of their present prosperity, the general tendency of prices, and the probable shortage in the supply of cattle, it seems doubtful if the butchers of this city can succeed in lowering the cost of beef by their proposed combination.

The Alaska boundary question rises out of the fog and falls back into it with admired regularity, but fails to cause any excitement on this side of the line. The latest thing heard on the other side was that the Canadian Government, despairing of justice from the United States, had resolved to build a railroad on their own territory from some port of their own to the Klondike or to the navigable waters flowing thither. This proposal was quite generally acquiesced in by Americans. At all events no objection could be advanced against it. If Canada can afford to build 700 miles of railroad through a barren country, a road which will have to be operated at a heavy loss, all right. Undoubtedly she can afford it, for she has done such things before when she was much poorer than she is now. Nobody here will lift a finger to prevent her. Yet it would be a pity to waste so much money, and we do not believe that Canada really intends to do so. She already enjoys a right of way across our territory from the head of the Lynn Canal to White Pass. She can send goods in bond from Skagway just as she sends them through Portland, Me., to Montreal, and as we send from Buffalo to Detroit via the Canada Southern Railway. In fact, this bonding privilege is all that she needs commercially. Some little delay, due to formalities, is met with in passing the custom-house, but it is not attended with any expense.

When the goods arrive at White Pass, they cross the Canadian boundary duty free, of course, while American goods taking the same route are subjected to the Canadian tariff before they can reach the Klondike market. This protective tariff, coupled with the railroad, has already killed the town of Dyea and is fast sapping the life of Skagway. These places, while they were outfitting-posts for travel to the Klondike, did a roaring business, but since the White Pass railway has reduced the necessary outfitting to small proportions, the prosperity of the towns on the Lynn Canal has greatly declined, for although goods continue to go through, they do not break bulk; they leave no toll except the wages of freight-handlers. Now, under these circumstances, while the Canadians are making nearly all the profit out of the Klondike trade, and the towns of Dyea and Skagway are either dead or decaying, why should there be so much tail-lashing at Ottawa? Why should Premier Laurier talk about arbitration or war or a new railroad to the Klondike, and why should Sir Charles Tupper tell of his determination to stand by the Government to the last extremity? Evidently, because one of them represents the ins and the other the outs of Canadian politics. They are enjoying now all the profit they could obtain by a new railroad—that is, a virtual monopoly of the Klondike trade. They have everything they could desire except the spectacle of their own flag waving over a port on the Lynn Canal. Facts must prevail in the long run, and this convinces us that a settlement of the boundary question will be reached ere long without either arbitration or war or a new railroad 700 miles long.

The reappearance of M. Labori in the Dreyfus trial, and the mental vigor he has displayed, have already had a considerable influence in changing public opinion as to the result of the trial. It is now evident that the assassin fired at the right man, for in disabling Labori he took out of the court-room the one man whom the prosecution stands most in fear of, the one man who knows most about the case, the one upon whom the defence leans with the greatest confidence. If Labori's strength holds out, the tissue of perjury and forgery which the Court of Cassation partly exposed will be riddled to the satisfaction of the lovers of truth throughout the world. Every dodge, every meanness of the prosecuting witnesses has been con-

fronted by Labori with merciless logic, and with indignation of the contagious sort that must have its effect even upon a prejudiced court-martial.

Gen. Mercier is rapidly becoming chief villain of the Dreyfus tragedy, and, luckily, he is meeting the usual dramatic fate of villains in being exposed and overwhelmed with confusion. A whole series of his lies and perjuries was thrown to the ground on Saturday by the testimony of Capt. Freystätter, a member of the court-martial of 1894. The issue of veracity was whether Mercier, then Minister of War, had illegally submitted evidence in secret to the judges, and whether, in particular, he had included the famous Panizzardi dispatch in a translation which he knew to be incorrect. First Mercier denied having done it at all; then asserted that if Col. Sandherr or some other man now dead had sent in the dispatch along with the other documents of the secret dossier, it was in the form which the Foreign Office certified to be correct and which exonerated Dreyfus. But now Capt. Freystätter declares that it was precisely the fraudulent translation of the Italian attaché's dispatch which Gen. Mercier, knowing it to be fraudulent, caused to be read to the judges. This, we suppose, is the basis for the rumor that Mercier himself is to be arrested and court-martialled. His cool audacity did not entirely desert him in the face of Freystätter's revelations. That officer had said something about Dreyfus having been suspected of selling the secret of the Robin shell. An evident lie! cried Mercier, as the Robin shell was not in use before 1895. Will it be believed that Gen. Mercier himself spoke of the same charge against Dreyfus in his testimony of August 11? There it stands in the *Figaro's* stenographic report, the "secret de l'obus Robin." Surely a very shallow as well as a daring villain is this Mercier.

The part which French yellow journalism has had in keeping alive the myths and passions and prejudices which are the only real evidence of Dreyfus's crime, is well brought out by M. Guerlac in his letter in the *Tribune* of Monday. What with clerical organs of slander like the *Croix*, furious anti-Semite papers such as the *Libre Parole*, and the shrieking army-worshipping and foreigner-hating *Petit Journal*, with its circulation of more than 1,000,000, the difficulty of making the truth known in France begins to be seen. It is these newspapers, affirms M. Guerlac, which have fooled the majority of the nation. Even the reports of the present trial they grossly color and pervert. They make out Mercier and Boisdeffre and Gonse national heroes, giving triumphant proofs of Dreyfus's guilt, and represent Col. Picquart as a sneaking driveller, with his face stamped all over with cowardice and duplicity. Take, for example, the way in which the *Petit Journal* treated the attempted assassination of Labori. It almost suppressed mention of the crime, giving to it only a few casual lines. By way of comment, it spoke of the atrocious assault as a "regrettable incident," which "one cannot but condemn, and we do not hesitate to do so"; but then it proceeded to argue that the crime was the very natural retort to the hooting of Mercier by the crowd on the previous Saturday, so that the real responsibility lay with the Dreyfusards! It is against such formidable engines of mendacity that the mind and conscience of France have to struggle in their attempt to convert popular opinion.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech about the Transvaal situation on Saturday was disquieting mainly because it showed his impatience and determination to bring matters speedily to a crisis. He complained that Krüger was slow and grudging in all his concessions; that they had to be squeezed out of him like water out of a sponge. What of that? Is that not the usual way of diplomacy? The chief question is whether the concessions are actually made or not. There is every reason to think that Krüger has now conceded all that Sir Alfred Milner demanded. But, as is natural, he wants something in return, and that is, a promise that England will respect the independence of the Transvaal. Why should Mr. Chamberlain refuse this? Only three years ago he said it would be "immoral" for England to interfere in any way with the independence of the Boers. Oom Paul on his side might complain that Chamberlain's demands are always rising; that it is impossible to satisfy him. The situation is unquestionably grave, more so through Parliament not being in session; but we still believe that Lord Salisbury will restrain "pushful Joe," and not allow him to plunge Great Britain into a needless war. Meanwhile, both sides are pushing forward their preparations for the final struggle.

In view of the complaints made by the British Government of the oppression of its subjects in the Transvaal Republic, it should be observed that only white men's rights are considered. The natives of British India are subjects of the Empress Victoria, but they do not have the rights of English citizens. They have no political rights, and their legal rights are limited. The Legislature of Natal has taken measures to exclude their Indian fellow-subjects from that colony. It has levied a capitation tax on them, which is quite as oppressive as the tax levied on the Outlanders by the Boers. The Dominion of Canada imposes a tax of $50 on every Chinaman that enters that country, and British Columbia has lately tried to keep out the Japanese. It seems that the Japanese have been pouring into that province at an alarming rate, with the usual result of furnishing "Asiatic cheap labor," and when they have established themselves they show no disposition to go away. What is most startling is the fact that the Japanese Government has had the impudence to suggest that, after a certain period of residence, the Japanese in British Columbia should be given the franchise. The Dominion Government has been obliged to veto the exclusion law of Columbia, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is reported to have suggested that the Natal act might be copied. To this the Columbian authorities reply that the Japanese Government would probably regard that as an unfriendly proceeding, and the problem remains unsettled. Evidently the admission of Japan to the status of a civilized Power may have awkward consequences. It implies that the Japanese are on a level with white people, and must be treated like the subjects of the European states. To refuse them the franchise in the Dominion of Canada, after the claims that Great Britain has made for the Outlanders in the Transvaal, may have an air of inconsistency which cannot easily be explained away.

Emperor William has again run up against that ridiculous provision of the law which compels him to ask money of a popular assembly. When he opened the Dortmund-Ems canal some three weeks ago, he broadly hinted to the Prussian Diet that he expected a prompt vote of the money necessary to complete a system of waterways stretching right across Germany, and connecting the Rhine, the Weser, the Elbe, the Oder, and the Vistula. But the refractory Diet refused the grant by large majorities. It was those stout and consistent Protectionists, the Agrarians, who did the mischief. They do not want improved internal communications which would simply increase the facilities for bringing in foreign agricultural products and foreign timber. To them, the opinion of a British vice-consul that the Dortmund-Ems canal would be "distinctly favorable to British shipping," was enough to condemn all such projects. So they braved the wrath of the Emperor, and flatly refused him his money. That potentate is in a fury, and is calling his Cabinet to task for having allowed such a rebuff to fall upon him. But dismissing a Minister or two will not go to the root of the trouble. It ought to be made treason to deny the Emperor any sums he may demand, and the whole Diet should be drowned in the canal. Their successors would then be more reasonable.

THE TRUTH IS NOT IN HIM.

Mr. McKinley has broken his long silence on the Philippine question. He has also broken something else, as we shall proceed to show. What he asserted in his speech at Pittsburgh on Monday is doubtless what he would like to believe to be true, but the facts are otherwise. We shall set forth as dispassionately as possible some of Mr. McKinley's perversions of the truth.

To begin with, he said:

> "Until the treaty was ratified we had no authority beyond Manila city, bay, and harbor. We then had no other title to defend, no authority beyond that to maintain. Spain was still in possession of the remainder of the archipelago. Spain had sued for peace. The truce and treaty were not concluded."

Very good; then by what title or authority did William McKinley assert on December 21, 1898, seven weeks before the treaty was ratified, sovereignty over all the Philippine Islands? In his proclamation of that date he declared that "with the *signature* of the treaty of peace . . . the future control, disposition, and government of the Philippine Islands *are ceded* to the United States." He went on to announce that, "in fulfilment of the rights of sovereignty *thus acquired*," he proposed to immediately occupy and administer "the *entire group* of the Philippine Islands." In other words, what the President now says he could not do legally, he did do. Boasting now that "every step taken was in obedience to the requirements of the Constitution," he compels attention to the fact that his proclamation of December 21, 1898, was in flat violation of the Constitution. If he could, as he then asserted, proceed to occupy and administer the entire group, then his excuse for doing nothing outside of Manila falls to the ground. If, as he now says, it would have been illegal to assert title to the islands before the treaty was ratified, then he is a confessed law-breaker, for such title he did assert. We prefer (to quote his own language) to "leave to others the ungracious task of justification and eulogy."

Mr. McKinley declared further that his purpose in originally sending troops to Manila was to "emancipate" the natives, and that, therefore, they should have been our "firmest friends." Well, it was not the fault of the Filipinos that eternal friendship was not sworn on the spot. They were for months most profuse in their expressions of gratitude and admiration and attachment. If ever a statesman had an easy task, it was that of consolidating the amity which existed for months at Manila between Filipinos and Americans. But all was turned to bitterness and hatred. Why? Because the Filipinos discovered that, whatever might be the case with Dewey and the other officers on the scene, the Government at Washington was insincere in its fair words. This is not a matter of opinion. There is an official document on record which shows how hollow are these later pretences of an intention to "emancipate" the Filipinos. As early as June 16, 1898, the Secretary of State, Judge Day, wrote a letter to Consul Pratt in which the real purpose of this Government respecting the natives was revealed. Warning the Consul against having any relations with the Filipino leaders, Mr. Day said: "This Government has known the Philippine insurgents only as discontented and rebellious subjects of Spain"; and went on: "The United States, in entering upon the occupation of the islands, . . . will expect from the inhabitants . . . that obedience which will be lawfully due from them." There is the announced purpose of the McKinley Administration a month and a half after Dewey's victory—the islands to be seized, the natives to be subdued.

The President's most unblushing distortion of the truth was his assertion that it is only "the will of one man" that keeps the Filipinos from submitting, and that the insurgents "in no sense represent the sentiment of the people." This is antecedently incredible, and it also flies in the face of a mass of evidence to the contrary which is simply overwhelming. Not alone newspaper representatives, but army officers and commanders of our ships, report the situation of our troops in the islands as that of besieged men. If ever there was proof that a foreign invasion was dashing itself against a strong and rising national sentiment, we have that proof in the Philippines. Napoleon did not find it more marked in Spain or Russia. In the very newspapers containing the President's speech are dispatches from a trusted Philippine correspondent, saying, "The only friendly natives I found on my southern tour were the Moros [Mr. McKinley's polygamous and slaveholding protégés]. Even the non-combatants hate us. In Manila the native feeling against us is growing stronger every day." And the same day we get the testimony of the Rev. Peter MacQueen, long in the islands as chaplain of the First California volunteers, to the following effect:

> "There is not a Filipino in the islands that wants the American form of government. There was a time when the conquest of the islands might have been completed with comparatively little bloodshed, and that was immediately after Dewey's victory. Since that time the policy has been such as to encourage resistance."

We are content to leave the President's assertions and the facts to confront each other. But we are heartily glad he has spoken out. He has now committed himself to the policy of subjugation. He has staked his political fortunes on the popularity with Americans of a merciless war upon millions of men of another race, half way round the globe, who resent and repudiate our pretensions to rule over them. Unless the country we have known and loved has suddenly become a cruel nation of conquerors, the ultimate fate of such a President and such a policy cannot be in doubt.

RECOGNIZING SLAVERY.

The *Tribune* of Friday morning contained an editorial article pointing out that, muddled and scarcely intelligible as a large part of the charter of New York is, the provision that no president of a borough shall have a vote in the Board of Public Improvements except upon matters relating exclusively to his own borough "is absolutely lucid, yields its full meaning at a single glance, and is incapable of supporting the claim based upon it under any torture." The *Tribune* adds:

> "If it can be held to mean that the borough presidents can vote on the water scheme, then the provision making the Mayor's term four years may as well be held to mean that the Mayor's term is two years or five, and article xiii. of the Federal Constitution be construed as permitting slavery to exist in any part of the United States."

On another page the *Tribune* published the Associated Press dispatch from Manila, which announced that Gen. Bates had returned there from Sulu, having succeeded, "after five weeks' negotiation with much tact," in securing the signing of an agreement with the Sultan of the Moros. By this agreement American sovereignty over the Moros is recognized, and the United States may occupy and control "such parts of the archipelago as public interest demands." The Americans are to continue paying the Sultan the same subsidy which he got from Spain; the Americans are to protect the Moros against foreign imposition; American courts are to have jurisdiction, "except between the Moros"; the introduction of firearms shall be prohibited, piracy shall be suppressed, and there shall be no persecution on account of religion.

"Domestic institutions" among the Moros are not disturbed. One of these institutions is slavery. Mr. John Foreman, in his 'Philippine Islands,' says on this point:

> "The Mussulmans (called by the Spaniards Moros) now extend over the whole of Mindanao Island, and the sultanate of Sulu, which comprises Sulu Island and about 140 others, 80 to 90 of which are uninhabited. Slavery exists in a most ample sense. There are slaves by birth, and others by conquest, such as prisoners of war, insolvent debtors, and those seized by piratical expeditions to other islands."

Prof. Dean C. Worcester, now a member of the Philippine Commission, in his 'Philippine Islands,' says:

> "We soon found that the slave business still flourished in Tawi Tawi. Girls of fifteen years were valued at three *cabans* (about five bushels) of rice. One was offered to us at Tataän for three dollars in cash. The proposition was a secret one, for while Don Felipé [the Spanish commander] could not control the Moros on the south coast, he would have no slave-catching or selling about his corner of the island. He told us that the slave-dealers had no difficulty in selling all the able-bodied men they could

capture to the Dutch planters in Borneo—a fact which affords one more illustration of the benefits that civilization sometimes brings to a benighted land!"

The thirteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States declares that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, *or any place subject to their jurisdiction.*" It is an interesting fact that the amendment, as originally introduced by Senator Henderson of Missouri, provided that slavery or involuntary servitude "shall not exist in the United States." The Judiciary Committee, through its chairman, Senator Trumbull of Illinois, reported it back with a change in the form of the prohibition, and the addition, after "the United States," of the words, "or any place subject to their jurisdiction." In presenting the revised draft to the Senate on the 28th of March, 1864, Mr. Trumbull emphasized this point:

"It is a proposition so to amend the Constitution of the United States as *for ever to prohibit slavery within its jurisdiction.*"

The United States in 1864 possessed no "place subject to their jurisdiction" outside the bounds of the States, Territories, and District of Columbia, which constituted the Union. A prohibition of slavery "in the United States" would have prevented its existence wherever our government had jurisdiction. But the opposition to the "peculiar institution" was so earnest, and the determination that this government should never again lend any favor to it was so strong, that the Republican leaders decided to cover all possible contingencies in the indefinite future. They therefore so amended the Constitution that if the nation should afterwards, as it did only three years later, acquire Alaska, there should be no danger of slavery existing there, and that in whatever remote corner of the world the flag of the republic should ever wave, the mere fact that the United States held jurisdiction should of itself mean freedom to all the inhabitants. As the *Tribune* says of the clause in the New York charter regarding the voting power of a borough president in the Board of Public Improvements, the language of the amendment "is absolutely lucid, yields its full meaning at a single glance."

The idea that the thirteenth amendment might be construed as permitting slavery to exist anywhere that the United States government holds jurisdiction rightly seemed to the writer of the *Tribune* article unthinkable. Yet that is precisely what the McKinley Administration is doing. The government of the United States is to exercise sovereignty over the Moros, and at the same time it is to allow the continuance of slavery in this "place subject to their jurisdiction." The war with Spain was begun "in the cause of humanity," and "for the sake of freeing the oppressed." The latest development in the train of events which has followed is this proposition of the McKinley Administration to construe the thirteenth amendment as permitting slavery to exist under the jurisdiction of the United States. What do the clergy, the religious organizations, the missionary societies think of this?

PHASES OF THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

During the past week the war in the Philippines has been thrust somewhat into the background by the news from the nearer conflict between whites and blacks in the State of Georgia. About ten days ago, Henry Delegal, a black politician of Darien, Ga, made an assault on a white woman—or was charged with having made such an assault. Delegal was soon arrested. The negroes conceived the idea that he was to be lynched —"falsely conceived" the idea, the whites say, but not unnaturally, any candid observer must admit. When the Sheriff started on Wednesday to remove Delegal from Darien to Savannah for safe-keeping, "the negroes dropped everything to go to his rescue," and surrounded the jail. The Sheriff appealed to the Governor for aid, and 200 militiamen were sent from Savannah. Arrests of black rioters were then made by the dozen.

Two of Delegal's sons "were badly wanted," and two white deputy-sheriffs went after them. They apparently submitted to arrest, and then fired upon the sheriffs, one of whom was wounded by John Delegal and soon died, while the other was threatened with instant death by a crowd of negroes, and had a narrow escape. Of course, this intensified the excitement. The negroes practically deserted Darien and took to the swamps. They threw out pickets and sent in word that they would not submit to arrest. The whites sent to every convict camp in the State for bloodhounds, dispatched an armed posse on horseback to the scene of the trouble, organized another posse to go by special train, and sent a steamer to Brunswick to bring as many volunteers as could be secured. Early Saturday morning operations began. Every negro found as the white forces advanced was arrested. Women and children, as well as men, were placed under guard to prevent information from being carried across the country to the eight cabins which had been the Delegal stronghold. The cabins were searched without result, and then "the swamps were being beaten closely while the soldiers lined out on the bluffs, prepared to send a volley into the negroes as they came before the posse," when Henry Delegal's aged mother came out and arranged for his surrender. He was lodged in jail at Darien on Saturday night, and there was at once "a noticeable decrease of negro talk; the surrender of Delegal and the arrival of additional troops having completely unnerved those in Darien." On Sunday it was thought prudent to send home some of the troops, while the rest remained in camp until after the special term of court to try Henry Delegal, John Delegal, and thirty-five black rioters. But the country is still thoroughly alarmed.

Meanwhile, there have been interesting developments in the relations between the two races in the neighboring State of Florida. A white politician named Crum was recently appointed postmaster at Peck, Fla., and took a negro for his clerk. Last week a party of "whitecaps" violently attacked Crum, whipped him cruelly, and poured carbolic acid upon the lacerated flesh. He is still confined to his bed and suffering terribly. The colored deputy has fled from the neighborhood in fear of his life. The Federal Government immediately ordered the discontinuance of the post-office, and offered a reward of $200 each for the apprehension of the guilty persons. This caused great indignation among the whites. Two post-office inspectors who went to Peck have not returned. It is reported that the residents will not allow them to leave, and fears for their safety are entertained. The United States District Attorney, with six deputy marshals from Jacksonville, went to Peck on Saturday night with warrants for the arrest of sixteen whitecaps, took the town by surprise, and bagged seven without resistance. When they went back on Sunday for the rest, armed guards along the road tried to stop them, though without success; but armed men have since been on the alert throughout the neighborhood, determined to prevent the arrest of any more of their people. The officers sent for reinforcements, and propose to execute the rest of the warrants at all hazards.

In the State of South Carolina a new aspect of the trouble between whites and blacks has developed. A number of outrages were recently committed upon negroes at Greenwood, S. C., by whitecaps. The blacks had committed no crime, and had not tried to hold even so petty an office as a clerkship. The only trouble was that they live more cheaply than the whites. It is a region where land-owners rent their holdings largely to tenants. Of course, they want to get the largest possible returns. The small white farmers find that the blacks, whose standards of comfort and expenditure are pitched on a lower scale, can afford to offer a higher rental, and they are thus pushing the whites out of the most productive land. The whites have consequently taken to whipping the blacks by night, in the hope of frightening them away.

Here are three phases of the race problem presented almost simultaneous-

ly in three adjoining States in the "black belt." Any one of them alone, because typical of conditions that exist widely, would seem alarming enough to engage the most thoughtful Americans. But, in point of fact, few people have time to give them any attention, so engrossed is the nation with the efforts of the Administration to thrust "benevolent assimilation" upon an unwilling race of colored men on the other side of the globe.

OUR OWN ANTI-DREYFUSISM.

We have been working ourselves up in this country to a fine pitch of virtuous complacency over the Dreyfus case. France seems to us so wrong, so possessed, so driven by passion and ridden by panic fears, that we cannot but have a better idea of ourselves by comparison. We not only feel vastly superior to Frenchmen, as they display themselves in this affair, but we wish earnestly to manifest to them our moral disapproval. We even talk of morally boycotting them. We will avoid them. We will keep away from their Exposition. America will gather up her skirts and, as she passes by disdainfully, let her soiled French sister see what real virtue and moral indignation mean.

Now, it is always ungracious to disturb the peace of mind of people thanking God that they are not as other men are; but it is sometimes necessary and salutary to do so. Indeed, we have not only Scriptural warrant (which might not be enough), but good Republican precedent, for saying something unpleasant to "holier-than-thou" folk; and to our mind there is a good deal of rank Pharisaism and hypocrisy, none the less offensive for being partly unconscious, in the present attitude of many Americans towards France and the French people. We believe, and are glad and proud to assert, that the instinctive regard of Americans for individual justice, and for the rights of an accused man before the law, would make the Dreyfus tragedy impossible in this country. But we also believe that in some of the deeper-lying passions and motives which account for the horrible injustice done Capt. Dreyfus, we are not so different from the French as we plume ourselves upon being. In fact, if we look closely into the matter, we shall find it too true of many of us that wherein we judge the French we condemn ourselves.

What, in the last analysis, is the reason why France has apparently gone mad about Dreyfus? It is because the nation has come to have an insane devotion to the army. In the military power it has come to feel that its strength and safety are bound up. Anything that touches or seems to touch the credit or efficiency of the army drives a Frenchman into a frenzy. The nation is for the army, not the army for the nation; and it is with a fierce energy as of self-preservation that the French rush blindly to crush any one who seems to be attacking the army. It is upon this feeling, almost amounting to mania, that the conspirators against Dreyfus have artfully played. But are we wholly innocent of any such national delusion? Have we no public men who exalt the military arm as the nation's true grandeur? In our execration of the wrongs of Dreyfus, we must not forget that every man among us who asserts might over right, who advances the doctrine that our country's hope is in the army and navy, and that the Commander-in-Chief can do no wrong, is by so much revealing himself an anti-Dreyfusard. Theodore Roosevelt took occasion in one of his recent speeches to point to the awful exhibition France was making before the civilized world. We beg to tell him that it is of just such ideas as his own about the supreme importance of the army, and the glorification of the military life, that France is perishing.

Another point in which we at this moment are "deplorably like" the French, is our persistent unwillingness to admit that we have made a mistake. It is safe to say that the judgment of the civilized world is as unanimous in the opinion that our policy in the Philippines has been a huge blunder as it is in the opinion that Dreyfus was unjustly condemned. We say nothing now of the larger question of expansion—let that be as it may; it is certain that our handling of the situation in the Philippines has been one long mistake and misery. But are we going to admit it? Never! Our anti-Dreyfusards are as fierce about it as their French brothers were against revision. We, too, have our *chose jugée*. If we perhaps did blunder in our attitude towards the Filipinos, our dignity as a nation will not allow us to reconsider and reverse it. No, we say, we have made our decision, and it is irrevocable. But this is pure anti-Dreyfusism.

Finally, let us look in the French mirror and see if we do not recognize familiar features in the furious outcry with which Picquart and Scheurer-Kestner and Pressensé and Bréal and Stapfer and Seignobos, and the few brave men who dared to tell the French nation that a grievous wrong had been done, were pursued by press and public. Is there any analogy between the sneers with which these "intellectuels" were denounced, and the taunt of "doctrinaires" which Gov. Roosevelt hurls at *our* professors and publicists who ask that the country be just and conciliatory, instead of truculent, in the Philippines? Alas, alas, we are all poor mortals, and there is nothing so like an inflated and besotted Frenchman as an inflated and besotted American. We only hope that our moral indignation will not be exported for the use of the absent and foreigners—the two great classes of human beings who are always wrong—to the point of sweeping bare the home market. We think we foresee a large domestic demand for the article in the near future, and advise those who are using up all their reserve stock of horror and shame in denouncing the anti-Dreyfusites of France, not to put the United States in the humiliating position of being obliged to ask Frenchmen to send us some back when we need it most.

AMERICANS AND GERMANS.

Whatever tends to promote friendship between the different peoples of the earth is to be welcomed, and Prof. Münsterberg's article in the September number of the *Atlantic*, entitled "The Germans and the Americans," is full of friendly professions. For many reasons, however, we apprehend that the article will fail to remove such misunderstandings as now exist, even if it does not add to their number. It specifies many particulars in which German theories, prejudices, and habits differ from those of Americans. It explains why Germans who have long been citizens of the United States are a socially isolated class, even if we do not admit that the average German-American stands below the level of the average German at home. It advances certain theories and speculations, more or less suggestive and meritorious, concerning the psychological constitution of Americans, and it would be ungracious to deny that it accords us a generous meed of praise.

Nevertheless, the reasoning of the article is fallacious. It assumes that what is true of some is true of all. The population of the United States is made up of many races, and when Prof. Münsterberg speaks of what Americans believe or like, we have to ask what he means. The Irish Americans have their own feelings, and so have the German, the Scandinavian, the Russian, the French, the Italian, even the Jewish elements. There are Africans and Asiatics with prejudices of their own, and there are marked differences between the native Americans of the South and those of the North; nor are the latter to be classed as homogeneous. Speaking broadly, the people of every race dislike and dread or despise the people of every other race. As Cicero observed, the same word means stranger and enemy. Granting Prof. Münsterberg's sweeping assertion, which is that the two peoples do not like each other, let us ask, What peoples do like each other? Can he name any people that love the Germans? Are the French fond of them? or the Danes? or the Poles? or the Russians? or the English? Do the non-German Austrians love their German fellow-citizens? Do the Bavarians, even, love the Prussians? and have the Germans any sincere liking for any

of these peoples that do not like them?

Prof. Münsterberg recounts many dissimilarities between Germans and Americans which are amply sufficient to arouse dislikes; but any foreigner of equal ability could do the same for his own race. When a distinguished German is presented to one of our leading statesmen and finds him squirting tobacco-juice on the floor, or even into a spittoon, he does not like it. Neither does a well-bred Englishman or Frenchman. Tastes differ. It is idle to argue about them, still more idle to imagine that one people will give up its habits to please another. The descendants of the Puritans, who are probably the people that Prof. Münsterberg has in mind when he generalizes about Americans, do not like the ways of Germans, and probably never will. Perhaps, it is better that they never should. They come of an ascetic stock. They seriously think that the Germans have accomplished the desecration of the Sabbath and the subversion of the cause of temperance. They have accepted their music, with due deliberation, but they are not reconciled to their dancing and beer-drinking. But that the American people as a body have any peculiar aversion to the Germans, is not established by anything that Prof. Münsterberg advances.

It is an altogether different matter when we come to consider Prof. Münsterberg's glorification of what he calls Germany, but which is really a medley of political and social misrepresentations. He sneers at the German-Americans because they protested against the "Anglo-American Alliance," and entirely ignores the fact that this was by way of protest against imperialism. He is an enthusiastic imperialist, and, no doubt, is disturbed that his fellow-countrymen are unanimously opposed to him; but that is no excuse for not doing justice to their attitude. Equally misleading is his account of Germany. We may concede that "there is no people under the sun with more valuable inner freedom than the Germans." "Inner" freedom is not easily suppressed, but when we are assured that "the German University is the freest place on earth," we can but stare and gasp. There was a Liberal Member of Parliament named Virchow, who was also not unknown as a professor at the University of Berlin. How did the Government treat him? What sort of treatment did Mommsen receive under Bismarck? What course was taken with Prof. Geffcken when he published the diary of the Crown Prince? How came Georg von Bunsen to be prosecuted? What is the explanation of these recent attacks on professors who have taken the part of the Social Democrats? What of Prof. Delbrück's fine?

Even as regards the outer forms of freedom, Prof. Münsterberg maintains, Germany is freer than the United States. Comparisons are odious. Many outrageous infractions of liberty take place here, and we are at present in no mood for boasting. But that is the very reason why we must protest against other unfounded claims. Prof. Münsterberg says the right to insult the President is not freedom. That begs the question. Is it freedom when an editor is sent to prison for four months for commenting on the Emperor's speech at the opening of Parliament? The numberless prosecutions for *lèse-majesté* are not to be brushed away with a metaphysical definition. Prof. Münsterberg says that he is a monarchist, and calmly assumes that the present revival of mediæval pretensions by the Emperor is monarchy. He is welcome to his opinion, but until he can silence the voices of the German Liberals and of an immense number of German voters, he has no right to make such representations to the American people. Few intelligent Americans have any objection to a constitutional monarchy. It is impossible for us, but we might be better off if we had it. We will not go so far as to say that few intelligent Germans favor the recent developments of imperialism in that country, but we know that a great many do not; and they are by race and position quite as well qualified to speak as Prof. Münsterberg.

Take the case of the German colonies, for instance. "The colonial transmarine development of the German empire is taking away that narrowness of its citizens which too much depressed the spirit of individual initiative." As a matter of fact, two or three thousand Germans a year may be induced to settle in these colonies, after twenty years of Government support, at a cost to their countrymen of about 100,000 marks per colonist. How is individual initiative thereby relieved from depression, and how is it related to the disposition of Germans to colonize anywhere rather than under their own flag? Prof. Münsterberg is delighted with the Spanish war and our new policy of conquest. He says that "an heroic revival is at hand, imperialism awakens echoes throughout the land"; and hints that we shall best approximate to the true ideals illustrated in the German Emperor by becoming an aristocracy and putting our government in charge of a Cæsar.

That is the theory in the minds of a certain class, in this country, in Germany, and elsewhere. It is the theory of reaction, of servility, of despotism. The *Titelsucht* which is corrupting the German empire goes with it; the ignoble desire to be promoted by the ruling powers into an arbitrary social prominence without reference to intrinsic worth. Such is not the theory of those Germans and those Americans whose political ideal is liberty, and whose effort is to make free from the oppression of its rulers. One of the best of men and ablest of German statesmen, Bamberger, declared just before he died that the conduct of our Government in the Spanish war had put back the cause of Liberal progress in the Old World a hundred years. To put back what Bamberger called the cause of liberal progress is exactly what Prof. Münsterberg would like to do, and if his ideal is to prevail, Germany will be detested by every American who loves the constitution established by his fathers. There is eternal hostility between the ideals of freedom and of despotism. If the governments of Germany and the United States are to be free governments, there will be no need of reconciling Germans and Americans. They will have no disputes over naval superiority, or colonies, or tariffs. If not, no likeness between the peoples will prevent conceited and ambitious rulers from quarrelling.

VAMPIRES.

AMHERST, August, 1899.

Some years ago the writer, accompanied by a friend, was travelling on foot in Greece. One day, after sunset, we reached an isolated farmhouse, situated on the edge of what was then the great Copaic morass, immediately north of Orchomenus. We had been tramping through Greece for seven weeks; we were very footsore, and a long walk had made us unusually tired and hungry on that particular day. As we approached the house, we were greeted by the barking of a huge, and apparently very savage, dog, who made frantic efforts to break his chain in order to gratify his burning curiosity in regard to the two forlorn travellers. Had we known what was to follow, the dog would have inspired us with more respect, but we had seen many Grecian curs masquerading as lions, though at heart they were as cowardly as hares. So, trusting to knowledge born of experience with other dogs, we scarcely deigned to notice the vigorous protests of this savage beast. Arrived at the door of the farmhouse, we knocked once and again. Apparently the house had no inmate. But after a time the door opened cautiously, and a burly Albanian peasant appeared in the doorway extending towards us a pair of tongs in which was held a live coal of fire. The extraordinary performance rendered us for the moment speechless with astonishment. The peasant, pale and apparently quivering with terror, stood but for a moment holding the coal of fire towards us. Then, without having uttered one word, he hastily closed the door in our faces and bolted it with care.

This behavior was as inexplicable to us at the time as it is, no doubt, to the reader now. But at any rate one thing was certain: the man had given us the strongest assurance that he regarded our room as better than our company. We were confronted by a condition, not a theory; we were literally worn out; we knew that the nearest village was about five miles distant; it was now dark, and we longed to be housed and fed. So we knocked at the door again, and yet again, but all within was as silent as the grave, in striking contrast with the deep-voiced bellowings of the dog behind us. But our friend of the tongs could not be in-

duced to come forth a second time and parley with us. Finally, we gave up in despair, and, wandering away past the uproarious cur, we sat down in sadness upon a neighboring bank to determine what was to be done under the distressing circumstances. To our great relief, we soon descried a half-grown boy approaching on a donkey, but to our queries as to the possibility of finding lodging for the night in the house he answered with a decided No, stating that he was the only Greek on the premises, and that the inmates were Albanians who were in no wise likely to entertain strangers. "But," said he, pointing to a hut of considerable size, "there is the dog's house. You can sleep there if you want to. But they always turn the dog loose at night, and if he finds you, he will eat you up, as sure as fate." Thus saying, he left us to confront an unameliorated condition; the door of the house opened to allow him to enter, but was closed and ostentatiously bolted after him.

In the course of our wanderings we had frequently been compelled to spend the night in the open air as best we might, but on former occasions we were not so tired, footsore, and hungry as we were on that particular evening. It was, therefore, a real hardship to be treated with a rude inhospitality that was wholly inexplicable to us, because, hitherto, we had received not merely hospitality, but marked attention even. However, under the circumstances, the only thing left for us to do was to take possession of the dog's house as the sole protection within our reach against the chilling dews of a Grecian spring night. That dog was something of an aristocrat, and his house was a veritable palace—for a dog; better, indeed, than many houses that are occupied by human beings. Upon entering we found, to our great regret, that the door was off its hinges, and, in spite of anxious effort, we could not adjust it in the pitchy darkness. The dog had been set free, and was now rampant, roaming to and fro and calling for our blood, with deep-mouthed bellowings that gave us concern, as I am free to confess. Taking all things into consideration, we had come to respect the dog, and it was with pain that we realized that we could not debar him from impertinent intrusion upon our privacy. We propped the door up, but, had the powerful dog so wished, he could have entered without difficulty. In our unarmed condition, therefore, we were not wholly free from anxiety lest he might find an opportunity to eat us, according to the reassuring prophecy of the Greek boy.

But weariness bore heavily upon us, and, yielding to necessity, we laid us down, just as we were, in the dust that was ankle deep, and of that peculiar liquid variety produced by the action of innumerable tramplings. The whole night through, the dog never once ceased his search for us; we could hear him now near at hand and now in the distance, but ever making night hideous with his bayings, which did not have for us the soothing, nerve-calming effect upon which Byron dwells. We had been reading that poet as we journeyed through Greece, and we were keenly alive to the irony of the words:

> "'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
> Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

Fortunately for us, it did not occur to the dog to look for us in his own house, though he often came uncomfortably near, and so we dragged through the weary night without a visit from our canine friend, of whom, by this time, we stood in absolute terror.

We arose at the peep of day, selecting for our exit a moment when the dog seemed to be baying in the distance, and attempted to gain the open country before he could discover us. Vain delusion, for we had not taken many steps before the dog became aware of that for which he had been searching fruitlessly the entire night, and made for us with the speed of the wind. His faithful, all-night hunt deserved to be crowned with success, but he was doomed to disappointment—at the very moment, too, when he had treed his game. Fortunately for us an inmate of the house was astir even before us, and, throwing himself upon the furious beast as he rushed past, he bore him to the ground and held him there. From the time of St. Paul down to the present day everybody in Greece has been inquisitive. Under the circumstances, the curiosity of our benefactor was natural enough, but still it was ridiculous in the extreme to see him lie there on the furious, struggling, howling dog, and ply us with a host of questions, many of which were wholly irrelevant. When finally he had satisfied his curiosity, he apologized for the treatment we had received at the hands of the rude Albanians, and bade us go—in God's name. We were not slow to obey, nor did we stop to satisfy our own curiosity as to how he came to be there in his peculiar garb, for he was stark naked.

In Greece the belief in vampires was once widespread, but it has been gradually dying away as education invades the remoter recesses of the land. Even in Athens one still sometimes hears: "May the vampire take you!"—a curse of diabolical nature. But the belief in vampires is now confined to the lower classes, and perhaps chiefly to the Albanians, of whom Von Halm relates that they entertain many other absurd superstitions, such as belief in the existence of men with tails—no doubt a reminiscence of the Satyr of classical mythology. Among us most people have but a vague and indefinite idea in regard to the vampire, his *raison d'être*, his haunts and habits. It seems that after death some people do not rest quietly in their graves, but come forth at night when the moon shines. They live by sucking the blood of men, and return to their tombs at the approach of dawn, after gorging themselves with human blood. There are two kinds of vampires: the blood-sucking and a less malignant variety. It is of the malignant vampire that Byron speaks when he writes:

> "But first, on earth, as vampire sent,
> Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:
> Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
> And suck the blood of all thy race."

The less malignant type of vampire amuses itself by playing tricks on people and by frightening them, but otherwise does them no harm. The more malignant vampire, on the contrary, is fond of the liver of its victims, whom it attacks in the form of a variety of animals or insects, such as cats, dogs, fleas, spiders, etc.

The best evidence that death has been caused by a vampire is the mark of a bite on the nape of the neck, though sudden death of any kind is regarded as its work. The fear of sudden death is said to be very great among the peoples with whom the vampire loves to dwell, for the reason that he who has been killed by a vampire himself becomes one. Allatius tells us that the vampire is not the soul of the deceased, but an evil spirit which enters the body of the dead person. He says:

"The corpse is entered by a demon, which is the source of ruin to unhappy men. For frequently, emerging from the tomb in the form of that body, and roaming about the city and other inhabited places, especially by night, *it betakes itself to any house it fancies, and, after knocking at the door, addresses one of its inmates in a loud tone. If the person answers he is done for. If he does not answer he is safe.* In consequence of this, the people of the island of Chios never reply the first time, if any one calls them by night."

Fire is the surest protection against vampires. Behold, then, the key to the treatment to which we were subjected by the Albanian peasant. The poor creature had mistaken us for vampires. We did not discover this fact until after our return to Athens, when some friends, to whom we recounted our strange adventure, opened our eyes. We had not seen a vampire ourselves, but the Albanian saw two, and trembled.

It is a fearful thing to become a vampire, and people whose friends have died are always anxious to gain some certain knowledge as to the status of their beloved dead. The question, "How fares it with the spirit of my dead mother, father, husband, wife?" is a momentous one even to this day. In many places it is still customary to disinter the corpse after it has lain for a year in the grave, in order to solve the question as to whether the soul of the dead be in heaven or hell. I believe that this custom had its origin in the vampire faith, though I am not prepared to say that the vampire superstition is nowadays the confessed cause of the exhumation. The condition of the bones decides whether or no the spirit is in heaven or hell, but if the body be found in a good state of preservation, with the skin taut like a drum, then the dead person has become a vampire.

There are various causes for the change into a vampire after death. Chief among them is excommunication by Holy Mother Church, then great sins of any kind, the curse of parents, dealings with witches and witchcraft, eating the flesh of a lamb that has been killed by a wolf, the springing of a cat or a dog over a corpse before its burial, etc. Accordingly, it is easy to see that the clergy are clothed with a fearful power, for with the words, "Whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven," in their mouths, they may hold a Damocles sword over the heads of an ignorant and superstitious peasantry, and thus wield a power which one shudders to think of, especially if the clergy be unscrupulous and the people faithful and pious. Nay, the days when the clergy availed themselves of this mighty power are almost within our touch. Not only throughout the Middle Ages, but down certainly to the first decades of this century, the vampire played a great rôle in the East, and the clergy not only did not hesitate to use this excellent means of moulding the ignorant to their will, but took pains to disseminate the belief that excommunicated persons who died without having been absolved from the curse of the Church, became *ipso facto* vampires after death. The superstition is not to be regarded in the light of a mere myth which the peasantry believed in without having their lives influenced thereby for good or for bad. Nor was the belief confined to the

peasantry; it had a firm hold on all classes, for we are told by learned and good men not merely that they know of this effect of excommunication by hearsay, but that they can vouch for it personally, because they have seen it with their own eyes. The Church claimed not only the power to excommunicate, but also the right to absolve from the curse pronounced by the ecclesiastical authorities. This absolution might be pronounced at any time, either before or after the death of the excommunicated person. Consequently it was possible for a dead man to remain a vampire for a season, and still get to heaven after a time, provided his friends had money or influence enough to procure for him absolution at the hands of the Church.

In Crete the priests were regarded as being very skilful in exorcising the vampire. Friday night was the proper time for the ceremony, because on that night the vampire usually remained in his tomb, but occasionally he absented himself even on Friday nights; in that case the exorcism failed, or, in other words, the officiating priest did not feel that he had made money enough out of his victim. When other means of laying the demon failed, the corpse was burned. Tournefort, in his 'Relation d'un Voyage du Levant' (i., 131 ff.), gives an amazing account of the laying of a vampire-demon by cremation in the island of Myconos. A quarrelsome peasant had been murdered in the fields. Two days after his burial it was known that he had appeared at night and played tricks on people. The priests sedulously spread the report, for it meant that masses would be said. On the tenth day after burial, solemn mass was said, the body was exhumed, and the heart was cut out by the village butcher—an operation attended by the escape of such noxious gases that the abundant use of incense was necessary. Every one was crying, "Vampire, vampire!" Some said that the blood was red; the butcher averred that the body was warm, others that the corpse was not stiff when carried out for burial—a sure sign that it was a genuine vampire. The heart of the corpse was burned on the seashore. But all this had no effect on the vampire, who continued his pranks as before; every one had some big tale to tell of his doings. It came, finally, to such a pitch that people abandoned their houses and encamped in the squares, and all were terrified at the approach of night. The priests reaped a rich harvest. All day long men were busy plunging swords into the grave, until a wise Albanian discovered that the hilts of the swords resembled a cross, and of all things the vampire fears the cross most because he can never leave his tomb as long as a cross is on it. He suggested the use of Turkish swords. But all was in vain; the vampire continued his wicked ways; the people were beside themselves with terror, and so many families emigrated to the neighboring islands that Myconos was threatened with depopulation. A great funeral pyre, consisting of wood, pitch, and tar, was erected on a jutting promontory of the island, and on it the remnants of the corpse were burned to ashes. The vampire was laid; Myconos had peace, and many ballads were composed in honor of the event.

The most available account of the vampire is that in Tozer's 'Researches in the Highlands of Turkey' (ii., 80 ff.), where the reader will also find the literature of the subject cited. J. R. S. STERRETT.

MEMOIRS OF MME. DE LA FERRONAYS. —II.

PARIS, August 9, 1899.

Many are the details which Madame de la Ferronays gives regarding the salons of Paris in the years preceding the Revolution of 1848. She herself began her apprenticeship as *maîtresse de maison*. "M. de la Ferronays desired that I should prepare myself to become his aid—in the measure which belongs to a woman—on the day when, as we hoped and wished, he should be called by the return of the King to have an employment at Court, or, as he would have much preferred, in diplomacy." Her sister, La Roche-Aymon, and herself lived then in great intimacy; all the agreeable men of their generation and of the older generation came to their house.

"In my youth, and I cannot imagine that the fashion has changed in this respect, men paid court to the women; they fell in love or pretended to do so. The *liaisons* were taken seriously; I could cite women who never consoled themselves for the pain given by a rupture. Between society men and women the question of money did not exist. Our betting with friends ended in exchanges of neckties, of ribbons, of umbrellas for canes at the utmost. A young man, in an intimate *liaison*, which lasted several years, with a lady among my friends, having dared, on the 1st of January, to offer her a diamond heart which had cost 400 francs, she became indignant, and sent it back, asking if he took her for a *fille entretenue*. . . . We attached so much importance to not allowing our manners to be similar in the smallest degree to those of the light ladies who abounded at the theatre or at supper parties, that we did not admit that the expenses should be divided among the men to our exclusion; and our friends did not dream of paying for us—we should have considered it a humiliation."

In the year 1847 M. de la Ferronays went to Venice to be presented to the Countess de Chambord.

"He did not find Madame pretty; but she had made an effort to please, and had shown herself amiable towards the French, having not yet reached the time when, as she often told me, she felt humiliated before them because of her sterility, and considered that, the more royalist they were, the more they ought to desire her death. The poor Princess, who can perhaps be reproached with not having had a beneficent influence over her husband, suffered cruelly for not having given a Dauphin to the country. Was it her fault? These are nature's secrets."

The Revolution of 1848 was a satisfaction and a sort of revenge for the Legitimist party. Madame de la Ferronays says about it:

"The throne of Louise-Philippe, erected by one revolution, was upset by another; but, whatever our sentiments at the time, it was a misfortune for the country. We should not now have to deplore the loss of two provinces; a respectable royal family would not have demoralized France by excess of luxury as the Empire did, and the sterility of Monseigneur [the Count de Chambord] would have given the branch of Bourbon-Orléans a legitimacy which it failed to have, to establish itself on a solid basis. But it is impossible for men to foresee the future; the passions do not reason; and by us royalists the fall of the July monarchy was hailed with joy."

The troubles which followed the Revolution, especially the bloody insurrection of June, 1848, against the Constituent Assembly, gave great hopes to the Legitimists.

"It was the time when, in the shops of Paris, Monseigneur was called 'Monsieur Crédit,' and when, under that name, his portraits figured in all the shops. My husband was soon to go to Frohsdorf, and in his illusions, of which I partook, he imagined that he would come back with the Prince, to whom he was to carry generals' uniforms. When the moment came for his taking the road to Frohsdorf, having carefully shut the doors, we ourselves put these precious uniforms in the trunks that were to take them to Austria; and while we were thus engaged, M. de la Ferronays said to me: 'You will see, my dear, that Monseigneur will accept the flag which France brings him, since, to keep his liberty entire, he has never worn a cockade on his hat or his clothing.' Those we were packing had none."

This little incident seems to show that in 1848 the Count de Chambord was not as absolutely hostile to the tricolor flag as he proved to be in 1872, when the Constituent Assembly chosen after the war was on the point of offering him the crown.

"During all the years," says Madame de la Ferronays, "anterior to the *Coup d'État*, negotiations were entered into with chiefs of army corps, and money was spent with open hands. MM. Berryer, De Valmy, and the Duke de Noailles always wished to retard the moment of action, not seeing that they were compromising success. Large sums were paid to a Marshal of France who was needy and received money from both sides. Every time, and it happened frequently, that M. de la Ferronays arrived at Frohsdorf, the Dauphiness, whom we called the Queen, said to him: 'Fernand, do bring us a colonel, or nothing will be done.' Once, he replied: 'Madame, I bring you better than a Colonel, a Marshal of France. Marshal Bugeaud asks Monseigneur if, on the day when he calls him in the midst of the army of the Alps, which he commands, he will be ready to come.' 'Immediately,' was the answer. But the Marshal imposed delay, and afterwards, for the misfortune of France, turned towards Louis Napoleon."

In 1850 M. de la Ferronays was completely attached to the person of the Count de Chambord, and accompanied him first to Wiesbaden. It was there that the Prince learned the death of Louis-Philippe. He at once ordered a mass to be said, and wished all his household to attend it. "It was an order for us all, and I must confess that we were a little astonished to go into mourning for a King whom we had never accepted, and whom we had always considered our most mortal enemy." The Count de Chambord spent the winter of 1851 at Venice; there was still some hope for the royalist party, and visitors were numerous. Among others came M. de Falloux, who had broken with Prince Louis Bonaparte. "M. de Falloux, whose dominant virtue was not frankness, came to Venice to play a sharp game. He wished to diminish the influence of the Duke de Lévis, and to surround the Count with new men, who would accept his leadership." Venice was full of princes. There were the Duke and the Duchess of Modena, the Duke and Duchess of Parma, the Infant Don Juan and his wife the Infanta Beatrix, sister of the Count de Chambord.

"The sight of the Duke of Parma and of the Infant Don Juan had the effect of putting Monseigneur in very bad humor. The Duke of Parma, rather disagreeable to everybody, was particularly so to the French, especially to those in the family of his brother-in-law, whom he made responsible, though they never had anything to do in the matter, for the conditions imposed on him in his marriage contract, by which he was not allowed to touch the fortune of the Princess, his wife."

The father of the Duke of Parma, the Duke of Lucca, had employed in his stables an Englishman called Ward, who entered more and more into his favor, and ended

by becoming the preceptor of his son. The Revolution of 1849 turned the Duke of Lucca out of his states, and he abdicated in favor of his son, whom the death of Marie Louise, according to the terms of the Congress of Vienna, soon called to the throne of Parma.

"The Infant Don Juan was not handsome," says Mme. de la Ferronays, "and it was difficult to understand the passion which he inspired in the Archduchess Beatrix, who had become very deaf at this period. She was the mother of Don Carlos and of Don Alfonzo. . . . The poor Infanta became afterwards so deaf that the efforts which she made to hear the persons to whom she granted an audience, occasioned nervous attacks. It was a common infirmity with all the members of the house of Austria-Modena."

On her return to France, Mme. de la Ferronays witnessed the *Coup d'État* of the 2d of December. Paris woke up to the sound of the drums. Gen. Changarnier and other generals, the Deputies of the Chamber, were thrown into prison.

"My husband," she says, "had papers which might have been compromising; he confided them to me to be taken to a safe place, and, on my return to the Faubourg St. Germain, I had the painful pleasure of seeing pass before me Louis Napoleon, acclaimed by the troops which lined the avenue of the Champs-Élysées. It is the only time in my life that I screamed 'Vive la République!' a demonstration which had no result, not even to console my heart. . . . We were entering the era of sadness, even of some apostasies; but the manner in which these were received in society restricted their number. In the evening from a balcony at the circus of the Champs-Élysées, we saw carriages, surrounded by troops, which took some of the Deputies to Mont Valérien; all the others were taken to Vincennes. . . . Our poor friends and our chiefs were still so full of illusions that, while in certain regions people conceded to the new régime only the essentially Napoleonic duration of a Hundred Days, the chiefs advised my husband, who was sent to explain the situation to Monseigneur, to tell him expressly not to move, for there was every reason to believe that the President had only taken power to place it in his hands. Oh, how stupid honest people, intelligent as they may be, can sometimes be!"

This is Madame de la Ferronays's judgment of Louis Napoléon: "The new master of France was feeble and undecided; the will of M. de Morny and of M. Fleury had been necessary to lead him to an act of energy. He was a dreamer, a voluptuary, a good man at heart, liked by those who approached him, and having nothing of the terrible man he had the name of being."

Madame de la Ferronays is very severe on the Countess of Teba, who came to France with her mother, Madame de Montijo, and became the Empress of the French. This marriage, she says, "decided her fate as well as that of France, of which the handsome Spaniard, by her levity, her frivolity, and her incapacity to conduct the affairs she mixed herself up in, prepared the ruin. She contributed to the irreparable disasters under which our country has sunk."

Courtiers became more rare at Frohsdorf after the establishment of the Empire. "The grand figure of the daughter of Louis XVI. disappeared. For me she left a great void. She had always shown me great kindness. Her life had been that of a saint, and, if her speech was a little brusque, her heart was full of indulgence. People were unjust to her in France; they would not make allowance for the dreadful memories that confronted her when she reëntered the Tuileries, which she had left on the 10th of August."

Correspondence.

"OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For the last two or three months the idea has been growing in this country that, since the war in the Philippines is actually under way, no honorable course is open to us but to force it to a successful termination. Even among those who once most nobly took the side of justice toward the unfortunate islanders, this thought seems to be commending itself. Half-hearted humanitarians quiet an uneasy conscience by pleading the stain to national honor which would result from the slightest retraction in our exorbitant demands. But is not our country great and powerful enough to afford to be generous if by that means she can be just? Those who urge the bloody prosecution of an unjust war to save what they are pleased to call our national dignity, would do well to recall the position taken by our English defenders at the time of the Revolution. No hypocritical pride brought them to the low level of sanctioning the continuance of a wrong merely because it had been ignorantly and foolishly begun.

On October 31, 1776, in the House of Commons, Mr. Fox boldly and honorably declared:

"The noble Lord who moved the amendment said that we were in the dilemma of conquering or abandoning America. If we are reduced to that, I am for abandoning America."

And this champion of liberty, whom we all honor for his fearless honesty, entered his vote against a bill for raising revenues to maintain the war,

"because he could not conscientiously agree to grant any money for so destructive, so ignoble a purpose as the carrying on a war commenced unjustly, and supported with no other view than to the extirpation of freedom. This he conceived to be the strict line of conduct to be observed by a member of Parliament."

In November of the same year, Edmund Burke said in the House of Commons:

"You simply tell the colonists to lay down their arms, and then you will do just as you please. Could the most cruel conqueror say less? If you had conquered the Devil himself in Hell, could you be less liberal?"

And yet this is the identical policy which our Government is now enforcing with fire and sword, while we stand weakly by and say, "Let it go on, since we are in it."

And the great Chatham, as true a patriot as England ever knew, whose son resigned a commission in the English army rather than fight against liberty, said in the House of Lords, in the second year of the war:

"We have tried for unconditional submission; try what can be gained by unconditional redress. This country has been the aggressor. You have made descents upon their coasts; you have burnt their towns, plundered their country, made war upon the inhabitants, confiscated their property, proscribed and imprisoned their persons. I do therefore affirm that, instead of exacting unconditional submission from the colonies, we should grant them unconditional redress."

Again, a few months later, he declared with fervent earnestness:

"I would sell the shirt off my back to assist in proper measures, properly and wisely conducted; but I would not part with a single shilling to the present ministers. Their plans are founded in destruction and disgrace. It is, my Lords, a ruinous and destructive war; it is full of danger; it teems with disgrace, and must end in ruin. . . . If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I would never lay down my arms! Never! Never! Never!"

If England, far from feeling herself humiliated by such sentiments, coming from men high in official station, looks back to them as the truest patriots of that age, surely we Americans need dread no bitter judgment from posterity if we repeat those chivalrous and humane views.

Once before in our brief history our country fell from her lofty place among the nations, and plunged into a cowardly war with a helpless neighbor. Then, as now, the siren's song of pride corrupted our people. Then, as now, a short-sighted Administration forsook the straight path of moral rectitude and honored tradition, justifying a war of criminal aggression by the plea that we must not retreat. Then, as now, strong words of remonstrance were raised in Massachusetts, which are full of encouragement for us to-day. Charles Sumner, the ever-eloquent champion of justice, in an address to the people of Boston, on the 4th of February, 1847, exclaimed in righteous wrath:

"We are told that the country is engaged in the war, and therefore it must be maintained, or, as it is sometimes expressed, vigorously prosecuted. In other words, the violation of the Constitution and the outrage upon justice sink out of sight, and we are urged to the same acts again. By what necromancy do these pass from wrong to right? In what book of morals is it written that what is bad before it is undertaken becomes righteous merely from the circumstance that it is commenced? Who on earth is authorized to transmute wrong into right? Whoso admits the unconstitutionality and injustice of the war, and yet sanctions its prosecution, must approve the Heaven-defying sentiment, 'Our country, right or wrong.' Can this be the sentiment of Boston? If so, in vain are her children nurtured in the churches of the Pilgrims, in vain fed from the common table of knowledge bountifully supplied by our common schools. Who would profess allegiance to wrong? Who would deny allegiance to right? Had this sentiment been received by our English defenders in the war of the Revolution, no fiery tongue of Chatham, Burke, Fox, or Camden would have been heard in our behalf. Their great testimony would have failed. All would have been silenced, while crying that the country, right or wrong, must be carried through the war."

May we not rise above the unreasonable and vicious idea that what we all condemn in an individual, we may sanction in the state? The just man, when he sees himself in the wrong, is restrained by no shallow pride from desisting, and making amends to the full extent of his ability. Should not a nation do as much? A word from our Government, guaranteeing to this brave and heroic people the blessings of that dearly loved liberty which years of struggle had all but won, would end the carnage in a moment. Can we, in the light of history, honorably refuse so small a sacrifice? S.

August 19, 1899.

THE MIXED FILIPINOS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There are more people on the Philippine Islands than were in the whole western hemisphere when Columbus discovered America. In the latter, moreover, the population was homogeneous throughout, but in our new archipelago the blood of all mankind flows in the veins of its heterogeneous population. For the white sub-species, you have Semite, Hamite, European, and Iranic ingredients; for the yellow, Malay and Chinese; for the brown, the Polynesian supplies the blood; and for the black sub-species there are twenty thousand Negritos, or dwarf negroes. Even the American Indian cannot be omitted, for, during two centuries, between 1565 and 1765 about, the Philippines were governed exclusively from Acapulco, Mexico.

Concerning the Negritos, Dr. A. B. Meyer, director of the Royal Ethnographic Museum, Dresden, publishes a timely book of a hundred pages, issued in English by Stengel, in Dresden. The text forms two chapters of his greater work on Philippine types, printed in folio in 1893. Ethnologists will be glad to have these chapters in handy form, since not only do they bring to date what is really known of this interesting people, but the author attacks with vigor the unsubstantiated theories concerning a negroid substratum in all the Indo-Pacific islands and southeastern Asia promulgated by Quatrefages and Hamy, endorsed by Flower and Lydecker, and put in general circulation by Keane. O. T. Mason.

Washington, D. C., August 24, 1899.

Notes.

Miss Lilian Whiting's 'Kate Field: A Record' is on the point of being issued by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Thomas Whittaker will soon publish 'My Smoking-Room Companion,' a satirical sketch by William Harvey King, M.D.

The Continental Publishing Co. announces 'A Daughter of Neptune,' stories of East and West, by William Winslow.

Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd of Amherst has just completed a thorough revision of Dr. Dorman Steele's text-book, 'A New Descriptive Astronomy,' which is now in the press of the American Book Company.

'An Autumn Lane, and Other Poems,' by Will T. Hale, is in the press of Barbee & Smith, Nashville.

The Moravian Book Concern (The Comenius Press), Bethlehem, Pa., will shortly publish 'Fifty Years Ago,' by Mary Wiley Staver, a description of a trip to England and the Continent, with illustrations.

The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, will issue next month 'Solomon and Solomonic Literature,' by Moncure D. Conway; 'Science and Faith; or, Man as an Animal and Man as a Member of Society,' by Dr. Paul Topinard; and 'The Evolution of General Ideas,' by Th. Ribot, translated by Miss Frances A. Welby.

'A First Glance at the Birds,' by Charles A. Keeler, being a general introduction to the study of California birds and an advance portion of a larger work, 'Bird Notes Afield,' by the same author, will be brought out at once in pamphlet form by Elder & Shepard, San Francisco.

Mr. Miller Christy's undertaking to write an exhaustive and authoritative 'History of the Hudson's Bay Company,' after personal research in the archives of England, France, and Canada, and with access to the Company's records, has not been affected by the approaching appearance of two other works on the same subject by Beckles Willson and Prof. Bryce of Winnipeg.

'Through Persia on a Side-Saddle,' by Ella C. Sykes (Lippincott), a fairly stout volume, is an unpretentious account of the author's experiences in her travels about Persia and while keeping house for her brother, the first British Consul appointed to the city of Kerman. She writes in a good-humored, straightforward way, describing what she saw and did, and wisely not attempting to give much information about anything else. The book reads well, and, though containing little in the nature of exciting adventure, will interest those who care for books of travel or for descriptions of the part of the East in question.

The fifth part of David W. Hoyt's 'Old Families of Salisbury and Amesbury, Mass.' (Providence) completes the work, and finds room for some additional documents, with additions and corrections and three indexes. An odd erratum pointed out was caused by some one's misreading a passage in Isaac Estey's will (Topsfield), "daughter Sarah *I reckon* she had her full portion upon her marriage," making it "Sarah *Ireland*."

The time of the army upheaval in France is propitious for the appearance of Part I. of 'A French-English Military Technical Dictionary,' prepared by Cornélis De Witt Willcox, First Lieutenant of Artillery, U. S. A., and issued from the Adjutant-General's Office at Washington. The 160 closely printed octavo pages, ending with *espace*, contrast sharply with the total 118 pages of Barrère's pocket 'Dictionary of French and English Military Terms (French-English),' which was published by Hachette in 1896. Lieut. Willcox's labor is worthy of all praise. The proof-reading appears to have been very scrupulous. While *canaille de D——* will not be found in this vocabulary, *bordereau* is given, with a number of qualifications (*énonciatif, énumératif, nominatif*, etc.). Of *coup*, 192 different definitions are given. Under *école* there is a list of the French military schools. Not least interesting are the instances of military argot, as *bal*, 'extra drill,' and *Dache*, 'hairdresser to the Zouaves' (a mythical personage), used in the phrase *Allez raconter cela à Dache*, "Go tell that to the marines." The author gives a list of 129 authorities, which includes 30 official French publications and 45 lithographed text-books of the Artillery and Engineers School at Fontainebleau.

Part 26 of Hatzfeld's 'Dictionnaire Général de la Langue Française' (Paris: Ch. Delagrave) finishes the letter R, and carries the letter S to *soulever*. In this section occur an unusual number of characteristic compounds, such as *songe-malice, sot-l'y-laisse*, Saint-Simon's *sauve-l'honneur*, and one of the newest, *saute-ruisseau*, a sort of errand-boy (admitted by the Academy in 1878). *Sauve-qui-peut* takes its alphabetical place, instead of being put under *sauver*, as the Academy treats it. The same authority from 1718 to 1740 printed *sans-souci* without the hyphen, which it conceded to *sang-froid* only in 1798. (A century earlier, it is recorded, some used the expression *sens froid*.) *Savoir-faire* and *savoir-vivre* were both deprecated as neologisms in 1671; and while the Academy adopted the former very speedily, in 1674, it turned a cold shoulder on the latter till 1740. Of three significant words the etymology is quite obscure—*sobriquet*, used in our modern sense in the fifteenth century; *sot*, and *souche*. About four more parts will complete this compact, scholarly, yet popular dictionary.

The gullibility of Quesnay de Beaurepaire, the late President of the Paris Court of Appeals, is a striking example of the monomania of suspicion not unknown in actual life and on the comic stage. His fanatic belief in the guilt of Dreyfus has made him more than once the dupe of tricksters whose wiles any schoolboy of ordinary intelligence would have seen through. Any one interested in this psychological problem should read 'Karl et Quesnay de Beaurepaire' (Paris: P. V. Stock). "Karl" is the wag, probably a student of the Latin Quarter, who, after easily making his victim swallow the bait of "irrefragable evidence" against Dreyfus, exposed his credulity in the *Figaro* to the laughter of the world. "It was upon the judgment of this man that the liberty, the honor, the lives of a host of unfortunate men and women depended. . . . The fate of hundreds of these was at the mercy of such want of sagacity and common sense." And then the question arises: Is it probable that this judge of the highest rank is the only one of his kind? What influence will the discovery of such incapacity have upon the popular respect for the law and its representatives?

The tenth volume of the 'Collections of the Nova Scotia Historical Society' (Halifax) covers the years 1896-98, and consists of a monograph by T. Watson Smith, D.D., on 'The Slave in Canada.' This subject has been all but completely ignored by historians and school-book makers—"Clement, the author of the school history accepted by nearly all the provinces, dismisses it in a single sentence"—so that the present generation, even among the well informed, is sceptical of the existence of slavery on provincial soil. Dr. Smith has been at great pains to establish the fact with such minuteness that no one will attempt the task again. The courts virtually abolished slavery long before the British Emancipation Act of 1833 could operate upon it in Canada, and apprehension as to the effects of this measure related wholly to the trade relations between Canada and the West Indies. Of the indemnity for emancipation, "not one solitary dollar found its way into Canadian hands." Dr. Smith has produced not only a permanently valuable book, but a very readable story, which has hitherto been covered up, not from shame, but from forgetfulness. He has few if any cases of extreme cruelty to record, and no instance of burning alive or dead. His survey would not have been complete without a chapter on Canada as the American fugitives' paradise—a glorious page. While he adds to our knowledge from his side of the line, he has not fully studied the sources of our Underground Railway history. His caption, "Influence of Canadians on Slavery Elsewhere," might have been illustrated by the fact that the leader of the moral agitation against slavery in the United States would, but for the accident of his parents' removal to Massachusetts, have been a native of Nova Scotia.

The annual report of the State Geologist of New Jersey for 1898 embraces as an appendix Mr. Gifford Pinchot's "Study of Forest Fires and Wood Production in Southern New Jersey," a document of 100 pages, copiously illustrated, which will, we are sure, mark the beginning of the final effort to save that district from a scourge whose effects are moral as well as physical. Closely allied to this is Mr. C. C. Vermeule's briefer paper on the pine belt of the same section in connection with water supply, a subject of great moment that cannot be too soon considered. The same authority, whose investigation of the volume of streams in New Jersey and available surface water-supply took rank at once as a standard work, makes here a first attempt to solve the more complex problem of water-supply from wells, which is nevertheless inseparable from that of surface-supply. Mr. Lewis Woolman furnishes his annual record of artesian wells in New Jersey, which is contributing so much towards a definition of water-bearing strata not confined to that State alone. Prof. Rollin D. Salisbury sums up, from the practical side, his studies in the surface geology, characterizing the various soils in relation to the underlying formations and to their economic utility. Dr. Kümmel passes beyond the State limits on the north in order to complete, in Rockland County, N. Y., his study of the Triassic red sandstones and trap rocks. The result is confirmatory rather than novel. The variability in the thickness of the trap sheet is still remarkable, but more difficult to determine accurately. While it is sometimes 400 feet above the Hudson River level, at certain points it lies beneath.

The Secretary of Agriculture aims to make the Department's Yearbook for 1899 a summary of what has been done in this country towards scientific agriculture during the lapsing century, and to distribute 50,000 copies at the Paris Exposition. Mr. Gifford Pinchot of the Division of Forestry accordingly solicits information regarding the efforts of private landowners to apply the principles of forestry economically and conservatively. He will send a card with printed inquiries to any one desirous to assist in collecting these statistics.

A circular from the committee of forestry and roadside improvement of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, Boston, asks about the kind of trees adorning the roadside in any locality, their thriving, objectionableness, etc. Answers are solicited before October 1.

The *Geographical Journal* for August opens with Col. J. R. L. Macdonald's account of his explorations in the almost unknown country to the north of Uganda and east of the Nile. The principal geographical result was the discovery that the high and healthy plateau which lies between Lake Victoria and the coast runs far to the northward, though at a reduced altitude. Parts of it were highly cultivated and thickly inhabited, in one district with "a magnificently developed people of great stature" and "possessing immense herds of cattle, donkeys, sheep, and goats." "Each village or little group of villages has its own chief, but important matters are settled by a council of all the chiefs, and, as there are very strict and recognized rules regarding the settlement of serious disputes, there is no fighting between these numerous settlements." Another thing which distinguishes them from most African tribes is that "marriage is not merely a matter of barter. If the girl objects to marry her suitor, her refusal is absolute and settles the matter." Supplementary to this is an account, by Major H. H. Austin, of a branch expedition which he led to the north of Lake Rudolf, in which he succeeded in making a comparatively thorough survey of the western shore. There were evidences of the lake's westward encroachment on the land. "At one point," he says, "we observed a regular line of trees, extending for a distance of between two and three miles out into the lake." Prof. A. G. Nathorst summarizes the scientific results of the Swedish Arctic expedition of 1898, and calls attention to the bacteriological investigations. In a total of 4,400 gallons of the atmosphere filtered in a score of different localities, the doctor of the expedition "did not discover a single bacterium, and only an infinitesimal quantity of aspergillus, or mould." He "further examined the intestinal contents of a number of different animals, but without, generally speaking, discovering any traces of bacteria." Among the collections brought home were "numerous specimens of red snow and green snow," besides mammals and birds which will, it is hoped, form the nucleus of an Arctic Biological Museum.

P. Leendertz, jr., in *Noord en Zuid*, treats of "The Names of the Months," a subject of much interest to Dutch and Flemish scholars. This was the most vexatious problem connected with popularizing the Roman calendar in the Netherlands, which was not accomplished until long after the term of Roman occupation. While the remote German progenitors of the present Netherlanders had not names for all the twelve months, their descendants gradually evolved one hundred and twenty-eight, more than a dozen of which, gleaned from mediæval manuscript almanacs in the Royal Library, have not been given by any other authority. These one hundred and twenty-eight examples (of which a careful list is drawn up, with a glossary) are ranged in eight classes, according to derivation from the season, the weather, the occupations of man, the products of nature, the products of industry, the habits of animals, pagan and civic festivals, and church festivals. Some of these are still in use, though not often now found in print. Naturally, each month received many names, while one name often did duty for more than one month. Not only might many of the above matters occur in more than one month, but the discrepancy between the lunar and the solar year often demanded the insertion of a whole month, which took the name of its predecessor, bringing all the names wrong the next year, and, this not being of rare occurrence, great confusion ensued. To remedy this, Charlemagne chose twelve of the names, and tried to have them generally used, but failed. The Church secured greater uniformity, but only by substituting the Latin names, which steadily gained ground, despite the efforts of purists and patriots. Why? Grimm says, no doubt rightly, because of ambiguity and clumsiness in the popular names.

The timely subject of the decadence of the Latin nations is treated in an article by Prof. Giuseppe Sergi of the University of Rome, in the *Nuova Antologia* for August 1 ("Come sono decadute le nazioni latine"). Passing in rapid review the nations of the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, of Asia Minor, Egypt, and Greece, the writer dwells more at length upon the Roman Empire, and winds up with the people of Italy, Spain, and France, in order to show that all of these either have passed away or are threatened with the same fate from one and the same cause, viz., immobility, or the desire to maintain unaltered and intact from foreign influences the civilization transmitted to them or developed by them. There is but one means by which a nation can resist the progressive impulses from outside without being doomed to extinction, namely, absolute isolation. It is thus that China has till now continued her national existence, but she belongs to "social palæontology," and now that she has been forced to open her frontiers to outsiders her days seem to be numbered. Corruption, vice, luxury, etc., can be considered only as concomitant causes of the decadence of the Roman Empire and of nations in general. The Renaissance in Italy could have become a real *risorgimento* only by repudiation of the Roman tradition, and, together with it, of the morbid aspiration of reviving the Empire; while, in fact, it was not a *rinascimento* but a *rinvecchiamento*, destined, as far as the reinvigoration of the nation is concerned, to failure. In modern Italy, Latinity, through the classical school, is still viewed as a continuation of Roman life: a fatal anachronism, a sign of inhibition to modern progress. These few points will suffice to show the trend of Prof. Sergi's essay, and to suggest the originality of his thesis and arguments.

In consequence of the unrestricted sale of alcoholic liquors in France, the number of *débits* in the country has reached the enormous figure of 424,500, or one to every eighty-five inhabitants. No wonder, therefore, that the private organizations struggling against the evil of alcoholism are coming to be looked upon as insufficient, and that legislative action is resorted to. A measure, aiming at the gradual reduction of the places for the sale of liquor to one for every three hundred inhabitants, was introduced during the last session in the Senate and has found many supporters all over the land. At the same time, the crusade against strong drink is being vigorously carried on by numerous temperance societies, forming together the Union Française Antialcoolique (5 Rue de Latran, Paris), which publishes a monthly journal under the editorship of Dr. Legrain, the head of the inebriate asylum at Ville-Evrard. In the army and navy the temperance movement has also taken root, and much zeal is displayed by teachers and school inspectors in the provinces. From Cahors (the home of Gambetta), *e. g.*, it is reported that there are as many branches of the temperance league as there are schools in the district, and "games have been organized so that even hardened drinkers prefer, on Sundays, the bowling-alley in front of the school-house to the tavern." It is rather curious that wine-growers, *i. e.*, those not manufacturing distilled liquors, are looked upon as the stanchest friends of the temperance league. In so-called temperance restaurants limited quantities of natural wine are served with the meals, if desired. "Total ab-

stinence" has reference to spirituous liquors.

The death of Dr. William Wright has directed attention to the extraordinary growth of the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society, of which he was for more than twenty years the linguistic superintendent. During that time 153 new versions of the Bible, in whole or in part, were added to the Society's list, which now contains 364 versions in different languages and dialects. This means that the same influence which the English Bible has exerted on the English character and tongue since the days of Wiclif and Tyndale is now being exerted on multitudinous races and tribes.

The practical boycott of the Indian coolie and merchant throughout Africa, with the sole exception of British East Africa, is apparently about to lead to the development on a vast scale of unoccupied land in India. In Assam alone, the province adjoining Bengal, whose population taxes the utmost food-producing powers of the soil, out of eight and one-half millions of cultivable land only one and three-quarter millions are occupied. It is proposed to bring this great region into communication with the congested province by the extension of the Assam-Bengal Railway, the construction of roads and tramways, and the granting of tracts not exceeding 10,000 acres for thirty-three years free of taxation to native capitalists, on condition that they clear their grant of forest and jungle. This would create a proprietary body, which is contrary to the settled policy of the Indian Government, namely, to secure the land to the actual tillers of the soil; but the exigencies of the situation may compel the adoption of the scheme.

Our correspondent "D. B." calls attention to an error in his interesting letter on the Isle of Man in the *Nation* of August 3, where one should read £10,000 instead of £10 as the tribute the island annually pays to the Imperial Government. An error of quite as grave significance in a different category arose on p. 136 (No. 1781), when quoting the lines lent by Mrs. Wordsworth to her husband. "That *inward* eye which is the bliss of solitude," was fatally disfigured by lapse of pen or memory into *inner*.

—Prince Kropotkin continues, in the September *Atlantic*, his lurid narrative in his restrained and considered style. It embraces the assassination of Alexander II., Kropotkin's expulsion from Switzerland a few months later, and his subsequent life, first on French soil, later in London, again in France, his arrest under the new extradition treaty between France and Prussia, his imprisonment at Clairvaux, with his release and return to London in '86. His estimate of Alexander II. is not ungenerous, but, excepting the prison episode, there is in this instalment of the memoirs more of the inverted vocabulary peculiar to anarchism, hence more to alienate sympathy, than before. Prof. Hugo Münsterberg's article, "The Germans and the Americans," we discuss elsewhere. A foregleam of the promised Life of John Murray Forbes by his daughter is afforded in Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson's agreeable biographical notice of that perfect citizen. Mr. Crothers's paper on "The Mission of Humor," like Saadi, sits in the sun. Blessed are they, says the Psalmist, who, going through the vale of misery, use it for a well. This article will show them how. The only short story in the magazine is a particularly good one, by Elia Peattie. Is the Contributors' Club asleep or dead or peradventure on a journey?

—The proposed American interoceanic canal is the principal subject of the August number of the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington). In a striking article on its commercial aspects, Mr. Joseph Nimmo, jr., formerly Chief of the Bureau of Statistics in the Treasury Department, calls attention to the fact that, though $1,326,176 has been appropriated within four years to ascertain the engineering features and cost of construction, "not one cent has been appropriated by Congress for the purpose of ascertaining the probable commercial value of the project—*i. e.*, the amount of shipping which would pass through it." Yet section 231 of the Revised Statutes expressly provides for the preparation and submission to Congress of "full statements of all existing facts tending to show to what extent the general commerce of the country will be promoted" by such works as this. The assertion of the advocates of the canal that its commercial necessity is so clear that it needs no investigation, he meets with the fact that it is not the shortest nor most practicable route for the trade of our Atlantic seaports with Asia or Australasia. The distance from New York to Manila by the Suez Canal—a sea-level canal, whereas the Nicaragua involves 220 feet of lockage—is 181 miles less than by the Nicaragua Canal. As to the anticipated commerce of the States east of the Rockies with the Pacific States, he holds it impossible to believe that, with the present number of transcontinental railroads and the low cost of transportation (the average rate being "about one-third the average of the rates which prevailed thirty years ago"), any important part of this trade could be diverted to the canal. This conviction is strengthened by the fact that railroad competition has proved almost destructive of river and canal traffic. The commerce with South America is not an appreciable factor, as it is mostly carried on by sailing vessels, and the canal is impracticable for them. In fact, "the general trend of the evolution of transportation facilities during the last twenty years has been in the direction of reducing the possible tonnage of any American interoceanic canal. From a computation based upon all the controlling conditions of the present day, I conclude that not more than 400,000 tons of shipping annually can be confidently expected to pass through any such canal. The receipts from any American interoceanic canal from tolls would therefore be insufficient to meet the expenses of its maintenance and administration, with nothing for interest on cost of construction, amounting probably to eight million dollars a year."

—Armando Ferrari discusses in the Milan *Perseveranza* the origin of the sonnet. In time it remounts to the first decades of the thirteenth century. In structure, Biadene has shown that it arose from a fusion of a *strambotto* of eight lines and one of six. This glee form of verse has never ceased to flourish in Sicily. What region of Italy was to be credited with the fusion is the chief matter in debate. Ferrara bases an argument on a *disputa* on love, of which the joint authors were a Tuscan, Jacopo Mostacci of Pisa; a Neapolitan, the youthful Pier della Vigna of Capua; and a Sicilian, the notary Jacopo da Lentini. The *disputa* (an imitation of the Provençal) was opened by Mostacci, who had recourse to the *strambotto* of eight lines, but found the vessel too small for its contents, and so annexed the six-line *strambotto*. The fourteen, making one body, he passed on to Pier della Vigna, who responded in kind, while Lentini capped their efforts with one of his own, without, however, uniting the two *strambotti*. Ferrari supposes plausibly that the three friends met at the University of Bologna, then a great seat of learning; and it is notorious that at that epoch Pier della Vigna was a student there. By this clever boxing of the compass Ferrari satisfies many local ambitions. The Sonnet, of Sicilian components, was born in Bologna about 1224; a Pisan called it in being with the aid of two representatives of the southern provinces. Crossing the Apennines into Tuscany, it there flowered to perfection under Dante's care and Petrarch's. What poetic form could be more thoroughly national?

—With keen regret we record the death at Seal Harbor, Maine, on August 3, of William McCrillis Griswold, son of the late Rufus Wilmot Griswold, but better known as the creator of the "Q. P. Indexes." This series embraced the *North American Review*, *Lippincott's Magazine*, the elder *Scribner*, the *Eclectic*, *Harper's Weekly*, some British and some German historical magazines, Essays, etc., and a line of "Q. P. Annuals." It was, moreover, initiated with a general index to the *Nation* (1865-1880, afterwards extended to 1885, with a contemplated and perhaps commenced extension to date). It was entirely characteristic of Mr. Griswold that he undertook this most useful work, peculiarly useful to the editors of the *Nation* itself, without previous consultation with them or any request for support, so that its appearance was a complete surprise. It was but one mark of Mr. Griswold's attachment to this journal, to which he was a more or less frequent contributor, as well as its ever friendly critic. The scope of the Index was literary, historical, social, and economic, and left room for one political; and this, entitled 'A Record of Politics and Politicians in the United States, 1865-1882,' with occasional references to other sources than the *Nation*, was subsequently (1883) produced, equally unsolicited and unheralded, and has a value quite beyond any probable general appreciation of it. Of all Mr. Griswold's indexes it is proper to say that they bore the strongest marks of the "personal equation." He was his own publisher; his labors could fairly be called disinterested, since the pecuniary return was most precarious; hence, a studied condensation, with signs and symbols offering no little obstacle to rapid reference. Even some phonetic deformations in line with the so-called reform (applicable last of all to an index) were philanthropically adopted by Mr. Griswold. These eccentricities were reinforced by an imperfect knowledge of the mechanic art of printing. But, all deductions made, the Quarterly Periodical Indexes were and will ever remain a great boon to students.

—This indexical passion, rather than gift, was manifested in other ways—in a com-

pilation of narratives called 'Travel,' 'France,' 'Germany,' and 'Switzerland' respectively, and in Descriptive Lists of Novels, of much higher and more permanent worth. Here the classification was carried out by countries, and even by sections in the case of the United States; and current criticism of each work was cited, according to the editor's lights or material. In the prosecution of this task, Mr. Griswold employed and increased his exceptional knowledge of the more or less forgotten periodicals of the day of small things in American letters—the period of his father's literary activity as journalist and author (to mention but one of his numerous works) of the 'Poets and Poetry of America.' Mr. Griswold bore with a rare philosophy the renewed assaults of latter-day admirers of Poe upon his father's memory, which Mr. Woodberry's supreme biography effectually vindicated against the charge of malignity towards the poet. Only a year ago did he publish, not an apologia, but a truthful portrait by indirection of his father, consisting of the frankest presentation of 'Passages from the Correspondence and Other Papers of Rufus W. Griswold.' Our readers can turn to the review in No. 1742 of the *Nation* to refresh their memory of this very important landmark in our literary history. It was, unfortunately, marred by defects in construction, and, being a private venture like all the rest of its author's, it fell somewhat flat, but no public library can afford to be without it. It was an honorable as well as a pious termination of Mr. Griswold's labors. The death of this not more indefatigable than modest worker was untimely. He was born in Bangor, Maine, in 1853, and graduated at Harvard College in 1875. A wife and children survive him.

—Probably the most noteworthy of the many efforts put forth to secure a modification or revision of the steps recently taken by the Russian Government against the national individuality of the Finns, has been a series of appeals, on the part of the savants, scholars, artists, and other non-political men of prominence in all the leading countries of Europe, addressed to the Czar. It is a singular phenomenon that the movement was spontaneous and independent in these various countries, and in all practically on the supposition that the Czar himself had not a clear conception of the far-reaching evils of his decree, so that the addresses were virtually appeals "from the Czar poorly informed to the Czar better informed." The German address could circulate only for a short period, but nevertheless secured 160 signatures from among the brightest minds of the country. Lister's name heads the English list, while the French bears the names of many members of the Academy. The Italian address contains an exceptionally long list of prominent names; Austria and Hungary each sent one of their own; the Belgians sent both a Flemish and a French appeal; and in those of Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden the signatures of the leading thinkers and authors are found. It is rarely that an international manifestation of this character, without a central impetus, proves so extensive and successful among this class of men. Recently a deputation of prominent scholars and savants assembled in St. Petersburg, and asked for permission to present an address to the Czar, but an audience was refused them.

TUCKER'S CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Constitution of the United States: A Critical Discussion of its Genesis, Development, and Interpretation. By John Randolph Tucker, LL.D., late Professor of Constitutional and International Law and Equity in Washington and Lee University. Edited by Henry St. George Tucker, Professor [in the same chair]. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 1899. Two volumes, octavo, pp. xxviii, 1,015.

The son of "Randolph Tucker" has done well in publishing these volumes. Although not quite finished, and never revised by the author, they preserve for us with substantial fulness the constitutional views, and the grounds of them, held by one of the best and ablest of modern Virginia statesmen; one who was true to the old doctrines of his State, and who had the opportunity to restate them and attempt their vindication in the light of what has been decided since that great event which is known at the South as "the war between the States." Whoever takes up this book, having known the delightful man that wrote it, so full of character, intellectual energy, and a contagious, irresistible generosity and kindness of nature, almost the type of what we think of as best in the old-fashioned gentleman of Virginia, will need no urging to read it. All who knew him must rejoice to see this record of his best and most serious thinking—a book full of interest and instruction.

Whether one agrees with the writer's fundamental positions or not, and whether or not one finds them in harmony with the later decisions of our Supreme Court, he will, at any rate, agree that they are clearly stated, put with force, and carried out to logical conclusions. And the reader who has been bred on other meat than this will do well to reflect that what he finds here has got to be reckoned with. It may not agree with what our courts are laying down today; but the history of our Supreme Court teaches us that the fashion of courts passeth away; what is prevalent in this age may vanish in the next.

This book is not, properly speaking, a law book, a treatise on constitutional law, but rather, what its title imports, a commentary on the Constitution of the United States by a lawyer. We have chapters of political philosophy, followed by textual criticism and exposition and historical explanation; and also a fairly full statement and criticism of the cases. The legal aspect of the subject is not the sole or even the primary one.

The author's fundamental conception of the instrument is seen in such a passage as the following. He has been saying that while the States have the greater number of powers, the Federal Government has "preëminence in the reach and majesty of power. . . . But in their essential sovereignty of dominion they are alike and of equal dignity." And then he adds (p. 847):

"The real question in the comparison of the two classes [of powers] is as to the holders of the respective powers. The Federal Government holds the one class and the State Governments the other class. Back of both is the reserved authority of the States, as delegators of both classes, and as the original source of all powers belonging to both governments. The powers held by the Federal and State Governments are delegated to them by the States, as the bodies-politic, with essential sovereignty, from which emanate the functional capacities of each of these governments."

The writer goes on to say that this is demonstrated by the fact that the Constitution prohibits the States from exercising the powers delegated to the Federal Government. Why prohibit, if it was not necessary? "Annul the prohibition by striking out this section, and these powers would belong to the State governments concurrently with the Federal Government." This reasoning may seem inadequate, but the style of it is characteristic of that method of discussion, refined, ingenious, academic, which our old Northern Federalists used to wonder at, when they first met the Virginia statesmen in Congressional debate. The Virginia Federalists had it, and even the judicial opinions of Marshall, the greatest of them all, are full of it.

The meaning of the passage above quoted will be elucidated by adding the writer's explanation of some of these phrases. In an earlier part of the book he describes the "body-politic" as "the corporate unity of the many, bound together in society," and points out that the "distinction between the body-politic and the Government is fundamental and essential." The former

"is not the Government, nor the persons admitted to participate in the functions of Government, but it is the whole body of persons politically associated. . . . A constitution . . . is the act by which the Body-politic constitutes the Government and delegates and limits its powers. . . . The Body-politic is creator; the Government its creature; the Body-politic is principal; the Government its agent. . . . Every Government is the delegated agent of some organic Body-politic. . . . Destroy the Government and the Body-politic remains. Destroy the Government of a State, and the State still stands. But destroy the Government of the United States, and what single Body-politic remains? All that would remain would be the forty-five Bodies-politic—the States."

The writer agrees that the fourteenth amendment is a final, authoritative denial of the doctrine of secession, of a legal right to withdraw from the Union; but he holds that the fundamental character of the Union remains unchanged, that it is still merely a compact between States whose only bond is the Constitution. There is no "merger or fusion" of States or people into a new Body-politic. There is only a new "Government," discharging certain functions for the States. We are "functionally one" as to the delegated Federal powers, but "organically separate" as independent States.

Such a theory as contrasted with that simpler view, which time and events seem likely to uphold, viz., that the people of each State have created a new nation by contributing a share of their power to a common stock — each the same share — must, of course, bear fruit in the interpretation of the Constitution. Very different results are reached from such different premises. See, for example, the influence of our author's fundamental theory in his ingenious argumentation about the legal-tender question (p. 514):

"Congress can coin money; the States cannot. And the gold and silver coin struck by Congress becomes legal tender because the States are forbidden to make anything else legal tender. The denial to the States to make anything but gold and silver coin a legal tender indicates that, but for this prohibition, the States might have done so. This prohibition to the States and the grant to Congress result in the conclusion that Congress can make current a coin which is legal tender in the payment of debts, and against which the States cannot discriminate. If this be so, how can bills emitted under the power to

borrow money, and not as currency, be a legal tender for any debt?"

And again (p. 825), in speaking of the prohibition on the States, we read that if this be put with the clause giving Congress the power to coin money, the clause

"would then be as if it read, 'Congress shall have the power to coin gold and silver coins, and no State shall make any but these a tender in the payment of debts. . . . There is no power given to Congress, nor a hint of a power in Congress, to make anything a tender in the payment of debts. . . . It would, therefore, seem to be a sound interpretation of these kindred clauses of the Constitution, that while Congress was to be the instrument for putting the stamp of currency upon coins of gold and silver, in order to create a circulating medium, the States were forbidden to make anything but these coins a tender in the payment of debts, and no power was delegated to the United States to do so; and therefore, as a medium for the solution of debts between man and man, the Constitution intended that the gold and silver coin stamped by Congress, as well as foreign coin, . . . to be regulated by Congress, was to be the only medium for the payment of debts under the system established by the Constitution."

And again (p. 516):

"If, then, the Constitution has made gold and silver coin the only legal tender, and Congress has power to strike these coins, and this power to coin is denied to the States as well as the power to make any other than these coins a legal tender, it would seem to follow that Congress may coin both metals, and can deny to neither the functions of money. As the States are confined to both, as legal tender, Congress must furnish both."

Even as hard as that the author is willing to squeeze his grapes! When one reads this sort of reasoning, he seems to be living in the days before the war. There is much else that gives a like impression. The Dred Scott case, for example, is cited repeatedly as if it had decided what was merely the dictum of two or three judges. It never was the law of the Supreme Court that negroes, merely as such, or even negroes the descendants of slaves, were not citizens, capable, merely as such, of litigating in the Federal Courts. Again, the writer puts forward the old doctrine as to the inability of Congress to keep slavery out of the Territories, and denies the validity of the reconstruction acts and of any power to hold the rebellious States under military government when they had laid down their arms. Indeed, one finds here most of the main consequences of that highly elaborated theory of our national Constitution which had been worked out at the South of old, under the influence of a *parti pris*, to protect their local institution of slavery. It is fortunate that these doctrines have now to fight their way and hold their own, if they can, North and South, simply upon their merits. It will probably be found, in this open field of controversy, that they will not fit the facts of the past any better than they will serve the purposes of the future.

In arriving at a theoretical conclusion in favor of the judicial power to disregard legislative enactments as unconstitutional, Mr. Tucker adopts the view of Marshall that it is necessarily involved in the idea of a written constitution. He does not advert, any more than Marshall did, to the experience of other countries having such constitutions yet recognizing no such power in the courts. In considering the scope of this power, he says, forcibly and justly:

"If the court be in doubt whether a law be or be not in pursuance of the Constitution—where the repugnancy is not clear and beyond reasonable doubt—it should refrain from making the law void in effect by its judgment, lest it should be really repealing a valid law by legislative act, instead of declaring it void by judicial act. . . . The obligation of the Constitution on a judge in respect to his judicial functions is different from its obligation on a legislator or executive officer. . . . The oath of the judge binds him to support the Constitution as to the prescribed limits of his jurisdiction as a precondition to his discharge of his function in declaring a law to be unconstitutional. His duty to do the latter depends upon whether his jurisdiction extends to it; and, unless it clearly extends to it, in undertaking to decide on the unconstitutionality of a law he may pass the boundaries of his jurisdiction, and exercise the legislative power of repeal; therefore he cannot declare a law void or unconstitutional unless for clear and undoubted repugnancy. The case is different with the legislator and the executive. . . . If he doubts his power . . . he is bound to resolve the doubt against the act, not in favor of it."

It is this point, so often forgotten in impatient comments on perfectly sound and just decisions of our courts, which Cooley has put so well in saying that a member of the Legislature may refuse to vote for a bill on the ground of its unconstitutionality, and yet afterwards, when promoted to the bench, be bound to support the same measure, if passed by the Legislature against his vote, as being constitutional; that is to say, not so clearly unconstitutional that he can disregard the decision of the Legislature, the body charged, in the first instance, with the right and duty to act.

As to the construction of these volumes, the main text (874 pages) is divided into fourteen chapters. The formal exposition of the Constitution begins with chapter viii, at page 349. The first seven chapters are made up of an introduction, in which some fundamental principles are worked out and terminology is settled, and of other chapters on the Source of Sovereignty and Power, the Limit of Governmental Powers, the Origin of English Institutions, American Constitutional Development, Two Important Compromises in the Constitution, and The Constitution as Modified by the Civil War. The other chapters deal first with the arrangement and interpretation of the instrument, and then take up in turn the legislative department (nearly three hundred pages), the first ten amendments, the executive department, the judicial department, and limitations on the powers of the States. An appendix of some sixty pages contains a variety of illustrative documents, including the Constitution and the Virginia and Kentucky Resolutions of 1798. Although the author had not quite completed his work, the editor has preferred to print it as it stood, without undertaking to supply any omissions. Apparently these were not many.

This serious and valuable treatise is published in a worthy style, handsome and solid. In the excellent preface, the editor, who is, we believe, the author's son, as well as successor in his chair at the University, tells us that the author, born in 1823, died in February, 1897, and that systematic work on these volumes only began in the autumn of 1895. "He was the son of Henry St. George Tucker, President of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and grandson of St. George Tucker, also a member of that court, and who was the author of 'Tucker's Blackstone,' the first commentary on the Constitution of the United States." Students of political science, of constitutional history, and of constitutional law have reason to be grateful to the editor for the pious care and the good judgment with which he has produced these studies of his distinguished father. They contain ample evidence of what the editor impressively says: "The book is an expression of the views of the author—not merely his intellectual opinions, but his deep convictions—in the consistent exercise of which he lived and in the faith of which he died; and neither the dissent of friendship, nor the storm of popular indignation, nor yet the hope of political preferment, ever shook his unswerving devotion to them."

It is proper to mention two or three slight errors. On p. 159 the author says that in England the crown has not exercised the veto power since 1692. Anne exercised it in 1707, in refusing her assent to the Scotch Militia Bill. The important case of Hans *v.* Louisiana, in both the table of cases and the book itself, is disguised as *Ham v.* Louisiana. In citing Cooley on Constitutional Law, we are not told which of his two books is meant, the 'Principles' or the 'Limitations.' It may be added that the author, at p. 803, misconceives the case of Gelpcke *v.* Dubuque; and that here and there, as in the cases of Ableman *v.* Booth, the Dred Scott case, already mentioned, and the Milligan case, he states inexactly the points decided. But it should also be added that these are trifling things to speak of, in so large a work, which the author had no opportunity to revise.

Reminiscences by Justin McCarthy, M.P. Harper & Bros. 1899.

There is no form of literature so much in demand to-day as personal reminiscences, and there are probably few people living so well qualified as Mr. McCarthy, both by his experience and his powers of expression, to meet this demand. Beginning life as a newspaper reporter, he had excellent opportunities of seeing and describing some of the great men of his youth. Then he became editor of the *Morning Star* in the days when it was largely under the personal influence of John Bright and represented the most intelligent liberal opinion of England. Then he blossomed out as a successful littérateur, which implies a passport to all that is most interesting in London society; and, finally, he became an active and influential member of Parliament. Such a career would compel even a retiring person to make many interesting acquaintances, though he might refrain from describing them; in the case of Mr. McCarthy, with a sociable disposition and a passion for celebrities of all kinds, such a career made these good-sized volumes quite inevitable.

The book has the defects of its writer's qualities. This very geniality, this remarkable absence of political bias and personal venom, this fondness for *all* the celebrated men "who have shaken me by the hand," produces a certain monotony of praise that becomes a trifle wearisome. One is reminded of John Bright's theory that in properly constructed novels and plays there should be none but good characters. Possibly he was right in believing that such stories would raise the moral standard of readers, but would it be entirely safe to assume that they would continue to be read? Making due al-

lowance, however, for this defect, there remains so much of the charm that invariably attaches to genuine personal recollections of the great that the book is assured of many interested readers.

Mr. McCarthy's earliest recollection of Gladstone dates back to 1854, in which year he was sent to London to report the Budget speech for a Liverpool paper. He was assigned to a seat in a remote corner of the gallery and feared that his mission would prove a failure. Great was his relief, therefore, when he found that the Chancellor of the Exchequer's wonderful powers of voice and elocution enabled him to catch every syllable. Next to his voice, Mr. McCarthy was most impressed by Gladstone's eyes, which, like Goethe's, seemed to have the power of resting on every one in the room at the same time. In later years he, of course, knew Gladstone well, and he says that his face became more and more striking as the years went on, and that it possessed that preëminent quality of distinction that at once compelled the attention of a stranger—a quality, by the way, which he found also in the face of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Of his conversation, Mr. McCarthy says that he had the happy faculty of drawing out the ideas of his company, and that, in spite of his wide range of knowledge and love of speech, he never produced the Johnsonian effect of a schoolmaster haranguing a class.

Mr. McCarthy is a great admirer of Dickens. His admiration shows no sign of having suffered from the reactionary chill that has struck so many of the early votaries, but it breaks out in a new place. He does not, like Andrew Lang, go into fine frenzies over 'Pickwick' or Little Nell, but he admits that he is quite unable to do justice to Dickens's genius for after-dinner speaking. He considers him the very best speaker he has ever heard under these conditions, and he brackets Lowell and Depew in the second place. On the other hand, he is willing to allow that Dickens's readings, while inimitable in their way, were at least a fair subject for criticism. To many who heard those readings, and can recall the intense disappointment and shattered enthusiasm that followed the author's interpretation of his own works, this may seem a very moderate admission; but Mr. McCarthy is so pleased with the recollection of the novelist's handshake that it is perhaps all that could be expected. In connection with Thackeray, Mr. McCarthy revives the old discussion as to whether or not the author was entitled to a place in his own 'Book of Snobs,' and decides in favor of the negative view. But here again his good nature and loyalty to those who were once his friends seem to warp his judgment.

Of so many people does Mr. McCarthy say, "So and so was always described as very disagreeable, but I am bound to say that I found him kind and pleasant"—or words to that effect—that the reader will be apt to wonder what dire offence Charles Kingsley could have committed that he alone is outside the pale. In all this crowded gallery of portraits only his is painted in decidedly unpleasing colors, and what faint praise is thrown in is clearly of the damning variety. Lord John Russell, on the other hand, is one of Mr. McCarthy's heroes, in disregard of the popular opinion that Lord John was selfish and cold-blooded. That he had a saving sense of humor is well known, and nothing could be neater than his reply to Sir Francis Burdett, who had formerly been a Radical agitator, and was expressing his contempt for the cant of patriotism: "Yes," said Lord John, "there is only one thing worse, and that is the recant of patriotism." Mr. McCarthy says that nothing in the nature of a living experience ever carried him so far back in time as hearing Lord John casually mention that he had met in Florence the widow of the Young Pretender. But, after all, this is not as startling as it sounds when we remember that the drunken reprobate who had once been known as "Bonnie Prince Charlie" died in 1788, while his widow lived till 1824. Moreover, in the minds of most readers, the mention of the lady recalls Alfieri rather than the Pretender.

Of Cobden and Bright Mr. McCarthy saw a good deal, and in comparing them he very justly says that, while Cobden believed in democracy as such, Bright's efforts were directed to the accomplishment of certain specific reforms, especially of the suffrage, and that, when these were attained, he virtually became a Conservative. Cobden was disliked in England forty years ago, as such men are disliked in America to-day, because, although he was not a peace-at-any-price man, he thoroughly distrusted a war policy as a means of benefiting mankind, and he had absolutely no sympathy with the spirit of Jingoism. It was this feeling that actuated him when he told Lord Palmerston that he could not take office under him because he had frequently described him as the worst Foreign Minister England had ever had. "But," said Palmerston, "Milner Gibson has often said the very same thing, and he is going to take office." "Yes," replied Cobden blandly, "but then I meant it."

Of the great public speakers of other days, Mr. McCarthy instances Brougham, whom he heard at the banquet of the Social Science Association at Liverpool in 1858, and he describes the curious effect on the company of the sudden appearance on the scene of a very venerable old man, with whom Brougham at once fell into earnest conversation, but who was entirely unknown to the rest. It turned out to be Robert Owen, the philanthropist, then in his eighty-seventh year, who had outlived his generation and seemed like one returned from another world. With many natural disadvantages, Brougham was undoubtedly one of the greatest orators that ever lived. For sheer force of sustained logical argument he was perhaps equalled by Sir George Lewis, who, Mr. McCarthy declares, was the only speaker who ever succeeded in completely changing his opinion in regard to the subject under discussion. No doubt this sort of conversion is very seldom accomplished because the speeches delivered in legislative bodies are apt to be aimed at the public outside.

Mr. McCarthy has paid several visits to this country, and, being a good-natured person, and having been very well received here, he has nothing but pleasant things to say about us—some of which, we hope, are true. We would call attention, however, to one of his statements which is obviously incorrect. He says that greater changes have taken place in the outer aspects of the streets of New York in the last ten years than have taken place in London in the last forty-five years. Possibly this might be true about the comparatively small sections of the two cities that come under the observation of the well-to-do, although the immense changes that have been wrought in London during the longer period by the Embankment, the Holborn Viaduct, and the new avenues leading to Charing Cross seem to make it improbable. But in the last forty-five years great cities have been added to London at every point of the compass, as any one may discover by driving in a hansom from north to south or from east to west; compared with these vast additions, the growth of New York in the last ten years is absolutely insignificant. Of course Mr. McCarthy has known many Americans and tells many American stories—among others, one of Henry Ward Beecher's reading from the pulpit various letters received by him during the previous week. One of these contained the single word "Fool." "Now," said Beecher, "I have known many a man write a letter and then forget to sign it, but I never knew a man sign a letter and then forget to write it."

With characteristic good nature, Mr. McCarthy seeks to rehabilitate certain dubious political reputations, such as those of Prince Napoleon and Lord Randolph Churchill. In the case of the Prince he succeeds in showing that he was a free-trader, that he foresaw the rise of Prussia, that he foretold the result of the American Civil War, and that he was utterly opposed to the Emperor's Mexican enterprise. Moreover, it appears that Cavour had a high opinion of the Prince's statesmanship. Mr. McCarthy's brief in favor of Randolph Churchill rests largely on a story which certainly shows the possession of humor. It appears that a great lady once spoke to him of the fund being raised for the benefit of the wives of distressed Irish landlords, and said that, though she was entirely in sympathy with the movement, she had not subscribed to the fund. "I see," said Churchill, "your sympathy doesn't take that form." But it would require more than a good story to establish Lord Randolph's claim to be a statesman.

We have not space to dwell on Mr. McCarthy's account of George Eliot's Sunday receptions, his description of the continual controversies between Froude and Freeman, his lifelike pictures of Huxley and Tyndall. Suffice it to say that on these and many other topics he is instructive and entertaining, and amiable always.

German Higher Schools: The History, Organization, and Methods of Secondary Education in Germany. By James E. Russell, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Company. 1899.

Of all species of extravagant waste, there is none more unpardonable than that which permits one nation to remain in ignorance of the clever and successful methods devised in another for gaining important ends. The enormous product, in the way of scholarship, which is brought forth in Germany each year is such a remarkable phenomenon that when any light can be thrown upon its first causes, that light must be received with gratitude by those who wish to see a like brilliant issue in our own country. Mr. Russell's book is very exhaustive; it is the result of a long study of the subject,

and, so far as his descriptions can be tested by one's personal observations, it is remarkably accurate and sound. Every one who is actively interested in the improvement of methods of education in this country will give serious study to this volume; we can only say here in general terms that much is accomplished in Germany because much is demanded of the teacher, and of the pupil as well. Education is made a matter of extreme concern in every family; nothing but serious illness is allowed to keep a child away from school for a single day, and no extraneous interests are suffered to interfere with his steady preparation of his daily tasks. With this spirit thoroughly ingrained in the family, it becomes possible for the teacher to ask for and to obtain a very large output of work from the student. It is true that it is not disinterested love of learning on the part of the family which brings about this result; a boy's career depends so absolutely upon his completing each grade of study at the right moment, and with the right degree of success, that the pressure is very strong to see that nothing hinders him upon his way. The obverse of this picture of industry is that there is not enough time for play, and especially not enough consecutive free time for engaging in the regular athletic sports. But it is possible that athletic sports are less essential to the boy's well-being than we have hitherto supposed in Anglo-Saxon countries; it is possible that the English authority on food and feeding is right in thinking them an excrescence that might well be removed, an effort to work off the ill effects of the Anglo-Saxon diet, over-rich in proteids. Without question, the time which the German youth gives to music contributes more to making him a civilized human being than many hours of athletics would do; and if it is a question of enduring health, he is far from falling in the rear of his American competitor.

It should be remembered that "secondary education" has not the same signification in Germany as here; its upper end coincides with the end of the second or third year of our college course, as nearly as comparison can be made. We do not associate with the phrase the reading of Sophocles and Æschylus, yet that is covered by it in Germany, and yet the boy finishes this portion of his studies at the age of eighteen, as a general rule. Though there is not at all the same fixed relation between age and advancement in school here as there, it may, nevertheless, be safely assumed that the German boy of eighteen is fully two years ahead of the American in acquirement. And the character of the instruction which he has received, as a means to the producing of a cultivated human being, may be gathered from this bit of description in the book before us:

"I have heard such masters teach Sophocles in a way to make one uncertain which to admire most, the marvellous beauty, depth of emotion, and ethical content of the tragedy, or the artistic power of the teacher in making every scene pulsate with life and every sentence speak straight to the hearts of his students. The ethical, the æsthetic, and the patriotic blend in one."

Without going into detailed questions of methods, which are for the technical educational journals to discuss, we note some random points of interest. Education is compulsory from six to fourteen; it is free from six to nine. The cost of instruction in the gymnasium is from $20 to $30 a year, but there are many bursaries. One-half the expenses of the schools is paid by these tuition fees; the general Government pays only one-sixth of the expenses, but it assumes very complete control of the education furnished. From five to six hours a day are spent in the school-room, and from one to three hours are given to outside study; this latter, however, consists chiefly in working up the exercises of the past day. Instruction goes on with much more effort on the part of the teacher than with us, and what we call the "recitation" is not known either in fact or in name. The modern German teacher has become (thanks to the explicit effort of the Government to this end) a person of much social importance; with the military rank which it is now his privilege and his hope to attain, he has gained a distinguished bearing which differentiates him widely from the traditional German pedagogue. The five or six thousand school-teachers who have become officers of the *Landwehr* have made a complete revolution in the status of the teaching profession: "to have officers of the Reserve in a school is equivalent to saying that there are just so many able disciplinarians, perfect gentlemen, men of high moral character and ambitions in the teaching corps." If the discipline is frequently stern and the teacher apparently unsympathetic, this is not disagreeable to the student; he is himself imbued with the military spirit, and is not averse to having it manifested in the school-room.

The German principle for secondary instruction is that the pupil should not be left to flounder about by himself, but that everything should be made plain to him in the class-room. He is considered to have not yet arrived at the stage of independent study, and time is not to be wasted in beating about the bush. The ability to make an occasional lucky guess is in no wise identical with sustained logical thought. The supervision of pupils is not confined to the school premises, but has to do with their entire life outside of school, nor are parents permitted to have their own way with their children. The schoolmaster is in the possession of professional knowledge, and the whims of over-indulgent parents are not allowed to interfere with his methods of training. The use of tobacco is altogether prohibited in the lower classes, and upper-classmen may not smoke on the street or in public places. In no subject of study have recent reforms been of such marked success as in the modern languages; they are taught, besides, with such scientific method that as great proficiency in Latin can be attained in six years if French is studied first as can otherwise be got in nine. As an indication of the remarkable mastery of foreign tongues that can be secured by good teaching, Mr. Russell relates that he was one day asked to speak to a class of boys in English, and was somewhat afraid that they might not understand him: "Imagine my surprise when, at the teacher's suggestion, six of these boys in turn reproduced in their own words and in almost faultless English the gist of all that I had said to them." This was the result of two years of class instruction in English for four hours a week.

Japan in Transition. By Stafford Ransome. Harper & Brothers.

We can hardly expect literature in the average book about Japan, and this one reads more like a commercial report than the product of a scholar or polished writer. Mr. Ransome is a somewhat narrow-minded civil engineer, whose knowledge of subjects beyond his professional ken seems to be rather limited. His style is colloquial, and his reiteration of pet phrases is rather wearisome. His utter lack of perspective in writing, as a correspondent, on commercial matters aroused the just indignation of honorable merchants at the treaty ports. Now, it is plainly evident that, in expatiating on "The Position and Prospects of Christianity," he is familiar neither with actual figures easily accessible and collected with care and diligence, nor with the native literature or periodical writing. His wild assertion about the "2,000 paid foreign missionaries" in Japan, and his apparently profound ignorance of what Americans in all lines of work have done in Japan, show him as untrustworthy in some parts of his report as his commonplace English is loose and threadbare.

Mr. Ransome is on firmer ground when he talks of what he has touched and known. He sees old Japan passing away. New Japan is hardly as yet born, except in the spirit. He describes with briskness and vigor—hastily, also, as if the whole scene would change in a moment—"the transition Japan, which is passing through its most critical throes just now." One must read this book as a correspondent's news-letter, in which neither background nor perspective is visible. The author, who lived but a few weeks over a year in Japan, has apparently got his ideas wholly from English periodical and other ephemeral literature. He speaks evidently to the club, and to an English public in whose eyes Russia must always be the Satan among the sons of God, his fellow-imps being the missionaries, who are made responsible (p. 233) even for the troubles in Formosa.

The best chapter in the book is that on the new school of the drama. As the Japanese "adopt nothing, but adapt everything," they have borrowed many foreign texts and plots, giving them the proper Japanese background and color, and adapting the words to the native prejudice and palate.

The moral standard is discussed with fairness, the author arguing that, to understand or appreciate an alien civilization, "one must begin by making his mind a blank." He defends with spirit the commercial integrity of the Japanese, or rather explains why the Chinese is reckoned superior, and he sees a steady improvement among the business men in the island empire. In modern industry the weak point is that the educated man devotes himself too exclusively to theory and neglects the practical side. He still fears the ancient traditions, being afraid "to dirty his hands in acquiring the practice." Mr. Ransome thinks the power of the Japanese to compete with the skilled producers of Europe has been greatly exaggerated. Treating of the effect of war on foreign relations, he says there is no deep-rooted hatred of the Chinaman, despite surface contempt for Chinese methods. There is a good sketch of "politics past and present," and, in treating of "strategic geography," the author

furnishes a chapter which all military students will welcome. As a colonizing Power Japan never wanted Hawaii, does not want the Philippines now, has more than enough to do in Formosa, and, with the rise of manufactures, with congestion of population in the cities and denudation of the country—compelling large imports of food—she is likely to need all her people at home for generations to come, and has, strictly speaking, no surplus population. As an ally, Japan is just the country, with just the people, which Great Britain needs. Both nations united can keep out of hostilities and compel a coal famine that will stop war. Present-day education is discussed and set forth with intelligence, well selected and arrayed figures, and an excellent map.

This work is presented in attractive type and binding on good paper. The clear and beautiful half-tone illustrations, over fifty in number, show finely the progress made in machinery, manufactures, the navy and army, modern architecture and engineering, while the charm of female grace and beauty and the makers of New Japan, especially in statesmanship, arms, and science, are not forgotten. The four maps are of high value and deserving of great praise.

'Αθίς: *Storia della Repubblica Ateniese* dalle Origini alle Reforme di Clistene. By Gaetano De Sanctis. Rome: Tipografia Polyglotta della S. C. de Propaganda Fide. 1898. Pp. vii., 364.

He who undertakes to write the constitutional history of Athens ought to sift carefully the literature which has accumulated on the subject in recent years, especially since the discovery of Aristotle's 'Constitution of Athens.' De Sanctis, however, though a scholar of established reputation, has not taken so serious a view of his duty as an historian. Limiting himself, for the most part, to a few good authorities, he has made free use of their material, often without giving them due credit. As a result of this neglect, the reader is in many instances at a loss to determine whether a given view has originated with the author.

Though the work contains some new features and gives evidence of considerable diligence in research, the soundest passages in it are those which aim at digesting the opinions of others. Such is the greater part of chapters i.-iii., which treat of the formation of the Athenian state and of the regal period. Chapter iv., on the decline of the monarchy and the archonship, is unsatisfactory. From the mere fact that the word "archon" is simpler than the word "polemarch," the author concludes, against the testimony of Aristotle, that the archonship was instituted before the polemarchy. Yet, were we to follow the analogy furnished by the two Athenian councils, we should reach the opposite result, for it is the earlier council which bears the more complex title. Equally slender is the evidence for De Sanctis's opinion that the thesmothetæ were instituted at the same time with the archonship, or at all events before the polemarchy. It seems better to connect the origin of this office with the rise of the timocracy, which belongs apparently to the seventh century B.C. But De Sanctis has no room in his work for the growth of timocracy, though he is aware that Solon did not create that form of government. It seems strange that he should have ignored Busolt's masterly treatment of this subject. Again, disregarding a statement of Aristotle that in early Athens the magistrates were appointed by the Council of the Areopagus, he declares that from the beginning they were elected by the people, and cites Spartan usage as proof. His failure to grasp the truth of this matter, as Aristotle represents it, leads him to misconceive the whole development of the Athenian constitution before Solon. Athens and Sparta did not advance along parallel lines.

The first three sections of Aristotle's 'Constitution of Athens' De Sanctis (chapter v.) considers of no historical value—a tissue of "combinations." But Aristotle's combinations are worthy of consideration; it is not unlikely, too, that he had some slight documentary evidence for the time before Solon. Our author goes with the majority in pronouncing section iv. of the 'Constitution of Athens' a political forgery of some fifth-century oligarch—a crude mixture of the old and the new—which the simple-minded Aristotle accepted as a constitution of Draco and inserted without hesitation in his history, though it was absolutely incongruous with the rest of the work. Blass, who differs from the majority, the author silences with an exclamation, and proceeds to support his own view by misinterpretations and by violent emendations of the text. There is need of greater fairness in the treatment of this unfortunate section.

The title of the seventh chapter, "The First Written Constitution"—that of Solon (594 B. C.)—strikes the reader as very strange. There is a vast difference between a written constitution, as that of the United States, and an unwritten constitution amended by written laws, as that of Athens. The former presupposes an advanced stage of political thought reached in Athens in the latter half of the fifth century B. C. It was not till 411 B. C. that Athens came under a written constitution, and then for only a few months. When the author, p. 193, says that the people, not content with the code of Draco (621 B. C.), demanded a constitution, he ascribes to them a theoretical knowledge of government which even the Greek philosophers did not begin to acquire till nearly two centuries later.

Among the surprises afforded by the book is a new date for the conspiracy of Cylon. Till within recent years, all agreed in placing this event between Draco and Solon (621-594 B. C.); Busolt and Wright made it earlier than Draco, and their view has the support of Aristotle's 'Constitution of Athens.' Now De Sanctis (chapter viii.), following a suggestion of Beloch, declares that it occurred while Pisistratus was in exile (after 560 B. C.). His theory, though interesting, is far-fetched. Connected with this date of Cylon is his opinion (chapter ix.) that Pisistratus instituted the naucraries. In this case, he argues that the term "naucrary" had reference to ship-building, and that Athens had no fleet before Pisistratus. But the derivation of the word is uncertain, and the laws of Solon referring to this institution prove its existence in his time. It is hardly possible, as De Sanctis assumes, that the Atthid-writers should have been deceived as to the authorship of these laws.

On purely subjective grounds, De Sanctis (chapter x.) places the constitutional reforms of Cleisthenes before his struggle with Isagoras, and makes these improvements the cause rather than the effect of the strife, thus setting aside the testimony of Herodotus and of Aristotle. That Cleisthenes, the founder of the democracy, should have ever been the head of the aristocratic party is to him an absurd idea. The test of absurdity, however, is unsafe. To one acquainted with practical politics, a summersault such as that which Herodotus ascribes to Cleisthenes seems too commonplace to raise a suspicion.

In conclusion, it may be said that the tendency of De Sanctis is to cut loose from authority and from the recognized canons of historical criticism, and to give free rein to the fancy. It is to be noted further that his originality lies especially in changing the dates of events. Zealously patterning after Beloch, yet lacking the judgment of his master, he falls far short of the standard set by Busolt, who, in the second edition of his 'Griechische Geschichte,' has contributed greatly to our knowledge of early Attic history.

Siberia and Central Asia. By John W. Bookwalter. Springfield, Ohio.

There is so much that is unfair in many popular ideas about Russia, there are so many people ready to believe anything unfavorable to that country, that something dithyrambic on the subject may be useful every now and then as a corrective. Last year, Mr. J. W. Bookwalter travelled rapidly (making all due allowance for the slowness of Russian trains) through the regions he describes; and the result is a heavy volume containing, besides a large number of not very interesting photographs, an array of descriptions, statistics, and conclusions delivered with a breezy cocksureness that makes the reader feel no time has been wasted. If the chops and steaks at the railway restaurants were juicy, it showed that the region had a splendid future as pasture-land; again and again a few well-handled figures prove great things; and what use would there be in having a guide through whom people could be interviewed, if what they said, especially when officials, were not accepted? Thus the process of acquiring information was speedy—sweeping in great facts as well as small of history, sociology, and anything else.

For instance, speaking of the harmless Khirgiz, the writer says: "I am informed that they are yet the same untamed nomads that, under Mundzuk and his successors, as a mongrel Tartar and Mongol horde, swept with such destructive fury nearly 1,600 years ago through the length and breadth of Europe, holding even Rome in terror for several centuries." Why bother to look up in some stupid book the accuracy of such striking information? Or, for a more domestic detail: "I am also informed that in large cities, like St. Petersburg, where the water is not of the very purest, it is the duty of every householder, during the summer, to place a suitable vessel in front of his house, containing boiled water, for the free use of the passer-by." Mr. Bookwalter appears to have been at least in Moscow, in July, but he does not mention how many such exaggerated cholera regulations he

has himself seen signs of. To counteract common accusations that Russia is a barbarous state, ruled by corrupt and ignorant officials, it is pleasing to hear that

"Within certain limits this is perhaps the most secure and the freest country in the world. . . . There is perhaps no nation whose official classes are so well informed, or who so minutely understand the commercial, industrial, and even the political policies of other nations, and the real working and trend of their institutions. It was, no doubt, this penetrating foresight [the author does not seem to be "informed" in this case] that caused her, long ago, to devise her policy of territorial acquisition, under which she laid aside for future use such vast accessible and contiguous areas of country which to the rest of the world seemed useless."

Even the passport system in "the freest country in the world" finds favor:

"It is, moreover, an instrument that greatly aids in more thoroughly utilizing all its [the Government's] sources of energy, and in knitting more effectively together the potencies of national life into a compact, mobile whole, leaving no loose ends floating about."

A good deal might be said in regard to this statement about a land that has suffered for centuries from the plague of vagrancy, but we do not care to go into the question of Mr. Bookwalter's beliefs, of his faith that every suggested railway will be built at once (which is very different from the usual experience in the empire of the Czar), of his political reflections, reminding one so often of those of the ordinary Russian traveller one meets. His whole attitude is that "tout est pour le mieux dans la meilleure des Russies possible." It is, however, perhaps worth while to call attention to some of the errors of detail in his facts.

The standing army of Russia is very large, but it is not "1,500,000 to 2,000,000 of men," nor could she "quickly put herself on a war footing of four or five millions of men, well appointed and equipped." The assertion that the railway from Kushk is "being quietly extended to Herat," *i. e.*, in Afghan territory, seems so absurd on the face of it that we ask for more proof than the remark in another place that "it is hinted." The road from Petrovsk to Derbent can hardly be "almost completed," as last July people were still talking of beginning it in a year's time. Although the Russians have large families, they are not by any means "probably the most prolific race on the face of the globe." "The famous" Shamyl (not Schemyl) was not "a Georgian chieftain," but a Lesghian, and he "made his last stand in defence of his country" at Ghunib, far away in Daghestan, not near Tiflis. It is incorrect to say of climbing Ararat that "those who visit the summit are provided by the Government, for their protection, with ten or a dozen Cossacks from the barracks located at the foot of the mountain, where there are always quartered several regiments of these celebrated soldiers." Last summer, when a foreigner came to try the ascent, there were only some score of men in these barracks (even in winter there are but a few hundred), and at that time no officer or soldier in the vicinity had ever attempted to get to the top of the mountain. A party of ten infantrymen and three Cossacks served him as a volunteer escort, at the invitation of the officer commanding a summer camp part way up the mountain, and some such courtesy may have become the custom since, if there has been occasion for it this year. The "good road from Kutais to Vladikavkaz," though existing for most of the distance, is in one portion only a bridle-path, impassable for carriages. The way from Abbas Tuman to Kutais is fine enough, but not "one of the wildest and most solitary passes in the world," nor need the precautions against brigands always be elaborate.

So we might go on. In fact, throughout the book there is a general looseness of statement which makes one hesitate to accept without further confirmation anything it says. The author would have done wisely to subject "a work thrown off during the excitement and fatigue of a long journey" to careful correction at greater leisure.

Esek Hopkins, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Navy, 1775-1778. By Edward Field. Providence. 1898. Portraits.

Mr. Field seeks to defend Hopkins against certain charges of misconduct while commander of the Continental Navy in the first years of the Revolution. This is not an easy task, for many circumstances contributed to bring to pass the discharge of Hopkins under serious charges. There were personal as well as political reasons for the act, and it is much to Mr. Field's credit that he does not suppress what may tell against Hopkins as a man or as a naval officer. A sea-captain of long standing, in the employ of the Browns of Providence, Hopkins certainly knew how to handle a ship. He had the usual faults of a seaman, and they became glaring when he undertook to become a politician. Hasty and intemperate of speech, he did not hesitate to break out against those with whom he had served and to whom he had for years given support. He carried his habits into the "navy," a few small vessels hastily brought together and controlled through the Congress. The local agents of this body were charged by Hopkins with being interested in privateers, of caring more for their personal interests than for those of the continent, and of encouraging malpractices that their gains might be the greater. He was known to have spoken disrespectfully of the Marine Committee of Congress, though he doubtless uttered only the truth, for the committee gave extraordinary orders at extraordinary times, and laid the responsibility of failure on the fleet. He used language more forcible than was necessary, thereby shocking the chaplain of the fleet, who did not hesitate to mention the affair to Congress, urging the demands of his own conscience, while overlooking the dangerous example of insubordination among men much discontented and ready to conspire against their commander. On the other hand, Hopkins enjoyed the warm friendship of John Adams, John Paul Jones, and others not more likely to take up with a sham; and even Knox, himself something of a rough diamond, wrote of him, "Though antiquated in figure, he is shrewd and sensible. I, whom you think not a little enthusiastic, should have taken him for an angel only he swore now and then."

The test came in actual service, and here there was much to create doubt of his real abilities. It is hardly possible that Congress really intended to give Hopkins the same relative command at sea as Washington held on land, but high rank was given, and the fleet was constituted with some flourish. The one expedition that could be considered of any moment was that to New Providence to seize powder and stores. Only partial success was attained, for the greater part of the powder had been shipped away by the English Governor, and Hopkins returned to New London after engaging a British vessel under conditions that would seem to insure his success. Yet he failed, and the months of idleness that followed gave rise to an opinion that Hopkins was not the man for the place, and did prove that he lacked organizing ability. It may be admitted that many conditions favoring success were wanting. The Marine Committee of Congress interfered, ordered him on impossible ventures, and, when disappointed, laid the blame on the Commodore. Money was wanting, and could not be obtained as needed. It was difficult to enlist men, for the higher pay and greater chances of privateering drew into that calling those who might have made a navy. There were jealousies among the officers of the fleet, and discipline was not maintained.

Without money, men, or officers, Hopkins blurted out his opinion of men and things, and this was reported to his superiors. Congress ordered him to appear before it and explain his conduct, but did not accept his explanation as satisfactory. Later, on the complaints of his own officers, he was suspended and dismissed from the Continental service. The charges made were vague, and covered many insinuations that no court would admit to be evidence; yet it cannot be said that Congress was too severe in its judgment. Hopkins, with characteristic temper, court-martialled those who had complained of him, and then sued them for libel in the civil courts—a poor remedy for an injured reputation, and in this case bringing none. It is difficult to accept the opinion of Mr. Field that Hopkins was sacrificed to the spite of men whose influence was very powerful, and whose enmity he had incurred by denouncing their guilty practices. Nor could the prejudice against New England so freely expressed in Congress account for the result. Schuyler was kept down by a prejudice of New England against him, and at this time that prejudice was in the ascendant, controlling Congress in its decisions on the Northern army. How, then, could a general prejudice of an opposite nature accomplish all that Mr. Field attributes to it? There was enough in Hopkins's own acts and character to account fully for what was done, and it is nothing against him to admit it. His habits were those of sea-captains of the time, and the picture of the interior of a public house in Surinam, reproduced in this volume, tells the whole story.

Mr. Field has made an interesting volume, but it could be wished he had printed more of Hopkins's letters.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, Oscar F. The Archbishop's Unguarded Moment, and Other Stories. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Barron, Elwyn. Manders. A Tale of Paris. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Bida, Alexandre. Aucassin and Nicolette. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

Boothby, Guy. Dr. Nikola's Experiment. Appletons. $1.

Breen, Matthew P. Thirty Years of New York Politics. New York: The Author.

Bridgman, R. L. The Master Idea. Boston: Pilgrim Press.

Bryce, Lloyd. Lady Blanche's Salon. F. T. Neely.

Budge, E. A. W. Oriental Wit and Wisdom; or, The "Laughable Stories." From the Syriac. London: Luzac & Co.

Butler, W. A. Nothing to Wear, and Other Poems. New ed. Harpers. $1.75.

Cadet, Félix. Port Royal Education. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen.

Clark, S. H., and Blanchard, F. M. Practical Public Speaking. Scribners. $1.
Clement, Clara E. Saints in Art. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.
Coe, Rev. E. B. Life Indeed. F. A. Revell Co. $1.25.
Colmore, G. The Strange Story of Hester Wynne. Appletons. $1.
Connell, G. S. The Old Patroon, and Other Plays. W. H. Young & Co. 40c.
Connor, Ralph. Black Rock. A Tale of the Selkirks. F. H. Revell Co. $1.25.
Crawford, Virginia M. Stories in Foreign Literature. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.75.
Curtis, G. W. Prue and I. Harpers.
Cyr, Ellen M. Fifth Reader. Boston: Ginn & Co. 80c.
Dake, C. R. A Strange Discovery. New York: H. I. Kimball. $1.25.
Dawe, Carlton. The Voyage of the "Pulo Way." R. F. Fenno Co. $1.25.
Dewar, G. A. B. Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $3.
Dixon, Mary A. The Love Affairs of Margaret Dale. F. T. Neely.
Foà, Edouard. After Big Game in Central Africa. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan.
Fox, Prof. W., and Thomas, C. W. A Practical Course in Mechanical Drawing. D. Van Nostrand Co. $1.25.
Harraman, Curtis G. American Investments Classified. New York: The Author.
Herford, Prof. C. H. The Works of Shakspere. [Eversley Edition.] Vols. VI. and VII. Macmillan. Each $1.50.
Herrick, Prof. R., and Damon, L. T. Composition and Rhetoric for Schools. Chicago: Scott, Foresman & Co. $1.
Hillyer, Prof. H. W. Laboratory Manual. Macmillan. 90c.
Hooker, Le Roy. Baldoon. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.25.
Howard, J. R. Patriotic Nuggets. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Howard, J. R. Educational Nuggets. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Hyslop, Prof. J. H. Logic and Argument. Scribners. 75c.
Jókai, Maurus. Pretty Michal. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Knackfuss, H. Rembrandt. [Monographs on Artists.] Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Knackfuss, A. Van Dyck. [Monographs on Artists.] Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Lentz, Max. Heyse's L'Arrabiata. American Book Co.
Major, G. M. Lays of Chinatown, and Other Verses. New York: H. I. Kimball. $1.25.
Pickett, Mrs. Lasalle C. Pickett and his Men. Atlanta, Ga.: Foote & Davies Co.
Read, Capt. G. W. The Hygiene of the Soldier in the Tropics. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Co.
Stephens, R. N. A Gentleman Player. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Stout, G. F. A Manual of Psychology. London: W. B. Clive; New York: Hinds & Noble.
The Mirror of Perfection. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 75c.
Thompson, E. S. Lobo, Rag and Vixen. Scribners. 60c.
Warner, G. T. Landmarks in English Industrial History. London: Blackie & Son; New York: Macmillan. $1.60.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1899.

The Week.

The religious press of the country appears to have been struck dumb by President McKinley's grisly speech at Pittsburgh. Of the dozen or more of last week's denominational journals which we have looked over, only one or two so much as refer as a matter of news to McKinley's summons to the slaughter, and not one utters a word of either approval or condemnation. This must mean that there is a good deal of searching of heart going on in religious circles. At least one week more of reflection will be necessary before the professed heralds of peace can bring themselves to go in for a war of extermination. But why do the religious papers conceal from their readers the fact that slavery and polygamy are now thriving under the American flag in the Sulu archipelago? Perhaps the editors are really ignorant that such is the fact. It has been so carefully burked in the *Tribune* and other head-in-the-sand newspapers, that it may not have reached the ecclesiastical sanctums as yet. It cannot be that Christian ministers will hold their peace when they find McKinley annexing slavery and polygamy, and promising not to interfere with them. We think that the country would even consent to see the flag "hauled down" under these circumstances.

A great deal of valuable information concerning the exact situation in the Philippines is furnished in the letter from the *Evening Post's* Manila correspondent, dated July 29. He confirms the statements which have been made by many returning army and navy officers, and by other visitors to the islands whose utterances have been published during the past few months. After a year of occupation and six months of fighting, we hold to-day barely more than 1 per cent. of the territory of the islands, and have in subjugation not over 5 per cent. of the population. From 15 to 18 per cent. of our troops are incapacitated for service by sickness due to the climate, and so anxious are they all to get home that only enough to organize six companies, instead of seven regiments as claimed, can be induced to remain after their time has expired. The way in which "official news" on this latter point has been manufactured was shown by Congressman Lentz, in his speech at Cooper Union on Monday evening. He said that when a dispatch from Gen. Otis was given out at Washington, reading, "Volunteers willing to remain," he went to the War Department and asked to see the original, which proved to be as follows: "Volunteers unwilling to reënlist, but willing to remain until transports arrive." That was a feat in "editing" worthy of the most expert partisan journalist that ever conducted an "organ."

One clear case of our bad faith in the Philippines is our use of the money raised by taxation. Article VI. of the proclamation issued by the Philippine Commission on April 4 explicitly promised that "the public funds" should be "applied only to defraying the proper expenses of the establishment and maintenance of the Philippine government," and that "local funds collected for local purposes shall not be diverted to other ends." On top of this comes the admission by the Washington authorities that Gen. Otis has collected something like $5,200,000 in taxes; and that of this he has spent only $200,000 in public improvements, while appropriating $3,000,000, with the approval of this Government, to the uses of the American army; a balance of $2,000,000 remaining on hand. Yet the natives are blamed for saying that the Americans are liars and oppressors, and for complaining that they are worse off—taxed more heavily and given less liberty—than under Spanish rule. President Schurman, in his tardy conference with Mr. McKinley, may be inquiring why this particular promise made by the Philippine Commission was so flagrantly broken.

The election in the Eighth Congressional District of Missouri on August 29, to choose a successor to the late Representative Bland, was of national importance. This is not because the opposing candidates were men of national reputation, as his persistent leadership of the free-coinage movement had made Mr. Bland, but because the campaign was conducted solely on the issue of the expansion policy, and the verdict was to be the first expression of popular opinion on that issue at the polls. The Democratic convention of the district adopted a platform which declared that "we are unreservedly opposed to the militarism and imperialism of President McKinley," and the Democratic candidate made his fight on this plank. The Republican platform expressed the belief that it is "the duty of Congress, as declared by our President, to establish a form of government suited to the needs of all the inhabitants of the territory that the providence of Almighty God and the fortunes of war have brought under our control"; and the Republican candidate strongly upheld the President's policy, publicly announcing from the stump that McKinley's administration and Philippine policy were on trial, and that to defeat him would be a declaration by the people against that policy. The Republicans entered the campaign with perfect confidence that they would greatly reduce Mr. Bland's majority of 2,800 a year ago, and with strong hopes of "redeeming" the district, especially as there had been dissensions over the Democratic nomination, and the candidate selected was objectionable to the extreme silverites. Instead of this, the Republicans have lost ground, and their candidate is beaten by a larger majority than in 1898.

A Republican organ which warmly supports the expansion policy, recently quoted the platforms of the two parties on this issue, and remarked that, "as will be seen, the two parties take opposite grounds on the expansion question, and it will be interesting to know with which side the majority of the voters agree." Another newspaper advocate of expansion said on the very day of election that the result would be "interesting, because the candidate of the Democracy is an open opponent of the retention of the Philippines and the prosecution of the war to enforce the authority of our flag." There are other interesting features of the result than the overwhelming defeat of the expansionists. One is the fact that the Philippine business was the one thing which engrossed the attention of the people. Another is the fact that the Republicans lost most heavily where the most canvassing was done by the Democrats along anti-expansion lines, and that "Republican strongholds" refused to support the Administration's policy. A third is the indication of the attitude of the German-Americans toward this new issue. These voters are particularly strong in Osage and Cole Counties, and the Republican vote in these two counties was cut down by 500 to 600. The opponents of imperialism have reason to feel greatly encouraged over this result.

The voters of Ohio deserve the commiseration of the nation. They have to choose between a ticket named by the Republican boss upon a platform which commends the President for his recent assault upon civil-service reform, a ticket headed by the Democratic boss, and an independent candidate who is a crank. It will not be surprising if a good many of them take to the woods on election day. With any other candidate than John R. McLean, the Democrats had a fair chance of carrying the State, but they have thrown that chance away. McLean decided this year to name

himself for Governor. There was a good deal of protest before the convention, but nobody who was familiar with the situation expected it to avail. He had a majority of one vote and a half on the first ballot, but he could have had a good deal more had he not decided to let a lot of delegates whom he owned vote for other candidates. His personal manager, we are told, named in advance from a list which he held in his hand the vote of every delegate in the convention, and when the result was announced, he had made a mistake in only one vote. John R. McLean is one of the worst men in American politics. He owns a newspaper which he runs to make money and serve his political ambition. He has always been the bitter foe of civil-service reform and of every other good cause, the earnest promoter of newspaper sensationalism and political demagogy. The influence of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* under his control during the past quarter of a century has been a curse to the city where it is published, and to the wide region through which it circulates.

It is difficult to treat seriously the platform upon which such a candidate stands, because he is himself the platform. It opens with a reaffirmation of the Chicago platform of 1896, not only in its entirety, but with especial emphasis upon the 16-to-1 plank, and proceeds to demand Bryan's renomination in 1900. There follow some excellent expressions of opinion on the expansion issue, like these: "We recognize the solemn fact that our government cannot be both republican and imperial"; "we are radically and unalterably opposed to imperialism in the United States of America"; "we profoundly regret that American soldiers are being unlawfully used in the name of liberty to crush and destroy dawning republicanism in the Orient"; and "we demand that the Cubans and Filipinos not only be permitted but encouraged to establish independent republics, deriving all of their governmental powers from the consent of the governed." But intermingled with these lofty sentiments is such claptrap as the declaration that "we denounce the secret and vicious alliance now in evidence between England and the Republican Administration, whereby this nation may become involved in war with foreign nations"; and the utterly incomprehensible plank which "denounces the Republican party for its thirty-eight years of abject subserviency to the shipping interests of Great Britain," as a preliminary to denunciation of the so-called Hanna-Payne shipping bill, "which, if enacted into law, would further shackle our interests." For the rest, there is an emphatic plank against Trusts, which demands that articles the prices of which are controlled by such combinations be placed on the free list, and then couples denunciation of the Republican Attorney-General of the United States for his refusal to enforce the Federal statutes against Trusts with commendation of the Republican Attorney-General of Ohio—who was "turned down" by Hanna—for his earnest efforts to enforce the State laws. Finally, with a cynicism worthy of Quay at his best, the boss of the Democratic party in Ohio had his creatures put forth a virtuous deliverance on bossism—as exemplified in the control of the Republican party in Ohio!

It is only the first week in September, and election does not come until the 7th of November; yet the campaign over the Governorship in Kentucky has already reached the stage of fever-heat. Ex-Congressman Owens made on Thursday a speech in which he denounced Mr. Goebel, the regular Democratic candidate for Governor, as "a murderer, a liar, and a thief," and produced what he considered convincing evidence that, "in cold blood and premeditation, he has violated the three commandments, 'Thou shalt not lie,' 'Thou shalt not steal,' 'Thou shalt not kill.'" We do not recall a more bitter attack by one prominent politician upon another. Such language constitutes "fighting words," according to the Kentucky code, and it is hard to see how Mr. Goebel can refrain from "doing something about it" beyond talking back. It is almost appalling to contemplate nearly nine weeks of campaigning which begins in such fashion as this.

The opponents of Quay gave out that it was not worth while to make a real fight for control of the Republican State convention in Pennsylvania this year, because it would not amount to much, and announced that they were "reserving their resources until the election of members of the Legislature in 1900." But they have discovered that the boss profited by their inaction this year to render it almost impossible for them to carry the Legislature next year. The party rule has been that delegates to the Republican State convention shall be chosen in the same way that candidates for the General Assembly are nominated. Quay ordered his convention to revise the rules, and there were added to this one the words, "or in accordance with the party rules in force in the respective counties of this commonwealth." This means that in any county where the machine has the county committee, but lacks a majority of the Republican voters, it can make such rules as it needs to secure the State delegates. Far more important and revolutionary than this, however, is an entirely new rule which was rushed through. This provides that, whenever the delegates or conferees in a Congressional, Senatorial, or judicial district cannot agree upon a nomination fifty-five days before election, the chairman of the Republican State committee shall appoint one "representative Republican" from each county of the district, who shall become a part of the original body, and have the same voice in its deliberations as the original members; and that, if the convention or conference is then unable to agree within five days, the chairman of the State committee shall select a "representative Republican" in the district, who shall act as umpire or referee in making a nomination. Under this system the machine needs only to create a deadlock, which is generally an easy matter, and it can control the nomination.

The malfeasance of two of the Civil-Service Commissioners in Chicago is an illustration of the strong hold which the spoils system has in our politics. In order to provide places for their favorites, these Commissioners have tried to force out of their positions employees against whom no charges could be made. They selected for persecution several examiners who have had the reputation of enforcing the requirements of the civil-service law too stringently, and began by reducing their salaries on the plea of economy. One reduction failing of effect, another was tried; and finally the examiners were ordered to take a month's vacation without salary. Then the Commissioners adopted a resolution that no examiner who was compelled to take a vacation without pay could be reinstated without a special vote to that effect. In this way, one of the Commissioners has been able to make room for two of his sisters, and examinations in the case of the new employees have been dispensed with. Few more scandalous perversions of the civil-service law than this have ever occurred, and we are glad to see that the respectable press of Chicago is insisting that Mayor Harrison shall exercise his power to correct the abuses. That the employees of a Commission appointed to enforce the civil-service law should be subject to arbitrary removal is not to be tolerated.

Gov. Roosevelt has seen the necessity of modifying his impolitic and untruthful outburst about the canal frauds, made in his speech at Hornellsville; but his latest statement of the case, though far more dignified and deliberate, leaves something to be desired in the matter of absolute accuracy. He said at Hornellsville that Messrs. Fox and Macfarlane had found that the charges about canal mismanagement were "infamous lies and slanders," and had "so declared." In Friday's speech he said that these gentlemen "reached the conclusion that no prosecution would lie, that nothing had been done which would justify bringing an action against any public official, or would afford the slightest chance of securing a conviction." He then added: "In short, the whole charge

that there had been criminal misconduct on the part of any of the high canal officials fell to the ground." Did it? Certainly not in the opinion of the special counsel. What did fall to the ground was the possibility of prosecuting anybody for criminal misconduct, because of the interposition of the statute of limitations, and because of the passage by a Republican Legislature of a law which gave the canal officials such large discretionary powers that they could do about as they pleased with the State's money. Why could not the Governor be as frank and fearless as he claims to be, and tell the full truth instead of only part of it? Why should he, after this incomplete statement of the findings of his counsel, say, "I think the charges of corruption were baseless, and discreditable in the highest degree to those making them"? They were certainly not baseless, for the Governor himself admits that he did not consider the officials against whom they were made fit persons to continue in office.

Our administration of Cuba has so far been, on the whole, highly successful, and is as truly to be placed to the credit of the army officers in charge as would be a victorious military campaign. But this fact does not justify misleading comparisons. One such is the contrast drawn on the financial side between American and Spanish control of the island. Our first six months close with a handsome balance in the Cuban Treasury; the Spanish deficits were notorious. But we have arrived at a balance by striking off half the liabilities. Under Spain, Cuba had to pay enormous charges on the public debt; we have sponged those off the slate. The Spanish military establishment in the island had also to be supported by Cuban taxation; the United States pays its own officers and men. With two such heavy items stricken out of the obligations, even a Spanish Governor-General might have shown a surplus. The real triumph and superiority of American occupation are revealed in the hygienic renovation and rescue of Cuba, and in the restoration of order. Mistakes have been numerous, and in many things Cubans feel themselves outraged by the methods of American officers; but the stamping out of yellow fever, the greatly reduced death-rate, the general sanitary improvement, the public works executed and planned, the lessened burden of taxation—these are the things which shut the mouths of those most disposed to complain, and which constitute for the American officers in charge a distinction as bright as any they could win on a stricken field.

The meeting of the International Law Association this year is made notable by the results of the Peace Conference at The Hague. This association has for some time directed its attention to the establishment of an international court of arbitration, and, by the unforeseen aid of the Czar of Russia, it suddenly finds its ideals converted into realities. Practical people, we are afraid, have looked on these ideals as altogether visionary. They have thought that it was vain to provide restraints for sovereign Powers. The very term sovereign implies irresponsibility, and no great nation, it has been maintained, would be prevented from going to war by the decree of a court, no matter how august its constitution. Nevertheless, the unforeseen has occurred, and a scheme of international arbitration has actually been adopted. The court to be established by this scheme will be composed of men of high authority as jurists, and its machinery will be so contrived as to facilitate the decision of questions both of right and of fact. But before this enlightened system of international jurisprudence is established, action must be taken by the governments of Christendom. Such action will not be taken spontaneously, and public opinion must be brought to bear on our legislators. The International Law Association is a body peculiarly well fitted to exert such influence, and it is gratifying to observe that it urges its members to take vigorous steps to procure the ratification of the convention of The Hague.

Mr. C. H. Butler's scholarly paper on "Immunity of Private Property at Sea from Capture during War," read before the International Law Association, may seem a rather academic discussion; but, after the sudden impetus which the cause of arbitration received this year, we may venture to entertain new hopes. It is true that The Hague Conference rejected the proposal of the American delegates to consider the question, but its action was placed on the ground that such a discussion was not within the scope of its constitution. The proposal to hold a congress for the especial purpose of considering this subject was received with much favor, and Mr. Butler properly urges that our Government should take the lead by calling such a congress. Its early position in favor of exempting private property from capture has been consistently maintained, and President McKinley has been authorized by Congress, in response to his own suggestion, to consult with the principal maritime Powers with a view to the recognition of this principle in international law. No time should be lost in exercising this authority. Just at present the governments of the world are at peace with one another; but so many clouds are visible on the horizon that it is desirable to press this most important reform as earnestly as possible.

The newspaper correspondents who have retreated from Johannesburg have almost declared war on the Transvaal Republic, and represent the Outlanders as flying in a body from the country. These accounts are probably much exaggerated, and the declaration of war will be postponed. President Krüger shows good sense in disregarding the reports of Mr. Chamberlain's demands which appear from time to time in the newspapers. He says he will discuss these demands when he receives them from Mr. Chamberlain himself, and not before. We are still without positive information concerning the exact state of the negotiations, and some of the accounts are contradictory. It seems to be clear, however, that Mr. Chamberlain demanded a conference, and that the Boers have agreed to a conference. Possibly, as is represented, the British diplomats assumed that the conference was based on the concessions already made, while the Transvaal authorities intend that the whole situation shall be discussed. Nevertheless, the conference will probably take place and result in a settlement of the disputes.

The first General to take the stand for Dreyfus appeared at Rennes on Friday, and his technical argument that no trained artillery officer like Dreyfus could possibly have used the language of the bordereau, was supported by testimony from several younger officers skilled in artillery technique. Witnesses for the prosecution in the day's session were all feeble or fraudulent folk, and the general break-down of the case against Dreyfus was evidenced by a council of war, as it were, held in the evening by the attacking Generals, in company with ex-Minister Cavaignac. It is hinted that they will shortly produce a sensational letter—alleged to be from or to the Emperor of Germany—which they have been keeping back till the day of desperate need. It would probably, however, turn out only one more forgery. No less than eleven forged or falsely attributed documents have already figured in the Dreyfus case, and it is really about time that another should be added to the list. But one would expect Cavaignac to be careful about burning his fingers again in that business. Two of the documents which he read from the tribune with such a flourish on July 7, 1898, and of which he said that he had carefully weighed the authenticity, were confessed forgeries before the month was out. That such a mass of invented or falsified evidence should have been used against Dreyfus is, as was powerfully argued by the old Paris magistrate, M. Bertulus, a strong proof of his innocence. If there were really substantial evidence of his guilt, why all this manufactured and fraudulent evidence?

SAYING DITTO TO SPAIN.

The brutal note in President McKinley's latest Philippine war cry has evidently startled his warmest supporters. "There will be no useless parley, no pause until the insurrection is suppressed." Not one of McKinley's champions in the press of this city has commented on this announcement of a policy of extermination, except with the significant comment of shamefaced silence. They know, if the President does not, where his truculent sentiment came from. It was made in Spain. McKinley is only saying ditto to Weyler, to Polavieja, to Arolas. His threat will carry no surprise to the natives, for they will see in it only a repetition of the fulminations of Spanish Governors-General. To them it will be but one oppressor upholding the language and employing the methods of another. So far as the President is able to commit the United States to a policy in the Philippines, he has now committed us to the Spanish policy. After long denouncing it with unmeasured hatred and abhorrence, we embrace it.

There is no concealment about it. Secretary Root, with the usual *insouciance* of a civilian Secretary of War, has announced that from now on the war will be prosecuted with "vigor." Senator Elkins interprets this to mean "relentlessly." Naval officers are saying that the thing to do is to blockade every Philippine port and starve the inhabitants. The soldiers in the field have got tired of abandoning towns for the use of the natives, and now burn every house to the ground as they withdraw. In short, the plan of carrying on a "philanthropic" war—of killing people tenderly, and with tears in our eyes—has been abandoned. From now on we are going to kill, burn, ravage, without rest or remorse. The President of the United States proposes to better the instruction of the cruellest Spanish general that ever launched his bloodthirsty decrees in Manila.

It has taken Mr. McKinley a long time, and has doubtless cost him many struggles, to come over to the policy of inhumanity. We may measure the distance he has travelled by comparing his Pittsburgh speech of Monday week with his Boston speech of last February. Then he was all adrip with the milk of human kindness. Every drop of Filipino blood spilled was "anguish to his heart." He was determined to make the natives feel that "we are their friends, not their enemies," by "affording them every opportunity to prosecute their lawful pursuits." So, too, in his illegal proclamation of last December, Mr. McKinley assured the inhabitants of the Philippines that we came "not as invaders or conquerors, but as friends, to protect the natives in their homes, in their employments, and in their personal and religious rights." From all that to the President's no-quarter speech at Pittsburgh is a long journey, though made in so short a time; it is the journey from Lincoln to Torquemada.

Now, we have no idea of trying to make Mr. McKinley out a monster personally. Let him be as amiable and kind-hearted a man as his friends assert him to be. His sudden blossoming out into a merciless conqueror is not a personal, so much as it is a political, development. He has simply stepped into Spain's shoes in the Philippines, and he necessarily begins to look very Spanish. Continuing Spanish methods of taxation, sincerely flattering Spain by imitating her method of calling upon the natives to submit or be killed, it is no wonder that, having begun by saying A and B, he is now saying Z, and undertaking the subjugation of the islands in the very spirit of a Spaniard, announcing his purpose in the words that might have been taken from a proclamation of Gen. Weyler. The cruel situation has been too much for a kindly man. His philanthropy has been slowly transmuted into truculence.

No account of our going over to Spanish methods in the Philippines would be complete which left out the analogy between the Spanish archbishops and the American Methodist bishops. Read the effusive address to Mr. McKinley by Bishop Fitzgerald, at Ocean Grove, week before last. A fighting bishop of the Middle Ages never made a more frightful mixture of war and religion. The President was carrying the flag to the other side of the globe, but he was also "marching with the forces of the Lord under the Banner of the Cross." The Archbishop of Manila never surpassed that. Think of it! Here was a President who had just completed an agreement by which the American flag was again made to float over slaves, as well as over Mohammedan harems; who had encouraged his ally, the fierce Mohammedan chief, Datto Mundi, to fall with his Mussulmans upon the Christians in Zamboanga and slaughter them like so many Armenians falling before Bashi-Bazuks; who had announced his purpose to carry the torch and sword to every part of Luzon—and a Methodist Bishop rises to declare all this the service of God! "In the prophets of Jerusalem I have seen an horrible thing; they walk in lies and strengthen the hands of evildoers, that none doth return from his wickedness."

THE LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

Civil-service reform has won such victories as it has achieved largely against the opposition, or at least without the help, of those in whose hands the administration of the merit system would rest. It has been a rare thing for the head of a bureau to show any satisfaction over the application of the rules to his force. An earnest appeal from such an official for the extension of the classified service to his subordinates would be pronounced incredible by most people familiar with the subject.

But there is one branch of the government which is entitled to this credit. The United States Life-Saving Service, which was organized on the present basis in 1871, has from the very first been controlled by men who sought to make merit the sole test of employment and retention. The chief officers, more than twenty years ago, urged upon Congress the necessity of legislation to hold off the spoilsmen; and, after long effort, they procured the enactment in 1882 of a provision that "the appointment of district superintendents, inspectors, and keepers and crews of life-saving stations, shall be made solely with reference to their fitness, and without reference to their political or party affiliations."

Mr. Sumner I. Kimball, who has been General Superintendent for more than twenty years, holds that this is the first enactment ever made distinctly proposing the exclusion of political considerations from appointments in any branch of the civil service. Without waiting for Congressional action, Superintendent Kimball and the other chief officers had from the first attempted to enforce this principle. District superintendents were always instructed in making their nominations for keepers, and keepers in employing surfmen for their crews, to pay the strictest regard to professional qualifications, to the exclusion of every other consideration. But there was great trouble with the partisan rapacity and activity of persons outside of the service, and every effort was made to reduce places in the service to the level of partisan spoils. In one or two newly organized districts these influences triumphed for a brief time about twenty years ago, with the result that Mr. Kimball redoubled his efforts to secure the law which was finally enacted in 1882.

In reviewing, in his last annual report, the history of the long struggle for the best possible system, Superintendent Kimball says that, while the statute of 1882 brought much relief, it did not end the attempts of the spoilsmen to subordinate the service to political uses and personal ends. Frequent endeavors were made, "sometimes springing from more reputable sources than could be expected," to induce the officers of the service to circumvent the law, or to treat it as a dead letter. When the political complexion of the Administration changed, as after the election of 1884, unfounded charges were made that the officers had conducted the service in the interest of the party which had just gone out of power; and when called upon to be specific, the bringers of these charges affected surprise that a thing so obvious should be doubted, and ridi-

culed the idea that proof should be deemed necessary.

It became clear that relief could be secured only by the inclusion of this bureau within the classified service, and for this Mr. Kimball and his allies labored. President Cleveland's comprehensive order of May 6, 1896, made the change which had so long been sought, and the action was hailed with delight in the Superintendent's office. The new system has now been tried long enough to test its practicability, and it has more than realized what was expected of it. Original admission to the service was fixed at the grade of surfman, the chief qualification for which is, of course, surfmanship. Competitive tests by actual trial in the surf would be expensive and dangerous. Written examinations would not fulfil the purpose. Experience was, therefore, made the criterion, and the names of all competitors attaining a percentage of 70 are entered upon the register of eligibles. Whenever a vacancy occurs at a station, the keeper makes requisition upon the district superintendent for a certification of eligibles, and the names of the three eligibles standing highest on the register for the section in which the vacancy exists are furnished, from among whom the keeper makes his selection, certifying that the choice has been made with reference to fitness only, and without reference to political or party affiliations.

When a vacancy occurs in the place of station-keeper, the district superintendent and the resident assistant inspector jointly recommend the member of a crew in the district whom they deem best fitted for the position, setting forth explicitly their reasons. Written examinations are employed when the place of district superintendent is to be filled, as such officials must be able to solve ordinary problems in arithmetic, keep accounts, conduct correspondence, and use business methods generally. All the keepers in a district where a vacancy occurs are therefore invited to participate in a written competitive examination, and the general superintendent picks out one of the three who stand highest.

The experiment has been tried long enough to warrant a judgment, and Superintendent Kimball reports that "the application of the civil-service rules for the ascertainment of the qualifications of candidates for appointment and promotion has proved quite satisfactory." The first admission to the service under the civil-service rules was on April 1, 1897. From that date to December 1, 1898, a period of twenty months, 389 surfmen were appointed, 17 of whom proved unsatisfactory and were discharged. On the other hand, during the twenty months preceding April, 1897, there were appointed under the old method—that is, each keeper selecting his own men—459, of whom 46 proved unsatisfactory, and were discharged. In other words, under the new system only 1 out of every 23 has proved unsatisfactory, while under the old system 1 out of every 10 so proved, the percentage of unsatisfactory men under the old being more than double that under the new. Mr. Kimball thus summarizes the beneficent results of the change upon the general condition of the service:

"The relief which the legislation of 1882 failed to bring promises to be realized with the new order of things, and the difficulties and vexations which that law only alleviated seem likely to disappear. Nobody now charges that the appointments in the service are made to subserve political or personal ends, nor, since the promulgation of the President's order of July 27, 1897, prohibiting removals except for just cause—a logical corollary of the civil-service law—that, when removals are made, they are dictated by party spirit or to promote individual interests. Contentment and quiet have superseded the anxiety and excitement which formerly periodically swept along the coast, the officers are permitted to devote their time and talents exclusively to the promotion of the welfare of the service, and the service itself seems to have gathered added strength for a career of usefulness which may excel the notable record of the past."

DREYFUS'S ALLEGED CONFESSION.

Capt. Lebrun-Renaud's appearance, out of the regular order, in the Dreyfus trial on Thursday, marked the desperation of the Generals of the prosecution. The alleged confession of Dreyfus on January 5, 1895, is their last card. They had previously played the secret dossier, only to have it shown to be patent nonsense. They had striven in vain to make out a presentable case for the Dreyfus authorship of the bordereau. Nothing was left but the prisoner's own avowal of guilt, which they have always said would be sworn to when the time came. This has really been their trump card all along. Their answer to all charges of irregularity and unfairness in the 1894 trial has been, "Well, what of it? No wrong was done an innocent man, for Dreyfus himself confessed, when all was over, that he was guilty."

Now, there are several suspicious things about Capt. Lebrun-Renaud's testimony regarding the confession, yet it will not do to set him down as a conspirator and perjurer. He was sent by Mercier to tell his story to the President, but did not do it, for reasons that appear most unsatisfactory. He destroyed the leaf of his note-book on which he had jotted down his recollection of Dreyfus's language, which was, to say the least, unfortunate. Yet he undoubtedly thought that he had got some sort of confession from Dreyfus. Several officers are ready to swear that he spoke of it to them immediately. Moreover, if he were inventing a "confession," he would hardly have been so clumsy as to begin it with the vehement protest, "I am innocent!" This was what struck the Judges of the Court of Cassation, who said, in that part of their *arrêt* relating to the confession, after showing that it could not, in any case, be pleaded as an excuse for irregularities in the trial of 1894:

"It is impossible to see in this language an avowal of guilt, since not only does it start off with a protestation of innocence, but it is not possible to determine the full and exact text of what was said, owing to the discrepancies between the successive declarations of Capt. Lebrun-Renaud and those of other witnesses."

One of these discrepancies has reappeared in the present trial. On August 18, Gen. Gonse swore that Lebrun-Renaud had told him that Dreyfus confessed to having delivered "simply copies" of important documents; this Capt. Lebrun-Renaud now denies. It looks as if this were only a theory of the General Staff, to account for the proved fact that not a single original document was missing from the War Department. They wanted Dreyfus to confess to having made copies, and so they boldly put that avowal into his alleged confession. But Capt. Lebrun-Renaud discomfits them utterly on this point. This is one of the signs that he is an honest man, if a bit stupid, and we suppose his testimony is explicable on the theory that he is telling what he believes to be the truth, but that he did not understand what Dreyfus was alluding to, and so muddled his words in reporting them. This, we infer, is Dreyfus's own explanation. He reproached Lebrun-Renaud, not as a deliberate falsifier, but as one who had failed in his duty to inquire the bearing of language he did not understand. Capt. Lebrun-Renaud's good faith in the whole business is also borne out by his steady refusal to say whether he thought Dreyfus's words tantamount to a confession of guilt. He doggedly said that he was only repeating words which he knew he had heard.

For full light on the mystery we have to go back to the original *interrogatoire* of Dreyfus on August 7. He was then cross-examined by Col. Jouaust in this very matter of the confession. What was the conversation he had with Lebrun-Renaud in the Cherche-Midi prison?

Dreyfus—This conversation was a monologue. I said to him, "I am innocent." I was conscious of the excited people outside to whom was to be shown a man who had committed the most abominable crime of which a soldier can be guilty. I understood the patriotic anguish which filled these people, and I wanted to cry out to them, "I am not the guilty man!" I added, "The Minister of War knows it." This had reference to what I had said to Lieut.-Col. du Paty de Clam when he came to see me. I had told him, "Say to the Minister that I am not guilty."

The President—Did you not say to Capt. Lebrun-Renaud, "The Minister knows that if I have delivered documents, they were of no importance, and it was only to get important ones in return"?

Dreyfus—I was recalling the conversation which I had had with Du Paty de Clam, and I said, "The Minister has sent to me Lieut.-Col. du Paty de Clam to ask if I did not deliver documents without importance in order to get some of importance."

The President—According to you, then, the words were those of Du Paty de Clam.

Now here we have material and a

plausible theory to cover the whole case, maintaining Dreyfus's innocence and honesty at the same time with the honesty of Capt. Lebrun-Renaud. The latter heard words of which he did not catch the import, and, putting them together stupidly, made out the extraordinary jumble which has passed for a confession of guilt. Dreyfus's simple and straightforward testimony clears up the whole puzzle and accounts for everything. But how do we know he is not lying? What evidence is there that Du Paty de Clam ever visited him and tried to extort a confession? Gen. Mercier himself furnishes it. In his deposition he read an official letter from Du Paty de Clam to himself as Minister of War which entirely confirms Dreyfus, and really gives the *coup de grâce* to this whole myth of a confession. Mercier read the letter for another purpose, and no one seems to have noticed how completely it makes an end of the alleged confession of Dreyfus.

In his deposition of August 11, Gen. Mercier admitted that he had been very anxious to get a confession from Dreyfus. So, he says (we translate from the stenographic report):

> "I sent to him on December 31 Major [the title is so given] du Paty de Clam with orders to say to him that, his condemnation being plain and definitive, I could do nothing as respects that, but that the Government could still do something in the matter of his punishment; for example, by giving him his choice of place of deportation, or allowing him means of communication with his family—that the Government would show him some indulgence if, on his side, he would do something to show his penitence, and especially if he would tell the Minister of War what documents Germany had received through him."

There, if ever, was the opportunity of a confession, with indulgence promised. But what was the result? An official report from Du Paty de Clam, in which he said (we quote only the material parts):

> "I have the honor to report that I have been nearly one hour in close conversation with Dreyfus. *He will not confess to anything*, declaring to me that above all he will not plead extenuating circumstances. . . . He hopes that within five or six years the matter will be cleared up, and that the enigma, which he canot solve, will be explained. . . . *I regret not to have had better success* in my undertaking."

What could be clearer? Secretly and formally urged by Mercier to confess, Dreyfus stoutly protested his innocence. Five days later, while again protesting his innocence, he referred to the approaches made to him, and the theories suggested to him by Du Paty de Clam, and was understood by thick-headed Lebrun-Renaud to have made Du Paty's language his own. Hence the trumpeted "confession," which turns out to be one of the easiest bubbles of the whole case to prick.

NO MORE ABANDONED FARMS.

The literature of summer has been noticeably wanting this year in dissertations on abandoned farms. In New England, where such farms have been most in evidence, the question has hardly been raised in the press. States which, two or three years ago, were issuing descriptive catalogues of deserted farms, and endeavoring, by systematic advertising, to bring tenants again to these once prosperous homes, seem not to have continued their efforts, or else to have incorporated their data in less prominent publications. Even at farmers' institutes and grange meetings, so far as reports of them have got into the newspapers, the familiar lament over the decay of New England agriculture has been chiefly conspicuous by its absence.

The reason for this is soon told. Discussion of abandoned farms has waned because that class of farms has now largely disappeared. One may travel far, through even the remote sections of New England, without finding any large number of farms which may properly be called deserted. The solution of what, at one time, seemed a serious problem has not, to be sure, been found in quite the way that many people expected. There has been no great "return to the country," and no large permanent addition to the farmer class from the ranks of those born and bred in cities and towns. That an abundance of cheap land, once the fact were known, would offset the attraction of great centres of population, has not been demonstrated. The abandoned farms of New England, once numerous and now infrequent, have been taken possession of by persons other than those who it was once hoped might flock to them. Some have been bought by wealthy and fashionable people, and turned into more or less elaborate summer places. Others have been taken up by professional men of limited means, drawn by the prospect of obtaining a vacation home at small expense. A good many have passed into the hands of owners of adjoining property, who have at last come to see that, other things being equal, a large farm is likely to be more profitable than a small one. Some have been acquired for the timber they bear, and a few have been bought for speculation. In one way or another, however, the list of abandoned farms has been greatly reduced, until in many sections the number is not greater than would be expected under normal conditions.

It is very apparent, however, that this change is none the less a revolution because quietly wrought. What the full effect is to be in the farming industry of New England, has yet to appear; but some of the results are already discernible. To begin with, the lazy, shiftless, and ignorant farmer, whose premises are an eye-sore to every passer-by, and whose dull effort returns but the most meagre existence, is being crowded out, and forced to seek a place better disposed to tolerate him. Further, there is a distinct improvement in agricultural methods. The complaint of many old residents that the newcomers are only "summer people," and not bona-fide farmers, will not bear examination. As a matter of fact, an increasing number of the once-deserted farms are being cultivated and improved as never before. Modern buildings, labor-saving machinery, and scientific tillage are everywhere the order of the day. The grade and value of stock, especially cows, and the quality of orchards, are unquestionably improving. Many old farms now support fine herds of high-grade or registered cattle, and return their owners a substantial profit from the sale of butter and milk. A strong impetus has been given to the movement for good roads. Of "fancy" farming one sees, on the whole, very little, for the reason that most of the new business is carried on by men with small capital, who practise economy not only because they have to, but also because it pays. What one gathers is the impression that an ancient industry, long bound to traditional methods, is being reorganized on a basis of scientific knowledge and business principles.

Socially, too, the effects are beginning to show themselves. The presence in a community of one or two well-ordered farms, economically administered, has an unmistakable tendency to provoke discussion and, eventually, imitation. There is a multiplication of wants, with a higher standard of living as its inevitable result. General improvement of the appearance of things becomes at once desirable and expensive. It costs more to live because one needs more in order to be satisfied. It seems clear that this upward pull, exerted by the presence of an increased number of persons relatively well-to-do, must in the near future cause a sharp rise of wages, and at the same time drive to the wall the small farmer whose ability or resources will not allow him to keep up. Indeed, both of these processes are now actually going on. In many parts of New England, farm labor is more difficult to obtain, and commands a higher price, than was the case five years ago; while the farmer with no capital but his hands, and indisposed to adopt scientific methods, sees both the quality and the quantity of his product relatively declining, and his chances of profit growing less and less.

For New England, therefore, the disappearance of the abandoned farms means social transformation. The day of the "old-fashioned farmer," who lived upon what he raised, and sold only what he could not consume, is past, never to return. The farms of New England are being taken up more and more by men who, not wholly dependent upon them for their living, devote themselves to special crops, do their work by hired

labor, and are themselves, for considerable portions of the year, absentees. The demand for a country place is accompanied by the demand that that place shall pay for its keeping. That the process will eventually give us a type of alternating town and country life, akin to that prevailing in England, is by no means improbable, if, indeed, such a type is not already established. The resident farmer, on the other hand, has but two courses open to him, if he wishes to be assured a comfortable living. He may accept the new conditions and become himself a landed proprietor and agricultural *entrepreneur* on the new scale, or he may resign his independence and become a hired man. For there is going on quietly, in our day, a social and industrial change likely, before many years, to give the development of the farms of New England into the charge of men who themselves never swung a scythe or held a plough.

THE PLAGUE AND THE EUROPEAN.

NEW HAVEN, August 31, 1899.

The bubonic plague is in Oporto. The wonder is that it has not found lodgment in Europe before this. But now that it has come thus far, it may be useful to inquire whether its previous course warrants anxiety on the part of European and American officials.

From the more or less sensational accounts of the newspapers during the outbreak in India in 1896-'97, it seemed as if the plague had appeared suddenly and then swept with great rapidity over a wide area. Even were this the case, it must still be remembered that the swift spread of an infectious disease in a sub-tropical environment by no means implies a similar power of propagation in the Occident. But it is a mistake to suppose that the plague appeared suddenly in alarming strength, or that it extended itself with baffling haste through an unprepared population. Not only were the people well warned and in a state of anticipation (that they were not better prepared was their own fault) as the disease advanced from one outpost to another, but each step forward was taken so leisurely that it seemed rather as if the Great Death were reluctant to fulfil its obvious mission and hesitated as long as possible, until forced by the very apathy of its victims to do its work. It is true that when its strength was fed and its appetite aroused, it did not loiter in its task of destruction, but the appetite followed on the feeding, and the feed was, so to speak, thrust upon it.

To drop the native personification, the plague even in Bombay, or at its best, was at first not a serious matter, and would not have become so had not the sanitary conditions been unspeakably favorable, and the people inconceivably loath to adopt defensive tactics against it. The latter was, after all, the more powerful factor in favor of the plague, as was well shown at a later date when it entered Calcutta. For filthy as is Bombay (and the wards where the plague first appeared were the filthiest in the city), Calcutta is even worse. The latter has the finest modern buildings and the vilest slums of any city in India; but, by the time the plague arrived at the mouth of the Ganges, it was met by European science, and routed by it, despite the opposition of the natives. The latter did what they could to oppose, not the plague, but the enlightened opposition to the plague offered by the "foreign tyrants," and that the death-list in Calcutta was so small is due entirely to the fact that the tyrants were in control.

In Bombay, not only were the natives in control for more than six months after the plague appeared, but they had pecuniary interests which went far to make them more apathetic than they are by nature in the face of "God-sent" calamity. To be plain, municipal affairs are in the hands of the City Council, and the City Council numbered many native fathers of the town, who owned and drew heavy rents from the very buildings which fostered the plague. The suggestion that some of the worst of these buildings should be destroyed was naturally opposed, but no less hostile were the worthy fathers to the demand of their few European colleagues that these houses should be made decent or at least be disinfected—for such a procedure would have driven away tenants and reduced rents. It was much better to let the tenants die, for then new ones would come in at once, whereas if the huge caravanseries in which live the lower classes were renovated or disinfected, prospective tenants would be scared away. No one wants to live in a house which has been infested with European magic-powder or in one liable to receive visits from European doctors.

Thus from the outset the plague was hidden, fostered, and encouraged. It began with a few victims, and had they been isolated at once it could never have spread. Instead of this, long after it had slowly gained strength in Mandvie Ward, where it originated, sick patients were whipped away at dead of night and hidden in the next district to infect an environment equally susceptible to disease on account of its equal filth and physical weakness. It is, in fact, an historical incident of no little importance in estimating the growth of the plague that Kamatipur Ward, which stands next to Mandvie Ward in point of filth and density of population of the lowest class, was deliberately infected in this manner. The plague had been confined to a few blocks, not because it had been encountered or hedged in, but because it spread very slowly, when a lad sick with plague was stealthily taken out of the filthy nest in which he was dying and packed off to Kamatipur. In three days the plague broke out in the latter ward, and so it was, as far as could be traced, in each advance of the disease. For whether the plague is contagious or infectious may still be disputed, but there is no doubt that, given the right soil, the seed springs up when carried from one place to another by the human dirt in which it breeds.

In June, 1897, I wrote in a paper, published that same summer in the *Forum*, that the plague had been exterminated through the energetic action of Gen. Gatacre. And so it had. For a fortnight there were no cases in Bombay. But then succeeded cholera and, worse than this debilitating stroke, the inevitable result of renouncing all precautionary measures. That the plague reappeared again and has been in Bombay ever since, is due simply to the fact that one inefficient committee after another has fooled with the disease. But, above all, and most careless and sinful, when the plague-infected residents who had escaped from the city began to return, no efficient means was taken to prevent their bringing back the plague. This is the sole secret of the long continuance of the disease. Two months after it was discovered, it was "under control"—result, discontinuance of precautionary measures and recrudescence of plague. Six months after this (under European management) it was stamped out—result, again discontinuance of precautionary measures, with revival of the disease, Gen. Gatacre sent to Egypt, the natives again in command of the town, and the town still in command of the plague.

But while it is evident from a study of the growth of the plague in Bombay that it can be headed off and stamped out, it must further be remembered that Bombay natives are not Europeans. Dirty as are southern Europeans, neither they nor their homes can compare with the lowest Hindus and Mohammedans of Bombay. There the plague had its best soil; in Europe or America, the conditions of climate and habit are such as to preclude the possibility of the plague making much headway if met at once by rational methods of defence. Irresponsible papers report that the plague has reached Oporto direct from India, possibly through infected hides! Both these statements are false on the face of them. No merchandise communicates the plague. This has been shown repeatedly, notably in the Marseilles plague. Further, hides "infected" (implying that the animals were sick) are an impossibility. The only animals affected by the plague are men, rats, and pigs. But, above all, there is not a case known where, even in human subjects, the plague germ has taken over twelve days to develop, and a longer time than this is required to come from India to Oporto. Unless, therefore, a plague patient was allowed to leave India, and gave the disease to another *en voyage*, the tale of direct importation is a fable. It was perhaps introduced from Egypt, where it is now mildly active.

The lesson for us to learn is that no very long quarantine need be established against the plague, and especially that even if it finds entrance into the country there is not the slightest reason to be afraid of it. And here the difference between Oriental and Occidental susceptibility to plague is most reassuring. Even the Bombay papers published accounts of deaths of Europeans; but those familiar with social conditions in India know that the half-breeds, Eurasians, always call themselves Europeans. Now the Eurasians died of plague like natives, but their families had the death reported as "European," especially if name and place were given. This was matter of common talk in Bombay, and indeed it was impossible that real Europeans should be confused with Eurasians in so small a society. It was in fact not till January, 1897, that any European died of plague, and he was a doctor who had not only been in constant attendance on plague patients for four months, but had, the day before he was stricken, neglected to dress an open cut on his finger. After this there were a few deaths among the hospital nurses and Italian sailors, who were in continual contact with plague patients. The ordinary European went about his daily business and even joined unharmed the soldiers

called out to help "inspect," that is, visit, the very haunts of the plague. Even in India a sufficiency of good food and daily baths were prophylactic. In the case of those unable to eat and bathe enough, as in the slums, immediate isolation and disinfection were all that was required, till, through the stupidity of the municipality, discipline was abandoned and the Great Death was invited to make itself at home. WASHBURN HOPKINS.

MEMOIRS OF MME. DE LA FERRONAYS.—III.

PARIS, August 23, 1899.

Madame de la Ferronays enters with some detail into the life of the Count and Countess de Chambord, which will be found interesting, even by those who are unable to read the memoirs of Dangeau. We learn in her book that "Monseigneur detested all public demonstrations of piety, and would not bear, in any other affairs than those which interest the conscience, the intervention of priests, any more than of women." In this last respect, he tried, probably, to differ from some of his most famous ancestors; but could anybody affirm that the Countess de Chambord had no influence over him, and that she did not use it, sometimes, to the detriment of his best interests? Speaking of Madame de C——, who was lady to the Countess, Madame de la Ferronays says:

"She was goodness itself, but also a nullity — the kind of woman that suited the Count de Chambord, who feared very much having in his house persons whose intelligence might incline them, by their necessary relations to Madame, to politics . . . . Monseigneur, besides, was very *autoritaire*, and I laughed inwardly when I heard good *ultras* express the fear lest, once in France, he should show himself too liberal. Nobody was less so than he. In the event of his restoration, he thought of organizing in France departmental assemblies to which would be attributed larger powers than those of our present councils-general, for the promotion of decentralization. All his sympathies were with the provinces and provincial people; he feared Paris, a little like Louis XIV., who kept a bitter memory of the day when, at the beginning of the Fronde, it was found necessary to take him out of it. The Count's confidants knew his views on this subject, and the secret of it was well kept."

Madame de la Ferronays, on leaving Frohsdorf, once made the tour of the Ottoman Empire. She tells us that she visited the harem of Khamil Bey, whose function it was to introduce the Ambassadors. The wife of Khamil asked her what she should think if her husband had several wives in his house. "I answered, to her great astonishment, that there was such a difference between Mussulmans and Christians that the latter had a different house for each wife." Perhaps Madame Khamil did not quite understand this answer.

Among the Senators of the new Empire were two Legitimists, the Marquis de la Rochejaquelein and the Marquis de Pastoret. The name of the first, and the favor with which the second was regarded by the Count de Chambord, rendered these desertions odious. The indignation with which they were received arrested on the slope those who might have been tempted to descend to the bottom. A Senatorship was offered to M. de la Ferronays, or, rather, to his wife; but it was refused, though 30,000 francs a year would have been convenient to a young "ménage à la portion congrue."

The Emperor's marriage to the Countess of Teba was celebrated with much pomp:

"We saw reappear the chamberlains in red uniforms, the ladies of the new Empress in grand court dress—all a novelty to our generation. The new sovereign, in the midst of all her splendor, was often bored. She had never loved the Emperor, and her heart remained faithful to the Marquis of A——, who had once been betrothed to her. On rainy days, in her idleness, the ladies of her household said, without blushing, that she took them to the rooms where her numerous wardrobes were kept, and that when she showed her gowns she gave them one after another those which pleased them most; it was transforming them into ordinary maids."

In 1861 the Duchess de Berry fell into great financial difficulties.

"The Princess, ignorant, like all the women of her rank, in money matters, had signed, without understanding their import, papers which involved her, and the Austrian law is, or at any rate was then, very severe. Even the Princes of the imperial family did not escape its application. The emotion and the fears of Monseigneur were terrible; to find immediately three millions was not easy. My husband had the idea of making an appeal to the royalist ladies, asking them to receive, each in the country which they inhabited, subscriptions for five years. This work, founded under the name of Maria Theresa, prospered, and was of great help."

The generous Duke de Luynes immediately sent half a million francs, and he would never accept repayment.

The Count de Chambord's sister, the Duchess of Parma, had been very unfortunately married. Her husband was assassinated on the ramparts of Parma. Carried to a mean house in the neighborhood, he had time to send for his wife, and to revoke publicly the will in which he had made Ward the tutor of his children and the regent of the duchy during their minority. The Duchess dismissed Ward, but she did not keep the regency long, as the duchy was annexed to the kingdom of Sardinia. She took refuge in Switzerland when she was forced to leave Parma, and fell very ill on her way to Venice, where she joined her brother. She died there, leaving to the Count de Chambord all the care of four very young children. "In the royalist party," says Madame de la Ferronays, "the death of the Duchess of Parma was keenly felt, and I have always thought that, if the life of this very intelligent princess had been prolonged, she would, in decisive moments, have exercised a happy influence on Monseigneur."

M. de la Ferronays died in 1866 at Frohsdorf, which had become the ordinary residence of the Count de Chambord after the annexation of Venice to the kingdom of Italy. Mme. de la Ferronays has since remained chiefly in France, and many are the anecdotes which she has to tell about the imperial court. She only occasionally made the pilgrimage to Frohsdorf. The marriage of the Princess Marguerite, daughter of the Duchess of Parma, to Don Carlos, Duke of Madrid, a niece of the Countess de Chambord, was long opposed by the Count, but took place in the end, as it was desired by the Countess de Chambord. The young Duchess of Madrid had always lived apart from the world, and at Grätz Mme. de la Ferronays remained some time with her, and initiated her undoubtedly into many things of which she was ignorant. "The Duke of Madrid was already occupied with the preparation of the insurrection which he was on the point of provoking in the north of Spain, and in which his brother, Don Alfonso, was of such help to him." Grätz is in the neighborhood of the castle of Brunsee, where lived the Duchess de Berry. Madame, as she was called, was an invalid, and lived with one of her daughters.

"Her daughters were all three married, and the second, a widow, contracted an alliance very inferior to what her birth gave her a right to, and which displeased her family, by whom the name of Madame Conti (whom I never saw) was seldom pronounced. It seemed as if Madame felt that she found in me one of the last occasions which life gave her of speaking about France. She put endless questions to me concerning this country, for ever dear to the great race of the Bourbons, which will always be its incarnation. She asked to be informed as to all those whom she had known, what they were doing, what had become of them."

When the civil war was on the point of breaking up in Spain, the Duchess of Madrid came to Paris, and stayed with Madame de la Ferronays, sending her to Italy with dispatches for Don Alfonso, who was then an officer in the regiment of the Pontifical Zouaves, and for Cardinal Antonelli. Madame Craven, the sister-in-law of Madame de la Ferronays, was living at the time in Italy, at Castagneto, near Salerno.

In the winter of 1869 Madame de la Ferronays began to open her salon, where she received all the society of the Faubourg St. Germain, which was still very exclusive, and all the distinguished foreigners. She speaks with much freedom of certain persons who much engaged public attention at the time, and among others of M. Thiers, who had become the head of the Opposition in the Chamber. The war with Germany was approaching.

"The state of health of the Emperor, whom death had already in his grasp, may be his excuse before history, and one feels some pity in thinking of what, morally and physically, he suffered during the year which has justly been called 'l'année terrible.' His state of health, well known to the Empress, was the cause of her desire for a declaration of war. She had no doubt that the war would be a succession of victories, and that, under the protection of a victorious army, in the event of the Emperor's death, she would become the regent of her son. Without her intervention, some of our great disasters and their fatal consequences would have been spared us. It was she who turned towards Sedan the army of MacMahon marching on Paris."

During the war Mme. de la Ferronays remained in Paris. Her son was in a regiment of cuirassiers; she herself became a member of a committee of ladies, formed on behalf of the wounded. As president of the work of Maria Theresa, she had entered into relations with many persons who could be useful under the circumstances. The committee met at the Palace of Industry (now demolished in order to give place to the new palaces for the Exposition of 1900). The part of the memoirs relating to the war and to the long siege of Paris is highly interesting. Mme. de la Ferronays did a very noble work in taking constant care of the wounded; her energetic character supported her in this great crisis, as well as the consciousness of the good she was doing. After the capitulation of Paris, she left France in order to see her son, who was a prisoner in Germany. On her way back, she stopped at Geneva, where the Count de Chambord was established with his wife. The Count took leave of her in

these terms: *"Au revoir,* in France. You have too long been visiting us; it is for us now to return your visits, and, but for M. Thiers, this would already have been done." "My illusions," says she, "regarding this fatal man, made me long keep secret these words, the last that the Prince addressed to me."

The latter part of the memoirs touches the negotiations which preceded the reconciliation of the two branches of the royal family, the attempts made to establish the monarchy which were frustrated by the refusal of the Count de Chambord to accept the tricolor flag, and by interesting particulars of the last moments of the Count de Chambord.

Correspondence.

A FRESH FIELD FOR ANNEXATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As the next step in our career of expansion, I suggest the immediate occupation of the island of Tierra del Fuego.

The advantages of such a course must be obvious to every patriotic mind. In the first place, the island is the undoubted key to the South Pole. This in itself should be sufficient. In days like these, when every nation endeavors to get as many "keys," real or supposed, as a stage-jailer in a melodrama, every American worthy of the name ought to desire such a superb addition to our own national key-ring.

The strategic advantages of the occupation would, of course, be enormous. Suppose that a hostile fleet, dispatched against our beloved land, should attempt to sail around South America. In this highly probable event, we could either bombard the miscreants from Cape Horn, or overwhelm them in the Straits of Magellan. Should further aid be required, a treaty *à la* Sulu could be negotiated with the leading Patagonians, the ladies of whose families are no doubt just as extravagant as their Sulu sisters. It is generally understood that the object of the Sultan of Sulu, in treating with the United States, was to obtain the means of supporting his harem; and who knows but that a few glass beads or bottles of hair-dye (judiciously applied to Patagonian heads) might lay the foundation of a treaty of incalculable value to the United States? To give an impoverished chieftain the means of indulging a set of extravagant chieftainesses is an excellent way to get concessions from the chieftain—and it would be just as valuable near the South Pole as near the Equator. While Uncle Sam, from his habits and traditions, may be rather new to this sort of business, yet it is to be hoped that the old gentleman will lay side his coyness, and follow the Sulu precedent in every similar case, thus showing his profound knowledge of the springs of human nature.

It is also extremely likely that if we do not take the island, some other fellow will. This, as we know, is always a reason for our seizing territory, whether we need it or not. And the difference, in point of morality, between our "occupying" land, and somebody else's "grabbing" it, is as apparent in this case as in that of Hawaii or the Philippines.

By occupying the island, we should also renew our acquaintance with our old friend the Monroe Doctrine, of whom we heard so much in dear old Venezuelan days, but with whom, since our Philippine achievements, we have, for some mysterious reason, been rather less intimate.

I am prepared, of course, to hear that there are traitors who would oppose the occupation. At all such I hurl defiance (in advance). To every true American heart (and to such alone do I appeal) the advantages of the plan I have suggested must seem beyond dispute.

Daniel Holsman.

No. 505 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia, August 28, 1899.

M'KINLEY'S PLAUSIBLE COLOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your remarks upon Mr. McKinley in the *Nation* of August 24 remind me of some words of Plutarch's about Cæsar and Pompey: "If they must have indulged their thirst of victories and triumphs, the Parthians and Germans were yet to be subdued; Scythia and India yet remained, together with *a very plausible color for their lust of new acquisitions, the pretence of civilizing barbarians.*" A. B. H.

Wentzville, Mo., August 27, 1899.

A SLAVE-BURNING ON BOSTON COMMON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In John Fiske's 'Old Virginia and her Neighbors,' published last year, several colonial burnings-alive are mentioned (ii., 265). These instances were in Virginia, South Carolina, New York, and one of them in Massachusetts. These are "cited as especially notable." "There may have been others," the author adds, speaking of these colonies in general; but he seems to have known of no second case in Massachusetts, for he says elsewhere: "There is one instance of such an execution in Massachusetts" (ii., p. 330), though his wish there was to extenuate nothing of the ghastly roll. Another instance, however, which escaped his eye, usually inevitable, he will recognize as "especially notable," like those he chronicles. Its scene was Boston itself; it was the earliest of its class in New England, and, after lying hid longer than the *Mayflower* Log, it has only recently come to light. What was it?

There is an old tradition in my family that J. B., an ancestor born at Boston in 1665, would never eat roast pork, and gave as the reason for his dislike that its odor brought back to him a sickening whiff of wind from a woman he had seen burned alive at the stake on the Common when he was a 'prentice boy. This story I heard in the twenties—perhaps as early as 1820—at the table of my father, who in 1770 was old enough to have heard and understood it, if told by his grandfather, whose birth was 1713, and who was himself a grandson of J. B., the original eye-witness of the tragedy on the Common. Our family has never ceased to reside in Boston, and nothing breaks the continuity of the tale. The first eating of spare-rib must, season by season, have brought to mind the ancestral antipathy to that delicacy, and kept it as familiar in table talk as any household word. No link in the traditionary chain appeared likely to be forged or distorted. Yet, or rather therefore, I early began search for documentary or contemporary confirmations of what was after all demonstrated but thinly. In turning over many volumes my quest was fruitless. Winsor's four elephantine octavos, which it would seem must have picked up every grain of wheat and tares in Boston annals, yielded me nothing.

So I began to waver in my faith as to the objective reality of the tragedy which our home circle had shuddered over for generations. Still, there was a kind of credence in my heart for testimony which had so long walked hand in hand with the records downward from 1713 in the folio Bible before my eyes and bequeathed down from many an ancestor. But full assurance did not come to me from without till after 1860, though it might have reached me sooner, and its actual coming was welcome.

In 1858 the only surviving child of Jeremy Belknap presented her father's papers to the Massachusetts Historical Society. A committee appointed to examine them found numerous manuscript extracts which had been copied by Belknap from a diary of Cotton Mather, which had been long supposed to have perished. The last of the extracts which they printed ran thus (Mass. Hist. Soc. Proceedings 1855-8, p. 320):

"1681, Sept. 22. A negro woman who burnt two houses in Roxbury, July 12, in one of which a child was burnt to death, was executed in Boston. She was burnt to death—the first that has suffered such a death in New England."

The 'prentice boy, J. B., who stood by this burning at the stake, was sixteen in the previous month.

The moral is, that genealogists will do well not to be neglectful of family traditions. They are clues out of many a labyrinth.

J. D. B.

August, 1899.

PIAZZA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Mr. Matthews's letter on "Piazza" in No. 1770 of the *Nation,* which I have just seen, reminds me that while I have never heard the pronunciation "P-H" which he mentions, yet forty years ago it was quite common to hear "pe-ayze" (accent on second syllable) in the country districts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The thing itself, as a covered veranda extending the full length of one or more sides of the house, was then supplanting the mere porch or stoop over the front door, and perhaps the pronunciation "pe-ayze" was a survival of the English "P-H." The tendency in the same country districts now is to call it a "py-azza," with a long *i* and the accent on the first syllable. J. T. M.

Philadelphia, August 31, 1899.

Notes.

D. Appleton & Co.'s preliminary fall announcements include the fifth volume of McMaster's 'History of the People of the United States'; 'A History of American Privateers,' by Edgar Stanton Maclay; 'Reminiscences of a Very Old Man,' 1808-1897, by the late John Sartain; 'The Principles of Taxation,' by the late David A. Wells; 'Oom Paul's People,' by Howard C. Hillegas; 'Russian Literature,' by K. Waliszewski; 'The Comparative Physiology and Morphology of Animals,' by Prof. Joseph Le Conte; 'Evolution of Atrophy,' by Jean Demoor and others; 'The Log of a Sea-Waif,' by Frank

T. Bullen; 'The International Geography,' by Nansen, Markham, Bryce, Davis, and others; 'Britain and the North Atlantic,' by H. J. Mackinder; 'Scandinavia and the Arctic Ocean,' by Sir C. R. Markham; 'The King's Mirror,' by Anthony Hope; 'Mammon & Co.,' by Edward F. Benson; and 'Some Women I have Known,' by Maarten Maartens.

Henry Holt & Co. will soon publish the 'Life of Dean Liddell,' by Henry L. Thompson, Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, with illustrations, some after the Dean's own drawings.

'The Circle of a Century' is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Burton Harrison about to be issued by the Century Co., along with a new edition of her 'Anglomaniacs,' with illustrations by Dana Gibson.

'The Lion and the Unicorn,' short stories by Richard Harding Davis, will shortly be issued by the Scribners.

Victor Hugo's Memoirs, translated by John W. Harding, will be published in this country by G. W. Dillingham Co., who also announce 'The Funny Side of Politics,' by George S. Hilton.

R. H. Russell's fall announcements include 'The Kings' Lyrics,' poems of the time of James I. and Charles I., gathered together by Fitz Roy Carrington; 'Animal Jokes,' comic drawings by Mary Baker-Baker; and a portfolio of drawings by the German artist C. W. Allers.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, announce a new volume by Mrs. Latimer, 'Judea, from Cyrus to Titus.'

Prof. J. Mark Baldwin of Princeton is about to sail for England to see through the press the 'Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology.'

The Rev. E. B. Parsons, Secretary (at Williamstown, Mass.) of the United Chapters of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity, is preparing a catalogue, one line to a name, of the members, with a brief history, the constitution, list of officers, and a select obituary.

'The Publishers' Trade-List Annual' for 1899 appears in unshrunken proportions from the office of the *Publishers' Weekly*. These united catalogues are, as we have more than once remarked, of value to the ordinary purchaser as well as to the trade.

From Macmillan Co. we have volumes vi. and vii. in the acceptable Eversley Edition of Shakspere's works edited by Prof. Herford, open in its typography and externally in simple good taste; and volume xii., still not the last, of Constance Garnett's direct translation of Turgeneff's novels, 'The Diary of a Superfluous Man, and Other Stories.'

In 'Webster's Collegiate Dictionary' (Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Co.), we have the latest and largest in the ascending scale of abridgments of the 'International Dictionary.' It is a full-bodied octavo of more than eleven hundred pages, in double columns for the vocabulary, which is reinforced by the customary introductions on pronunciation and orthography, and appendixes, consisting of a (new) pronouncing glossary of Scottish words and phrases, a vocabulary of rhymes, one of proper names, one of English Christian names, a summary view of classical mythology, a dictionary of foreign and classical quotations, etc., etc., and the usual supply of helpful illustrations. The greater fulness of the vocabulary selected corresponds to the higher grade in years and intelligence of the class aimed at; and that a much wider class will here find their daily requirements more than met, is past question. The plan and merits of Webster are too well known to need dwelling on. The etymologies are conditioned by the progress of the Oxford Dictionary, say as far as the letter G. The print is small (testifying to the inclusiveness of the work), but as clear as may be. In short, the new Webster will commend itself.

"The Duchess of Nona: A Complete Novel," by Maurice Hewlett, which appears in *Lippincott's Magazine* for September, is the same story which was published in the *Fortnightly Review* for July and August, under the title "Anima Semplicetta; or, The Duchess of Nona." No intimation is given that the story has already appeared in another magazine under a different title.

The *Library Journal* for August points out that, "since January 1, Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given the sum of $2,450,000 for the establishment or development of American libraries" in all parts of the country, leaving out of the reckoning all sums below $50,000. More than a half of the above total went to increasing his great Pittsburgh foundation. The bestowal of $50,000 on Fort Worth, Texas, for a library building, led to a mass meeting called by the Mayor, who exhorted citizens to come out with "horns, drums, bells, musical instruments, and any and everything that will make a noise."

A writer in a recent number of the Berlin *National-Zeitung* has an interesting description of the Körner Museum at Dresden. In the course of it he cites some particularly bloodthirsty stanzas from an unpublished "Song of Vengeance," ending with a holocaust of the French invaders of the Fatherland—

> "Damit kein Grab das deutsche Land vergifte
> Mit überrheinschem Aas!"

This poem was committed to the pocket blankbook presented to Körner by Frau Henriette von Pereira-Arnstein as he was about to take the field. The book, stained with the patriot's blood even to the very page of the famous "Prayer before the Battle," is now in the Museum, after a curious fate. Returned to the donor by Körner's mother, it was by the former given on request to the "philanthropic" Austrian Duke Maximilian, who carried it with him on his imperial invasion of Mexico. This is as if the original manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address or the Declaration of Independence should return to America by way of—General Otis and Manila!

The day after the murderous attack upon M. Labori, the lawyer of Dreyfus, the *Journal des Débats* had an impressive article on the old text, that lawlessness and sedition may not long with impunity be preached to the masses by an unprincipled press. The utter depravity of the Parisian journalists of the lower class, the abomination of their daily volleys of abuse against government, law, and justice, is—we say it with profound gratitude—unequalled by the worst performances of any newspapers in this country. And the same senseless abuse (not criticism) of the powers that be, which, with nauseating monotony, fills the columns of the cheap evening papers, the same incriminating names applied to the highest dignitaries of state and the courts, are echoed aloud without shame or reserve, mingled with the sacred words of *patrie, peuple*, etc., etc., by vulgar lips in cafés and other places of public resort. It is the conviction of many who love liberty and pity France that what the unfortunate country needs first of all is some restriction of the license of the press. "This pistol shot," says the *Journal des Débats*, "will not be the last one, and this sad affair [of Dreyfus] will end in civil war, if respect and silence before the law be not observed by all, or, if need be, enforced on all, to whatever party or faction they may belong, and if violence, hatred, contempt of justice and law, all the fanatic, anarchical, homicidal passions, continue to poison the air we breathe."

During the summer semester of 1899 just closed, the number of women in attendance at the German universities was 355, namely: Berlin 179, Bonn 45, Breslau 27, Erlangen 4, Göttingen 29, Halle 19, Heidelberg 13, Kiel 8, Königsberg 20, Würzburg 11. The absence of female students from Munich is conspicuous. We may add that the University of Strassburg has just decided to admit women to its courses of study on the same conditions as men. Hitherto this institution has been most obstinate in resisting the innovation. There is now no German university in which women may not pursue their studies.

The price paid by Germany for the Caroline Islands does not seem so extravagant after all, when one reads the Government's memorandum concerning the islands to the Reichstag, published, together with a map of the German possessions in the Pacific, by Dietrich Reimer (Berlin). The map shows the steamship lines projected by the North German Lloyd and by the Jaluit Company of Hamburg, which latter is already in possession of factories in all the more important islands of the Caroline, Pelew, and Marshall groups, and contemplates founding colonial settlements in several places best adapted for plantations of coco and sago palms, tobacco, and coffee. Three-fourths of the exports of copra, not very extensive, so far, and mostly in exchange for German products, is being handled by this company. The climate of the Carolines, the memorandum states, is almost entirely free from fever and greatly tempered by ocean breezes; the islands abound in well-protected harbors with sweet-water streams. The new steamship lines will make regular connections with Sydney, and thus include the newly acquired possessions in the Australian network of trade.

Among the maps published by Carl Flemming (Glogau) is a good up-to-date map of Africa (eighteenth edition) by A. Herrich, sold, like most of the series, at the low price of one mark. The scale is 1:14,500,000, making a sheet about thirty inches square.

An English expedition, which left Berbera on the Gulf of Aden in November last for hunting and exploration in Abyssinia, has just returned to England from Cairo. Its route lay through Somaliland to Harar, and from thence to Adis Abeba, the Abyssinian capital. The only sign of civilization, by the way, says one of the expedition in an interview reported in the London *Times*, was the telephone running between these two places, a distance of about 300 miles. "The stations, which are about two days' march apart, are mere thatched huts surrounded by strong high stockades. The dirty Eastern hut, with its Abyssinian attendant, affords a striking contrast with the telephone and the instructions to 'Ring up Adis Abeba.'" The line was constructed by a Franco-Russian company in which Menelek is a shareholder. Among the numerous evidences of the ac-

tivity of these two nationalities in the empire are a large hospital and medical establishment at the capital with five or six Russian doctors and a staff of dispensers. But British prestige is very high at present, Menelek having been much impressed by the Fashoda incident. Not only were there no difficulties put in the way of the expedition, but permission was given to travel in parts of the country in which no white man had ever been. Leaving the capital, it proceeded in a northwesterly direction through a region full of elephants and lions, and everywhere bearing evidences of Abyssinian raids. Crossing the frontier, it entered an unexplored country inhabited by people of a negro type and ruled by an Arab. From thence the expedition reached the Blue Nile, and descended the river to Khartum and Cairo.

Even at the risk of carrying coals to Newcastle, we would call the attention of students of sociology to the excellent services rendered by the Musée Social of Paris. This institution was founded a few years ago through the liberality of the Count de Chambrun, and is now every year giving upwards of a thousand consultations, oral or in writing, and always gratuitously, on any question pertaining to the material and moral improvement of the laboring classes. Questions of a general and familiar nature are immediately answered by the Secretary, but new questions and those requiring the assistance of specialists are referred for study to one of the sections of the Musée and answered after due investigation. All inquiries should be addressed to M. le Directeur du Musée Social, 5 rue Las-Cases, Paris, where a carefully selected library of some 15,000 volumes, and files of several hundred periodicals in different languages, are always at the disposal of the public.

The death of Robert Clarke of Cincinnati on August 26 removes a conspicuous and honored member of the book-publishing fraternity in this country. He was at first a seller, then a publisher and editor of books, while he amassed a private library exceptionally rich in Americana, which has happily come into the possession of the University of Cincinnati. Mr. Clarke was but seventy years old, having been born in Scotland in 1829. For nearly sixty years his home had been in the city by the Ohio. His services to American history (and particularly that of the Ohio Valley) as student, publisher, and collector will be long remembered, but, as he never married, he leaves no posterity to perpetuate his name.

—The *Century* for September is a "Salt-Water Number"—in a general sense apropos of the international interest in the yacht races for the *America's* cup. A thoroughly delightful contribution is Capt. Joshua Slocum's, first of four papers which are to describe his circumnavigation of the globe alone in a forty-foot sloop. The present instalment takes him from Buzzard's Bay to Gibraltar and thence to Pernambuco. It is immensely interesting, yet no more so than Bullen's "Way of a Ship" (after Solomon), which is an account of sundry ships he has sailed in and of their good and naughty ways of behavior, as full of charms and caprices as a dance of children. Another article of prominent interest is Robert S. Rantoul's "Voyage of the *Quero*," a true story of how Capt. John Derby of Salem took to England the news of the fight at Concord. Papers follow of every degree of saltiness—on lessening danger for them that go down to the sea in liners, on Chinese piracy, on the shifting of dates as one goes East and West, on Winslow Homer's sea paintings, on a Jewish-American naval officer of the early years of the century, whose life was made a burden to him for purely anti-Dreyfusard reasons. Even Alexander the Great in this number finds himself sailing towards the sea, his conquests in India ended; while the ever-obliging Franklin, in his character of scientist, absents him from lightning and stoves awhile to study the Gulf Stream from the observations of a Nantucket sea-captain. Mrs. Van Rensselaer writes a particularly agreeable account of the Cathedral of Le Puy. Perched on its rocky peak in the "recklessly improbable and pictorial city of Le Puy," it lends the value of contrast to the briny tang of the magazine, whose salt swash somehow sets one to thinking of the sea-officer who, on his holidays, always went inland and visited an agricultural fair.

—In *Scribner's* for September Mr. W. C. Brownell has a notable appreciation of Mr. George Butler's painting, with some attractive reproductions from the artist's work. Butler's portraits, he says, "seem the painting of his idea of the subject in its suggestive, stimulating, rectifying presence"; and this artist "sees things in color, evidently, which is very different from seeing color in things." Epigram, however, is the least merit of the paper. An interesting article on and from the Canadian Wilderness, by Frederic Irland, carries the reader into a woody and lakeful distance compared with which the ordinary camping ground is civic. Stevenson's letters now date from the Adirondacks in winter, whence, in his always fascinating style, he denounces the climate as "harsh, grey, glum, doleful," and shoots out the lip at Henry James for the over-use of "immense" and "tremendous." Contemporary interest chiefly attaches to Robert Grant's "Search-Light Letter to a Political Optimist," which saddles our public troubles on the average American voter, the good fellow who cannot afford to be too particular, but leaves that to the reformers. To "strengthen the moral purpose of the plain people" is the remedy without which it is vain to abolish dishonesty in high places. This paper should be made into an election tract.

—Pendant would appropriately be J. W. Martin's article in *Harper's*, "A Cure for City Corruption," which talks instructively of Municipal Self-Government. London, Birmingham, Glasgow, and the dawning day in Boston point the moral and the way. The most humorous feature in Mark Twain's creditable pages "Concerning the Jews" is his advice to them to "organize" in American fashion. Dr. Henry Smith Williams contributes a clear and well-packed history of "The Century's Progress in Experimental Psychology." Dr. Wyeth rallies again to the glorification of Gen. N. B. Forrest, and will, we fancy, have to reckon with criticism in declaring that the massacre at Fort Pillow was no massacre but fair fighting; that there was no real violation of the truce, although "to a certain extent both the Federal and Confederate commanders disregarded the strict obligations" of the "white flag"; that "a large majority of the negroes" within the fort, and many of the whites, having had free access to liquor, were "under the demoralizing influence of this intoxicant"; and that "no cruelties were practised by Forrest's men upon any prisoners, wounded or unwounded." The expansionist lesson for the month is delivered by Chalmers Roberts, who holds up the familiar object-lesson of Egypt under the British occupation.

—Prof. C. W. Colby's 'Selections from the Sources of English History' (Longmans) is, we believe, the first attempt to present, in a single volume of moderate size, representative excerpts from contemporary sources illustrative of the history of England. Selection is so much a matter of individual judgment, and, in the case of student manuals, is likely to depend so much upon the compiler's own way of presenting a subject to his classes, that no two authorities would agree as to just what should or should not be included in a book of this character. Prof. Colby's work, however, has been conscientiously done, and his decisions offer few occasions for other than captious criticism. To compress into a volume of three hundred pages, however, one hundred and seventeen selections, chosen from a period of eighteen hundred years, is, of course, to make a book adapted to elementary instruction only; and the editor tells us that he has been careful "to keep both passages and comment within the compass of boys sixteen years old." With this object in view, statutes and constitutional documents have been, in general, excluded, the extracts consisting mainly of narrative and descriptive pieces illustrating the course of political events or the social and industrial life of the people. A loosely written introduction deals with sources and their use; and there are brief introductions to the various selections. The arrangement is chronological rather than topical; the work, therefore, develops no special thesis and emphasizes no particular phase of the subject. Where, however, as in the United States, English history is generally taught, outside of the universities, in comprehensive courses extending over a year or less, the use of such a volume as this, in connection with the narrative textbook, cannot fail to enliven and vitalize the study and give to leading episodes something of human interest. The book is certainly to be commended to teachers.

—Prof. A. B. Hart's 'Source-Book of American History' (Macmillan) suggests a boiling down of the same editor's unfinished 'American History Told by Contemporaries.' The present volume has the characteristics already familiar in the larger work—a logical analysis of the subject, well-chosen selections, rigorous devotion to reprints *verbatim et literatim*, and elaborate introductions (in this instance by two hands besides the compiler's) on the use of the book. The result is a manual which every teacher of American history ought to know, and which every school-boy ought to read. In the more limited extent of the period with which he deals, Prof. Hart has the advantage of Prof. Colby; mechanically, too, his book is better made. Like Prof. Colby, however, he eschews "documents," and culls from letters, pamphlets, colonial records, and the like, rather than from the statute-book. Prof. Hart is nothing if not up to date; we are not surprised, therefore, to find the 'Source-Book,' which begins with Columbus's letter to Sanchez on the discovery of the New World, ending with extracts from Roosevelt's 'Rough Riders' and President McKinley's last annual message. We question the entire wisdom of insisting

as strenuously as does Prof. Hart, on the special virtue of an exact reproduction of archaic typography, spelling, and abbreviations, especially in works intended for elementary instruction. Such devotion to the old manner is very likely to fix the attention of young people on the form rather than the substance of the past, and perpetuate the mischievous notion that our ancestors were curious people, and not flesh and blood men and women like ourselves. Surely antiquarianism and historical accuracy are not quite the same thing; and, unless form is more than substance, Prof. Hart wholly misses the point in saying sententiously, as he does in his preface, that "to reduce the quaint and wandering sentences of our ancestors to order would be like putting Cotton Mather into the silk hat and plain black coat of modern society." Moreover, we think an editor ought to be consistent, and not, for example, replace the old long *s* with the modern form—and without saying anything about it, either. Still, this is a minor matter, of course, and will not seriously detract from the worth of one of the most useful historical school-books lately brought to our notice.

—No better proof of the effectiveness of the present Ministry of Finance in Russia can be given than by the fact that it has intrusted the department of indirect taxation to so scholarly and eminently practical a man as Nicholas Brzeski. The series of economic works with which he has enriched Russian scientific literature is rapidly becoming classical. He has now published a short résumé of the 'Village Commune and the Economic Insecurity of the Russian Peasants,' which is a lucid and final rejection of the whole system of communal ownership of land under which Russia still groans. This essay is the more timely since a commission is soon to be appointed for the purpose of subjecting the very unsatisfactory condition of the peasants to a searching scrutiny, and it is to be hoped that, in the interest of Russia's agricultural classes and of the country's future, the last traces of the system will be once and for all abandoned for the more rational holdings in severalty. When the serfs were emancipated in 1861, the visionary enthusiasm of communal ownership, superinduced by Haxthausen's discovery of the "mir," unfortunately prevailed over the sober judgment of a minority of counsellors, and the mir was left in full force as the lowest village unit recognized by the state. On the one hand, it was thought that, by leaving the land intact, and by frequent redistributions of its parcels according to the increase of hearths or male members of the family, the formation of a village proletariat would be an impossibility; on the other hand, the Government was mainly interested in securing an undiminished return of taxes from the peasants—the "taxable estate," as it is even now officially called—and this it deemed best attainable by making the commune collectively responsible for all taxes of each member.

—In practice, however, the very reverse of this has happened, in spite of all the remedial measures of the last fifteen years. The reparcellings of small holdings have in many cases led to the creation of such narrow strips that the harrow could not be run over them without interfering with adjacent plots; the uncertainty of keeping the same land in the next redistribution has disorganized thorough farming and has exhausted the soil by reckless cropping; hence the frequent famines. But, worst of all, since the affairs of the mir are settled by a two-thirds vote, the "fists" and "village ogres," the shrewdest members of the village, have systematically, in legal and illegal ways, enriched themselves at the expense of the less active, or shiftless, peasants, and, as elsewhere, the rich have become richer and the poor poorer. Nor has the Government even distantly been benefited by the measure. Mr. Brzeski sees no solution of the question, and no way of placing Russia on a par with other cultured nations, except by recognizing the individual peasant as a citizen, instead of subjecting him to the tyranny of the mir.

THADDEUS STEVENS.

Thaddeus Stevens. By Samuel W. McCall. [American Statesmen Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 12mo, pp. 370.

The Statesmen Series is a very convenient, handy-volume form in which to have the biographies of our prominent public characters, though a completely adequate treatment would sometimes require an exhaustive discussion of the history of an important period with all its measures and its men. Thaddeus Stevens is one of those parliamentary leaders who are peculiarly identified with the policy and the legislation of a critical time. We talk of the President's policy and the policy of Congress as distinctly marked in the political handling of our civil war, and should not be far wrong in saying that, within the Union party, it was Lincoln's choice of measures against the theories of Stevens which were in debate, as in the Reconstruction period it was a war to the knife between Stevens and Johnson. Mr. McCall's limitations in space have made a current sketch of this history all that was possible for him; but he has given it with fair accuracy of drawing, very properly making it his task to present the personality of Mr. Stevens rather than a full discussion of measures, or an estimate of the men with whom he acted and the reasons for his leadership. The little volume will satisfy the popular demand for a short story of the life of a man so prominent in the politics of the "war period," while it will be useful to the student as an outline about which he may arrange his more extensive reading.

One of the most important facts in Stevens's career is that he did not enter Congress till his fifty-eighth year, and then, after four years of not very noteworthy service, was out of public life till his sixty-eighth year, when he was again seated in the House of Representatives, the year before the election of Lincoln as President and the volcanic eruption of the great Rebellion. His national prominence and his phenomenal energy in active leadership were altogether in his old age. After the period at which the judges of the Supreme Court may retire, and when men generally seek exemption from turmoil and struggle, Stevens began a career, and, in a time of revolutionary struggle, for nearly ten years rode monarch of the storm.

But what had he been doing during the lifetime before the striking new advent? We cannot find much that is interesting in it. It was a very ordinary career of a country law-practice and business speculations in railroads and mines. We find him a competitor of Simon Cameron in local ventures both in business and in politics, but generally defeated in money-making competition and outmanœuvred in political ambition. His later admirers claimed rank for him among great lawyers. No doubt he was a forceful advocate in criminal cases and in controversies where popular effects are more important than profound learning. The strategy of debate and the power of invective are the qualities we hear most of. He had sought public position, had served in the State Legislature, and acquired notoriety in the "Buckshot war," one of those physical struggles for legislative control, half mobbing and half standing siege. He was evidently regarded as a sort of Ishmaelite, unable to work in harness with any party, whether Whig, Democrat, or Free-Soil; daring, combative, as troublesome to his temporary friends as he was formidable to his enemies. An important career did not open readily to him. His private life was a good deal of a piece with the rest. His lameness from a club-foot may have made him cynical as Byron's did. We hear nothing of him in social circles. He never married, and lived a lonely life to the end, meeting his fellow-men almost entirely in official relations, or in the informal groups in cloak-rooms and lobbies where his free and trenchant wit would always draw a circle about him, listening and applauding.

To such an elderly man, nearly a septuagenarian, came an entrance into public influence which he seized and made commanding. His judgment and intellectual convictions were with the party which elected Mr. Lincoln, but he could not be said to have prominence in it. In the House, however, he soon became known as a man who formulated in clearest phrase the most radical view of the secession struggle and its outcome. He satirized all efforts at compromise or conciliation. When the Crittenden resolution was under debate, declaring that "the war is not waged in any spirit of oppression" or to interfere with "the rights or established institutions of the Southern States," his way of cutting to the quick was well shown when he opposed such pronouncements by saying: "Ask them who *made* the war what is its object" (p. 149). A great war of rebellion being flagrant in fact, he rightly defined the actual task of the Government to be "to subdue the rebels."

It does not follow that because such a radical leader's ground was that to which all supporters of the national side ultimately came, Mr. Lincoln was wrong in keeping before the country and the world the principles of the party which elected him. The revolutionists asserted that they were forced to defend the essential rights of the States which were attacked. They had carried their people into secession by asseverating that the object of the Republicans was abolition of slavery within the States by force. Lincoln met this by calm reiteration of the disclaimer of any such purpose. In 1861 he said, If you now desist from rebellion, slavery within the States will not be attacked; but by the close of 1862 the proclamation of emancipation was in order, by 1865 the Thirteenth Amendment of the Constitution was a condition of peace. In such progress, based on public opinion in a representative government, the responsible executive wisely waits for the ripening of that opinion. The radical leader would not be a radical leader if he were not in ad-

vance of the policy which would at the moment be sustained.

When the time for reconstruction came, the defeat of the rebellion had made abolition a foregone conclusion, not only because the magnitude and persistence of the war had made more radical terms of peace necessary, but because the offer by the Confederacy to enlist slaves avowedly included a promise of freedom, and by necessary implication led to general emancipation. Abolition was not now a radical condition imposed by the conqueror; it was the logical outcome of the situation recognized and in principle accepted by the legislation of the Confederacy. All thinking men at the South confessed that slavery was dead. The nature of radicalism in Mr. Stevens now showed itself by demanding more than was thus confessedly won. He demanded immediate suffrage for the freedmen. In the general opinion of the country it was so necessary that a period of education and progress should intervene between the degradation of chattel slavery and political sovereignty, that Mr. Stevens boldly appealed to motives of mere partisanship to overcome the popular hesitation to step upon such dangerous ground. With negro suffrage, he said, "there would always be Union white men enough in the South, aided by the blacks, to divide the representation, and thus continue the Republican ascendency" (p. 263).

Up to this point Mr. Stevens's radicalism had been only the pioneer work in the march of enlightened progress. The country came gradually abreast of him. It admired his courage, his trenchant dealing with the logical results of doctrines, his apparent foresight and prophetic leadership, and it hailed him as a statesman. Now, however, he put in question all these qualities, and the doubt began to suggest itself whether his dominant impulse were not to ride the wave at all hazards; whether his radicalism were not an ambition to seem to lead, reckless of consequences. Certainly he failed in both parts of his forecast. The representation in the South was not divided, and the solid South has not undone all that was accomplished by the war. The failure in his judgment was due to a totally mistaken estimate of the character of the elements with which he was dealing, and of the forces which would operate in Southern society. He did not understand the human nature of either race.

The quarrel between Congress and President Johnson is one of the most humiliating chapters in our history, in which the unwisdom of the President was offset by the folly of the impeachment. Mr. Stevens had set his heart upon victory in the combat, and felt the defeat as a personal one. Certainly no statesmanship was shown on either side, and injury was done to the cause of popular government by a coarse wrangle in which there was a rivalry in unseemliness. The spectacle made us more and more amazed at the strange providence which permitted the murder of Mr. Lincoln.

We must conclude, then, that Mr. Stevens's fame and usefulness culminated in his work as legislator in support of Mr. Lincoln's war administration, and that he failed in the constructive work which came when hostilities ceased. His doctrine that the rebellion had destroyed the States engaged in it and reduced them to the condition of foreign territory acquired by conquest, was never sound law, and has given way to the accepted dictum of the Supreme Court that the republic was and is "an indestructible union of indestructible States." The great truth of which he was the champion was that the nation may subdue an insurrection by all the means of civilized war. In the practical application of this to the raising, equipping, and supporting of armies he won deserved renown, and his Congressional leadership was a real one.

In the impression he made on the public in his time, his personal characteristics had much to do. Age and experience modified the bitterness of his speech. His sarcasms became irony, and this was often of the playful kind, which amuses and gets the rhetorical advantage without provoking personal ill feeling. His age and his acknowledged leadership made him in a real sense the "father of the House." His witty flagellations, his gravely ironical exhortations, his paternal advice, all uttered in quiet conversational tones, which assumed that it was more important to others to be silent and hearken, than it was for him to exert himself to be heard, schooled the House to new ways when he was on his feet, and brought close around him a crowd of listeners, sure of being entertained and very likely to be taught. He had in a very high degree the "art of putting things," so that his brief, telling statements were often better than argument; for, even when sophistical, they captured at once, if at all, and to stop for analysis was to weaken or destroy the effect. His growing feebleness of body added an element of deferential sympathy to his treatment by his party, and made his eminence seem at the time almost an unrivalled one. It was inevitable that time should diminish this apparent importance. A brilliant and curiously interesting figure of the war period he will always be, but it will be the brilliancy of the partisan chieftain, not of the self-poised general.

RECENT WORKS ON DANTE.—I.

The number of new books relating to Dante and his works does not decrease, but the present year will hardly provide students of the life and writings of the poet with as many works of high quality as those which made 1897-1898 notable in the history of Dantesque studies. It is somewhat remarkable that three of these books were of a comprehensive and encyclopædic character—works of information rather than of interpretation—and all of them the result of the labors of many years.

First among them, as an original treatise, is the 'Dante, his Life and Work, his Relation to Art and Politics,'* of the venerable professor at Freiburg, Dr. Franz Xaver Kraus, whose writings upon Christian Art have long held a high place in the esteem of scholars. The erudition, the fairness of mind, the temperate and liberal spirit displayed in his earlier work are conspicuous in this vast volume of 800 large octavo pages. It is divided into five books, of which the first is given to the Life of the poet, the second to his Minor Writings, the third to his 'Divine Comedy,' the fourth to his relation to Art, the fifth to his relation to Politics, including his relation to the Church. The comprehensiveness of its design is manifest from the mere statement of its contents, but the breadth of its scope is not so extraordinary as the enormous stock of material which Dr. Kraus has accumulated and dealt with under every head of his subject. Nothing seems to have escaped the author's grasp, and his work is a notable specimen of the minute, laborious industry characteristic of much of the work of German scholars, and of the hardly less characteristic lack of discrimination in regard to the value of his materials. The book would, indeed, have been more useful had its author, following the example of Justinian, rejected *il troppo e il vano.* Nearly one hundred pages of the section entitled "Dante and his Relation to Art" are occupied with an account of the illustrations of the 'Divine Comedy,' in manuscripts, in the printed editions, and in the independent works of many artists. It contains numerous representations of illustrations of various sorts, some of which are of interest, and it affords much curious information on the subject, but it has little to do with Dante himself and might well have been reserved for independent publication. So, too, the elaborate analysis of the contents of the 'Divina Comedia,' which occupies more than thirty pages, might have been omitted.

In spite, however, of its defect of "too much," the book is one for which the student of Dante has reason to be grateful. It is not merely a compilation of the opinions of others and a compend of facts, but its most interesting portions are those in which the author sets forth his own opinions—opinions for the most part well-considered and based on ample knowledge. The sections on the minor works of Dante are distinguished not more for the amount of information which they contain than for the intelligent critical discussion of their contents, their relation to each other, and the light which they throw on the character and life of the poet. In the discussion of matters of controversy, of which there are so many of a nature to excite the bitterest passions of commentators, Dr. Kraus displays an admirable temper. His training as a Catholic theologian is of constant service to him as an interpreter of the poet, and his exposition of the doctrines of his Church and of Dante's presentation of them and general attitude to the Church and the Papacy, is liberal and luminous.

In regard to the much debated question as to the real existence of the Beatrice of the 'Vita Nuova,' Dr. Kraus supports the view of Bartoli, that she was a purely ideal being, or, in his unintentionally humorous and untranslatable phrase, "die Verobjectivirung einer tiefsinnerlichen subjectiven Conception." This interpretation, which draws some support from the tendency of the Provençal and earlier Italian poets toward the idealizing of abstract conceptions, fails, as we think, to take sufficient account of the distinctive qualities of Dante's poetic nature. He, indeed, shared in the disposition to dress the conceptions of the prose understanding in the garb of poetry, but his genius found its most natural and freest expression in idealizing the figures of actual life, and in exalting them from the realm of transient existence into the permanent world of the poetic imagination. There

*'Dante, sein Leben und sein Werk, sein Verhältniss zur Kunst und zur Politik.' Von Franz Xaver Kraus. Mit zahlreichen Illustrationen. Berlin: Grote. 1897. Pp. xii, 792.

may be good reason for rejecting Boccaccio's identification of Dante's Beatrice with Beatrice Portinari; and the 'Vita Nuova' is to be held not as a narrative of actual occurrences in their literal order and relation, but rather as an artificially composed romantic story. Yet this romance was not a pure invention of the understanding, a carefully elaborated and cold tale of allegorized abstractions, but, on the contrary, it was an ideal and poetic presentation of a real experience, palpitating with genuine emotion, hot with passionate feeling, and shaped by the imagination into the form which corresponded to its true relations with life. The evidence of the actual existence of the Beatrice, the woman whom Dante loved, which is afforded by the 'Vita Nuova,' the 'Convito,' and the 'Divine Comedy,' seems to us absolutely irrefragable, and to be disputed only by those who would interpret the nature of the poet by the rules which serve for the great prose mass of mankind.

But this is not the opportunity for a full discussion of such matters, or for treating the many topics of interest which Dr. Kraus's work presents. In brief, his book is to be commended for many merits, and there is no student of Dante who will not find profit in making himself acquainted with it.*

Valuable as Dr. Kraus's book is, it was, perhaps, not the most important contribution made by Germany in 1898 to the study of Dante. The year saw the practical completion of Dr. Scartazzini's 'Enciclopedia Dantesca,'† the crowning work of its author's labors in the field which he has done more to cultivate than any other living scholar. In some concluding words, written, we regret to note, in a tone of depression, he speaks of it as a work *che m'ha fatto per più anni macro*, too gigantic in its proportions to admit of absolute completeness in its first draught; and he promises a supplement, to contain what is needed for perfecting it, provided his impaired health allow him to fulfil his intention. He may indeed be congratulated on having already accomplished so much, and the multitude of students already under obligation to him will join in the hope that his strength may be speedily so restored as to enable him to carry out his design to its end. The 'Enciclopedia' is truly a gigantic work, its two volumes consisting of 2,200 closely printed pages of more than 400 words to a full page, exhibiting an amount of erudition even beyond that full measure which the best German scholars have taught the world to expect from them. It is, as its title-page states, "a critical and explanatory Dictionary of whatever concerns the Life and Works of Dante," including a complete vocabulary, not only of the 'Divine Comedy,' but also of the minor works of the poet; and this enormous undertaking has been so well executed that, whatever other aids the student of Dante may possess, this must be held by him as indispensable, and will be found an ample and superior substitute for almost all other books of reference, in its special department. It affords both an original comment and a full compend of the opinions of other commentators on difficult passages in the writings of the poet; it gives accounts, generally concise but sufficient, of persons and events mentioned in them; it deals with the incidents of Dante's own life; and it discusses critically the doubtful and obscure points of his biography and in the relation of his works to each other and to his life. The bibliographical references are so abundant as to direct the student to the sources of further information, and so exact that the path is made easy for him. The vocabulary, in respect to both etymology and definition, though not altogether satisfactory in its etymological portion, is a great advance upon that of Blanc, which, from the date of its publication, nearly fifty years ago, has been one of the most useful of the aids in the study of the 'Divine Comedy.' In this part of his work Dr. Scartazzini has derived much assistance from the invaluable Concordance of Dr. Fay issued by our American Dante Society.

It would be surprising if there were not oversights and defects in a work of such compass and such difficulty; but, whatever they may be, they are of comparatively slight moment. In this book, as in that of Dr. Kraus, the main fault is that of the "too much"; of an occasional heaping together of a mass of material when a selection from it would be more useful. The distinction between pedantry and learning is one which the modern German scholar and his American imitator find it difficult to draw, and a lack of discrimination between the important and the unimportant leads frequently to disproportion in treatment. Dr. Scartazzini's work is not free from this error, and a striking instance of it is afforded by his giving no less than twenty-three pages to the reprint under *Titone* of an essay, from his Leipzig edition of the 'Divine Comedy,' on the interpretation of the first verse of the ninth canto of the Purgatorio, *La concubina di Titone antico*. It would have been better to condense the conclusions of this discussion into a single page, and to refer the reader for the full argument to the volume where it originally appeared. The main object of the essay is to show the difficulty attending the acceptance of the interpretations of the passage hitherto proposed, so as to clear the way for the adoption of another reading of the verse and a new interpretation of it, proposed by Dr. Scartazzini in his notes to the Leipzig edition; and it is a little amusing that the essay does not inform the reader what this new interpretation referred to in it actually is, so that, unless he have the required edition at hand, he is utterly unable to determine what it may be.

There are, of course, many points in a work of such scope on which the opinion of a competent student may differ from that of the author, but there are very few on which Dr. Scartazzini's judgment is not to be held in high respect. We repeat, in conclusion, that the work is one henceforth indispensable to every serious student of Dante.

*It is matter of regret that a work which does so much honor to its author, and which has so stately a form, should swarm with errors of the press. At its close there is a list of twelve of them, but this is to trifle with the reader; we have noted nearly two hundred misprints, and have passed without noting them many more—most of them, indeed, of very slight consequence, and a large proportion of them in the citations from works in languages foreign to the German compositor or proof-reader. But some of them are serious enough to perplex the reader, as, for example, p. 448, n. 6, where the following reference is given, "Summ. theol. II, 2, 9, u. 60, ert. 5," which should read, "Summ. theol. II, 2, qu. 64, art. 5." On p. 475, l. 25, "coelorum indulationi" should be "coelorum circulationi"; and in note 4, on the same page, we read, "id est inter coelum et coelorum talis temporis virtuosa inferior infundetur," but should read, "id est inter coelum et coelum talis temporalis virtuosus inferius infundetur." On p. 87, the familiar verse from the 24th canto of the "Purgatorio," "femmina è nata, e non porta ancor benda" is transformed to: "femmina è nota, e non porta amor benda." But enough: "degli altri fia laudabile tacerci."

† 'Enciclopedia Dantesca: Dizionario critico e ragionato di quanto concerne la vita e le opere di Dante Alighieri.' Vol. i. and ii., sm. 8vo, pp. ix, 2,200. Milan: U. Hoepli. 1896-1898.

From Comte to Benjamin Kidd. By Robert Mackintosh, D.D. The Macmillan Co. 1899. 8vo, pp. 312.

Better-World Philosophy. By J. Howard Moore. Chicago: The Ward Waugh Co. 1899. 12mo, pp. 275.

Here are two answers to Kidd's 'Social Evolution.' It is a new indication of the usefulness of extreme positions in philosophy that that work should still be evoking refutations and replies. Dr. Mackintosh's book reviews the whole history of the application of biology to ethics from Comte down, and gives serious criticisms of the doctrines of Comte, Hatch, Spencer, Leslie Stephen, Miss Cobbe, Bagehot ('Darwinism in Politics'), S. Alexander, Huxley (Romanes Lecture), Drummond ('Natural Law in the Spiritual World' and 'Ascent of Man'), Sutherland, Ritchie ('Darwinism and Politics'), and Kidd—making a valuable history of this movement of thought. There was no decisive reason for beginning with Comte. The author might as well have gone back at least as far as Cabanis, the original author of the phrase, "The brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile," usually attributed to the compiler Büchner. Although Cabanis insisted that "the soul is not an entity, but a faculty" (a phrase, by the way, to be noted by those who imagine that all psychologists before Herbart regarded faculties as entities), and maintained distinctly that psychology is a branch of physiology and is to be studied in the physiological laboratory, yet he held that morality is, in some sense, obedience to the will of "the first causes." In truth, the idea of founding ethics on biology may be traced back to the beginnings of modern science. Its germ may be found in Servetus, who thought that, in order to understand the soul and its workings, the motion of the blood must be studied, and in Bernardino Telesio, the father of sensationalism. Still, Comte makes a convenient starting-point, being the earliest of the thinkers of this class whose works are still much read, whose influence is distinctly felt, and whose school survives.

Dr. Mackintosh devotes more than one-sixth of his book to Comte, a disproportionate space, considering how far the author of the Positive Philosophy was from anything like Darwinian ideas. Dr. Mackintosh's criticism seems to be animated by a spirit of fairness, and is certainly thoroughly studied. His ways of thinking, however, are not those of a scientific man. He sometimes intimates dark misgivings as to the foundations of what he calls "(finite) science"—suggestions about as profitable as inquiries on the part of a leper as to whether his leprosy was legitimate. What each generation has to do is to follow out the path that lies open to it—which for us is the path of scientific investigation. About the logic of scientific hypotheses and the logical status of natural selection and of evolution generally, Dr. Mackintosh's ideas seem pretty confused, as a long chapter on "The Metaphysics of Natural Selection," the weakest in the book, shows.

However needful biologists may find it to admit, for the present, that natural selection has been the main agency in the development of species, yet the presumption is

that any hypothesis concerning so complicated a matter, let it seem at first to accord as well as it may with the facts, will come in time to be profoundly modified, just as the hypotheses of general physics are undergoing modification, although this is a far simpler subject than biology. The physicists are unwilling to admit that there can have been life on the earth for so long a period as the Darwinian theory seems to require, or that the history of the globe has been so uniformitarian as Darwin, with unwonted warmth, assumed. The biologists themselves tell us that the life history of the individual reproduces, in outline, that of the development of the race. Now, individual development is at one stage very rapid and at another very slow. Moreover, if Darwinism has any lessons for ethics, we must suppose that intellectual and social development is due to the same general causes as the development of species. But no form of psychical development has, so far as history can trace it, proceeded at a nearly uniform rate. Meantime, there are very few cases, if any, in which we can say of any observed phenomenon that it certainly would have resulted from the action of natural selection; all we can usually say is that it very likely might have so resulted. But, as Dr. Karl Pearson points out, almost anything might result from natural selection. It is too elastic a theory to be very certain. For these and other reasons, though there is no doubt natural selection does act, yet we may not irrationally deem it unlikely that the adaptations of means to ends throughout nature are to be mainly accounted for by minute fortuitous variations together with the elimination of forms unsuited to those ends. Our direct observational knowledge of biological variations in reproduction leaves us altogether ignorant of whether there are any adaptations to needs in those variations, or whether they are quite fortuitous. We know no more about this than we do as to whether the ideas suggested by the law of mental association are, in their nascent state, at all adapted to ends or are purely random. To be confident that it is not so would be rash. But this does not justify Dr. Mackintosh in finding fault with Darwin's procedure in assuming the variations to be fortuitous. Science is not a fixed, unchangeable body of propositions. After a thousand years the general face of science may be modified past recognition. Scientific hypotheses are questions put to nature. In the game of twenty questions no skilful player begins by guessing what he thinks most likely. He seeks to fix one feature at a time. Scientific research is a much more intricate business, and various considerations go to determining what is the best hypothesis to try. But it is certain that if Darwin had made his hypothesis such as Dr. Mackintosh would have it, he would have blundered grievously in asking in one question what ought to have been asked in two.

Mr. Moore's book is as different from Dr. Mackintosh's as it well could be. Dr. Mackintosh does nothing but argue. Mr. Moore does not argue very much; he expresses his sentiments in a forcible and lively manner which is rather persuasive. Those sentiments, except, perhaps, in their strenuous intensity, are not particularly novel. He believes as thoroughly as Mr. Kidd in the natural egoism of man, and thinks that things never can go right until this is recognized, and until the main effort of education is directed towards its cure. He is particularly shocked at the manner in which man enslaves the brutes. He seems to forget that a horse must be treated as he is—not so very cruelly, by the way, with his valet and his every need provided for—or he would not be born at all. But human nature must be revised "with revolutional intent." Mr. Moore is quite sure "the sun will yet pour his fire upon an age . . . when it will be a crime for malfectives to beget." Mr. Moore spells *though* "tho" and *through* "thru." We know not how he would spell *height*, for his book does not, we think, contain the word. It is not one Mr. Moore would be likely to use. He would probably prefer *celsity*, or *altiment*, or *vertilation*.

Flaubert. Par Émile Faguet. [Les Grands Écrivains Français.] Paris: Hachette & Cie. 1899. 16mo, pp. 191.

This is the first time that M. Faguet, whose vigorous vivacity and amusing dogmatism are met with often in the *Revues* of these days, has appeared among the writers about writers who are creating the excellent collection of short biographies, or, more truly, studies, of the Great Writers of France. His volume slips into its proper place between those on George Sand, fourth in the irregular series, and on Théophile Gautier, the tenth. The masculine sprightliness of M. Faguet is well set off by M. Caro's unctuous seriousness in the case of George Sand, and his admirable freedom from "gossip" is doubly agreeable by the side of M. Du Camp's unwelcome confidences in the case of Gautier. The whole volume resembles, perhaps a little too much, its frontispiece—a reproduction of the monument to Flaubert at Rouen by Chapu, in which his head merely is given, and the "monument" is the figure of the Muse of Criticism, pen in hand, reading his works, while in the list of them at her side the one he himself cared for most is not included. M. Faguet represents, as this does, the judgment of posterity, and what he says has peculiar value from that point of view. But the judgment of posterity is apt to seem a little cold to the contemporaries of an author who, just because they are his contemporaries, have become his personal friends.

M. Faguet's estimate of Flaubert as a writer is so very high that it makes his want of appreciation of him as a man all the more marked. As a thinker, no one can defend Flaubert, but it never can be said too often that his heart was far more interesting than his head; and when M. Faguet speaks of the touching friendship he formed with "la délicieuse consolatrice des affligés," George Sand in her old age, one wishes that he had indicated the generous and ardent appreciation felt and expressed by the sadder spirit, whose unhappiness was greatly a matter of temperament and of physical conditions, and was much increased by his extreme sensitiveness and the tenderness of his affections.

As a master of the art of writing—"the art of creating with difficulty works of an easy and natural character"—M. Faguet places Flaubert among the highest. "Flaubert is one of the greatest writers in French literature," he declares, and the twenty pages he devotes to "Flaubert écrivain" are among the most interesting in the volume. He ferrets into the details of the structure of Flaubert's impeccable sentences with the most contagious eagerness. More than one of his remarks are noteworthy. "Flaubert may be considered to be a model for style. I say for style. His *language* is not absolutely pure. . . . In this respect I think Théophile Gautier alone in our time is faultless." A little later there are original and acute pages on the manner in which "the image," whether comparison or metaphor or symbol, presents itself to different minds. And, again, on the variety of *tone* in Flaubert. But the important part of the book lies among the hundred pages in the middle, where romanticism and realism are studied, and Flaubert's relations to them and the relations of them to his works.

M. Faguet is more than right in maintaining that the *fond* of Flaubert's nature was to a high degree romantic, and he could have brought a thousand proofs in support of this belief; but the essential quality of romanticism is its repugnance to realism, its desire to escape from reality, and this quality Flaubert had nothing of. His mind was divided between the perceptions of realities and the conceptions created by a lawless and fruitful imagination. "He liked to see with precision, clearness, vividly, minutely, and surely; he liked to imagine things vast, immense, colossal, terrifying, and somewhat monstrous." These two tendencies show themselves through the whole of his literary life, but never in full force at one and the same time; always in alternation. After 'Madame Bovary,' 'Salammbô'; after the 'Éducation Sentimentale,' the 'Temptation of St. Antony'; after 'St. Antony,' 'Bouvard et Pécuchet.' In the realistic works the romantic side of his nature reveals itself only through the intimacy of his knowledge of the quality. He had observed in himself its many degrees and metamorphoses, and his self-love was less offended by throwing contempt on its manifestations in weaker minds than it was gratified by marking the differences between himself and them in its forms. In his romantic works, the realist in him reveals itself only by his precise description of material objects.

Because Flaubert was the first who perceived that true art demands the essential separation of the two kinds of vision, he was the first true French realist. Balzac's realism was always much mingled with romanticism. Like Flaubert, he put pure realism uniformly into the painting of things, but there is much romanticism in Balzac's characters and still more in the events of their lives. The realism of Stendahl and of Mérimée was chiefly applied to exotic subjects, and both of them were more psychologists than realists, and succeeded in conveying an impression of truth more than of reality. These three great writers therefore created rather than satisfied a taste for reality. 'Madame Bovary' was a work of perfectly new character in French literature. What had been bud and blossom ripened into fruit, in 1857. In 1850 the *name* of "realism" had become familiar to the literary world in connection, oddly enough, with the works of the estimable and now forgotten author Champfleury; its existence was recognized. But it was Flaubert who decided its character and marked out its path. Twenty years later, the critic Émile Montégut, and not he alone, recognized the historic importance of 'Madame Bovary'; he spoke of it as "a

book that makes a date not only in the history of literature, but in the moral history of the nation," because "'Madame Bovary' has really been, for the false ideal brought into fashion by the romantic literature, what Don Quixote was for the extravagance of chivalry, what the 'Précieuses Ridicules' was for the influence of the Hôtel de Rambouillet."

The Gam. By Capt. Charles Henry Robbins. New Bedford, Mass.: H. S. Hutchinson & Co.

To the uninitiated the title of this book will require explanation. A gam, technically, is a great collection of whales gathered together preliminary to dispersal, when each goes its own way. Figuratively, it applies to a congregation of whalemen for purposes of gossip, story-telling, or for any sort of festivity. When two whaleships meet at sea, if the weather be fit and no business is doing, officers and crews exchange visits and indulge in a gam. In the present, as in other nautical books recently noticed by us, the author is introduced to the reader by some well-known writer who, in more or less fulsome vein, vouches for his veracity and the merit of his composition. In this instance Dr. Edward Everett Hale stands sponsor for Captain Robbins, who in turn "gratefully acknowledges the editorial suggestions" of a friend. Both of these functionaries are entirely unnecessary. The author is at his best when he is not edited, for then we have the genuine spontaneous talk of a deep-water sailor-man who had followed the sea for forty-eight years, during twenty-one of which he was in command. While the literary value of the book does not attain to that of Dana's or Melville's, it possesses a striking quality of its own that lifts it securely out of the rut of the commonplace.

The opening story, entitled "The Fatted Calf," relates to the return home of a lad after a first experience at sea. It is the least interesting of the series, for too much space is given to silly sentiment and to the description of domestic festivity at New Bedford fifty-eight years ago. Latin is clearly out of place in a nautical yarn told by the skipper of a whaler; yet in this instance the phrase "Absolvo te" is a common utterance of the heroine; and the hero is encouraged to tell why he was "a *persona non grata*" on board ship. The lot of a person *non grata* on land, with ample opportunity to escape local criticism, is not a happy one; but when he makes himself obnoxious within the narrow limits of a vessel at sea, the incidents that befall him may be readily imagined.

In the succeeding stories, the author, to his great advantage, is not so much hampered by the "editorial suggestions" of a friend. Consequently, what he has to tell he recounts in a bluff, sailor-like way that imparts unusual force and picturesqueness to the narrative. No better description of the pursuit and killing of a whale has been printed than that given in the story entitled "That Great Leviathan." Capt. Robbins here tenders an explanation of a whale's spout. The imaginative pictorial representations of it would lead one to suppose that a good part of the animal can be seen above the surface of the sea, and that the spout is composed of great jets of water. All that is visible of a whale from a ship's deck is its spout, and that is a mere column of vapor—the creature's breath. By the spout, the two kinds of whales, sperm and right, can be distinguished. The first has but one spout-hole, through which it ejects the vapor of its breath at an angle of about forty-five degrees; a thick spout and not very high rising from a point near the animal's nose. A right whale has two spout-holes very close together. They are much nearer the lungs than in the sperm whale; consequently the vapor shoots up higher, as straight as a mast, and it spreads as it rises. No liquid is ejected through the spout-hole except blood from the lungs during the death flurry.

For uniform excellence there is little to choose (barring the first) between the various tales of which 'The Gam' is composed. In that one entitled "The Albatross" there is an account of a hurricane described by a dauntless, clear-headed captain, the preservation of whose ship depends upon his resourceful seamanship. It is told in simple words, but so realistically and forcefully that it makes the reader feel that he is an actual participant in the perils which beset the battered craft.

Le Malaise de la Démocratie. Par Gaston Deschamps. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 1899.

This thoughtful book is a contribution to the popular discussion of contemporary France. Although its moralizing is principally intended for home consumption, it is calculated to incite similar reflections upon our own civic life, which, if it has not borrowed evil from without, has developed it from original causes with about the same results as in the younger republic. M. Deschamps's chapter on the decadence of the Deputy from a national representative into a metropolitan agent for his constituents, supplying them with information, introductions, theatre tickets, hotel accommodation, decorations, and, above all, places, till he becomes, not their representative but their valet, reads like a *fabula de te* for our own Congressmen. Not less familiar is the description of a newspaper press, in which the mere gathering, pell-mell, of all sorts of reportage, grave and trivial, under the name of "news," replaces a real editing of the day's events so as to give them their proper perspective, and the *coup de gueule* has *boo'd* down wit and reason.

M. Deschamps attributes the present demoralization of his country largely to the abandonment of the "Gallic" tradition and the adoption of exotic ideas and systems of education, in the hope of winning the material success of Germans and Anglo-Saxons. The youth of France is educated, not by great teachers, like Michelet, who blended with their lectures idealism and morality, but by the consumption of the husks of knowledge in vast quantities, thus developing a few great specialists and thousands of mediocrities. We accuse the young of irreverence, he says; but we offer them nothing particularly worthy their respect. He hopes for a regenerating revival of French valor, courtesy, chivalry, good sense—in short, of what he calls *un bon nationalisme*—and a reform in the state that will subordinate private interest to the common weal. As to the inevitable *Affaire* that obtrudes itself in all current French political discussion, he expresses himself (without hazarding an opinion on the merits) as detesting lies and nonsense *(mensonges et bêtises)*. His book is wittily dedicated "To the good Citizens who are afflicted by the Present and anxious about the Future—to the Great Minister we lack—to the Statesman we are waiting for." It will interest all whose happiness depends on the success of democratic government; and, as complementary to Mr. Lecky's more profound work on 'Democracy and Liberty,' should find many readers here and in England.

From Sea to Sea: Letters of Travel. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday & McClure Co.

The letters of travel collected in the first volume of 'From Sea to Sea' are newer to Americans than those in the second. They are impressions of India, China, and Japan, and, though not remarkable for purely descriptive quality, are all vivacious and readable. Remembering the date of composition, one is interested in the indication of some of Mr. Kipling's qualities which time has so fully developed—conspicuously, observation very quick, yet also patient and accurate, followed by decided opinion and prompt judgment not always profound or sound. Very clearly he blows a whistle of patriotic fervor that has expanded into the trumpet of Imperialism. The temper of the work is exhilarating. One is always in the company of a rollicking boy, who has already done a man's work and is off alone on his first long lark. He is a most companionable youth, shrewd, clean, humorous, perfectly sure of himself, differing from other clever youths chiefly in his passionate eagerness to know all kinds and conditions of men, and his all-embracing curiosity. The letters about America are really not so intemperate as they appeared when served piecemeal by the press nine or ten years ago. Some Americans have peculiar manners, habits of speech, and a mental attitude often objectionable to other Americans and always offensive to foreigners. This very alert and positive young Anglo-Indian fell in with men who "guessed" when they should have known, who never made a moderate statement, and revelled in lurid misrepresentation, who had little regard for human life and less for the honest administration of their country's laws. He loathed such men, and, very naturally supposing that they existed in this country in great numbers, proceeded to generalize in language neither kind nor civil. Nevertheless, he exclaims: "I love this people, and if there is any harsh criticism to be done, I shall do it myself." Following his steps, one wonders where he found anything lovable except the pretty women.

The style of the letters is journalistic, and one may infer from them that the Anglo-Indian is as uncertain about "shall" and "will" as any Scotchman. The bits that take literary rank are characterizations of people met by chance. "Old California," the "insurance man," the "old lady from Chicago," and a dozen others, have the touch of a born painter from life. In the articles entitled "The Smith Administration" the story-teller easily thrusts the journalist out of sight; and in the description of Calcutta, called "The City of Dreadful Night," an imagination inflammable and tragic is vividly present.

The Art of Teaching. By David Salmon, Principal of Swansea Training College. Longmans, Green & Co.

Is there no way by which the essentials of the delicate art of teaching can be appropriated by those who have never attended a normal school? The weakness of our normal schools lies, in part, in the scanty knowledge of those who attend them; in part, in the tendency to teach only methods and to exalt the particular method taught, as if there were not many roads by which a goal in education may be reached. Many of the ablest men who enter the teacher's calling lack that moderate amount of training which would have been to them an inestimable boon. The better the scholarship, the finer the character, the greater the natural aptitude, the more is it to be desired that the possessor of scholarship, character, and aptitude should have his attention directed to the general principles which underlie all good teaching. Can this be done by books? "Yes," we answer, and such a book as Salmon's is specially to be recommended for such a service.

It is noteworthy how many excellent books on the teacher's art have recently been produced in England. It is no longer true, as R. H. Quick remarked thirty years ago, that all "good books on education are in German." Salmon's contributions to elementary school literature are many and valuable. It suffices to mention his 'Object Lessons,' 'School Grammar,' 'School Composition,' 'Stories from Early English History.' He has now collected into the volume before us his views on the 'Art of Teaching.' The treatment of the subject is orderly, thorough, authoritative. He takes up first the fundamental matters of order, attention, discipline. Then comes a charming discussion of the art of oral questioning. Next follows an estimate of the claims upon attention of the main subjects of elementary study, with invaluable hints as to the teaching of each. The subjects treated are: Reading, Spelling, Writing, Arithmetic, English, Geography, History. This is, indeed, familiar ground, but the treatment is so able, so acute, so comprehensive, that there is constant variety and constant interest. A very valuable portion of the volume is the section of sixty pages on Infant Education. Not only are the history and development of the kindergarten here admirably discussed, but the original and valuable contributions of England to the education of young children are set forth.

Our first quotations from Salmon shall be in regard to Order:

"The cultivation of essential qualities in himself is only half the price which the teacher must pay for order; the other half is untiring attention to details. A dirty or disorderly school makes dirty and disorderly pupils. Easels, blackboards, books, all materials, should have assigned places, and, except when in use, should never be out of them. Maps and diagrams should hang straight. A basket should be provided for waste papers, and the use of it should be enforced. The habit, which many children have, of taking too much ink on the pen and shaking the excess on the floor, should be repressed; the repression will be made easier if the ink-wells are not more than half filled. The best wall decorations are not maps or charts, but pictures which are works of art. On window-ledge or brackets should be boxes or pots of growing plants or ferns. Children should be encouraged to bring them, and the tending of them should be a reward of neatness or good conduct. Nothing should be omitted that is likely to make the children take a pride in the schoolroom and feel that it is a semi-sacred place."

"The whole routine of the school should be regulated, literally, by clockwork. Lessons should always begin and cease precisely at the minute set down. All general motions should be regulated by word of command. There should be a settled plan for assembling, dismissing; standing, sitting; changing places or tasks; giving out and collecting books, papers, etc. Nothing should be haphazard, nothing left to the caprice of children."

"You may say to an individual pupil, 'Please to stand,' but with a class you should say, 'Stand.' "

"Never repeat a command."

"Having given a command, never proceed until all your pupils have obeyed it."

"Never assume that you may be disobeyed."

"Never threaten or promise."

"Never shout."

"Never sneer."

"The great use of order is to secure attention. Children should be taught *how* to attend. As Thring says, 'Sitting over your book and using your mind are not the same; breeches-wear and brain-wear are not the same, though the same time may be spent.' "

"Discipline is as essential to the growth of character as attention to the growth of intellect. Order aims at securing prompt attention to commands; discipline, at making commands unnecessary. Order says to a child, 'You must.' Discipline teaches him to say, 'I will.' Young children have no moral sense; the great end of discipline is to convert the non-moral boy or girl into the good man or woman. The first and last grand rule for the teacher: 'Remember that the end of discipline is the formation of the will.' "

Most wise and helpful is Salmon's discussion of the best ways of teaching the elementary studies. This portion of the book is a true teacher's manual. Our second quotation shall be from the author's discussion of the teaching of English. He begins with the teaching of English composition. No greater mistake, he says, can be made than to suppose that composition can be taught by correction of mistakes alone.

"The essay, like the 'sum' in arithmetic, is a valuable exercise when it compels children to apply instruction already received; but, till instruction has been given, the teacher should no more expect the essay to be written than he expects the 'sum' to be worked."

"Lessons in English have a double aim: the enlargement of vocabulary and the construction of sentences. The complete essay calls for reading, experience, reflection. As these cannot be expected from young children, the earliest exercises in continuous composition should be the reproduction of a short narrative, with an obvious point. To counteract the tendency of children to reproduce the sentences which they have heard, narratives in rhyme should be freely employed. Next in order of difficulty to the telling of a story comes (1) the description of a picture, a building, a village, a walk; (2) the writing of a letter; (3) an essay."

"When the essay is taken up, the children have already learned to express a simple thought. The thing now to be done is to give them confidence by showing them that they have something to say, if they only *think*."

The author shows most entertainingly how, by stimulating questions, the matter for an essay may be elicited. Suppose the subject to be the "cat." In answer to questions to the class, an outline may be worked out, and this outline may be written on the board, under the following heads:

The cat: (1) where kept, (2) why kept, (3) fitted to be a beast of prey (a) by teeth, (b) by claws, (c) by pads on feet.

The next step is for the pupil to make his own outline, not the exact copy of that which has been placed on the board. This outline or skeleton Salmon regards as essential in the teaching of composition. "A composition," he says, "which has no skeleton cannot help being invertebrate."

It is a genuine pleasure to commend without qualification this admirable manual. It is a worthy companion to Fitch's 'Lectures on Teaching,' and, like that book, ought to be on every teacher's shelf.

The Custom of the Country: Tales of New Japan. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. Macmillan.

The five stories in this volume admirably supplement Mitford's classic 'Tales of Old Japan,' with which they compel comparison and contrast. They are based on a class of facts patent to all keen observers, are framed in by the same phenomena of nature, and have for their general theme the unchanging passions of the human heart. The subjective element in Mitford is prominently masculine; in that of Mrs. Fraser it is pervasively and most delicately feminine. It is all the more unfortunate—a very gibe of fate, the "topsy-turviness" not of Japan but of English Philistinism or Yankee stupidity—that on the cover of this volume the bookbinder has stamped the Yoshiwara woman of the front-tied girdle and hair bedecked with sheaf of tortoise-shell pins. Mitford tells much and often of *her*, Mrs. Fraser never.

The author has potent elements for three of her tales in the lonesome bachelor of the "hong" and the drudging student-interpreter within the legation "compound," in the brilliant dancing girl and pretty geisha and the "airnest" Scottish missionary. Then there is the allowable and socially orthodox secret heaven for the man who indulges in "the custom of the country," and, over against and below it, the sure damnation of the conscience-driven man who marries a daughter of Japan.

In "In Tokyo," the Scotsman who lives chastely, though employing a Japanese maid, despite the protests of his clerical countryman against the presence of one "ower weel-favored for a single man's home," waits for his betrothed, to whom he was hastily engaged while on holiday in Europe. Happily he sickens and dies before learning that his affianced marries on her way out a fellow-passenger at Hong Kong and abides there. In "She Danced before Him" we have a story told with all the marvellous resources of a colorist in language, who knows Japanese womankind well. It is no daughter of Herodias who fascinates the young Englishman, but a genius of grace and motion, who by night, on land and water, charms a foreign lover, while in hours of drudgery at home she ministers to a leper. The touch of tragedy is not lacking in any of these stories, except the last, which is a pure comedy of smuggling and "Sealskins."

In the title-story, the stiff, narrow, and severe female Christian, who knows, apparently, little of the Master whom in name only she serves, is finely set as foil to the superb womanhood of the Scotsman's Japanese wife. The perils and penalties of the man or the woman who flouts the traditions and braves the orthodoxy of a whole civilization, are set forth with the literary power and the genius which we should expect from the sister of Marion Crawford. In "A Son of the Daimyos" we have a brilliant picture of modern native society in Tokio and of the new navy of Japan in war-time. On the pa-

lette of this literary artist are all the tints borrowed from ocean, sky, and earth, long and lovingly studied. Her drawing, "round as Giotto's O" and exact to a hair-line, sets before us the life of foreigner and native at the point where civilizations meet, while her coloring of language suggests the rich tints of Wores, Lafarge, and Parsons. The book is a fine corrective to Pierre Loti's 'Madame Chrysanthème.'

Between the Ocean and the Lakes: The Story of Erie. By Edward Harold Mott. New York: John S. Collins. 1899.

Thoroughly studied and skilfully set forth, the history of the Erie Railroad would present in epitome the history of railroad-building and of corporation growth in this country. Such a volume would begin with the railroad as a tentative novelty, ancillary to the canal, roughly laid with the crude notion that it might serve every one for a public highway, and must, after fifty years, be owned by the State; and would show it expanding till nearly all the travel and inland trade of the continent rolls over its solid bed, linking in a half-dozen distinct lines the shores of two oceans with hooks of steel. It would trace the railroad's financial and political growth, from the years when it was the sport of politics, standing hat in hand to beg for State aid, and the years when it bought judges and corrupted Legislatures, and swayed national policy. It would tell on what meat this our Frankenstein has fed that it has grown so great. And all the lights and shadows of the large picture might be copied from the story in miniature of the Erie Road. For the tide of Erie's fortunes, in its stormy fluctuation, has touched the high-water mark of railroad prosperity, and has once and again ebbed to the depths of distress and ruin. The Erie's long and swiftly changing line of managers exhibits men of supreme ability, statesmen and world-financiers, and also men of consummate villany, who just grazed the penitentiary. In its darkest days it was a treasure-ship, beset by pirates in collusion with its pillaging crew. Yet, even so despoiled, it is still an imperial property. It has always been a training-school for administrative ability, and the genius of its management to-day bids fair to redeem it from the errors and blunders of the past.

Now, of all the lessons that might be drawn from its varied and picturesque annals the bulky volume before us, of over 500 pages, reveals scarcely a hint. It is a lively, clever, newspaper relation of its outward subject, illustrating no principles by examples. It is little more than a miscellaneous mass of memoranda, arranged in some sequence, but without even an index of any kind. As such it may do service as a repertory of facts for some future student of that overshadowing problem of our day—the power of corporations.

From the Child's Standpoint. By Florence Hull Winterburn. Baker & Taylor Co.

The growth of non-professional educational literature is a feature of our day. This volume consists of thirty-nine little essays, or sermonettes, on practical topics connected with the bringing up of children. Some of the essays have appeared before in the *Sunday-School Times* and in *Harper's Bazar*. Among the subjects are the following: "The Flower of Innocence," "An Uphill Journey" (combating the notion that school can always be easy, or that work is a hardship), "The Right to be Understood" (a little girl, on being told she was too small to do what she wanted, replied, "Yes, I suffer a great deal from that!"), "Childish Affinities," "Cultivating Taste" (parents fail to realize that this is an important part of their duty), "Picture Thinking." We quote the following from the essay on "Self-Government: "When a child shows the disposition to self-excuse, the best plan is not to blame him directly, but to manage so that facts will convict him. It is also desirable to refrain from the common temptation to 'drive a fault home.' A look, half-smiling, half-accusing, is efficacious, but words rouse the defensive instinct and lead to excuses." The following is from the essay on "Nothing Lasts but Love": "The doctrine that misery is good for people is exploded. We hear it said, sometimes, with some complacency, 'I had a pretty hard time in my young days, but I haven't made a worse man (or woman) for it.' How do we know that? Perhaps we were made narrow, unsympathetic, selfish, by the very trials that seemed to have left no mark."

Mrs. Winterburn's essays give evidence of careful study of children and tender love for them; they are free from extreme views; they show practical good sense.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adler, Cyrus. The American Jewish Year Book. Philadelphia: Jewish Publication Society.
Baker, M. N. Potable Water, and Methods of Detecting Impurities. D. Van Nostrand Co. 50c.
Carpenter, G. H. Insects, their Structure and Life. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Dole, C. F. The Young Citizen. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 45c.
Decle, Lionel. Trooper 3809. A Private Soldier of the Third Republic. Scribners. $1.25.
Faust, Prof. A. B. Heine's Prose. Macmillan.
Goss, C. F. Hits and Misses. F. A. Revell Co. $1.
Herrick, Robert. Hesperides. 2 vols. [Temple Classics.] London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Jones, Rev. J. L. Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel. Macmillan. $1.50.
Longfeld, Prof. F. Inorganic Chemical Preparations. Macmillan.
Montagu, Basil. Thoughts of Divines and Philosophers. [Temple Classics.] London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. 50c.
Pritchard, K. and H. A Modern Mercenary. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.25.
Quackenbos, J. D. Enemies and Evidences of Christianity. Eaton & Mains. $1.50.
Ragozin, Madame Z. A. A History of the World. Earliest Peoples. New York: W. B. Harrison.
Shaw, G. B. Cashel Byron's Profession. Brentanos. $1.25.
Smith, Col. Nicholas. Stories of Great National Songs. Milwaukee, Wis.: Young Churchman Co.
Snaith, J. C. Lady Barbarity. Appletons.
Spears, J. R. The Fugitive. Scribners. $1.25.
Speer, W. W. Advanced Arithmetic. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Stephen, H. L. State Trials; Political and Social. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Macmillan.
Sterne, Laurence. A Sentimental Journey. [Temple Classics.] London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. 50c.
Sykes, F. H. French Elements in Middle English. Oxford: Horace Hart.
Tait, Rev. James. Christianity without the Conscience. Montreal: William Drysdale Co.
Tarbell, H. S. and Martha. Lessons in Language and Grammar. Book II. Boston: Ginn & Co. 70c.
The Embassy of Sir Thomas Roe to India, 1615-1619. 2 vols. London: Hakluyt Society.
The Warner Classics. 4 vols. Doubleday & McClure Co. $2.
Thomson, James. The City of Dreadful Night, and Other Poems. London: Dobell; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Thurston, Mrs. Q. T. The Bishop's Shadow. F. H. Revell Co. $1.25.
Thwaites, R. G. The Jesuit Relations. Vols. XLIX. and L. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.
Trent, Prof. W. P. The Authority of Criticism, and Other Essays. Scribners. $1.50.
Turgenev, Ivan. The Diary of a Superfluous Man, and Other Stories. Macmillan. $1.25.
Vlymen, N. T. Third Reading Book. [Columbus Series.] New York: Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss.
Warder, G. W. The New Cosmogony. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.
Warman, Cy. The White Mail. Scribners. $1.25.
Webster's Collegiate Dictionary. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam Co.
Weston, T. C. Reminiscences among the Rocks. Toronto: Warwick Bros. & Rutter.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1899.

The Week.

The real censor at Manila, about whose doings we have heard so much, stands revealed in the extremely interesting letter which the correspondent of the Associated Press has sent to its general manager. Gen. Otis and the officer whom he detailed for the duty were merely agents of a higher power, operating by cable from Washington. The acting censor revealed this fact again and again in such explanations of his conduct as these: "My instructions are to let nothing go that can hurt the Administration." "Of course, we all know that we are in a terrible mess out here, but we don't want the people to get excited about it. If you fellows will only keep quiet now, we will pull through in time without any fuss at home." "My instructions are to shut out everything that could hurt McKinley's Administration." Who was it that was so anxious to keep the people at home in the dark, and to shut out everything that would injure the prospects of McKinley's reëlection? Does anybody suppose that Gen. Otis was following out that policy on his own motion, with no intimation from Washington that such a course would be approved? What he was doing at Manila with the press dispatches, the War Department officials were doing at Washington with his dispatches. Nothing was allowed to come out that would injure the Administration. It has been a huge bunco game from the start, conducted with the blind hope that if the facts could be kept from the people here, some way out of the mess could be found.

We are not surprised to notice that the Imperialist newspapers are unable to find room in their columns for Gen. Lawton's views about the Philippine situation, as ventilated in the *Congregationalist*. The volume of expert opinion against the McKinley policy of peace by extermination if necessary is becoming too formidable to be contemplated with serenity. It includes now all the names of greatest weight in both branches of the service, and all the names of the newspaper correspondents in the islands. "I have never been in favor of violence toward the Filipinos. Rather than make a war of conquest on this people I would up anchor and sail out of the harbor," says Admiral Dewey. "What we want is to stop this accursed war. It is time for diplomacy, time for mutual understanding; these men are indomitable. All they want is a little justice," says Gen. Lawton, the military commander in the field in the islands, and the man who knows more about the Filipinos than any other in the army. Gen. Funston's view, expressed months ago, was the same: "Less gunpowder and more diplomacy." His latest view, now that the first has been overruled, is that "whipping the insurgents is the only solution; they will never surrender." Gen. Ovenshine, just home from service with Gen. Lawton, says: "I do not like to prophesy, but I think that with plenty of troops the insurrection would be crushed out within a few months after the dry season begins, but I may be mistaken." Crush them out, says McKinley. "They assailed our sovereignty, and *there will be no useless parley, no pause till the insurrection is suppressed.*" Are the American people in favor of this policy—this merciless prosecution of an "accursed war" against an indomitable people who only "want a little justice"?

The most striking and significant deliverance from the religious press that has appeared since the war in the Philippines began, is from the Chicago *Advance*. This is the leading organ of the Congregationalist denomination published west of the Alleghanies; its political sympathies are strongly Republican; and it fairly represents the feelings of the Middle West, upon which the McKinley Administration has depended for unswerving support of the expansion policy. The *Advance* frankly confesses that "the Philippine question is causing trouble of heart to many good people"; it plainly declares that some of the reasons urged for the subjugation of the Filipinos "do not commend themselves to the righteous sentiment of the country"; and it clearly exposes the fallacy and hypocrisy of several of the pleas for a war of conquest which have been put forth by militant clergymen. The conclusion of the *Advance*, that "it ought to be found possible speedily to improve the situation," difficult as that situation is, represents a sentiment which Mr. McKinley cannot afford to disregard.

The War Department has issued a statement showing the cost of collecting the customs duties in Cuba which might well draw forth some comment from Secretary Gage. For the first six months of 1899, the expense of collections in Cuba was 3.30 per cent. of the revenue, while in the United States it was 4.62. At the port of Havana this expense was only 2.37 per cent., which is lower than at any port in this country. The percentage at New York is 2.80, and it is excessively high at the smaller ports. At New Orleans and at Baltimore it is between 13 and 14, which is certainly large enough to demand explanation. When it is considered that the customs service in Cuba was a veritable sink of corruption, and that the reorganization has hardly yet been completed by the officers of the United States, we may look for even better results hereafter. We do not look for such results in this country, because the collection of revenue is here carried on to a great extent by politicians for politicians. When our army officers give place to civilians in Cuba, we see little reason to hope that the administration of the customs service there will be any better than it is here, and much reason to fear that it may be worse.

The action of the American Bankers' Association on the currency question last week was most significant. It adopted a resolution declaring that "the bankers of the United States most earnestly recommend that the Congress of the United States at its next session enact a law to more firmly and unequivocally establish the gold standard in this country, by providing that the gold dollar, which under the law is the unit of value, shall be the standard and measure of all values in the United States; that all the obligations of the Government and all paper money, including the circulating notes of national banks, shall be redeemed in gold coin; and that the legal-tender notes of the United States, when paid into the Treasury, shall not be reissued except upon the deposit of an equivalent amount of gold coin." This clear, explicit, and comprehensive declaration was not merely adopted by the Association; it was adopted by a unanimous vote, and "with deafening applause." While the resolution was introduced by a representative of New York city, the Association contained a large number of delegates from all parts of the country, and the fact that they were of one mind in taking this pronounced position is important and encouraging.

Even more so, however, was the position taken by the Republican State convention in Maryland on the same day with reference to the currency question. The framers of the platform put this issue to the front by devoting the first resolution to the demands of the financial situation. "We believe in the gold standard," this resolution says; but it does not stop with this statement, nor does it proceed with glittering generalities. Not only do the Maryland Republicans believe in the gold standard, but also "that all our currency should be made by law redeemable in gold coin at the option of the holder." Nor are they content with the simple expression of belief in such good doctrine. "To this faith," the resolution concludes, "we confident-

ly pledge the influence and votes of the Maryland members in each house of Congress." The Republicanism of Maryland, on the Atlantic seaboard, thus reëchoes the demand of Iowa's, in the Mississippi valley, a month ago, that "the permanence of the gold standard must be assured by congressional legislation giving to it the validity of public law," and that "all other money must be kept at a parity with gold"; and that "we urgently call upon our Senators and Representatives in Congress to lend their best endeavors to enact these propositions into law." If the party generally would show the same courage, the question of the gold standard might be settled finally at the session of Congress next winter.

The Maryland platform clearly betrays the embarrassment which the Republican politicians feel about taking a stand regarding the Philippine question. Of course, the resolutions praise the soldiers and sailors who took part in "the late war with Spain" (the Democratic opponents of expansion always do this), and extend their recognition of the army and navy to the bravery manifested in the fighting which has gone on since the war with Spain ended. As for the situation in the Philippine Islands, the Maryland Republicans "deplore the insurrection," and say that "duty demands that we retain and pacify them and safeguard the interests of commerce." But they do not declare that we must retain the islands permanently. On the contrary, the resolution goes on to say—"until the problem of their final disposition be solved in such manner that the glory of our flag be not sullied nor the liberty it stands for restrained," adding that "we repose our trust for such a solution of the problem in our wise and patriotic President and the Republican majority in Congress." This leaves the way open for the ultimate retreat of the United States and the concession of independence to the Filipinos. It is, verbally, highly significant that the policy of conquest should be thus quite ignored and virtually condemned by the Republicans in a close State, where they recognize the necessity of doing everything possible to strengthen their party with the people.

Virginia Republicanism became thoroughly demoralized when it surrendered to Mahone. That boss died some years ago, but the party has not yet recovered its character. A Legislature is to be elected in Virginia this fall, which will choose a United States Senator. The Republican State executive committee has just issued an address, not to urge an active campaign against the Democracy, not to advise the nomination of the strongest possible candidates, not to point out the way to secure an honest election, but to advise that no Republican candidate for the Legislature be nominated in any district of the State! The excuse put forward is that "for some years elections in Virginia, under the pretended forms of law, have been miserable farces," and that it is of no use for Republicans to go to the polls. A more contemptible figure has never been cut by any political organization in a State which it has once controlled. The masses of the party do not conceal their disgust with the managers who recommend such a policy. A convention to nominate Republican candidates for the Legislature has already been called in Rockbridge County, and this example will probably be followed in a number of other counties.

An interesting and important decision affecting the whole country has been rendered by the United States District Court for Arkansas. A few weeks ago a strike broke out among the coal miners of Arkansas, like the one in Illinois last year. The operators of Arkansas, like those of Illinois, found that they could hire men in other States, especially negroes in the South, to work for wages which their old employees had rejected. The strikers attempted to keep these rivals out of the State, and to make the courts help them in so doing. They alleged that the coal companies proposed to import armed men of a low and lawless character, and the judge of a State court granted an injunction restraining the companies from bringing in such men. Judge Rogers of the Federal Court has dissolved this injunction, and has laid down the broad principle that, under the Constitution of the United States, no State has the right to prohibit the citizens of another State from entering it in search of work. He points out that the fourteenth amendment guarantees equal protection to all, and he holds that under that amendment persons have a perfect right to go from one State into another in the pursuit of employment, and that it is not within the power of a State to stop them, so long as they do not belong to certain interdicted classes, like convicts, idiots, lepers, and persons afflicted with contagious diseases. As the men against whom the State court granted an injunction did not belong to any of these classes, the action of that court was null and void.

It seems that there is a higher office in this country than that occupied by Mr. McKinley. This office is held by a Mr. Gubbins, and its title is that of President of the Bricklayers' and Stone Masons' International Union. Mr. Gubbins informs the people of the United States that President McKinley will not be allowed to lay the cornerstone of their new post-office building at Chicago unless he becomes a member of the Union. Neither the President of the United States nor any citizen thereof is allowed to handle a trowel in the city of Chicago without complying with this condition. Should the President be so insubordinate as to set a stone prepared by non-union labor, that will be the last stone laid in this post-office building. The masons belonging to the Union will refuse to work on it thereafter, or to let any one else work. Whether any way of purging himself of contempt of this trade-union is provided we do not know; but there is some danger of incurring the contempt of a larger Union unless Mr. McKinley asserts his own independence and that of laborers in general.

Evidence accumulates from every quarter showing the intensity of the feeling against the great industrial combinations. This feeling is so general that it cannot fail to affect the issues in politics. The Republicans have control of the government of the country; these great combinations are going on; therefore, the Republicans are responsible for them. That is the manner in which the people reason, and the Republican party must take the consequences of the possession of power. It will have to do something more than pass resolutions if it is to maintain its control. This truth is dawning upon the minds of many Republicans, among whom is ex-Senator Washburn of Minnesota. He frankly says that unless some effective legislation is devised, the popular discontent is so great that it will probably bring about the defeat of the Republican party. That party, he truly says, "is associated with Trusts in the minds of the masses. We have reached a crisis," he adds, "as a party, where we have got to call a halt. The party must disconnect itself from Trusts. It should put forth its entire strength and legislate against them. The feeling in the Republican party is so intense in the West that, unless something is done, it will break ranks." So much for the disease; for the remedy, Mr. Washburn openly declares that the Republican party must modify its protective policy. It must abolish all protective duties where it is evident that a Trust is making exorbitant profits by reason of those duties. The duties on steel rails and on tin-plate should be immediately abolished. Mr. Washburn admits that when he was in the Senate he did his best to impose a heavy duty on imported tin-plate. He believed that it would establish and build up the industry, and it did. It built it up to such an extent that it has made exorbitant profits. The protective duty, Mr. Washburn with much simplicity observes, is being used to put up the price of tin-plate. He is frightened at the success of his legislation, and would gladly undo his work.

Gov. Roosevelt is left in an awkward

position by the action of the Comptroller of the State in deciding that something like $700,000 of claims for canal work against the State are illegal. The general ground for his decision is that in authorizing contractors to do the work on which these claims are based, without first getting the consent of the Canal Board, Aldridge and Adams acted illegally, and that hence the expense thereby incurred does not constitute a legal claim against the State. The Comptroller goes into the matter very thoroughly, citing the terms of the law and the acts of Aldridge and Adams, and makes out what seems to be a strong case against them. He shows that, under the plea of increase in the quantity of work, Aldridge and Adams really made changes in the original plans, and in so doing violated the law which requires such changes to be approved by the Canal Board. It may be that in thus proceeding in "direct violation of the plain and express provisions of the statute," Aldridge and Adams did not commit acts which made them liable to criminal prosecution, but can the Governor say again, in view of the Comptroller's position, what he said in his revised opinion of the canal scandal?—"I think the charges of corruption were baseless, and discreditable in the highest degree to those making them."

It has been generally supposed that the country is very prosperous, but the Tax Commissioners of the State of New York seem to hold a different opinion. Outside of New York and Brooklyn they find that the people are getting poor. In other words, these Commissioners have increased the assessed value of real property in New York by more than $165,000,000, and in Brooklyn by $14,000,000, while the assessments have almost everywhere else been reduced. Outside of the city of New York, the Commissioners find about $20,000,000 less property than last year. They raise the assessments in nine counties by more than $200,000,000, and reduce them in fifty-two counties by the same amount. As the assessments have already been greatly raised in the city of New York by the local authorities, the future of the property-owner here is not bright. Any morning he may wake up and find that an annual charge of $5,000,000, as in the case of the Ramapo water enterprise, has been fastened as a permanent lien on his dwelling, and, after his local rulers have plundered him, the State Commissioners descend on him with enlarged demands. The situation is a very serious one. Under the Raines liquor law a large revenue is collected in New York city for the benefit of the rural districts, and, not content with that, the rural statesmen are constantly increasing the valuation here. The total valuation of the real property in the State is now about $4,414,000,000, and nearly three-fifths of this is held to be in New York city and its immediate vicinity. The question naturally arises whether this community, having the greater part of the wealth of the State, might not be detached from the country districts and allowed to apply its revenues to its own uses. Our city government is bad enough, but the Albany legislators do nothing to make it better, and a good deal to make it worse.

Croker has returned and has resumed his benign habit of talking freely with the reporters. His remarks are unusually interesting. For the life of him he does not know who is behind the Ramapo grab. He has no money in it and no interest in it, but he has unbounded faith in Holahan and Dalton as honest men and devoted public servants. If they say there is something "good" in the proposition to pay $200,000,000 for the supply, the public can rest assured that there is some ground for the belief. As for being mere tools of Croker, the man who would say that of Holahan and Dalton would say anything. "They ain't the kind of men to take orders from any one." It will be useless, evidently, to get from them any light upon the real mystery of the Ramapo Grab. Croker feels sure about that; but he suspects that light can be obtained in another quarter. He does not think much of the course of the Mazet Committee in issuing subpœnas to Frank Platt and Gen. Tracy. "If they want to get at the truth of the matter, why don't they go to the fountain head?" That's what we say. Why not summon the Old Man? What does the boy know about it? Is it likely that the Old Man reveals to him all the secrets of the business? What the public wants is the news at first hand, and the Hon. Thomas C. Platt himself is the only man who can furnish it.

Mr. Mazet announces that his committee will not summon Senator Platt as a witness unless more occasion arises for doing so than exists at present. "To hear Mr. Croker talk," he says, "one would think it was the Republican party, and not Tammany, which is administering the affairs of the city, and is responsible for the conduct of the municipality." Tammany is unquestionably administering the affairs of this city, but who is responsible for that fact? Not Croker, but Platt. Mr. Mazet says it is the purpose of the committee to "sift the Ramapo matter to the bottom." Why not sift the election of 1897 to the bottom also? In both instances, as soon as the bottom is reached, two familiar Republican personages will be discovered lying *perdus*—Platt and Tracy. Why did Gen. Lacy loom at the front as President of the company when legislation was needed at Albany to put the Ramapo job on its feet? Why did he loom at the front as candidate for Mayor when it became necessary to put Croker in possession of the government of this city? Who was the man behind him in both these transactions? Surely not Croker, for by himself Croker could never have accomplished anything with either scheme. Gen. Tracy has not been Croker's man, but Platt's man, and if the committee wishes to probe Platt deviltries to the bottom it must begin with Platt.

The wave of arrogant imperialism which has swept the Liberal party in England from its old bearings meets with occasional resistance. Mr. Morley and Mr. Harrison refuse to yield, and their appeals to the consciences of Englishmen cannot easily be disregarded. The *Economist*, it is satisfactory to observe, realizes the folly of the domineering tone of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, and strongly advocates moderation. It insists that the concessions offered by President Krüger are properly accompanied by the stipulation that the integrity and internal independence of the republic shall be guaranteed. It is unworthy of the British Government, it says, to assume that these concessions are not made in good faith, and it holds that the discussion should be ended. The really sinister feature of the situation is that the more the Boers concede, the more the noisy section of the Outlanders demand. As one of them confessed, they do not want the vote, but they do want the mines. The *Economist* does not hesitate to denounce the outcry against the Boer preparations for war as "sheer, arrogant nonsense." The English, forsooth, "are to send out officers, troops, and ammunition, and the Boers against whom these are to be used are to sit down quietly and cultivate farms as if nothing at all were taking place." What is needed is a reasonable and peaceful spirit on both sides. Mr. Rhodes's brutal statement that there will be peace because Mr. Krüger will yield to irresistible force, and that henceforth the Transvaal will be in the hands of the Outlanders, is precisely the kind of talk which endangers peace. Even such resolutions as those passed by the Canadian Parliament are to be deprecated. They may have been meant to show affection for the mother country, but the *Economist* politely suggests that the Canadians had better mind their own business, and that it is not dignified or wise to assume that the fate of the British empire depends on whether a few thousand people on the Rand are to qualify for the suffrage during seven years or five. The *Economist* closes its very judicious review of the situation with the words: "Do not let an exaggerated imperialism make us ridiculous before the world. Our empire was not built up that way."

THE DREYFUS VERDICT.

"Le monde entier attend," said Major Carrière, opposing the adjournment of the court when Labori was struck down, and it was the truest word which came from him during the whole trial. It was really the jury of the civilized world before which Dreyfus was tried. Those officers at Rennes, ordered to find him guilty as they might have been ordered to storm a redoubt, had nominal but not the real jurisdiction of his case. The enlightened judgment of mankind has been passing upon the evidence as it was submitted from day to day. Nothing like it was ever known before in the history of the world. No trial of king or colossal criminal ever held the breathless attention of all classes in all countries as has that of this obscure French captain. His insignificant personality but threw into stronger relief the immense issues which were bound up in his fate. The telegraph made all men spectators at the Dreyfus trial—as they could not have been at the trial of Charles, or Louis, or Warren Hastings, or Robespierre—and in his person they saw imperilled justice, innocence appealing to brute force, martyrdom crying out, "Arise, oh God, judge the earth!"

And the entire world has not only waited; it has delivered its verdict—the only verdict that counts. Public opinion has been in this case a competent judge. The decisive evidence was not wrapped up in legal technicalities which only trained minds could weigh. It was a question of fact, which the rough common sense of mankind could form an opinion upon as well as the best judge that ever lived. And it should be remarked that the account of the testimony, as telegraphed, has been substantially accurate. Comparison with the full stenographic reports shows that all the material points were given to the world as to the court-martial. This time the thing was not done in a corner. There is no chance to say, as there was in 1894, that the judges, being honorable men, must have had in their secret proceedings evidence ample to convict Dreyfus. The doors were open; all of the 1894 evidence was repeated; all that five years of espionage and the efforts of the most skilled secret service in the world could rake together was added, and what was the total? A mountain of suspicion, a great "perhaps," a vehement assertion that Dreyfus might have been a traitor. Not one material fact was proved. That any documents were delivered was not shown; that Dreyfus delivered them there was not the slightest attempt to prove. This being so, a verdict of guilty condemns only the men who pronounce it.

They themselves, moreover, show by the fumbling and cowardly terms of their judgment that they know it to be in the teeth of the evidence and of morality. The verdict, in fact, bears every mark of being an arranged compromise. Two judges were for acquitting Dreyfus outright. It is rumored, and the result makes it probable, that a third was hesitant, and finally agreed to vote for conviction only on condition that the penalty be made light and that the court find "extenuating circumstances." Now this was precisely the plea that Gen. Mercier tried to extract from Dreyfus in 1894. It is practically a plea for mercy. But no, reported Du Paty de Clam, Dreyfus would not confess to anything; "above all, he will not plead *circonstances atténuantes*." Yet the court-martial now makes the plea for him! That is, it recommends him to mercy. So the verdict is: Dreyfus is a traitor; his punishment is imprisonment for ten years, five of which are already served, and if he could be pardoned the rest, the court would be very glad. Such a shuffling verdict is really a verdict against the judges.

"Military justice is not your justice," sneered Gen. Mercier one day, in reply to Labori. Evidently. In the light of the event, the conclusion becomes irresistible that the officers of the court-martial were expected to convict, just as they might be expected to execute any disagreeable military duty to which they were assigned. When Col. Jouaust deliberately excluded the critical testimony of Schwarzkoppen and Panizzardi, hopes of honest men rose high. He must be intending to acquit; otherwise how could he hold up his head after shutting out witnesses who would make it impossible not to acquit? But we see now that he was only a soldier, not a judge. He set his teeth and did this thing to "save the army," just as he would have blown up a house filled with women and children if it were necessary to save the army. He was armed with "pouvoir discrétionnaire," and he used it as if it were poison or a dagger, to dispose of an enemy of the French army. It was Gen. Mercier's "military justice," which we now see to mean brute force.

In our keen disappointment and resentment we must, however, be fair. France stands disgraced before the world by this terrible denial of justice; but let us not be unjust in apportioning the guilt. That the mass of the people hail the verdict; that royalist and Catholic newspapers acclaim it as the judgment of God; that the army is frantic with joy; that the populace who greeted the unspeakable Esterhazy a year ago as the embodiment of French military honor should now have only scoffs and hisses for the sufferer at Rennes, strong in his own innocence—these are the things which are black for France, and which will make men look askance at her for many a day. But the French Government is not directly involved; it did and risked everything to secure revision. French civil justice is not stained; the Court of Cassation held the scales even in the presence of the popular whirlwind, and there is no doubt what its decision would have been if Dreyfus could have been tried before the upright judges composing that tribunal. The mind and conscience of France came nobly to the side of Dreyfus. Even the popularity-seeking Brunetière will not dare repeat his mumblings about the *chose jugée*. It is not sober and informed France that is shamed by this monstrous wrong. What we see in it is the flaming passion of a misled populace, the malice of wicked journalism; above all, the frenzied fear lest anything be done to impair the prestige of the French army. The Dreyfus verdict is the army vindicating the army. It is French "military justice," which the world now understands to be the grossest injustice under the forms of law.

COLONIAL POLICY.

The people of the United States have lately been favored with much counsel from foreigners concerning the management of their external affairs. Heretofore we have had no foreign policy, and few entanglements with the foreign policies of other governments. Henceforth we shall inevitably become involved in such entanglements, and must necessarily develop some policy in the management of possessions in which other nations have interests. Therefore, we do not question the propriety of the conduct of foreigners in offering us suggestions. Some of their advice is good and some bad. The motives which prompt it are various, and much of it is colored by foreign prejudice and prepossession. Even when their motives are disinterested, our advisers are frequently ignorant of the character of our government and of the weaknesses of our administrative system. On the whole, with the exception of the counsels of such tried friends as Mr. Bryce and Mr. Morley, we can hardly say that we have derived much enlightenment from foreign admonition.

Yet there are some counsels which take the form of information rather than advice, and the value of these is undeniable. Mr. Alleyne Ireland, in a paper read before the Social Science Association at Saratoga, has thrown a strong light on the financial administration of colonies, and his statements deserve general attention. He begins with a proposition which we have steadily maintained, but which is entirely contrary to the theories which our dominant party has professed as well as to the practice of our government. It is the simple proposition that trade is barter, with the corollaries that it is impossible to sell much to people who produce little, to sell more to people, in the long run, than we buy of them, or to export without importing. In illustrating this proposition, Mr. Ireland shows that the idea that colonies

should yield a direct revenue to the sovereign state has been entirely exploded. It is only the British colonies that deserve particular attention, and to-day Mr. Ireland tells us, not a single British colony contributes a cent to the imperial treasury. These colonies are divided into those which are self-governing and those which are not. Self-governing colonies are outside the field of this discussion, and practically all the colonies administered by the British Government lie within the tropics. In Mr. Ireland's words, "Every colony which manages its own finances lies outside the tropics; every colony within the tropics has its finances controlled by the home Government."

When we examine the statistics of trade, we are at once struck with the fact that tropical peoples are very poor customers. They are indisposed to exertion; they therefore produce little and can consume little. During the period 1893 to 1897, " the United Kingdom imported yearly from her non-tropical countries goods to the value of $23.18 per head of the population of those colonies, while from her tropical colonies she imported only sixty-six cents' worth of goods per capita. In other words, as a source of supply, each man, woman, and child in the non-tropical colonies was thirty-five times more valuable to the United Kingdom than an inhabitant of the tropical colonies." Owing to the large investments of British capital in the non-tropical colonies, which yield their return in the merchandise that they send to England, exports to these colonies are less than imports from them, and now amount to only $12.32 per capita; but the exports to the tropical colonies nearly balance the imports, being but seventy-one cents per capita. Even on the basis of exports alone, the value of the people of the non-tropical colonies, as customers, is nearly twenty times that of the people of the tropical colonies.

On further examination, however, we find a great difference between the tropical colonies. Some of them are much more valuable customers than others. This difference Mr. Ireland attributes to the difference in labor conditions. In some colonies the labor supply consists of imported contract labor. In others the population is so dense as to press on the means of subsistence. In the third class the natives are not so numerous as to be forced to hire out as laborers or starve, and no laborers are imported. In colonies of the first class the exports are very large, amounting in British Guiana, Mauritius, and Trinidad during the period from 1882 to 1891 to the yearly average per head of $45.58. In colonies of the second class this average is not much more than half as great, and in the third it is only one-quarter.

Since there are very few parts of the tropics where there is any pressure of population on the food supply, we may eliminate the second class of colonies from the problem. We are thus brought face to face with the alternative: either introduce contract labor, or be content with meagre returns from tropical colonies; either establish some form of slavery—for that is what is meant by "contract labor"—and make money, or let men be free, and lose it. So long as men are free they will not bind themselves to work continuously, and they cannot be utilized by absent capitalists unless they work continuously. As Mr. Ireland says, the necessity for the use of imported contract labor in tropical colonies arises from the fact that when a man can satisfy all his wants merely from the bounty of nature, he will not devote himself to steady work. If the tropical colonies are to be developed, some way of making people work must be found, and the device of getting them to make contracts for long terms is the only way that has proved successful.

Mr. Ireland remarks: "I am not prepared to claim that we have any right to go to the man in the tropics and say to him: Come, quit this life of pleasant idleness and work five days a week for me." That is not the aspect of the case which he undertook to discuss; but it is precisely the aspect of the case which the people of this country must consider. They may rely on Mr. Ireland's statement that if they expect to make a profit out of their tropical possessions they must introduce contract labor. If they do so, they must declare that it is right to say to the man in the tropics, Come work for me; and to punish him if he does not comply with the terms of his contract. This issue has been shirked hitherto, but it cannot be shirked much longer. We read that thirty-six Galician laborers have just been released from jail in Hawaii, having been imprisoned since last September for breaking their contracts. Compulsion of this kind must be maintained if our dreams of colonial wealth are to be realized, and very soon the people of the United States will have to say whether or no the principle of slavery shall be reëstablished.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN.

The States of the Union have so generally made the terms of their Governors either two years or four, and put the elections of these officials in the even-numbered years, that there are only a half-dozen commonwealths among the forty-five which will choose their executives in the fall of 1899—Massachusetts in the East, Mississippi in the South, Maryland, Kentucky, Ohio, and Iowa in the central belt running west from the Atlantic. Two other States, Pennsylvania and Nebraska, are to elect minor State officers, and members of the Legislature are to be chosen in New York, New Jersey, and Virginia, as well as in most of the States which elect Governors. These new Legislatures in Iowa, Virginia, and Mississippi will have United States Senatorships to dispose of.

So many of the few States in this brief list are one-sided in politics that the range of popular interest in the fall campaign is very limited. In Virginia and Mississippi there is no Republican opposition, and the real election in each of these States is decided when the Democrats make their nominations for the offices at stake. Massachusetts and Iowa are so overwhelmingly Republican that there is only a languid curiosity to see how bad the inevitable Democratic defeat will be this time. Pennsylvania can be in doubt only when the Republican opponents of Quay heartily coöperate with the Democrats in a fight against him, and this year the Republican "insurgents" are entirely inactive. Republican success in the legislative elections in New Jersey seems certain.

There remain two of what used to be called the border States, and two more in what was once the West, which are having campaigns of much interest. Both Maryland and Kentucky elected Republican Governors in 1895, and thus broke a record of Democratic victories which had not been interrupted for a generation. Success proved a hard strain for the victors in each case, and bitter factional controversies have arisen among the Republicans, which injure their chances this year in both Kentucky and Maryland. In Kentucky, however, there is a fight among the Democrats which is so bitter that it makes Republican dissensions seem by comparison like friendly intercourse. The "regular" candidate secured his nomination by methods so offensive, and he is personally so detested by a large element in his party, that another Democrat, who is a vigorous campaigner, has taken the field with abundant support, and Republican success seems certain if the present conditions shall continue until election day.

A campaign for Governor in Ohio is always watched with interest by the nation—especially when it comes the year before a Presidential election, and the man who is President, and the probable candidate of his party for another term, is from Ohio. Of course, there is trouble among the Republicans of Ohio this year; there always is. The contest before the State convention between Hanna and the wing of his party which opposes him was very bitter, and harmony has not been restored since the triumph of the boss. But there is even more bitter warfare among the Democrats, and an important element in the party openly repudiates the nomination of their boss, John R. McLean, for Governor. The candidate put by Hanna at the head of his ticket is personally a good man, and it will be much easier for dissatisfied Republicans to support him than for the

outraged Democrats to accept the man in their party whom they most detest.

The choice of a judge of the Supreme Court in Nebraska would attract no notice outside of the State except for one consideration. Nebraska is Bryan's State, this is the last contest in it before the national campaign in which there is every indication that he will again be a candidate for the Presidency, and he has appealed to Nebraska to "lead the van in the great victory which must crown the great conflict of 1900." Bryan himself engineered a fusion of the Democrats, Populists, and Silver Republicans upon one ticket, but so many currents and cross-currents of State interests are running at present that the set of the tide is not as yet visible.

It would not be fair to omit New York from the States about which a good deal of curiosity is felt. No official is to be voted for by all the people, but the lower branch of the Legislature is to be chosen. The Democrats are going to make a hard fight for the control of the Assembly, and hope to do a good deal better than last year, when the Republicans secured 86 of the 150 seats. A Democratic majority this fall would be a serious thing for Gov. Roosevelt, and would be interpreted as a sign of reaction against the Republicans in a State which, if not of late years the "pivotal" one, will always be regarded by politicians of both parties as most important.

The campaign has not yet fully developed in any section. One drift of sentiment, however, is already visible. The people have largely lost their old absorption in the silver question. They are thinking chiefly about the situation in the Philippines, and they are forcing the politicians, somewhat against their wishes in many cases, to let the issue of expansion come to the front. The Republican managers are generally inclined to evade positive declarations. The Democratic politicians are all the time being pushed into more pronounced opposition to the policy of imperialism. The indications at the beginning of September are that, by the opening of November, expansion will be the general theme of discussion.

COLLEGE GRADUATES AND TEACHERS.

The destiny of the swelling host of doctors of philosophy and holders of other higher academic degrees is rapidly attaining the importance of an educational problem. The number of persons, both men and women, so distinguished not only is rapidly increasing, but shows no sign of reaching, in the immediate future, its limit. There is already a portentous list of young scholars who have spent two or three years at some American or European university, acquired much weight of learning in some special department, published a monograph or two, and, perhaps, enjoyed a period of foreign travel. With comparatively few exceptions, they all look forward to teaching as their profession; with equally few exceptions, also, they confidently expect to find their opportunity in some college or university. Some, indeed, with predominantly scientific training, go into business, or find their career as experts in commercial or industrial undertakings. To the great majority, however, openings in such directions make no appeal. Their ambition looks elsewhere for success. To be scholars, and occupy chairs in universities, is their purpose and hope.

That such an ambition is a legitimate and honorable one none, of course, would question. One of its effects, however, has been to cause the supply of specialists steadily to exceed the demand. University officials confess to increasing difficulty in "placing" their men; and there seems little prospect of change. Able and distinguished professors are loath to retire, and seldom resign. Comparatively few new chairs are established from year to year, and the founding of new institutions, once a pleasant diversion of the wealthy, is now, fortunately, infrequent. With all the vigorous growth of the better grade of colleges and universities, there are still more transfers and promotions than additions. The net annual increase of the teaching force of institutions giving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, or its equivalent, does not equal the number of post-graduate degrees annually conferred. Moreover, higher positions, such as those of professor and assistant professor, in institutions of the first rank, are virtually closed to the recent graduate. Occupants of such chairs must be not merely well-furnished scholars, but men of experience and mature judgment, fit for counsel and responsibility as well as for work; and the infrequent vacancies are now almost invariably filled either by promotion, or by calling from another institution men who have already made their mark. For the new-fledged doctors of philosophy there are left, practically, only the minor places, carrying but small salaries, and offering but uncertain chance of advancement save after years of faithful drudgery. Yet so overstocked is the market and so keen is the competition that the bare suspicion of an approaching vacancy is sure to call out a score of eager applications to fill it.

With such conditions prevailing, it seems clear that an increasing number of university graduates, if they are not to abandon their scholarly ambitions altogether, must enter the secondary schools, and find there their career. At present, probably, no suggestion could be, to the average university man, more distasteful. To ask him to become a "school teacher" is, in his view, to ask him to go into exile, to banish himself from his scholarly associations, and to turn his back for ever on the professional life for which he has fondly hoped. It must be admitted that the objection has much to justify it. To an enthusiastic young man or woman, fresh from the inspiring influences of an eager intellectual life, and all aglow with a zeal for learning, the public secondary schools, with their elementary requirements, their routine work, their frequently worn-out or vicious methods, their slavish subjection to arbitrary superintendents and committees, and their political cast and uncertain tenure of office, offer, in truth, a rather dreary and uninviting prospect. Yet we are greatly mistaken if it is not precisely this needy field that holds out, to such men and women—themselves the hope of American culture—the best chance for distinction and the largest opportunity for usefulness.

Indeed, one may fairly ask wherein lies the hope of improvement, if the tide of educated power is not to be turned in this direction. One of the fundamental difficulties with American schools, as has been often pointed out, is the fact that the teachers, in so many instances, are themselves ill-taught. They do not know the subjects they are expected to teach, and, in consequence, they teach them very badly. The whole trend of educational progress is towards the employment of specially trained instructors for the various departments of the preparatory work. Where are these to be found, if not among the graduates of our colleges and universities? Unless we can have the services of the thoroughly equipped expert, we must continue to wait for the reconstruction of the school curriculum, the reorganization of methods of instruction, and all the other reforms which have long been faithfully urged. We shall still lack well-contrived school-houses, adequate salaries, stable tenure of office, and freedom from political meddling. Public opinion will clamor in vain for efficient schools, so long as those best able to make them efficient will have nothing to do with them; for it is the teachers, and not the public, who must take the lead.

One important result of such a change is certain to be the closing of the great gulf which now separates the school from the college and the university. The air of superiority often assumed by what, for want of a better term, have come to be called the "higher" institutions, finds much of its *raison d'être* in the unscholarly work of the secondary schools themselves; and the young graduate who scorns a place in the high school, and takes a petty job in a university instead, knows that many of his former instructors at bottom approve his choice. Transfers from secondary schools to college chairs are so infrequent as to be almost unknown; and a

man who begins in the former may count, with assurance, on ending his days there. Elsewhere it is not so. In England, scholarly work in the schools is a distinct commendation to higher positions. In Germany, some of the finest product of university training is utilized in the *Gymnasium* and *Realschule*. Teachers in the French schools are highly trained specialists. Sooner or later, we must come to the same thing in the United States. The masterly work of the universities and colleges must be brought to bear on the work of the schools, or the efficiency of the former cannot be maintained. Educationally, we have at present a waste product, whose utilization means the enrichment of the roots of our intellectual life. Whether those who are pursuing knowledge for pure love of it are to give the benefit of it to those who need it most, or whether they are to go on accumulating in selfish satisfaction, is the question soon to be answered.

CO-OPERATIVE PRODUCTION IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, August 19, 1899.

The prospects of coöperative production, in the only sense which to many of us seemed worthy of the epithet, were gloomy indeed when I first came in contact with the coöperative movement at the Oxford Congress in 1882. The undertakings founded by F. D. Maurice and his group of Christian Socialists had long ago disappeared; the co-operative cotton-mills of Lancashire had become mere joint-stock companies; the Wholesale Society, resting upon the support of hundreds of retail stores, and establishing one factory after another on completely "capitalistic" lines, seemed to be carrying all before it; and enthusiasts like Hughes, Vansittart Neale, and Greening, protest as they might at each successive Congress, were apparently voices crying in the wilderness. It seemed but too evident that the self-employing workshop was an impossibility in the midst of modern industrial conditions; and very soon Miss Beatrice Potter (Mrs. Sidney Webb) came forward with her brilliantly written book to persuade us that it was not only impracticable, but also undesirable. Production carried on by the Wholesale Society, even though it gave its workers a share neither in profits nor in management, was really more democratic, it was urged, than when engaged in by independent groups of workmen; because it was controlled in the last resort by the great body of consumers in the distributive stores, to whom also fell ultimately all the profits. As if to confirm this argument, most of the little ventures set on foot about this time by ardent idealists (the shirtmakers in London are a case in point) came to grief after a brief period of ineffectual struggle.

Coming back to England in 1898, one of the most unexpected phenomena that confronted me was the greatly changed position in the coöperative world of coöperative production of the independent type. I had known that a new and convenient term had meantime been invented, viz., "Labour Co-partnership"; a term wide enough to include even profit-sharing businesses still financed by individual employers. I knew, also, that a new propagandist society, the "Labour Association," had been founded, with a very active secretary in the person of Mr. Henry Vivian. But what I was not prepared to find was a considerable and increasing number of really thriving productive societies, with a capital of more than two and a half million dollars, and selling goods in the year 1898 to a value of more than four and a half million dollars.

During the present week (August 14-19) the coöperators of Great Britain are holding their annual festival at the Crystal Palace; and the Labor Association has taken the opportunity to arrange for an exhibit there of the products of labor co-partnership undertakings. Though the number of stalls is not large, no one can wander among them and converse with the men in charge without being greatly impressed. There is, of course, the old ardent coöperative faith which has complete confidence in its power of moving mountains; but this is no longer pathetic, for all around are the evidences of actual prosperity. The "literature" most liberally provided takes the convincing form of balance-sheets.

The movement is certainly large enough to engage our respectful attention. But the first thing one has to do is to discriminate; lump statistics are quite valueless in a matter of this kind. One must begin by putting on one side the various flourishing farmers' societies in Ireland for obtaining supplies or marketing produce. They are exceedingly interesting, and deserve an article to themselves; but they cast no light on *industrial* coöperation. Then we must put on one side the Scotch co-partnership undertakings, which are mainly organizations of consumers that allow a bonus to the workpeople in their factories. And finally, when we come to England, we must observe that by far the greater number of the flourishing societies are to be found in the Midlands, and that most of them are in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire, and are concerned with the manufacture of boots, hosiery, and ready-made clothing. The two typical towns are Leicester and Kettering. The latter, with its great coöperative store and its five thriving co-partnership businesses for the manufacture of boots, clothing, and corsets, and also for undertaking building contracts, will for some time be the worthy Mecca of the coöperative world.

What, then, is the secret of their success so far? Or is there no secret? Were the critics of the older productive movement altogether wrong, and did it simply need greater intelligence and perseverance on the part of the workmen to succeed? The answer is, I think, this: the older productive societies thought to find their market among the general public; the newer find 90 per cent. or more of their market within the coöperative world, *i. e.*, in the "distributive" stores. They have appealed, and not in vain, to the coöperative spirit, to coöperative "loyalty"; and had there been nothing else to commend them than their coöperative character, they would almost certainly have secured some trade, especially as they attempted to manufacture only staple articles for which there was a steady popular demand. But they have obtained a much greater trade than mere "loyalty" would have given them, owing to certain striking elements in their constitution. They have provided the distributive societies, which had larger sums of money (their members' savings) in their hands than they knew what to do with, with an attractive field of investment; and, having invested, mere self-interest will induce the distributive societies to buy as largely as they can in order to insure the payment of their interest. And not interest only. The newer productive societies are distinguished from the old by their more businesslike attitude, both towards capital and towards the consumer. The older societies aimed at putting together their own capital; if they were compelled to obtain capital from outside, they thought they offered enough when they promised a certain fixed interest. The new societies usually obtain a great deal of capital from outside; and, recognizing that capital needs something more than an "average interest" to induce it to run risks, they offer, over and above an interest of 5 per cent. (which is a good deal to begin with), a bonus on capital dependent on profits. And as to the consumer (who is usually in the first instance a distributive store), they allure him by the device which the universal store practice suggests, *i. e.*, by offering him a bonus on purchases. On the side of the productive society, it may be noticed, trade with coöperative stores has the two great further advantages, that it is pretty steady all the year round and that it produces no bad debts.

The conclusion, therefore, which is borne in upon the observer from every side, is the absolute dependence of the new productive movement on the existence of a very large ready-made market in the coöperative retail stores. This is so evident that I am surprised it has not impressed certain American spectators more forcibly than it seems to have done. To found on the example of England an exhortation to American workmen to set up coöperative shops *before* their market is ready, is, in my opinion, little short of criminal.

And the English movement itself will find itself face to face with grave difficulties as it grows out of its first stage of self-sacrificing ardor. Already, in most of the larger societies, the amount of capital contributed by the stores in the form of shares is much greater than that contributed by the workers. Thus, in the Leicester Hosiery Society, out of a share capital of some $150,000, only about $15,000 is owned by the workers, and three-fourths of the rest belong to retail societies. Probably the workman's "bonus on labor" is safe enough; but it is very doubtful whether the workers will long retain a preponderating voice in the election of committee and managers, if they provide the smaller part of the capital. And if they do not, there is nothing in the bonus or in the right of electing two or three committeemen to be outvoted on the board, to arouse any very keen interest on the part of the workmen. There are signs that the leaders are becoming aware of the dangers ahead. They are compelling the workers to become shareholders by withholding the bonus on wages until it reaches the amount requisite for a share; and they are paying off the individual shareholders who are not workers. But if they are to carry on business on a large scale, there seems no prospect that they will be able to dispense with the shareholding societies. They can neither provide an adequate cap-

ital of their own, nor offend their best customers.

Moreover, the point is being neared at which productive societies will begin to compete among themselves. Hitherto the coöperative market has been so large that it could easily furnish trade both for the factories of the Wholesale and for all the independent societies set up in opposition to it. But already the travellers (or drummers) of the boot-making societies are bidding against one another. Mr. Maddison, the very able labor member of Parliament who is President of the Labor Association, does not seem to view the prospect with any alarm. In his reaction against the "centralizing" and "monopolizing" policy of the Wholesale, he uses language which sounds unusual in a coöperator, and would have perplexed both Owen and Maurice. He relies on "the free play of economic forces"; he regards "the horror of what is called competition" as "groundless"; and he would leave the number of productive societies to "natural selection." I am not here concerned with the criticism of either ideal—of either "centralization" or "decentralization." But it may be safely predicted that the increase of competing societies will add increasing cogency to the arguments of the adherents of the Wholesale, and, what is more to the point, tend to a fall in wages and a loss of bonus on the part of the workpeople.

As it is, the larger productive societies of the new type are by no means so sharply distinguishable from the Wholesale as the enthusiasts for labor co-partnership might lead one to suppose. They are in the main themselves federations of distributive societies. The Wholesale has but to give its employees a bonus on labor, however small, and a share in the management, however nominal, and it becomes a "labor co-partnership" society also. This being so, the time has come for the Labor Association, not to slacken in its propaganda, but to add to its assertion of the principle of labor co-partnership some more precise analysis of the nature and extent of that co-partnership in the societies already established. W. J. A.

ROMAN ROADS AND MILESTONES IN ASIA MINOR.

AMHERST, MASS., September, 1899.

A military Power such as Rome was could not long be content with the bridle-paths which all primitive peoples find sufficient to subserve their commercial interests. For, in order to facilitate the shifting and concentration of their armies at strategic points, they needed a better and more comfortable means of rapid transit than was furnished by the primitive bridle-path. The primary object which the Roman international roads were intended to subserve was military in character, and therefore they were known as *viæ militares*, though in the provinces we find *viæ consulares* and *viæ prætoriæ*, because they were built by proconsuls or proprætors respectively.

The width of the Roman road varied much according to its importance. Often it was one hundred and twenty feet wide, though in the provinces it was generally sixty, sometimes forty feet wide. In order to understand the reason for this great width and for the substantial construction that was rigidly adhered to, we should bear in mind the make-up of the Roman army, whose comfort and necessities were continually consulted. In the first place, the Roman soldier was burdened by his heavy armor and other impedimenta in such a manner as to render him wholly unfit (*impeditus*) to repel sudden attack successfully, as we read on nearly every page of Cæsar's Commentaries. The baggage-train was far larger and more unwieldy than anything we know of to-day, for the reason that this train had to transport not merely the tents, artillery, arms, munitions of war, army chest, and a host of other things necessary in the warfare of that day; not merely the effects and plunder of the legionaries, but also those of two secondary armies—an army of women, wives of the legionaries and camp-following prostitutes, and another army of body-servants, for each legionary had one or more servants, so that the *calones* outnumbered the legionaries themselves. When on the march, this unwieldy army maintained the line-of-battle order, theoretically at least, in order to be ready to repel sudden and unexpected attack. Good roads, therefore, were necessary in order to enable the immense train with which the army was handicapped to keep pace with the legionaries, and wide roads were essential, in order, in case of sudden attack, to allow the individual legionaries to make effective use of their arms without interfering with their neighbors.

The Roman roads were built with more care than is expended upon the beds of our railways even. They were made as straight as possible, and natural obstacles were skilfully overcome by the use of cuts, fills, bridges, culverts, embankments, and even tunnels. Stiff grades were avoided, and a level, once reached, was doggedly maintained, even at the expense of making cuts, fills, etc. The work preliminary to the building of any Roman road consisted in excavating all the dirt down to hardpan, and the excavation thus made was filled in, regardless of expense, with layers of sand, stone, and cement, until the requisite level, however high it might be, had been reached. Finally, the surface was dressed with a layer of metal and cement. The road was practically indestructible, and required only occasional repairs. That continuous or even merely yearly repairs were not necessary seems clear from the fact that, when repairs were made, the proprætor of the province thought it so important an event that he celebrated it by inscribing the fact along with his name on the milestones.

Many years ago Bergier made an examination of certain Roman roads still in use in France. One road was examined at a point where it had been raised twenty feet above the level of the surrounding country, and a vertical section revealed a structure of five layers. First came the great fill of sixteen feet and one-half; on the top of this fill came, first, a foot layer of flattish stones mixed with cement, then a foot layer of flattish stones without cement, then a foot layer of firmly packed dirt, then a half-foot layer of small metal in hard cement, and lastly, a half-foot layer of large metal and cement. Other roads investigated by Bergier, while differing in treatment, were just as substantial roads. Paved roads were rare, but the Via Appia offers a remarkable instance of a paved road. The stone used in its pavement is of the kind of which millstones are made, and they are so carefully dressed and adjusted that the road often seems to be solid rock, and has proved so indestructible that, after two thousand years of continuous use, it is still a superb road. In the countless inscriptions which state that such and such a governor under such and such an emperor repaired the roads and bridges in his province, reference is made to the top-dressing of metal and cement. The military road of the provinces was usually sixty feet wide, and was divided into three tracks: a raised centre and two side tracks, each track being twenty feet wide.

If the old Roman roads in Italy, France, and elsewhere are still existent and in use, there is an especial reason therefor, quite apart from the fact that these roads were originally built for eternity. In the days of Rome's ascendency all roads led to Rome, and in Europe this has never ceased to be more or less a fact. No city of Europe ever attained such transcendent importance as to make necessary a complete change in the general direction of the road system; so that, in spite of the decline of Rome and the rise of other centres, the roads of Europe still lead to Rome.

In Asia Minor the case was different. Before written history opens, the great emporium of Asia Minor was Pteria, the capital city of the great Asiatic peninsula. The prehistoric system of roads led to Pteria; one great artery was the road from Pteria (or later on, Tavium) to Ephesus on the seaboard; a second was the road from Pteria-Tavium through the Cilician Gates to the southern seaboard, etc. Later on, when the Persians gained control over Asia Minor, Pteria had ceased to exist, but its neighboring Tavium rose in importance and became the emporium of all central Asia Minor. Roads led to Tavium. The first artificial trade roads (leaving out of consideration the mythical roads of Semiramis) were, therefore, built by the predecessors of the Persians in Asia Minor. The first road mentioned in written history was the Royal Road which led from Ephesus to Susa. Now this Royal Road was nothing in the world but the old Hittite road (or roads) along whose immense zigzag the Persians were content to jog for centuries, never dreaming, apparently, of a short cut. If the Persians had built the road themselves, they would never have been guilty of the incomprehensible folly of making the great détour from the Cilician Gates via Tavium to Ephesus, instead of following the direct and natural trade route from the Cilician Gates via Iconium, Antiochia, Celænæ, and the Lycus valley to Ephesus. The Greek kings and their successors, the Romans, adopted this natural shortcut, and the Royal Road lapsed into desuetude. Then all roads led to Ephesus, because Ephesus was the gateway to Rome. Later on, Constantinople arose and disputed the queenship with Rome. Her rise demanded a thoroughgoing change in the general direction of all roads in Asia Minor. Roads no longer led to Rome—that is, to Ephesus—but to Constantinople. The Roman road system in Asia became useless for purposes of trade, and was degraded first to neighborhood roads; and as for fifteen hundred years the roads have continued to lead to Constantinople, the good old Roman roads were finally abandoned, lost, and forgotten. Occasionally the traveller can locate a sec-

tion of a Roman road (though their course must generally be argued from the milestones, as will appear presently). One such at Kiakhta in distant Kommagene is now a silent but eloquent reminder of Rome's solicitude for even her most distant provinces; every stone of the magnificent old bridge on this road tells a pathetic story of the passing of human grandeur.

For Italia, distances were measured from the *milliarium aureum* in Rome; from Milan for Gallia Cisalpina; from Lyons and Rheims for Gallia Celtica and Belgica respectively, etc. So, in Asia, distances were measured from the provincial centres, from Tavium for Cappadocia; from Melitene for Armenia; from Palmyra for Palmyrene, etc.

Tavium, in northwestern Cappadocia, was, as we have seen, a city of importance at the very beginning of history, and continued to be a centre of commerce down possibly to early Byzantine times. The celebrated rock-sculptures of the neighboring Boghazkieni (Pteria) and Eyuk prove that Tavium was inhabited by the people nowadays called the Hittites, who have left enduring memorials of their high civilization in the rock sculptures found throughout Asia Minor and northern Syria. After the fall of the Hittite empire, Tavium continued to flourish under the Persians, and was an important station on the Royal Road, over which the earliest recorded postal service travelled. It was the centre of the Roman road system for the whole of northwestern Cappadocia, Pontus, and Galatia, being the point from which radiated no less than seven Roman roads. Consequently, it is a matter of the highest importance for ancient geography that the site of Tavium be located with absolute certainty. An elaborate postal service was kept up throughout the Roman empire; several precious lists of postal stations have come down to us (*e. g.*, the Antonine itinerary, among others). These lists give not only the names of the postal stations, but also the distance from station to station in Roman miles, beginning with a certain city as the point from which distances were measured for the whole surrounding country for at least two hundred miles. Just as at Rome the *milliarium aureum* was the official spot from which distances were measured, so central milliaria were erected in Asia Minor in the cities from which distances were measured along the roads of a given province. Many of these starting-points are given in the Itineraries, or in the Peutinger Table—an ancient map that chance has preserved; but many of the starting-points are not given, and therefore it behooves the travelling archæologist to hunt up the Roman milestones that may have survived to the present day, in order to read from them the story they have to tell in regard to the Roman road system.

If the starting-point be once fixed, then the location of the cities or postal stations between, say, Tavium and Ancyra is a comparatively easy matter, that requires only patient investigation of the region of country on the line of march between Tavium and Ancyra. Thus, at a distance of, let us say, twenty Roman miles, as one travels west from Tavium, the traveller knows that he must find the ruins of a town or postal station, and so he scours the country until he finds the object of his search. In many cases the stations were so insignificant that no remains of them will have been spared to the present day, especially if they were mere temporary quarters, consisting of buildings for the care of relays of horses and the entertainment of the officials in charge. It matters little if the traveller find no traces of these insignificant intermediate stations, provided the mileage between two fixed points, such as Tavium and Ancyra, be ascertained to be beyond all doubt. In that case it is only necessary for the traveller to measure off the distances of the Itinerary, and he has the whole line fixed with a very near approach to certainty. However, if he succeeds in finding one or more of the intervening stations, that fact will strengthen his case materially. Now, from the time when geographers first began to make maps of Asia Minor, they have sorely needed a certain identification of the site of Tavium, and in 1884 it fell to my lot to discover the first milestone on the Roman road between Tavium and Ancyra. This milestone, therefore, locates Tavium definitely, and enables the geographer to fill in with comparative ease the map of the country reaching west to Ancyra, and east to Cæsarea, Sebastia, Amisus, Amasia, etc. Afterwards I found the hundredth milestone on the same line, a fact which proved that I was following along the Roman road. In default of this direct epigraphical evidence, a clear case of the corruption of the ancient name by the Turks is a most safe way of identification. For instance, after leaving Tavium I travelled northward, following the line of the ancient Roman road as laid down in the Peutinger Table, and at Tamba Hassan I found several badly defaced Roman milestones, a fact which proved that I was locating the road correctly. Now the Peutinger Table gives Tamba as the first station on this road at a distance of thirteen Roman miles from Tavium, and it takes very little acumen to discover the Tamba of the Peutinger Table in the Turkish Tamba Hassan.

Milestones were erected along the entire line of the Roman military roads. I can speak from personal observation only of those of Asia Minor and Syria. In shape they are a conical column, round in horizontal section, and monolithic. They vary from seven to nine feet in height, with a diameter at the base of from two and a half to four feet, but tapering off to a foot and a half at the bluntly rounded top. They are merely rough-dressed. The majority of them bear inscriptions, which are usually in Latin, but sometimes in Greek, sometimes in both Latin and Greek, while sometimes the distance alone is given in both Latin and Greek. The distance is usually unaccompanied by a statement as to the place from which the distance was measured, though sometimes both the starting-point and the objective point are given. The inscriptions on these milestones give not only the name of the Emperor during whose reign the road was constructed or repaired, but, what is of great importance for the history of the region, also the name of the Roman Governor during whose term of office the road was constructed or repaired. I found in all about one hundred inscribed milestones, many of which were inscribed two and even three times. When the Roman road was originally built, milestones, bearing inscriptions dated by the name of the then reigning Emperor and that of the proprætor who constructed the road, were erected at every mile. Now in the course of time the road needed repairs. A new Emperor was wearing the purple in Rome, a new Governor, who cared naught for the works and the honor of his predecessors, was lording it in the province. This new Governor was forced to repair the roads and bridges in his province, but instead of going to the expense of erecting new milestones bearing inscriptions announcing his work, he simply had his inscriptions cut on the old stone and directly over the old inscription without having first erased it. Of course while the marks of the chisel were fresh and unweathered the new inscription might be read with comparative ease; but as soon as time and weather had dimmed the freshness of the more recent inscription, then it became a matter of science to decipher the twain. It sometimes happened that a third inscription was cut over the already existing two. I found several such, and my despair when brought face to face with such a stone may be imagined. However, the decipherment proved to be merely a matter of persevering study and painstaking combination of details. Most of these milestones were found in Cataonia, the region east of the Anti-Taurus range of mountains. At the time, I was travelling eastward towards the Euphrates from Comana (the Golden), once the seat of the worship of the great Asiatic goddess of fecundity (here known as *Ma*), in whose temple no less than six thousand slaves (mostly women) were kept; whose chief priest was next in rank to the King of Cappadocia. Judging, then, from the importance of Comana, one might naturally suppose that it was the starting-point of the system of Roman roads for the trans-Anti-Tauran region. But about two hours east of Comana I found the 144th milestone. This, then, was proof positive that Comana was not the starting-point. As I continued to journey eastward and to discover new milestones, I found that the numerals on the stones steadily decreased, until finally it became certain that Melitene (now Malatia), not far from the Euphrates, was the starting-point of which I was in quest.

After my explorations in Cataonia (or Armenia Minor), where I came daily into contact with the Roman milestone, I joined the Wolfe expedition to Assyria and Babylonia. On the home journey from Babylon and Baghdad, we crossed the Syrian desert. About one day's journey east of Palmyra, and while still in the desert, my eyes suddenly fell upon a large stone lying by the roadside. It was a Roman milestone, but uninscribed. However, it served to put me on the alert. Further on another, and still another uninscribed milestone was found, until finally I had the satisfaction of finding an inscribed stone, the eighth on the Roman road from Palmyra to Aracha, showing that distance was reckoned from Palmyra. It is well known that people, manners, customs, and names of places change very slowly in the conservative East—nay, the life of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob may be seen throughout the Mesopotamia and Chaldea of to-day; and many of the cities whose names were familiar to the patriarchs of the Bible still bear their Biblical names. Of this intense stability both of the names on this eighth milestone are interesting examples. Palmyra is but the Latin translation of the Semitic Tedmur, the place of the palms, and its name is still Tedmur, and nothing but Tedmur, throughout the Orient of to-day.

Aracha, the other name mentioned in the inscription on this milestone, is the Latinized form of the Semitic name Erek, and this Erek is still existent, and still bears the name Erek. It is the first station as one journeys east from Palmyra.

Leaving this eighth milestone, we journeyed on towards Palmyra, finding nearly all of the remaining seven milestones, some of them being still in position. West of Palmyra we found the Roman road leading from Palmyra to Hama, and followed it for about five miles, finding inscribed stones, all still erect and in position. If we did not know the exact length of the Roman mile from other sources, it might be measured from the stones of this road. I say *road*, but it is no longer a road. We were travelling over the desert without any road, being guided by native Palmyrenes who knew where the water puddles were to be found in the spring of the year. We stumbled by the merest accident upon a milestone, and shortly afterward another one was descried in the distance. Thus we got the direction of the road and followed it for a few miles—as long, indeed, as prudence would allow; and we turned away from the road and the milestones in silence and in sorrow. Some future traveller who has the courage and the means to venture over the trackless waste between Palmyra and Hama will reap a rich epigraphical harvest.

There is something awe-inspiring about these hoary guardians of the Roman road, simple and rough-hewn though they be. Like the Roman sentinel of old, they are still true to their trust, eloquent and stately reminders of the mighty deeds of mighty Rome. Fourteen, fifteen hundred years have swept over them; they have witnessed the prolonged death-struggle of the imperial city of the seven hills; they have seen empires, nations arise and grow wanton in the pride of strength, only to return to the nothingness from which they sprang, but *they* still stand proudly erect, simple, austere, sublime, in the silence and the solitude of the desert, bidding defiance to time and to *man*.

J. R. S. Sterrett.

Correspondence.

HISTORY FALSIFIED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Senator Lindsay's address before the American Bar Association, which was at once telegraphed over the country, must be taken as a political outgiving of rather more than ordinary interest. It is, therefore, legitimate to call attention to a few of its curiously unwarrantable assumptions.

His declaration that President Jefferson was overruled by Congress as to the power to erect States out of the Louisiana Territory, is only one of many errors. Instantly upon this acquisition, to wit, on October 17, 1803, he summoned Congress in extra session to "take those ulterior measures necessary for the immediate occupation and temporary government, and for *its incorporation into our Union*." Not only were Mr. Jefferson's belief and purpose plain in this, but the Ordinance of 1787, for erecting the Northwest Territory into future States, was upon his plan drafted three years earlier. In public and private, Mr. Jefferson urged that all contiguous territory that should be "settled by our own people," as he expressed it, ought to belong to our family of States. "What harm," said he—"what harm can come of merely extending the Federal principle?" And because this was not provided for in the organic law, he proposed that another article should be added to the Constitution.

And as if this treatment of our early history were not specious and misleading enough, Senator Lindsay uses recent events with fine scorn of the real facts. Of the Filipino insurrection he says: "It was an attempt to utilize the victories the United States had won in the war with Spain for the accomplishment of an end to which they [the insurrectionists] were in no wise committed." Not "committed" to a cause "for which they had been struggling against Spain for countless generations," as the Senator had declared in almost the same breath? And had the Filipinos done nothing? Let Lieutenant Calkins, in his historical article in *Harper's Monthly* for August, answer. After showing that they covered and held the whole outside region to the very gates of Manila, controlled the entire country and its resources, even to the water supply and works, effectually beleaguering the city, he says: "In none of these operations had the Americans borne any part." Indeed, if one will read the article above referred to, he will be convinced that Senator Lindsay, like many other swift witnesses, has made a political speech rather than a statesmanlike presentation of a great question so vital to the interests of the country.—Very truly,

Enoch Knight.

Los Angeles, Cal., September 2, 1899.

AMERICANS AND GERMANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am much pleased with the characteristically sensible and temperate tone of the review, in the last issue of the *Nation*, of Prof. Münsterberg's article in the September number of the *Atlantic*, entitled "The Germans and the Americans." I read the article carefully as soon as it appeared, and it seemed to me also that his assertions are altogether too sweeping, and that the reasoning is fallacious in that it assumes that what is true of some is true of all. Prof. Münsterberg certainly does not bring forward any unassailable reason why there should be a larger amount of dislike, of "a kind of antipathy, a half-ethical, half-æsthetic aversion," between the Americans and the Germans than between any other two nations. He states that it would be superficial and wrong to deny the existence of this feeling. I am, then, radically superficial and wrong, for I do not believe that such a feeling exists *naturally* between the great body of the American people and their German brothers, and I claim with even greater faith than the psychologist that the German immigrants become a respectable and very desirable element of the American population; they are industrious, thrifty, skilful, and, above all, honest, and, more than that, they are quick to assimilate Americanism. I am, however, ready to admit that the "energetic" policy and the unwise speeches of the German Emperor have a tendency to stir up ill feeling, but this is unimportant, for Prof. Münsterberg, using rather strong language, says that the American clings to the belief that the "Emperor is a crank." He goes on to say later (by way of compliment to the Emperor, I suppose) that "the one living American whose personality most closely resembles that of the Emperor William is the brilliant young Governor of New York," and expresses the belief that, if Germany were to become a republic, the people "would elect the present Emperor with enthusiasm as the first President"; but how about the Diet and the canal bills?

Now, the evident purpose of Prof. Münsterberg's article is very praiseworthy, namely, to assist the two nations "to understand each other and to feel the inner accord of their real natures, or at least to overcome hostile prejudices." But can this purpose be accomplished by trying to make the two nations believe that they dislike each other?

As the distinguished psychologist talked "shop" a little at the beginning of his essay, I may perhaps be permitted, in closing, to add a bit of philology. In your reference to Cicero's observation that the same word meant stranger and enemy, I assume you had in mind the Latin *hostis*. In German and English, however, the root of this word is represented by *gast* and *guest* respectively, and in this connection it is worthy of notice, as Kluge points out, in how many ways Teutons and Romans have transformed the idea underlying the old inherited word for "stranger": the Roman regards him as an enemy; among the Teutons he enjoys the greatest privileges.

Charles Bundy Wilson.

The University of Iowa, September 2, 1899.

THE POOR WHITE AND THE NEGRO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The negro problem of the South is less one of race and color than of social and economic conditions. Before the civil war, the South had two distinct classes of whites, the slave-owning aristocracy and the "poor whites." For the latter the war was a social and economic revolution as well as for the negro, although the white man did not realize it at the time. Before the war, the "poor white" was most wretchedly situated. In almost every kind of common labor he came into competition with slaves, and his wages consequently were little or no higher than the cost of maintenance of slave labor. In this competition the slave got decidedly the better of it, as his position was assured and he was protected by his master, while the "poor white" had to shift for himself. Under these circumstances it was only natural that the "poor whites" should hate the negroes and the blacks despise the "poor white trash." And yet one never heard of a public lynching in the time of slavery, and negroes were rarely attacked by mobs of whites. The reason is obvious: the slave-owners controlled the Southern commonwealths, and they were fully able to protect their property. A slave was valuable property, and the "poor white" that injured one always suffered for it.

The great conflict between the North and the South changed all this. The ultimate cause of the war may be attributed to the economic conflict between the free labor

of the North and the slave labor of the South. But the economic upheaval brought the greatest benefit of all to the "poor white" of the South. He, far more than the negro, was made a free man. The old slave-owning aristocracy was overthrown, and the "poor whites" gained the ascendency. This was a blessing to the "poor white," but not to the negro. No longer is the negro valuable property, nor has he his old master to protect him. His former rival, upon whom he had looked with contempt, is now his political master. That the negro is the sufferer by the present state of affairs in the South is proved by the frequent lynchings. Negroes are shot, hanged, or burned, not only for assaults upon white women, but for every serious offence against the whites. And in justice to the negro it must be said that it is only the vicious few, when inflamed by alcohol or passion, who commit the crime of rape; and, moreover, this crime is the occasion of but a relatively small proportion of the lynchings. On the other hand, among the whites it is the lawless few who do the lynching, generally in opposition to public sentiment.

The competition between the "poor whites" and the negroes still obtains in but a slightly modified form, and the whites and blacks are continually clashing in the labor market. This economic conflict makes the "negro problem." The occasional spasmodic attempts of the negro to enter politics are only incidental to the problem. The "poor white" has not completely outgrown the effects of the institution of slavery, and is often shiftless and lazy; but he is vastly more alert and aggressive, as well as more intelligent, than the negro, and whenever the two races clash, the negro is invariably worsted. Fortunately for the negro, certain lines of work are by custom reserved for him, such as domestic labor and work in the cotton-fields. But the moment the negro leaves the beaten path and enters new fields, he comes into competition with white labor. This competition between the two races would do little harm if it did not occasionally lead to crime and bloodshed. The great problem for the South to solve is, how to prevent this resort to force.

There need be no question that the South will solve the question satisfactorily and fairly, without any assistance from the outside. The negro's best friend has always been his old master, who has ever shown him true kindness and sympathy. The "poor white," as a type, is gradually disappearing. Living under improved economic and social conditions, he is being better educated, and, with the possession of political power and a growing sense of responsibility, he is slowly becoming more conservative. Furthermore, he is beginning to realize that capital and immigration, and resulting prosperity, do not come to communities where lawlessness is permitted. With a better and more efficient organization of the forces of law and order, backed by a strong public sentiment, the Southern commonwealths will surely be able to repress the criminal tendencies of negroes and restrain the lawlessness of whites. Then the economic struggle will follow natural laws and be decided on its merits.

But what will become of the negro? The negroes in the South are not increasing relatively so fast as the whites. The relative number of births is greater, but, by reason of ignorance and neglect, the relative number of deaths is greater still. And when the flood of immigration sets Southward, the negro will form an ever-decreasing proportion of the population. Will the negro, then, disappear before the superior race as the Indian has done? He will certainly disappear as a race, but probably by a slow process of absorption. He is too submissive and too imitative to meet the fate of the Indian. The laws against miscegenation in the Southern States prevent intermarriages, but they are powerless to prevent a gradual increase in the number of mulattoes of illegitimate birth. The process of absorption is slow but unceasing, and it inevitably follows that in due course of time there will not be a full-blooded negro in North America.

Statistics show that the negroes are drifting towards the Gulf and South Atlantic coasts. It is, therefore, probable that this region will in the end have the largest proportion of population of mixed blood; and, as one moves Northward, the proportion will grow less and less. The mulatto is generally well-proportioned and intelligent. He is said to be more vicious than the black. If true, this may be due to the circumstances of his birth and his unfortunate station in life. At any rate, the mulatto is better able to withstand heat and malaria than the white man, and would therefore be better fitted to survive in certain unhealthful regions in the South. And, finally, it is reasonable to believe that, under natural conditions, the mulatto would become a useful citizen and a credit to his country. H.

[We print this interesting view without comment further than remarking that, in our opinion, confirmed by that of recent good (even Southern) observers, the condition of the "poor whites," economically and spiritually, is more to be commiserated than that of the freedmen.—Ed. Nation.]

HISTORY IN THE SECONDARY SCHOOL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of August 10 I offered some comments upon certain problems in secondary education. That communication was suggested by the recent Report on Historical Teaching, but dealt with it only as symptomatic of general tendencies and conditions. I contended that secondary schoolmen must solve problems of secondary education, since there was hopeless contradiction among college specialists; that college men put an undue pressure on the secondary school; that the recommendations of specialists in their various fields of study were highly partisan in nature. There was but one feature of the Report dealt with directly and individually; this was its wholesale condemnation of the single-year course in general history.

In your issue of August 24 Dr. McLaughlin, chairman of the Committee of Seven, criticises that communication as if it were directed in some special way at the work of his committee. I venture to ask the courtesy of your columns for a single rejoinder, confining myself to those matters which bear specifically upon the Report.

The statement that the "historians insisted upon a four-years' course" was made in running comment upon a more general matter and as illustration of a general condition. The argument was in no way affected by the exact truth or error of that statement, which may, however, be justified. The Report does not, it is true, specifically "insist" upon a four-years' course. Its leading statement is: "As a thorough and systematic course of study, we recommend four years of work." Dr. McLaughlin writes, with evident approval, "A good many schools now give four years to history." When it is reflected that all these committee reports are to be regarded as diplomatic notes and interpreted by known tendencies and the unofficial statements of the powers, there seems to be a substantial truth in the phrase referred to. The writer heard the chairman of this committee say quite plainly, at an historical conference where the Report was under consideration, that the Committee demanded a four-years' course as its just due. The matter can be easily tested in another way. If a school principal should report to the Committee that he had organized a course with one daily recitation in history throughout the whole four years, what would their comment be? It is inconceivable that they would say: Too much time is given to history in this course when proper consideration is given to all the topics which must have place in the secondary curriculum.—This, nevertheless, is the only just opinion that can be passed upon such a high-school or academy course. Frederick Whitton.

Michigan Military Academy,
September 5, 1899.

COLD SHOULDER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Which do you consider the correct expression: *turn the cold shoulder*, or *give the cold shoulder?* I have always considered the latter to be such, believing it to be based on giving a cold shoulder of mutton to an unwelcome guest. Gasc, generally thorough and exact, says *give*. There are higher authorities, of course, but not at hand. F. B.

Cambridge, September 6, 1899.

[*Cold shoulder* the Oxford Dictionary asserts to be now used "chiefly in the phrase *to show the cold shoulder*," but also *to give*, etc. Scott introduced it ("I must tip him the cold shoulder") in 'The Antiquary,' 1816, and explained the phrase in the glossary by 'to appear cold and reserved.' Dr. Murray adds: "A 'cold shoulder of mutton' as a dish has suggested many puns and allusive uses."—Ed. Nation.]

THE SOUND OF I.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I should like to have my mind set at rest by you, or the member of your staff who deals with such things, as to the proper pronunciation of the letter *i* in the English language.

For the last forty years or more the tendency has been strongly towards giving it the sound of *ee* in *heed*. This has gone so far that I think very often Americans pronounce the name of that vigorous General who established the English empire in India "Cleeve" instead of Clive—in the very face of Sir William Jones:

" 'Tis not of Jaffier nor of Clive
On Plassey's glorious field I sing,
But of the best good girl alive,
Which most will deem a prettier thing."

I think the fashion is weakening, but I still hear "Palesteen" and "Philisteen" and "Madeleen" and "Adeleen." I feel inclined often to correct my younger friends (I am nearly eighty, and my acquaintance with the best books of English literature covers a period of about seventy years). I feel tempted to address our American kings and queens as John Kemble once did George IV.: "Oblige would suit your royal mouth better"—"Palestine would suit your royal mouths better." The Frenchifying of English pronunciation has gone so far that some fairly well educated people pronounce "Oude" "Ood."

I give a short catena of instances from English literature between 1800 and 1850:

"Yes, valorous-chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine."
—*Heber*, 1803.

"No tranced summer calm is thine,
Ever varying Madeline."

"Faintly smiling Adeline,
Scarce of earth nor all divine."
—*Tennyson*, 1830-42.

The list I am sure could be extended.

W.

Mount Savage, Md., September 6, 1899.

Notes.

Truslove, Hanson & Comba have nearly ready 'Embroidery, or the Craft of the Needle,' by W. G. Paulson Townsend and Louisa F. Pesel, with 70 illustrations; an 'Illustrated History of Furniture,' by Frederick Litchfield, and the same author's guide to collectors, 'Pottery and Porcelain'; 'The Bibelots,' six volumes of reprints for the book-lover, edited by J. Potter Briscoe, beginning with Coleridge's 'Table-Talk'; 'Saunterings in Bookland,' edited by Joseph Shaylor; and an *édition de luxe* of Hans Christian Andersen's 'Fairy Tales.'

The late Rev. Dr. Alexander Balmain Bruce's 'The Moral Order of the World' will be published next month by Charles Scribner's Sons. Shortly forthcoming also are 'The Powers at Play,' short stories by Bliss Perry; 'Dionysius, the Weaver's Heart's Dearest,' by Blanche Willis Howard; 'On Trial,' by Zack; 'The Yarn of the Bucko Mate,' by Herbert E. Hamblen; 'Searchlight Letters,' by Judge Grant; and the second volume of Max Müller's reminiscences, 'Auld Lang Syne' (in India).

The New Amsterdam Book Co. have in press a new edition of Frank Smedley's novels, with impressions of Cruikshank and Phiz's illustrations from the original plates; Gilbert à Beckett's Comic Histories of England and Rome, with John Leech's illustrations (a part in color); Admiral Beresford's 'Life of Nelson'; and 'Nights with an Old Gunner,' by C. J. Cornish.

Street & Smith's new list embraces a 'Life of Admiral Dewey,' by Will M. Clemens; 'Cuba—Porto Rico' and 'Hawaii—Philippines,' by A. D. Hall; 'The Vampire, and Other Poems,' by Rudyard Kipling; 'The Awakening,' by Count Tolstoy.

James T. White & Co. announce 'Our Three Admirals: Farragut, Porter, and Dewey,' by James E. Homans.

Hardy, Pratt & Co., Boston, will issue directly 'The Personal Opinions of Honoré de Balzac,' taken from his correspondence and miscellaneous writings, and preceded by Brunetière's centenary address at Tours on May 6; the whole translated by Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, will continue their Beacon Biographies with lives of Hawthorne, by Mrs. James T. Fields; Thomas Paine, by Ellery Sedgwick; John Brown, by Joseph Edgar Chamberlain; Aaron Burr, by Henry Childs Merwin; and Frederick Douglass, by Charles W. Chesnutt. Further announcements are: 'The Territorial Acquisitions of the United States,' by Edward W. Bicknell; 'The Future of the American Negro,' by Booker T. Washington; 'Their Shadows Before,' a tale of Nat Turner's insurrection; 'Mr. Dooley: In the Hearts of His Countrymen'; selections from the Letters of Thomas Gray, edited by Henry Milnor Rideout; 'Things as They Are,' social essays by Bolton Hall; 'Little Beasts of Field and Wood,' by William Everett Cram; 'An Alphabet of Celebrities,' pictures and verse by Oliver Herford; 'In Case of Need,' by Ralph Bergengren; new volumes of verse by Richard Hovey ('Taliesin'), Prof. Richard Burton ('Lyrics of Brotherhood'), and John B. Tabb ('Child Verse, Grave and Gay'), and a fresh translation of Hérédia's 'Trophies,' by the Rev. Frank Sewall.

George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia, announce 'The British Isles through an Opera-glass,' by Charles M. Taylor, jr., with 48 full-page illustrations; 'Martial Graves of our Fallen Heroes in Santiago de Cuba,' by Henry C. McCook, D.D.; and 'A Group of Old Authors,' by Clyde B. Furst.

The season opens, as usual, with a fresh crop of reprints and new editions. Beginning with the handier forms, we mention the four volumes denominated "Stories of Great Authors," consisting of a selection from the biographical essays which precede the several specimens in Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature." Thus, volume i., Philosophers and Scientists, opens with Prof. E. Ray Lankester's Darwin, and closes at its two hundredth page with Prof. Paul Shorey's Plato; Bacon, Newman, Aristotle, and Spencer coming between. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton sums up Dante in volume iii., Poets; Leslie Stephen does the same for Carlyle in volume iv., Historians; while Henry James, jr., on Hawthorne, and William C. Brownell, on Thackeray, lend distinction to volume ii. Not all the essays are up to the level here indicated. The publishers are Doubleday & McClure Co.; the typography is not elegant, but the binding is in simple good taste.

The same firm revert to a better style in the fourth series of their "Little Masterpieces," edited by the new conductor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. These three pretty volumes, each with its portrait, give us snatches of Thackeray (including a ballad or two), of De Quincey, and of Lamb (his verses, also).

Next come the dainty "Temple Classics" of Dent-Macmillan, with the 1538 edition of Elizabeth Carter's version of Epictetus's Moral Discourses, in two volumes, embodying the translator's high apology for literal uncouthness—"for else, taking greater liberties would have spared me no small pains;" two volumes of Herrick's Hesperides (1648); Basil Montagu's 'Thoughts of Divines and Philosophers' (1832); Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey' (1768); George Cavendish's 'Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey' (after the MS. edited by Singer in 1815, 1827); and Wordsworth's Sonnets, the first complete since the poet's own extraction of them for separate publication in 1838. This last we must, on the whole, consider the gem of the present instalment of the Classics.

The late George William Curtis's 'Prue and I' antedates but a year or so William Allen Butler's 'Nothing to Wear,' and Harper & Bros. have now brought out both in handsome style—Mr. Curtis's fantasy with a portrait and three delicate illustrations; Mr. Butler's whole body of poetry, also with a portrait of the author, who still survives to note in the dedication his golden-wedding anniversary.

A second edition of Prof. E. R. A. Seligman's work on 'The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation' appears from the press of the Macmillan Company. So much has been added, and the revision has been so complete, that scarcely a single page, the author tells us, will be found the same as in the first edition. The substance of the work, however, remains the same, and it is too well known to require extended notice. The recent changes in the laws of New York, which recognize the principle of taxing the "unearned increment" in the case of one class of corporations, may produce such a shifting of taxation as will give especial timeliness to the appearance of this volume.

Little, Brown & Co. publish a useful manual entitled 'The War-Revenue Act of 1898 Explained,' by John M. Gould and Edward H. Savary. Besides the text of the act, the interpretations and decisions which every section has received or occasioned are given, as well as the decisions of the English courts on similar provisions of their stamp acts. An appendix contains a paper on the law in its relations to conveyancing, prepared by the Abstract Club of Boston.

'Pauperizing the Rich' is the title chosen by Mr. Alfred J. Ferris for an essay in the field of social reconstruction (Philadelphia: T. S. Leach & Co.). Mr. Ferris writes better than many reformers, but his style is too allegorical to enable us to understand his system very clearly. He proposes to abolish "the tremendous extremes of dire need and excessive wealth" by restoring to the people the "property in ideas" of which they are now robbed. By a computation which we do not follow, he figures that every man's income is to be equal to one-half of his present income, plus one-half the average income. To attain this result, the general Government is to impose taxes to the extent of ten and a half billions of dollars. The book is not without interest as showing the influence of the doctrine of rent when pressed to the extreme that it has been by some of our professors of economics.

Should the record in the Dreyfus trial fail to satisfy those who revel in *causes célèbres*, they may take up 'Criminal Appeal and the Maybrick Case,' by J. H. Levy (London: P. S. King & Son). Over 400 pages are given up to a verbatim report of the proceedings in this case; the remainder of the volume, some 200 pages, being largely occupied with protests and petitions and other attempts to convince the public that there was a miscarriage of justice. We shall not pass on that question, and content ourselves with remarking that, on the whole, justice seems to be better administered in England, where no appeal is allowed, than in this country, where there are three or four. The Home Office, it is to be

remembered, acts as a Court of Appeal, and its intervention is, in the opinion of competent observers, a sufficient safeguard to the innocent.

A very elaborate manual, entitled 'American Investments Classified,' has been compiled and published by Mr. Curtis G. Harraman of New York. The peculiar feature of it is its lists not only of investments, but also of investors, which show the ownership of Government, municipal, and other bonds held by all sorts of financial institutions. The labor of making such a compilation is very great, and its value to investors corresponds. Another volume is to follow.

We cannot speak very highly of Mrs. Clement's 'Saints in Art' (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.), though it doubtless contains some information useful to the young person engaged in the study of art. The illustrations are fairly well executed, but, both in the choice of them and in the text, a deplorable preference for second-rate work is shown.

All the more important questions of secondary education have been so thoroughly discussed in this country that it is useless to encumber the subject with material from abroad which has no especial bearing upon any of its phases in the United States. Still, there are certain difficulties almost identical the civilized world over, and on these it pays to compare notes. One of these, the adjustment between the traditional ideal (classical) education and the exigencies of modern life, has been made the subject of earnest study by the French Society for the Study of Questions of Secondary Education, whose reports to the Parliamentary committee on education have been collected under the title, 'L'Enquête sur l'Enseignement Secondaire' (Paris: Belin Frères). The fourth and fifth of these reports, 'L'Enseignement Classique' and 'L'Enseignement Moderne,' deal with the subject in a manner sufficiently broad to deserve being brought to the notice of American educators. The classical men will be more favorably impressed with the arguments presented than will the representatives of the sciences and the modern languages, but it should not be forgotten that the French are essentially a Latin race, and as such may be expected to cling to the classical tradition more tenaciously than other nations.

Those who are interested in the works of Theocritus will find in Legrand's 'Étude sur Théocrite' (Paris: Fontemoing) an extended treatment of that poet and his idylls that is really worth reading. In a book of 442 pages divided into five chapters, one finds a quite thorough discussion of all Theocritean questions. In a chapter on the authenticity of the poems, M. Legrand endeavors to determine which are the real work of Theocritus, while in chapter ii. he discusses the poet, his life, residence, and relations with other poets like Kallimachus and Apollonius. Many points embraced in these two chapters are, of course, not subject to absolute proof, and so the author's conclusions, while of interest, can hardly be called definitive. Chapter iii., headed "L'Invention des Motifs," is a handling of such themes as Theocritus's learning, his pathos of love, his picturing of city and country life, his character-drawing, his art in story-telling, natural description, etc. Seventy pages are then given to the poet's dialect, diction, grammar, versification, and style, while a final chapter deals with the structure of the idylls separately. The author appears to have made use of all or nearly all the literature of his subject. It is, perhaps, as "un livre de récapitulation" that the work especially deserves notice.

The extent to which the Gothic form of letters is giving way to the Latin in German publications may be seen from the data lately appearing in *Reform*, the monthly organ of the Verein für Altschrift, which is leading the battle against the "broken" or Gothic letters. Statistics running from 1864 to 1897 are published, from which it appears that in the first-mentioned year the percentage of German publications in Latin type was 21.76, and this has gradually increased until it is now 40.40 per cent. In other words, in the last twelvemonth there were 10,329 books published in Gothic and 7,003 in Latin letter. The distribution among the various branches of literature is noteworthy. The great bulk, namely, 90.18 per cent., of works in the departments of mathematics and natural sciences appears in the old or Latin type, followed by medicine, 82.06; architecture and engineering, 77.25 per cent.; geography, 75.45; economics and trade, 63.59; arts and theatre, 63.14; philosophy and theosophy, 61.80; and languages, literature, and antiquities, 61.44. Lowest and least in the scale are belles-lettres, 7.60; theology, 16.05; and pedagogics, 22.34 per cent. The more indistinct Gothic type found a strong defender in Bismarck, but the opponents emphasize the fact that only a mistaken patriotism pleads for its retention, as the Gothic letter is not at all a peculiarly German property, though the Germans are the only people who have made a general use of it apart from its original decorative purpose.

Since the demise of the *Magazine of American History* in 1893, the progress of historical coöperation and publication has been, we should have said, adverse to the revival of that once useful medium. An effort is making, however, to resuscitate it, with Mr. William L. Stone for editor in chief. Mr. Stone, whose address is Mount Vernon, N. Y., is chairman of the committee having the enterprise in charge.

Mr. Charles Welsh has satisfied himself that the Mother Goose rhymes and jingles have been preserved with remarkable purity in this country, and he now asks that such rhymes as are familiar in our nurseries, but are not to be found in the Mother Goose collections, may be brought to his attention. His address is Winthrop Highlands, Mass.

—A key to methods of business, legal usages, and popular manners and customs, at the end of the thirteenth century, is furnished in the 'Calendar of Letter-Books of the City of London, Letter-Book A. *circa* 1275-1298,' edited by Reginald R. Sharpe, D.C.L., just printed by order of the Corporation (London). The "Letter-Books" comprise volumes of the Records of London, and are so called "from their being severally distinguished by a letter of the alphabet." They cover a period from the early years of the reign of Edward I. to near the end of that of James II., three whole centuries and parts of two others. Those who know Riley's 'Memorials of London,' published in 1868, and consisting of extracts from the volumes relating to the earlier three of these five centuries, can guess at the nature of the contents of this book. It is, to be sure, what they call a "Calendar," that is, a sort of enlarged index, giving, in chronological order, a short summary of the contents; but this is furnished with a judgment and literary skill which preserve the interest as well as the substance of the original text. A great many pages of this volume (which covers pp. xii, 259, imp. 8vo) are filled with those recognizances, and enrolments on public records of deeds, bonds, leases, and contracts, by which our English ancestors obtained certainty and security in their business dealings, and a speedier remedy than the clumsy and dilatory methods of jury trial allowed. In dealing with foreign merchants especially, these ends were important. The very first entry of a recognizance (p. 3) is one in which "William Bukerel came to the Guildhall and acknowledged that he owed John de Schyhen, merchant of Brabant, £20 sterling to be paid [etc.]. And unless he did so he granted that the same should be levied on lands, rents and chattels, etc." When a man paid, wholly or in part, that fact also was entered on the record. In the case just mentioned, a marginal entry shows that the English merchant had paid—*quietus est.* These excellent methods, not unknown in modern practice, might well be followed in our times much more commonly than they are—methods by which, when an obligation is acknowledged of record, process may issue, on default, directly, without the delay of a trial. Of the many other interesting matters in this excellent book there is not room to speak. Although it is not distinctly so stated in the short introduction, it may be inferred that the whole series of Letter-Books is to be thus treated. It is much to be desired that they should.

—The new and revised edition of Sir Frederick Pollock's 'Spinoza' (London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Macmillan) is a boon to all readers of philosophy and of Spinoza. When first published in 1879, the book was at once recognized as the most interesting and valuable introduction to the study of Spinoza existing in English; but it speedily rose to famine prices, and even at these was very difficult to obtain. Hence it is a matter for congratulation that its accomplished author has, amid his manifold occupations, found the leisure to reissue it and to tell us what he thinks of the contributions to the knowledge of Spinoza which have been made in the last twenty years; for, of course, Germany has not been idle in the interval, while the learned men of Holland have prosecuted the research into the life, character, and times of Spinoza with the utmost assiduity. This minute research has added greatly to our knowledge of the facts in detail, but fortunately it has revealed nothing that could compel us to subject our estimate of Spinoza, as a man and as a philosopher, to a radical revision. In the philosopher it has brought out more strongly, perhaps, a number of Jewish and mediæval affinities that must be admitted to detract from the historical accuracy of an interpretation which, like Sir F. Pollock's, prefers to emphasize rather the anticipations of modern thought to be found in, or extracted from, Spinoza. But then Sir F. Pollock's modernizing tendency in this respect was avowedly deliberate, and has admittedly proved itself to be the stimulating and valuable factor in his reading of Spinoza, and so he was well-advised to leave his general treatment unchanged. Nor,

again, have the new facts which have been unearthed about his life effected anything substantial in elucidating the mystery or in breaking the charm of Spinoza's personality. It still exercises a fascination which is greater and more widely felt than that of his doctrine; it still remains a matter of sympathetic imagination rather than of documentary evidence to penetrate through the atmosphere of philosophic detachment which conceals the inner self of the lonely maker of lenses. It is conceivable that the source and genesis of every one of his doctrines may be traced with incontestable accuracy, and that further additions may be made to our knowledge of the things he did and endured; but the abiding consolation will remain that the real problem of Spinoza, the real pathos of his life, can never be destroyed by the minutest searchings and researchings. And it is satisfactory to note that Sir F. Pollock appears to be of the same opinion.

—A foretaste of what may come to the United States is to be found in a Blue Book just issued on recent land legislation in Ceylon. The Government wished to put an end to disputes on claims to forest and waste lands, and framed a measure prescribing the manner of making entries and establishing possession. In due time it came before the Legislative Council, where it was debated by the Attorney-General, the Planting Member, the Governor, the General European Member, the Burgher Member, the Sinhalese Member, the Mohammedan Member, and the Tamil Member; the natives being opposed to the bill. Notices of claims were to be printed in the Gazette in the English, Sinhalese, and Tamil languages. The difficulty of treating the subject appears in the origin of most of these claims. Lands in large blocks are held by families of villagers, in undivided ownership, under grants made in remote ages by the Sinhalese kings. These grants were made by the delivery of small plates of copper or strips of ola leaf, called *sunnas*, or by a mere verbal expression of the King's pleasure. Most of the evidences have been destroyed, and in 1866 an ordinance was passed declaring all ancient documents inadmissible in evidence unless registered within a certain period—a requirement which the holders of these documents, mostly ignorant and poverty-stricken villagers, to whom the English language was unknown, were generally unable to observe from mere want of knowledge of the law. Long possession was the only means of proof of ownership, and possession was established by cultivation—chena cultivation in the case of high lands, from which a single crop was gathered at intervals of eight or more years, and rice on the low or marshy lands. Forest reserves for village purposes, and Patanas, or uncultivated wastes for grazing, were found necessary for the life of an agricultural community. The introduction of coffee culture threatened to lead to the alienation of land, but the nature of the soil proved unfit, and the leaf disease attacked what plants were set out. The success attending the culture of tea and cocoanuts has again raised the question, and the chena lands and village jungle, held by poor village communities, are sought to be sold as crown property. The evidence of the Government's Surveyor-General reads like a paragraph from a 'Century of Dishonor': "Patanas and jungles adjoining villages are too often sold without due regard to the grazing, water, and what may be termed jungle rights of the villagers, who, squeezed into a corner, are tempted to sell their chenas and fields, and, after spending the money in gambling and drink, become vagabonds." Crime is increasing throughout the island, and the Sinhalese are diminishing in numbers. It is admitted that there are evils connected with the unrestricted cultivation of chena lands as at present; but the interference of Government as outlined in this measure went too far. The whole report is worth a study as an example of the perplexities of colonial rule.

—During the past four years the Prussian Government has made repeated attempts to deprive Dr. Arons of his position as privat-docent in the University of Berlin because he is a Socialist. These efforts have been constantly defeated by the members of the Philosophical Faculty, who have steadfastly refused to discipline any academical colleague on account of his political opinions; and without their consent and coöperation nothing can be done. A few weeks ago the matter was again referred to the professors with the same result. They expressed their surprise that a man should be tried twice on the same charge without any additional evidence to sustain it, and declared their decision to be unalterable. They state, also, that Dr. Arons is a keen investigator and excellent instructor in his department of physics, and that he has never overstepped permissible limits in the expression of his views. His conduct is in this respect exemplary, and the formation of his opinions is his own affair. Meanwhile, it is reported that Dr. Arons has been appointed to the chair of physics in Würzburg as the successor of Prof. Röntgen, who has been called to Munich to fill the place left vacant by the recent death of Prof. Lommel. If this information be correct, and it is quite probable, it will not be the first time that Catholic Bavaria has taken occasion to teach Protestant Prussia a lesson in tolerance. Fifty years ago the Prussian Government removed a young physician and surgeon, Rudolf Virchow, from his position as prosector in the Berlin hospital and pathological institute "Charité" on account of his liberal political opinions. A few months later, he was appointed to a professorship in Würzburg, where he soon became so distinguished for his researches that in 1856 he was offered a professorship in the Berlin University, which he accepted. His subsequent brilliant career as a physiologist and pathologist is known to the scientific world. As one of the founders and leaders of the progressive party he has remained true to his political convictions, and for this reason is eyed askance by William II.; but he is too important a personage to be molested, since it is chiefly to him that the medical faculty of the Berlin University owes its reputation.

—The eclipse expeditions to India a year and a half ago, besides obtaining excellent observations, also aroused an interest in the question of the future direction and programme of work of the observatories which are under the control of the Indian Government, none of which have a sufficient equipment, or have so far issued results at all commensurate with the clear skies they enjoy. Both Mr. Christie and Sir Norman Lockyer visiting India early in 1898, the Secretary of State requested these eminent astronomers to inspect these observatories and others in the realm, with a view to reporting upon them and drawing up a scheme for their consistent reorganization. At Dehra Dûn, under the direction of the Surveyor-General's Department, is an observatory where, for many years past, daily photographs of the sun have been taken under the auspices of the Solar Physics Committee of the Royal Society. Also, in Calcutta there is another observatory, for magnetic records chiefly and time determinations; besides still others at Simla, where the sun's radiant energy is studied, and at Poona, where Prof. Naegamvela, of the Royal College of Science, has prosecuted researches in solar physics. At Kodaikanal, too, in the Palni Hills, is in process of erection still another observatory under the supervision of Prof. Michie Smith, now director of the observatory at Madras, as successor to Prof. Norman Pogson, whose death occurred in 1891. As a result of the visitation of Mr. Christie and Sir Norman Lockyer, the research work of India in astronomy is to be carefully systematized and divided among the several observatories, the chief of which will be the new one at Kodaikanal, where observations of positions of the stars and sun, moon, and planets, in addition to investigations in solar physics, are to be prosecuted under the direction of the Government Astronomer of India, with a Deputy Astronomer and a staff of native assistants. A Board of Visitors, composed of the Surveyor-General, the Meteorological Reporter, so called, with one or two other officials, will make an annual inspection of the Indian observatories, and report to the Government on their condition and administration. All this signifies a conspicuous advance in astronomy and terrestrial physics in a land of high possibilities hitherto relatively unproductive.

RECENT WORKS ON DANTE.—II.

It was not in Germany alone that 1898 was a year of mark in the publication of books, relating to Dante and his works, of unusual interest and value. In England the issue of Mr. Paget Toynbee's 'Dictionary of Proper Names and Notable Matters in the Works of Dante' (Henry Frowde) provided students of the poet with a book of high quality. So far as its design extends, it covers similar ground to that embraced within the more extensive 'Enciclopedia' of Scartazzini, and a comparison of the two works goes far to establish the trustworthiness and value of each. Mr. Toynbee's scholarly work is a *comentum perpetuum* of the best sort—clear and full in statement, well proportioned in the treatment of its subjects according to their relative importance, and furnishing sufficient references to authorities. The good judgment and good scholarship of the compiler are manifest throughout. It is, indeed, to be noted with some regret that Mr. Toynbee's references to German authorities whose work would have supplied him with matter of value, are scanty. A few articles need revision to secure entire exactness or completeness of statement, but, taken as a whole, the volume is surprisingly free alike from errors of fact and errors of the press. Its value is enhanced by a long series of genealogical and chronological tables of dynasties and of important noble families frequently referred to by Dante, affording information not easily accessible elsewhere.

Another book, and one of admirable quality, which appeared in 1898 is Mr. Edmond G.

Gardner's 'Dante's Ten Heavens: A Study of the Paradiso' (London: Archibald Constable & Co.). A more interesting original study of the poem has seldom been made. It is intended to serve as an introduction to the "Paradiso," and to expound the inner meaning of the deepest and most difficult part of the 'Divine Comedy'; for there is not only more of mediæval theology and scholastic philosophy in the "Paradiso" than in the preceding divisions of the poem, which require interpretation for the modern reader, but more also of meaning lying within the narrative, "hidden like a creature wrapped in its own silk." In order to penetrate to this meaning, both special studies and poetic insight are required. One of these is not enough. The study of the schoolmen, especially of the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, the chief teacher of theology to Dante, and also of the writings of St. Bernard, of Richard of St. Victor, and of the 'Sentences' of Peter Lombard, will afford a sufficient knowledge of the doctrine of the poem, but it is only by poetic insight that its true character will be recognized and its full significance and incomparable charm revealed. It is in this portion of the 'Divine Comedy' that Dante's poetic imagination displays its highest power. In "Hell" and "Purgatory" the clear vision of the imagination beholds and presents with intense realism scenes and incidents outside the limits of actual experience, yet not of a nature remote from it. But in the "Paradiso" the poet enters upon supersensual regions, where experience affords no guidance; yet even here, dealing with what might seem to lie above the mark of mortal powers, his imaginative vision is no less clear, and sees and shows its own creations with complete and convincing distinctness.

Mr. Gardner has made good study of the mediæval authorities, and is not devoid of the faculty requisite for the appreciation and elucidation of the inner significance of the poem. His work is free alike from exaggeration and from mysticism, faults into which it were easy to fall, and, while its author makes excellent use of the suggestions of other commentators, he has added fresh interpretations of his own which are often both lucid and illuminative. We know of no other book which affords more trustworthy guidance in the study of this portion of the 'Divine Comedy.' It is true, indeed, that some of Mr. Gardner's elucidations are questionable, and that occasionally he fails to set forth Dante's conception with clearness. For instance, the statement on p. 50 concerning the motion and influence of the spheres is hardly adequate as an exposition of a doctrine fundamental to the system of the universe as conceived by the doctors of the church whose teaching Dante follows. But, though Mr. Gardner's work lies open here and there to question and criticism, it is seldom that a book on Dante affords so much of interest from freshness of treatment, and so much of value as an original contribution to the better appreciation and fuller enjoyment of the 'Divine Comedy.'

America also furnished, in 1898, a book of great worth to the student of Dante, in the first part of the Catalogue, compiled by Mr. Theodore W. Koch, of the Dante Collection presented by Prof. Willard Fiske to the library of Cornell University. Both Collection and Catalogue are remarkable, the collection for its extent, it now being one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world of Dantesque literature; and the Catalogue for its comprehensive scope and fulness of treatment, which make it rather a general bibliography of Dante's works, and of works relating to him and to his writings, than a descriptive list of a special collection. It affords evidence on every page of the extraordinary industry, thoroughness, and intelligence of its compiler. This first part, a very handsome and admirably printed volume, in small quarto, of about one hundred pages with two columns to a page, comprises the list of Dante's works in the original and in translation. It gives full information in respect to the various editions of the works, including notes on their textual value, analyses of their subordinate contents, descriptions of their illustrations, and accounts of special points of interest in them. Translations are treated in a similar manner, with notes where desirable, in respect to the end aimed at by the translator, and occasionally with brief critical opinions as to their merit by scholars of authority. Nor is this all. Mr. Koch has made an extensive investigation of periodical literature, and has cited in their respective places such articles as contain matter worth recording in regard to the titles in his lists. Every scholar will recognize the value of this portion of his laborious work. Part II. of the Catalogue, comprising Works on Dante, is in the press, and Part III., containing a Supplement, and Index of Subjects, and an Appendix on the Iconography of Dante, will speedily follow. Altogether, the work promises, when complete, to be by far the most comprehensive, exact, and valuable Dante bibliography ever attempted, and will possess permanent value for every student engaged in the investigation of any subject relating to Dante and his work.

We pass now to some less important publications which have appeared in the current year, beginning with the fourth edition of the late Mr. Symonds's 'Introduction to the Study of Dante' (Macmillan), a reprint of the last which was published under its author's supervision, just before his lamented death in 1893. It is an instance of the survival of the unfit. The book was written in 1870, and was the first volume produced by Mr. Symonds's prolific pen. At the date of its publication in 1872, its existence was justified by the lack of any book in English treating satisfactorily of the life and work of Dante. Miss Maria Rossetti's 'Shadow of Dante' had, indeed, appeared in the preceding year; but this original and interesting work was little more than a systematic and intelligent exposition of the physical and moral conceptions embodied in the 'Divine Comedy,' and a summary narrative of the course of the poet through the eternal world. Mr. Symonds aimed to provide a general view of Dante's life and times, to set forth the qualities of his genius, the scheme of his chief poem, and the place of his work in the history of the development of Italian literature. The book did not display any considerable critical scholarship or poetic insight. It was marked by a certain superficiality of treatment, such as is not altogether absent from the writer's later and more important writings. His tastes directed his studies rather to the later Renaissance, and he was better fitted by nature, as well as by acquisitions, to deal with Petrarch and Boccaccio and their successors than with a genius such as that of Dante. But whatever value the book may have possessed it has now lost. The increase of knowledge in respect to Dante and his times has been so great during the past thirty years, and the recent critical study of his works has thrown so much new light upon them, that a book in which no account is taken of what has been done during this period is not merely antiquated, but in considerable part untrustworthy. Mr. Symonds's 'Introduction,' never really sufficient for its purpose, has become wholly insufficient, and beginners of the study of Dante should understand that it is no safe guide, and has no such intrinsic merits as make it worth reading for its own sake.

Almost at the same moment with the new edition of the 'Introduction' appears another book, with a similar design in part, the 'Dante Interpreted' of Mr. Epiphanius Wilson (Putnams). It might have been written by a pupil of Mr. Symonds who had learned little from other sources, and who had no special faculty for the task which he undertook. Its style indicates that it is the production of youth, and it is here and there as amusing as it is incorrect, as, for instance, in such a passage as the following:

"When we think of the placid life of such poets as Goethe or Tennyson, we see the trimly kept purlieus of a garden, the softness and smoothness of a meadowland and level river bank, the symmetry and completeness of a newly finished temple. When we come upon Dante's life we see that the garden has been trampled by a squadron of horsemen, an earthquake has heaved up the velvet basin of the valley, and the river is bursting through crags and over precipices, while the Grecian temple still stands half dismantled, and is blackened and broken with tempest and fire."

There are less futile things than this in the little volume, but it is so full of errors that such virtue as it may possess is more than counterbalanced by them. We open it at random, and find, p. 124, Oderisi da Gubbio called "Roman Oderisi"; p. 125, Provenzan Salvani is said to have "fallen at Montaperti." At the time of the victory of the Sienese in 1260 at Montaperti, Provenzan Salvani was at the head of affairs in Siena; nine years later, at the fight at Colle in the Val d'Elsa, he was taken prisoner and beheaded. P. 126, Sapia is said to have hated her countrymen "because she was in banishment," a statement for which, we believe, there is no foundation. But there are even more considerable errors than these. Piccarda is twice (pp. 71 and 159) spoken of as the *sister* of Dante's wife; on p. 166, Dante is said to be "accosted by the spirit of George Martel of Hungary," which should be corrected to Charles Martel of Naples; through his mother, Charles Martel was indeed titular King of Hungary, but he never visited that land or exercised rule over it. P. 70, Pier della Vigna is said to have been a man of *Tuscany*. P. 71, Sordello and Matilda (the Countess Matilda, see p. 137) are spoken of as contemporaries of the poet, but the last record of Sordello is of 1269, when Dante was four years old, and the Countess Matilda died one hundred and fifty years before Dante was born. The list of errors is not exhausted.

But 1899 has brought us one book of worth enough to make up for a wilderness of such books as Mr. Symonds's and Mr. Wilson's —the second volume of the Rev. Dr. Moore's admirable 'Studies in Dante.' We must reserve it for the special notice which it de-

serves, meanwhile commending it as of great interest to all serious students of Dante.

LORD SELBORNE'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Memorials, Part II. Personal and Political. 1865-1895. By Roundell Palmer, Earl of Selborne, Lord High Chancellor. 2 vols. Macmillan.

Quite apart from any personal interest which may be felt in Lord Selborne's character and career, the conclusion of his 'Memorials' is a biographical event of some moment. During the years covered by these final volumes, 1865-1895, the author occupied a position of undeniable eminence, and dealt with affairs of the highest public importance. His friendships were distinguished and numerous, his legal and political connections made him the confidant of jurists and statesmen. Although no one could well claim that he was the greatest lawyer who has reached the woolsack in this century, he proved an able Chancellor, and by the Judicature Act he left a mark upon the English legal system. Furthermore, the chiefs of both political parties are represented in his correspondence. After actively upholding Liberal principles throughout a generation, he grew alarmed at Gladstone's increasing radicalism, parted company with his old leader at the time of the Unionist schism, and for the last ten years of his life dealt hard blows at Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and other causes which were espoused by his former colleagues. Finally, he is to be regarded as the foremost advocate of church principles among the Anglican laymen—the chairman in convocation of the lay house for the province of Canterbury, the darling of the Episcopal bench, and its hope when Nonconformist threats waxed loud. While science, literature, and art were unaffected by his influence, he touched the action of his age at many points, and what he writes about himself cannot be neglected.

Lord Rosebery, in addressing the House of Lords at the moment of Lord Selborne's death, recalled the late Chancellor's industry, "which was in reality sleepless, and of which the traditions surpass perhaps all that is known of human industry." On the best authority, no other lawyer has so carefully mastered the facts before entering court, and, to take a single example from his practice at the bar, Palmer once worked sixty hours together without getting a snatch of rest. The same diligence which was displayed in the long course from Winchester school to an earldom, continued when another man might have thought himself *rude donatus*. Lord Selborne kept steadily occupied long after his personal ambitions had been appeased, and, whether fighting publicly for principles or engaged privately in good works, his toil was incessant till death came. The one example of persistent effort which we have now in mind is that offered by the composition of his long autobiography. It was begun at the age of seventy-three, and carried steadily forward until about 2,000 printed pages had been produced. The proportion of letters and other allied matter is large, but, after all subtractions are made, the writer's own part still remains of ponderous bulk.

Like the autobiographical sketch which Darwin left, it was designed for the immediate family circle. Otherwise, the two narratives differ as widely as did their authors in particular beliefs and cast of mind. It would be invidious (and probably futile) to draw a contrast between the men themselves, because each was true and honest; but if literary effect alone be considered, Darwin's simplicity and directness are much more telling than Lord Selborne's minute and elaborate description of his own attitude towards sundry public questions. Considering the vast superiority of Darwin over Lord Selborne in the matter of general influence upon mankind, it may seem unreasonable that the latter should have been so prolix. Still, we must remember the total difference of circumstance between the two lives. After Darwin settled at Down, he had little to record except the publication of his several books. Lord Selborne was in the thick of the mêlée, and must tell of the blows he struck. The life active has a wider range of topics than the life contemplative or the life scientific.

Whether one derives more advantage from these two volumes than from their predecessors, will depend largely on whether one approaches them from the outside or the inside. During the period traversed in the second part, Palmer gained the summit of his power and fame, conducted cases of the first magnitude, acted for the Crown in the Geneva arbitration, and was a source of strength to any view or cause which he supported. Thus, lovers of gossip about public affairs will prefer the present instalment, looking at the matter merely from the standpoint of information. On the contrary, those who in reading biography keep their eyes fixed on the gradual unfolding of character, will hardly find the interest proportionately heightened by the tale of wealth and honors. It is true that Palmer's refusal of the Chancellorship in 1868, on grounds of conscience, may seem superior to any single act of integrity connected with his early days, and it is a fine thing to see men in high place continuing above reproach till the end; but for some reason the fruition of Lord Selborne's early resolves has impressed us less than the formative influences which were the means of shaping those resolves. Any one who sets out to direct his course by a religious rule, giving evidence thereof in his daily walk, will assuredly not escape being called a prig, especially if he makes public profession of his purpose. A good many gibes were levelled at the first part of these memoirs on account of their pious tone, but, quite apart from theological opinion, Lord Selborne's constancy to his exacting views is proof of sincerity and strength. France, for instance, could hardly fail to profit by the sudden discovery among her lawyers and politicians of a few such persons as Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne. *Esto perpetua*—a motto which any country might gladly assume—is made to appear reasonable in states where even a few politicians are lovers of something higher than their own advantage.

Of the hundred subjects which are started by the episodes or interests of Lord Selborne's prime, we shall detach only a few from the mass as texts for our comment. The *Alabama* arbitration, the Judicature Act, and the breach with Gladstone over Home Rule were milestones in his career, and to these we shall mainly confine our attention. First on the list comes the *Alabama* difficulty, a case which at intervals occupied Palmer's mind from its appearance in 1862 till its settlement at Geneva in 1872. He was Solicitor-General when the Confederate cruiser left Liverpool, as leader for the Crown in the arbitration court he went exhaustively into the evidence, and even in his memoirs he returns with some zest to the merits of the controversy.

Almost precisely three years after Palmer had declined the Chancellorship, he was named principal counsel and left for Geneva amid showers of congratulation, Sir John Coleridge, for instance, declaring the appointment to be the greatest of all his professional successes. It may be gathered from the pains which he lavished on his meanest client that he threw himself unstintingly into this national cause, and the award gave him keen disappointment. His tone in addressing posterity regarding the claims and the personnel of the trial is a calm, judicial one; but while he studiously preserves a candid demeanor towards his associates and antagonists, he leaves an impression adverse to Sir Alexander Cockburn and to the legal intelligence of the board. He thus glances at the British arbitrator for his ill-advised vehemence: "He allowed his discontent at the manner in which the other arbitrators, overruling his opinion, conducted their proceedings, to appear too plainly, and, by so doing, may have thrown more power than was desirable into Mr. Adams's hands." Concerning the disinterested members of the tribunal he says: "Of the three, Count Sclopis had, in his own country, some reputation as a jurist. If the other two had ever studied law, it was (I suspect) but slightly, and perhaps only for the purpose of this arbitration." And in one or two passages he barely stops short of stating that the issue was prejudged. "Viscount d'Itajubà, the fairest man of the three, entered upon the arbitration as if there were no serious question, except as to the amount which Great Britain ought to pay; and this (if I may judge from a conversation which I had with him in his own house) he thought we need not much care about: 'Vous êtes riches, très riches,' he said."

Despite the adverse decision which was rendered at Geneva, Palmer's reputation suffered no loss through his part in that celebrated litigation. Lord Hatherley's eyesight failing in the summer of 1872, the woolsack became vacant, and Gladstone renewed the offer already made in 1868. No stumbling-block like the Irish Church Resolutions now presented itself, and, on his return to England, Palmer without delay or difficulty accepted the seals. He entered office full of energy and reforming zeal, the immediate effect of which was the Judicature Act of 1873. Lord Selborne was not the first Chancellor to be impressed by the conflicting jurisdictions of the English legal system. Lord Hatherley and Lord Cairns had both seen the need of simplifying the cumbrous machinery of justice, but Selborne must receive full credit for grappling with the subject of appellate jurisdiction, and for drafting a bill which could be carried through both houses of Parliament. Difficulties certainly arose over the question of taking from the House of Lords "the authority exercised in their name by the legal members," and on Disraeli's return to power in 1874 the jurisdiction of this chamber, "strengthened by the addition of two, and eventually four, salaried life peers, was restored." Still, the new act escaped other

organic modifications, and has proved a great boon. It constituted one High Court of original jurisdiction, consisting of various divisions as the convenience of business required;

"giving to all the Judges, in every Division, equal jurisdiction in Equity as well as in Law, enabling them all to give assistance, when needed, in Divisions not their own; providing for a procedure, in all divisions, as far as possible uniform, making all times, throughout the legal year, available for all London business, and excluding all unnecessary circuity or multiplicity of proceedings with reference to the same dispute, or between the same contending parties."

Lord Selborne drafted the whole measure with his own hand and considered it his enduring work. "If I leave any monument behind me which will bear the test of time, it may be this."

Lord Lyndhurst was Chancellor four times, and Lord Selborne, by steadily following Gladstone's leadership, might have enjoyed the same remarkable experience, for in 1892 he was disqualified neither by failing health nor failing faculties. But Home Rule, Disestablishment, and the rest of Gladstone's radical programme after 1885, brought about a breach of the co-operation which till that date had been long and intimate. Though personal friends, they had never reached terms of the closest confidence. Lord Selborne ascribes this fact partly to the urgent claims of legal practice upon his time, partly to having met Gladstone only after their school and college days were over, and even more to a third cause. "The attraction of common principles on subjects to which we both attached cardinal importance was limited between us by a tendency to divergence of opinion, after a certain point, as to their practical application." From occupying a seat in the Lords, Selborne could take no part in the election of 1885, and he devoted the holiday thus afforded him to an outing in Italy. While away from the country, he heard that the left wing of the Liberal party was exacting Disestablishment pledges in certain constituencies. Disturbed at such news, he corresponded with Gladstone, and found that on a "test question" their views seriously diverged.

The final political rupture (it was unaccompanied by any acute personal friction) occurred at the end of January, 1886. The elections gave the Liberal party a majority of eighty-four over the Conservatives, leaving out of account altogether eighty-six Irish Home-Rulers. Prior to the voting, no scheme of Home Rule had been fathered by Gladstone, and Lord Selborne ascribes his action in 1886 to fear that the Tories might capture the Irish with some Home Rule proposition of their own. "But I have never myself doubted that, on this as well as other occasions, the motives which had most influence upon his [Gladstone's] conduct—right or wrong, wise or unwise—were higher and more honorable than those of mere personal ambition." Selborne did not turn his back on all schemes to create "an Irish legislative body for Irish affairs." He stipulated, however, as fundamental principles, the protection of the landlords, and the exclusion of the Irish from Westminster as soon as their separate legislature were constituted. Two days after he had framed this ultimatum (January 30, 1886) he was asked by Gladstone if he could not again accept the seals. The next morning they met to discuss a basis of possible agreement:

"Our conversation was very friendly, but the result was that I did not think the prospect of our agreement about Ireland sufficient to justify me in accepting a place in his cabinet. If he could succeed in producing measures by which my difficulties might be overcome, I might be more useful to him out of office than in it; if not, my duty would be to oppose him, which I could best do by retaining in the meantime my independence. We parted with expressions of affection and regret, but we parted, practically, for ever."

Lord Selborne's autobiography abounds with character sketches of the author's friends and adversaries; *e. g.*, Lord Westbury, Lord Cairns, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Salisbury, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Granville, and, most conspicuous of all, Mr. Gladstone himself. Its chief merit will, according to some, be found in these judgments. They are carefully weighed and do not sacrifice truth to epigram. By far the most studied of them is that with which the work closes, the estimate of Gladstone. Merely as a piece of writing, it gives evidence of careful revision; it is twenty pages long, and it contains an account of Selborne's attitude towards him from the beginning of their connection to a time when each was more than eighty years old. We shall not attempt to compress into a few lines the minute analysis of qualities which constitutes this historical portrait, but we may say that, however emphatically Lord Selborne differed from the radicalism of Gladstone's old age, he never impugns his leader's motives. He can even bring himself at the end to say:

"Whatever he may have done, or may yet do, to increase the power of some of the adversaries of the Christian faith, he has himself not ceased to be among its defenders. Nor can I wonder that, to such as share his enthusiasm, see with his eyes, and judge with his judgments, he should appear, not (as he does to me) a Hercules no longer master of himself, using his strength blindly for ends not his own, but an Alexander who has discovered new worlds to conquer."

Lord Selborne's affection for the Anglican church was such that he inclined to reckon among "adversaries of the Christian faith" any one who might advocate Disestablishment. Yet he was not a bigot. He could give calm reasons for any course he took. If, as Lord Salisbury says, "he was a strong party man, and he did his best for his party," he could never be styled a bitter partisan. Both publicly and privately he lived in the spirit of the motto which is inscribed over the fireplace in his hall at Blackmoor: "Ego autem et domus mea serviemus Domino."

George Müller of Bristol and his Witness to a Prayer-Hearing God. By Arthur T. Pierson, author of 'The Crisis of Missions,' etc., etc. With an Introduction by James Wright, son-in-law and successor in the work of George Müller. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

For both the zealous believer and the curious psychologist the life of George Müller was a very interesting one. The latter may be inclined to question his sincerity, but can, we think, impugn it only within very narrow limits—those of a self-deception to which Müller lent himself unconsciously for the most part. His biography, as we have it here, is written in a spirit favorable to the acceptance of all the miracles that have been reported from the earliest times—the spirit of one of Müller's favorite texts, "Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it"; the eyes meantime being shut as close as possible. There is not a suggestion of the critical attitude from the first page to the last. On the other hand, there are no ingenious attempts to cover up certain things which, to any one at all critically disposed, must obviously suggest a doubt of the complete validity of Müller's extraordinary claims for the methods and results of his phenomenal career. The book is written in the dialect of that vulgar piety whose slang expressions are the current coin of camp-meetings and revivals. These expressions may commend it to the constituency on which Mr. Pierson relies for the success of his venture, but, if they do not, it is not as if his reliance were upon these alone. A foot-note reads: "The author of this memoir purposes to give a copy of it to every foreign missionary and to workers in the home fields, so far as means are supplied in answer to prayer." That the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light is not so sure, perhaps, in our own time as it was formerly.

The frontispiece portrait of George Müller is a frank and interesting comment on the later pages of the book. It is convincing that his self-confidence was equal to his confidence in God. And, indeed, the self-confidence of the man must have been enormous for him to imagine that he could at almost any time subject the universe to his convenience and control, and use the Deity as an errand-boy to run hither and thither with this message or that timely or belated meal. We say "at *almost* any time," because Mr. Müller did a great deal of praying which was without immediate result. Every day for half a century and more he prayed for the conversion of two friends, naming them every time as if to avoid misunderstanding, but they remained unconverted. Nothing daunted, he confidently expected to meet them in the happy fields, holding God in honor bound to see to it that so much good praying should not go for nought. There were no exceptions to his faith in prayer, but sometimes his ingenuity was severely taxed to account for the apparent exceptions and the long delays. The death of his first wife seemed at the time an untoward circumstance, but when afterward he made a series of world-wide missionary journeys, it became evident why she was taken: she could not at her age have endured those journeys; the second wife, a much younger woman, took to them like a duck to water.

At times both the treasury and the larder ran very low, and many remarkable instances are given of the help which never came too late. Sometimes the children of the Bristol Orphan Houses sat down to empty tables, but they never went away from them hungry. It must be confessed that some of the instances recorded are more eloquent of the naïveté of Müller's "jealousy for God" than of miraculous interposition. For example, we are innocent-

ly told that one of two pence given by a poor woman was "just the amount required to make up the sum needed to buy bread for immediate use." At another time eight pence more were needed to buy bread, and only seven could be got together. "But on opening one of the contribution boxes, *one penny* only was found deposited, and thus a single penny was traced to the Father's care." It was nice reckoning that could make the necessities in these cases jump with the timely aid. Müller's "jealousy for God" was a strong point with him. He was jealous for His reputation as a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, and he got a tremendous leverage by bringing this idea to bear upon the Eternal. Either He must answer Müller's prayers for this or that particular benefit, or be openly disgraced. If there is a suggestion of blackmail in this for the ungodly, with Müller it was a logical part of a consistent scheme. It may be objected that his ideas of God and prayer were unspiritual and mechanical and gross. They must seem so to a great many excellent people. They did not seem so to him, or, if they did, they were no worse to him on that account.

There was one way in which Müller came to the rescue of the Almighty's reputation which smacks of fraudulent practice, if his biographer has not done him gross injustice where he has written:

"It has, since Mr. Müller's departure, transpired how large a share of the donations are to be traced to him; but there is no means of ascertaining as to the aggregate amount of the secret gifts of his coworkers in this sacred circle of prayer."

If Müller and his coworkers held in reserve the right to answer their own prayers in cases of extremity, we have a very sensible diminution of the wonderfulness of his emergence from some trying situations. The amount of Müller's help to his own schemes is set down as having been more than £80,000. So much generosity on his part would seem to leave a narrow margin for divine interposition.

The sceptical have frequently made this criticism upon Müller's work: that his prayers were *over*-heard, and that they advertised his necessities and put the faithful on their honor to maintain a man of such principles and a work conducted so piously. But Mr. Pierson assures us that great pains were taken to conceal the necessities of the Bristol Orphanage. At one time, we are told, the annual report was kept back for several months when the conditions were precarious. But this was not done more than once, and it is obvious that, in a general, if not in a particular, way, the avowed methods of Müller's work and its various needs were kept steadily in the public view. It is equally obvious that a good deal of worldly prudence mingled with Müller's piety. It is significant that when certain friends were starting for the Continent, he not only prayed for their personal safety and the safety of their luggage, but made a note that several pieces of the latter were thrust into a boot under the coach where they might easily be overlooked. Mohammed's advice to Omar, "*Tie* thy camel and commit him to God," was such as Müller would have approved. It must ever be impossible to say how much his prayers and how much his prudence availed for the success of his great Orphanage. Counted in pounds sterling, this success was certainly immense—£988,829 from first to last. This for the orphan work alone. Nearly £500,000 more came in for other uses. At the start no orphans were prayed for. They were taken for granted, and it looked for a time as if Müller had reckoned without his host. But it arrived in time, more than ten thousand strong. Five orphan-houses were built from time to time. Eventually they proved more than sufficient for the orphans that could be aggregated. But this was because other similar institutions had sprung up all over the country. A careful sociological study of the character of Müller's work and its effects is a desideratum.

It is a far cry from his theological opinions to those of the modern scholar. He confidently expected the return of Jesus to this world, and his purpose was not to save everybody—a clear impossibility—but to make up a church of select Christians fit to receive Jesus at His coming. The Bible was for him verbally infallible, and he read it through nearly two hundred times, and in its isolated texts found guidance equal to every possible emergency. In general his exegesis impresses us as much more simple and straightforward than that of the average popular preacher of our time. His endeavor was to find out what the Bible actually taught and to shape his action on its words. Told that he must turn the other cheek to the smiter, it did not occur to him that this might be interpreted as a command to knock him down and grind his face into the dust.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barnett, P. A. Common Sense in Education and Teaching. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Brooks, Sarah P. In the Bivouac of Life. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle.
Craddock, C. E. The Bushwhackers, and Other Stories. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Du Bose, Prof. W. P. The Soteriology of the New Testament. New edition. Macmillan.
Forman, L. L. A First Greek Book. Harpers.
Ganong, Prof. W. F. The Teaching Botanist. Macmillan. $1.10.
Hornung, E. W. Dead Men Tell No Tales. Scribners. $1.25.
Kingsley, Prof. J. S. Text-Book of Vertebrate Zoölogy. Henry Holt & Co. $3.
Le Bon, Gustave. The Psychology of Socialism. Macmillan. $3.
Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne. Translated by Katharine P. Wormeley. 2 vols. Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co.
Patrick, Mary M. Sextus Empiricus and Greek Scepticism. London: Bell & Sons.
Rayner, Emma. In Castle and Colony. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Sill, Rev. F. S. A Year-Book of Colonial Times. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25.
The Sonnets of William Wordsworth. [Temple Classics.] London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. 50c.
Vachell, H. A Drama in Sunshine. Macmillan. $1.50.
Walkey, S. For the Sake of the Duchesse. F. A. Stokes Co.
Warren, Kate M. Langland's Vision of Piers the Plowman. Done into Modern Prose. 2d ed., largely revised and corrected. Macmillan.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1899.

The Week.

We called attention, when Gen. Otis ordered the exclusion of the Chinese from the Philippine Islands, to the very grave consequences of such a step. These consequences are already beginning to appear. The Chinese Government has now delivered to our State Department an emphatic protest against this arbitrary act. It insists that it is a violation of international law and in derogation of existing treaties. It is certainly a violation of international comity, and in disregard, as this protest declares, of the friendly relations which have long been maintained between the two countries. It may be said that the form of the order simply extended the restraints on Chinese immigration into the United States to the Philippine Islands, and that this is proper because the Philippine Islands are a part of the United States. But that is an altogether erroneous view to take of the matter. If these islands are a part of the United States, a great many other laws would at once apply there which there is no pretence of applying. No customs duties, for instance, could be levied there except such as are uniformly levied throughout the United States. It is a case where all laws or none apply, and the order issued by Gen. Otis is simply an application of martial law; martial law consisting, according to the Duke of Wellington, in the will of the commanding officer for the time being. There was some talk of "military necessity"; but no explanation was offered of the nature of this necessity. There was no suggestion that the Chinese were giving aid and comfort to the insurgents, or that they were other than a desirable element in the population. The order was on its face unnecessary, barbarous, and insulting to the Chinese Government, and it ought to be rescinded and apologized for by our own.

We observe that the Imperialistic newspapers which have never allowed their readers to see the text of the remarks Gen. Lawton is said to have made on "this accursed war," insist that a recent semi-official denial of something else, which has been put out as coming through Gen. Schwan, applies to these utterances. Gen. Lawton's words were published under the signature of a chaplain in the army, who is also the pastor of a Congregationalist church in Somerville, Mass., and appeared in one of our leading religious newspapers, the *Congregationalist*. The character of the writer has never been called in question, neither has the authenticity of the language he put into Gen. Lawton's mouth been denied. Two days after the interview was published, the authorities at Washington put out a cable message from Gen. Schwan, in which he said: "Lawton pronounces as utterly foundationless newspaper reports of interview asserting that he commented on military situation or criticised conduct of operations here." Whatever this denial may have referred to, it certainly did not cover the *Congregationalist* interview, for that contained not one word about the military situation or the conduct of operations. It referred entirely to the capabilities and character of the Filipinos, and took the general ground that "this accursed war" should be ended because all that the Filipinos demand is a "little justice." If it was a criticism of anything, it was the policy of the President, and not of the military operations at Manila. The Schwan message read like the denial of a charge, which had been made a few days earlier, that Gen. Lawton had criticised the conduct of his superior officer, Gen. Otis. We do not expect the Imperialistic press to give these facts to their readers, but they ought to be above resorting to the red herring.

Secretary Hay's letter to the Ohio Republicans is chiefly significant as a sign of the extreme trepidation of the Administration over the outlook in the President's own State. "What!" people will say, "is it as bad as that?" "Wanken auch die Berge?" the German Republicans will exclaim, seeing the party summoning even its "d—d literary fellers" to the rescue. Col. Hay as an economist must be a somewhat amusing figure even to himself; and his jaunty assumption that protective duties were designed to stimulate exports, and his assertion that high wages mean low cost of production, are enough to make orthodox protectionists faint away. What he says about the English "alliance," and friendly relations with foreign countries in general, is as true as it is trite; but we think it will hardly allay the noble rage of Irish-Americans, to which the Ohio Democrats are so artfully appealing, just as Col. Hay and his friend Blaine appealed to it in 1884. However, for one thing we must thank him, and that is his silence about the President's policy of subjugating the Filipinos. That, indeed, is a policy which can be supported, but, as we see, only in silence. Col. Hay must in particular have felt his hand stayed by his knowledge of what Lincoln said about the plea which McKinley makes for his conduct in the Philippines—that he is giving the natives as much self-government as they are capable of. The private secretary of Lincoln must remember how that statesman declared such a plea to be that of an enslaver and tyrant; and the Secretary of State of McKinley cannot, out of sheer loyalty to the memory of his former chief, defend what his present chief is doing. We must also praise Col. Hay's judicious silence about the President's betrayal of civil-service reform. The Ohio Republicans lauded McKinley for this, but the Secretary of State stands dumb before it, leaving the rôle of official apologist to Mr. Gage. It is possible that the Hon. John Hay of the State Department feared that somebody might recall, and apply to him, what the author John Hay wrote of Spanish public men:

> "There is a lack of principle in the higher walks of government. It is not so much dishonesty as it is a total absence of conscience in political matters. . . . They have a brow of bronze when detected and exposed in a misrepresentation."

Ex-Speaker Reed, being now a private citizen, feels free to express his mind about the President's Philippine policy. When Mr. Reed arrived in this city a few weeks ago, he declined to express any other view about the war than this: "I believe in the Declaration of Independence." In his letter of farewell to his constituents he now says: "Whatever may happen, I am sure that the First Maine District will always be true to the principles of liberty, self-government, and the rights of man." These sentiments are distinctly "treasonable," but we should think that the spectacle of a man whom Republicans have so long hailed as the best brain of the party, now giving up public life as the strongest possible protest against the mad course of the Administration, would open some blind eyes. With Senator Hoar speaking peculiarly for the conscience of the Republican party, and Mr. Reed for its intellect, both in revolt, the time for old-fashioned Republicans to ask whither they are drifting has plainly come. And this is but one of many signs that the elements of a terrible reaction against McKinley are gathering.

The speech with which Fred E. White, Democratic candidate for Governor of Iowa, opened his canvass at Davenport on Thursday, is highly significant of the drift of political discussion. In the last previous campaign the Iowa Democrats put the financial issue to the front, and the party's stump-speakers devoted themselves to the silver question. Now their gubernatorial nominee makes a speech almost entirely confined to the issues of Trusts and imperialism, "leaving the subject of finances almost un-

touched." As to Trusts, Mr. White would remove one cause for their existence by "repealing the Trust-fostering part of the tariff," and another by bringing about Government ownership of railroads. But, important as he considers the question of Trusts, he declared that the "issue of imperialism, from the very nature of the case, in view of the momentous consequences which must immediately and necessarily begin to follow, has become so transcendently important that we are safe in saying it sweeps temporarily aside all other questions." Mr. White meets this issue clearly and boldly, putting the question before the voters in this pointed way:

"If any man wants to endorse the McKinley policy of 'Criminal Aggression,' he can so declare by voting a Republican ticket, for that party is its select and special champion. Whoever wants an end put to the continuance of this crime can also so declare, but he must cast a Democratic ballot, for that party stands in eternal hostility to imperialism and all it implies."

The new commander of the Grand Army makes it plain at the start that he will do everything in his power to help on the movement for the greatest recklessness in pension appropriations. Upon his return to his home in Watertown, N. Y., Col. Shaw made a speech in which he outlined his "policy," saying that a great deal of his time will be given to pension legislation, declaring that "the old soldier is entitled to lasting consideration," asking, "What if the pension roll is large?" and answering his question with the argument that "the old soldiers saved this nation," and that "their reward should be commensurate with their services." Finally, he showed that no considerations of governmental economy or of a deficit in the national Treasury will weigh with the Grand Army machine, saying further:

"If the burden should prove too heavy, I am in favor of a patriot pension bond issue, so that only the interest would have to be met from year to year. Let posterity meet the bonds when they mature. Why not? The country was saved to posterity. It is only proper that a part of the burden should fall on posterity."

This suggestion is interesting not only in itself, for its bearing upon an important feature of the governmental policy, but also for the proof which it furnishes of a growing sentiment in favor of the nation's running in debt for its ordinary expenses, and leaving it for "posterity" in the twentieth century to pay a part of the burden incurred by the United States during the closing years of the nineteenth century. It is such an easy thing to raise money by selling Government bonds that people are more and more ready to see this device for meeting current bills employed rather than to insist upon economy in administration and new taxes, if necessary to meet the cost of an economical administration. Expenditures exceeded receipts by nearly $90,000,000 during the fiscal year ending with the 30th of last June, but what of it? There was plenty of money in the Treasury to meet all bills as they fell due, was there not? More money can be obtained in the same way, can it not? Posterity is going to share in the profits to come from the war in the Philippines, is it not? Why should not posterity foot part of the bills?

"Senatorial courtesy" is what Quay depends upon to secure him his old seat next winter, upon the appointment of Gov. Stone, according to his colleague and creature, Senator Penrose. Mr. Penrose was in Washington last week, and "talked freely" on the subject, manifesting the greatest confidence in Quay's success. He says that Quay will be asking recognition of old friends, and that consequently his case will stand on a very different footing from that of other claimants to seats upon gubernatorial appointments who came to Washington without friends or influence in the body which was to pass upon their credentials. Ex-State Senator Andrews, a devoted follower of Quay, professes even greater confidence than Penrose, declaring that "from personal knowledge" he is positive that the Senate will seat Quay. It is evident that the friends of the Pennsylvania boss have been making a canvass of the Senate, and that the results encourage them. It cannot be said that their confidence is unjustifiable, for nobody who is familiar with the character of the Senate will be surprised to see it disregard the precedent which it made in the last Congress, when the appointee of Oregon's Governor was refused admission by a large majority.

Illinois continues to pay the penalty of having elected to the governorship three years ago a demagogue who has no respect for justice or law. Last fall a strike broke out among the white miners of Pana, in Christian County, near the centre of the State, and the operators brought in blacks from Alabama, as they had a perfect right to do under the laws of Illinois and the Constitution of the United States. The Governor refused to protect these colored citizens in their right to earn a living, issued orders that "under no circumstances should any negro from another State be allowed to enter Pana," and announced that he would "blow to pieces with Gatling guns" any such body of laborers who might thereafter try to enter Illinois. State troops were sent to Pana, very tardily, to preserve order, but their commander, taking his cue from the Governor, declared that "if I lose every man under my command, no negroes shall land in Pana." Tanner enjoined the troops that they were "under no consideration to assist the mine-owners in operating mines with imported labor," and the natural consequence was disorder, rioting, and abuse of the blacks by the whites for a long period. More recently a strike broke out among the white miners of Carterville, in Williamson County, in the southern part of the State, and here, too, blacks were brought in from the South. The same troubles occurred at Carterville as at Pana, and at last troops were sent there to restore order, but they were withdrawn last week before they could prudently be spared, and on Sunday there was a bloody riot, in which five blacks were killed.

Even Tanner seems at last to have been sobered by the bloody outbreak, and to realize what a reproach it is to Abraham Lincoln's State that black citizens of the United States are killed for the offence of seeking work at wages which suit them. In a statement which he gave out on Sunday night, the Governor expressed some very proper sentiments, as that "this is a blot on the fair name of the commonwealth of Illinois," and that "the people of Carterville, and especially of Williamson County, should use every means possible, and that vigorously, to bring the parties guilty of this wholesale murder to speedy justice." In their efforts to do so he promised "the coöperation of the State, and the whole National Guard, if necessary, to bring about the arrest and conviction of these parties, and the restoration of peace and good order in the county." This is all very well, but the man primarily responsible for the riot at Carterville is the law-breaking Governor, who was, very properly, indicted by the grand jury last December for "wilful neglect of duty as an officer," in not taking the action required of him by law and by his oath of office to prevent rioting which should not have occurred, and need not have occurred if he had discharged his obligations as executive.

Mr. Holahan, who is the Croker President of the Board of Public Improvements, revealed the connecting link between Tammany and the Republican "organization" in the Ramapo job when he testified on Friday that Lauterbach was the man who first called his attention to the matter; that Lauterbach "hounded" him for months about the contract; that Lauterbach sent him the contract first; that he and Lauterbach agreed upon the price that the city should pay, and that the contract which Holahan tried to "jam through" the Board of Public Improvements was the one that Lauterbach arranged and approved. Holahan could not explain why Lauterbach had gone over the head of Dalton, who was Commissioner of Water Supply, and had come direct to him, but that's "an easy one." Holahan

stands much closer to Croker than Dalton, and as President of the Board has greater power as a jammer. The Comptroller declares that Holahan said to him, before the Board voted on the contract, that he had the necessary votes and would "jam it through." Lauterbach is no amateur as a Platt-Tammany go-between. He has never concealed his friendliness for Tammany. He disclosed with great frankness, in the spring of 1897, when he was at the head of the local Platt machine, the programme which Platt followed later with Tracy's candidacy. He said then that rather than see non-partisan ideas triumph in the election, he and his associates would turn the city over to Tammany. During Mayor Gilroy's administration, Lauterbach was able to have his son employed as one of Col. Fellows's assistants in the District Attorney's office. If there was to be a Republican-Tammany "deal" in Ramapo, he would be the natural expert selected on the Republican side to arrange it, and Holahan would be the most natural person to act in a similar capacity on the other.

Mr. Platt's Quigg is an entertaining person on nearly all occasions, but never more so than when he gets upon high moral ground. He is much pained because the Citizens' Union declines to "confer" with him, especially with a view to the renomination of Mr. Mazet, and remarks: "I have been going on the assumption that we all regarded Tammany Hall as something in the nature of a semi-criminal conspiracy against the public welfare rather than as a legitimate political organization, and that a campaign against Tammany Hall and for the election of men nominated by the Union and by the Republican party, acting together, and nominated solely for their known ability and integrity, would be a task to which the Citizens' Union could devote itself without any compromise of its principles." Why did not Quigg proceeded on this "assumption" in 1897? Why did he, acting under Platt's orders, exert successfully the whole power of the Republican organization to turn the city of New York over to this "semi-criminal conspiracy against the public welfare"? Does he really think that his organization is any better than Tammany's, any less criminal? Has he forgotten what Cornelius Bliss said about it in 1896: "An organization based upon such wholesale frauds cannot command the confidence of the Republican party, nor of the public; honest Republicans cannot support it, nor is there any basis on which they can coöperate with the men who have secured control of it by means of frauds which they refuse to undo"? Quigg was the "head devil" in these frauds. The reputation which he earned then he strengthened a year later, when he made Van Wyck's election sure.

The prompt pardon of Capt. Dreyfus is, of course, an official confession by France that the verdict of the Rennes court-martial was of no real weight, either in law or in morals. Nothing that has been said by foreigners in condemnation of the majority of the court is so severe in effect as this action by the French Government. It is tantamount to proclaiming Dreyfus innocent and his judges guilty. Yet the decision will be accepted quietly in France. The army will feel that it has been already sufficiently "vindicated"; and the public will be glad to let the whole matter drop. From a mere political point of view, the solution is doubtless a happy one, as both parties to the long and fierce quarrel will now claim a victory. But, morally, the affair has a bad look, having all the marks of an adjustment agreed upon in advance. Instead of *chose jugée*, we have *chose préparée*, otherwise known as *coup monté*.

War between England and the Transvaal is now freely predicted, though not by any one in responsible position in either country. The English press is almost unanimous for war, but that, luckily, does not prove that there will be a war. In the crisis with France a year ago, over Fashoda, the newspapers were as certain that there would be hostilities; the fleets were mobilized; war risks were demanded on shipping; everything looked as squally as it does now; yet Lord Salisbury suddenly appeared with a peaceful settlement of the whole dispute in his hand. That he will, if humanly possible, find some similar way out of the present *impasse*, there is every reason to believe. At any rate, it is folly to contend, as some of the more headlong newspapers are doing, that diplomacy has been exhausted. The fact that the negotiators on both sides have done a good deal of fencing and finessing, altering their proposals and their demands from time to time, only shows that they have been playing the diplomatic game in its full rigor, and does not at all argue that they are bent on an ultimate rupture and that the case is hopeless. This moment of irritation and suspicion and wrangling over details is the very one for some comprehensive plan of settlement to be urged and accepted.

As the matter stands, it is clear that there is no sound reason for war, and an irrational war is a crime. The latest Transvaal answer alleges that its offers of August 19 and 21 were made only on the assurance of the British agent at Pretoria that they would be accepted by her Majesty's Government. Yet they were refused as "insulting." The reply also asserts that the Transvaal Government was "assured by Mr. Chamberlain" that the proposals made would not be considered by him a refusal of his terms. Now, England cannot go to war with such a charge of trickery on the part of her agents unrefuted. Whatever the exact truth about this, we have only to revert to the text of Sir Alfred Milner's account of the Bloemfontein conference last May, to see that Krüger has since offered all that was then demanded, and, moreover, that the coupling of a new assertion of Transvaal independence with the franchise concessions was practically a suggestion of Sir Alfred's. He said to Krüger that a change of policy towards the Outlanders would "strengthen the *independence* of the republic," and in his own detailed scheme of franchise reform he distinctly specified that the new citizens were to take oath to "defend the independence of the country." Yet when this was put by Krüger in his official proposals to the British Government, it was declared quite inadmissible. Undoubtedly he is a shrewd and obstinate old gentleman, who means to mark every point in the diplomatic game, and prove himself a hard hand at a bargain; but he has, as far as the official documents show, made out a good case for his charge that England has been evasive and has been steadily increasing her demands.

Mr. Bourke Cockran has written a letter to President McKinley, suggesting that he should proffer the friendly mediation of our Government in the controversy between England and the Transvaal Republic. The consequences of such a war, Mr. Cockran observes, might be disastrous to all Christendom. The assertion by one country of a right to prescribe the electoral franchise in another country admittedly independent, he continues, is an act of "criminal aggression." Here Mr. Cockran, we apprehend, shows that he is not altogether sincere in claiming that his suggestions are prompted solely by a regard for the welfare of humanity and the true glory of our flag. He reminds us painfully of our lost vantage-ground. A few years ago we might have offered to mediate, and while there would have been good reasons why England should decline the offer, it would have been a creditable act on our part. But such an offer would be now regarded as little less than impudent. We are engaged in reducing a remote people to subjection, and any offer of mediation by another Power would be extremely offensive to our Government. For the present, at least, the prospect for mediations and arbitrations is dark enough, and the great opportunity which we should have had for throwing our influence in favor of peace and disarmament at The Hague Conference has been lost. It will be a little awkward for some time yet to air our sympathy for "oppressed peoples," and until we are disposed to accept mediation we need not talk of proffering it.

THE NEGLECTED DUTY.

President Schurman chose the psychologic moment for his important public statement of the Philippines situation and the Philippine duty. On the one hand, the country had been startled by President McKinley's proclamation of the policy of blood. "No useless parley," was the stark announcement of his Pittsburgh speech. But, on the other hand, evidence had been rapidly and overwhelmingly accumulating that McKinley's Philippine policy had been one long miserable mistake, and that his plan of merciless extermination was the crowning blunder, as it was the culminating cruelty. Dewey's voice had been heard in opposition; he would have the violence "cease at once." Lawton's horrified protest had reached the United States: "Stop this accursed war"; all that the Filipinos want is "justice." A great revulsion of feeling was already setting in; the sober second thought was beginning to assert itself; American love of fair play and justice was making itself heard in ever clearer and stronger tones. At this critical juncture President Schurman steps in.

We know nothing of the motives which led him to speak out, but suppose them to have been simply a sense of duty to himself and to the public. As an educated man who had accepted a difficult and thankless task in going to the Philippines, he was in honor bound to rebuke the ignorant ranters who go about, like Gov. Roosevelt, denouncing the Filipinos as "savages." President Schurman has clapped an extinguisher on that flaming nonsense. He ranges himself alongside Dewey and Lawton and the naval officers who have travelled in the interior, and speaks emphatically of his "confidence in the people of the Philippine Islands" and of his "sympathy for their aspirations." Like a sensible man, he judges the natives by their best representatives, not their worst, and declares that "an educated Filipino, of whatever tribe, will bear comparison with an educated man of any other race." Mr. Schurman's account of present conditions in the islands seems to us eminently fair, except that he probably does not allow enough for the changes for the worse in the situation since he came away. The dislike and distrust which he notes as existing among the tribes nominally at peace, have in many cases passed into positive hatred and open hostility. But his statement nails so many lies of the McKinleyite press that we cannot but hail it as a great public service, destined to have a profound effect on the opinion of the country.

We are very well aware that the alarmed and desperate imperialists will seize upon President Schurman's expression, "National honor will not permit us to turn back," and claim it as an endorsement of the policy of blood. But we shall take the liberty to interpret his meaning to be that we are not to "turn back" from the path of an honorable, and rational, and peaceful, and American solution of the problem we have on our hands in the Philippines. "Is there anything to do but fight it out?" President Schurman was specifically asked by his interviewer. Yes. Let Congress step in and declare the national intention respecting the form of government to be set up in the islands. This is his answer. In place of blind, brute force, let there be reason, consideration, the immediate grant of home rule. He does not explicitly say that he is against the McKinley policy of blood, but all the indications of his interview look that way. He has gone as far as he could without showing open disrespect for the President, whose commission he still holds.

But to our minds the most pregnant remark in the whole statement is the suggestion that Congress speedily intervene. Why does not the President call an extra session? He is in an extraordinary position. He is carrying on a war which is every day assuming larger proportions, and has never deigned to ask Congress either for authority to do it or for some alternative legislation. This is an unprecedented thing for any President to do, and Mr. McKinley is under a special obligation not to do it. He has publicly bound himself to be guided by Congress in this whole matter, and yet he has not asked for guidance—so far as in him lies, has made it impossible for Congress to guide him. He has refused it information. He has hastened its adjournment. In this alarming crisis he does not summon it to Washington. All this, we say, is in the teeth of his implied promises in his Boston speech last February. He then confessed his own ignorance and uncertainty. "I know no one at this hour who is wise enough or sufficiently informed to determine what form of government will best subserve their interests and our interests." But there was one fountain of wisdom: "The whole subject is now with Congress." This from the man who never asked Congress to help him, and does not now invoke its aid, though the situation is a thousand time worse than it was last February! "Until Congress shall direct otherwise," Mr. McKinley said he would do—what? Ravage the islands? Fill them with graves? Go ahead like Genghis Khan with "no useless parley"? Not at all. His pledge then was simply to "possess and hold the Philippines," and to make the people feel that "we are their friends, not their enemies." Launching an army of 60,000 men against them, with orders to allow no "parley or pause," is a fine token of friendship—a very "friendship's garland"!

We do not say that McKinley has done all this without warrant in law, but he has certainly done it without the sanction of the American people, and absolutely without consulting their representatives in Congress. Yet if ever there was a man marked by nature as in need of advice, plenty of it and laid on thick and strong, it is William McKinley. If it were a question of picking out a man to deal with a matter of world-politics like this Philippine business, he and his Canton crony, Judge Day, would have been selected last. Yet these are the two men who have got us into our Philippine mess. Both of them parochial politicians, and proud of it; neither of them ever having been abroad, or having any acquaintance with foreign politics, or knowing so much as a foreign language, they plunged us into an interminable war of conquest, seven thousand miles from home, and have never said to Congress, "By your leave"! This is the really astounding feature of the situation. Here is a President who, by nature and habit, calls aloud for advice. His mind is always made up for him by others. He professes to be the slave of Congress, yet he lets a general or two and a civilian Secretary of War form his bloody determination to subdue the Filipinos at any cost, and never asks the opinion of the representatives of the people. This anomalous condition should not be prolonged. If Mr. McKinley had any just sense of his duty and any regard for his plighted word, he would call Congress together at the earliest possible day, and turn over to its free discussion and final decision the great problem of the Philippines, which so vitally concerns our national honor and safety, and which he has shown himself totally unable to solve.

THE CONFERENCE ON TRUSTS.

Perhaps the most significant act of the conference which has just closed its session at Chicago was its refusal to adopt any resolutions. A meeting of English-speaking people that not only does not adopt, but does not even consider, a set of resolutions, is an anomaly. Every boys' club that debates the question whether Cæsar or Alexander was the greater general, or whether aristocracy or monarchy is the better form of government, closes the discussion with a vote, and it is certainly on its face surprising that, after so many expressions of opinion as took place at Chicago, on the part of individuals, no collective judgment was pronounced.

This omission was, of course, due to the desire of the managers of the conference to avoid violent controversy and political entanglement. No matter what resolutions were introduced, they would have aroused excited discussion and party antagonism. Had the resolutions offered been temperate in tone, the radical element would have voted them down

and substituted violent ones, or else have seceded and passed such resolutions as suited themselves; and the conservative element, was, of course, unwilling to endorse rank Populism. But a more effective reason for silence on the part of the conference was really the fact that there was nothing to resolve. A very large number of opinions were expressed and a very small number of facts were presented. There was very little attempt to define the problem in a really scientific way. There was no recognition of the fact that the labor-unions, delegates from which were present, avowedly represented combination for the purpose of suppressing competition. While the conference was in session, a Chicago labor-union was in the act of putting a stop to laying the corner-stone of the new post-office because it was dressed by free laborers, and was insisting that the President of the United States should not be allowed to officiate unless he joined the union. Nor was there any recognition of the fact that coöperation, among farmers, for instance, means forcing feeble competitors to the wall. Few individual farmers can succeed in the dairy industry against the competition of the creameries. They must join the combination or go out of business, and this illustrates the conditions which govern modern productive enterprise.

The same lack of definite ideas and precise knowledge appeared in the presentation of the evils of combinations. The complaints made were to a great extent the complaints made more than a hundred years ago and judicially passed upon by Adam Smith. These combinations, it was charged by some speakers, raised prices arbitrarily and depressed them arbitrarily. But these speakers did not specify when and where. They knew how, as Burke did not, to frame an indictment against a whole class, but they did not know how to make specific charges that could be sustained or refuted by evidence. There is a book called 'Wealth Against Commonwealth,' which is directed against monopolies. It is filled with most frightful accusations, and it has no doubt made a great impression on the public mind. But many of its charges are improbable, if not false, on their face, and none of them is established by sufficient evidence to sustain a verdict by a jury. If the speakers at Chicago had bethought themselves to lay a foundation of facts, scientifically established, for their theories, they would have accomplished more than they did. As it was, they did little more than reiterate current complaints and propose traditional remedies.

It was not surprising that Mr. Bryan should get beyond his depth in his attempt to grapple with the problem. For once he was obliged to give his audience something more than glowing periods and unctuous eloquence. On this occasion he was forced to say what he would do to cure the evils that he had so fiercely denounced, and he was unable to propose a single positive and practical measure. There must be more legislation, of course—that is the great remedy for all evils in the political philosophy of every demagogue. Mr. Bryan said that many factories were closed, and stood as silent monuments to the wisdom of the Trust system. But he did not say that these factories should be operated at a loss, or outline the statute which should open them. He said that when a monopoly became complete it would reduce wages, and that brains would be at a discount. He offered no proof of this and suggested no law to prevent it. He had a capital chance to make a really effective attack on the protective tariff, and then facts were at his command, and the required legislation could have been specified. But he has no conception of what free trade means, and he wasted his opportunity. All that he proposed was additional legislation by the State Legislatures and by Congress, which should destroy monopolies; but how this legislation was to be framed he did not tell his audience, and it is safe to say that he could not. A bureau for issuing licenses to corporations might be an excellent device; but to hold that such a bureau would control the tendency to combination is a theory that needs evidence to support it.

The unpractical character of Mr. Bryan's theories was exposed by Mr. Cockran. Nothing frightened people so much, he said, as an incomprehensible noise, and that is what the outcry against Trusts commonly amounts to. Does any one propose to do away with competition? Of course not. Then somebody must succeed in it. It is absurd to place restraints on excellence, if you want excellence. Excellency is monopoly, and so soon as excellency declines, monopoly yields again to competition. These are familiar propositions, but they must be kept before the attention of the public while measures intended to restrict combination are under discussion. If people can once comprehend that in industrial life competition means underselling, they will be suspicious of laws directed against the practice of underselling by large corporations. In spite of the Chicago conference, we are a long way yet from any intelligent legislation on the subjects which it discussed.

BOSS TYRIUSVE.

Mr. Platt's ingenuous son, who was before the Mazet Committee on Wednesday week, had every reason to be pleased with the courteous, even deferential, treatment which was accorded to him. The committee, with a single exception, clearly recognized him as the direct representative of a great power, and were determined that nothing should occur to cause him or the power unpleasantness. Even Mr. Moss was under this spell. He asked the son only a few perfectly proper questions about the Platt family law firm's relations with Ramapo, and the young man would have emerged from the court-room in serene consciousness of triumph had not a Tammany member of the committee disturbed the dignified calm of the occasion by asking some rather impertinent questions. By the time these had been answered, some extremely valuable light had been thrown upon leading branches of the boss business as it is carried on in the Platt family.

It was noticeable that, carefully as Mr. Moss had proceeded in his few questions, he had disclosed several fleeting glimpses of Platt coat-tails disappearing around corners in the immediate vicinity of the Ramapo scandal. Gen. Tracy had joined the Platt family law firm in 1889, and he brought into the firm some "trifling matters connected with the Ramapo title." In 1895, when the Ramapo bill had been passed through the Legislature and was before Gov. Morton for approval, "an officer of the Ramapo Company came to our [the Platt] firm and asked to have us go to Albany, see Gov. Morton, and secure his approval. Mr. Soley was delegated to go to Albany to do that work. He did so, and we received $250 for it." Gen. Tracy was then President of the Ramapo Company. The young man had seen it so stated in the newspapers. How much Ramapo stock Gen. Tracy owns, or how much salary he received while President of the company, the young man did not know. He was quite sure, however, that he himself had never owned any stock. In line with this testimony, and tending to strengthen the connection between the firm of Tracy, Boardman & Platt and the Ramapo Company, was the statement made subsequently by another witness, Alfred T. White, formerly Commissioner of Public Works in Brooklyn, that in 1894—five years after Gen. Tracy joined the Platt family firm—Gen. Tracy called upon him and asked him if he was ready to receive a proposition from a private company (understood to be the Ramapo) to furnish water to the city. It is a great pity that Gen. Tracy is in Paris and cannot tell us the full extent of his connection with Ramapo, and the full details of all the "trifling matters" connected therewith that he took into the Platt family firm.

The most interesting information that Mr. Hoffman, the Tammany member, elicited from young Mr. Platt was that in reference to the Platt Family Surety Company, the second branch of the boss family business. This business was set up in 1895, when the Old Man had secured full possession of the State govern-

ment, and the time had arrived to improve opportunities. A special law was passed, under the direct guidance of the boss. "I went to Albany," says the young man proudly, and got the law changed, "in order that the business might be started." It was started, with a younger brother as vice-president and manager, and "we have made money out of it." What salary does your brother receive? "That's none of your business." How much stock do you own in the company? "That's none of your business." Then came this voluntary statement, which the young man clearly regarded as a "settler": "I want to add that Senator Platt never had anything to do with the business of the so-called Platt company. It is managed by my brother and myself. He knows nothing of it." A moment later came another voluntary offering, which, taken in connection with the foregoing, is delicious. He was referring to the heartless conduct of Croker, after getting possession of the city through the aid of Platt and Tracy in 1897, in setting up a rival Croker Surety Company, which took away business from the Platt company. Not only did it take away business, but it got higher rates. "City officials," said the young man, indignantly, "have paid three-quarters and two-thirds more in a great many cases—contractors and officials. It's a matter of common knowledge in the business."

Mr. Moss, in his Saturday statement of what he had accomplished in his Ramapo inquiries, made the very serious mistake of ignoring completely all that had been brought out implicating Platt and his political friends. Not a word did he say about Lauterbach, or Dutcher, or Tracy, or the Platt family law firm; yet, as a matter of fact, there has been more evidence adduced against them than against Croker and his political friends. It has been adduced, too, against the obvious unwillingness of both the committee and Mr. Moss to have it come out. Why was young Platt treated with such consideration when he was on the stand? Why was not he pursued, as Mr. Moss pursues Croker and other Tammany witnesses, with persistent questions as to the sources of his firm's income from such legal services as advocacy of the Ramapo bill and the Astoria gas bill? Why was not the full nature of both the family law business and the family surety business gone into? Why was not Mr. Dutcher questioned more vigorously as to the nature of the Ramapo Company's stock and the company's exact financial condition? Mr. Croker has the committee and its counsel on the hip when he asks why they do not go into these and other matters in which Platt and his friends are seen to be implicated. Until they do go into them as thoroughly and as mercilessly as they go into the doings of Croker and his associates, the charge that the investigation is partisan and one-sided will stand unrefuted.

It has been shown by Mr. Moss that the Ramapo job originated with Republicans; that the bill making it possible was advocated by the Platt family law firm, and became a law because of their hired support; that Gen. Tracy was at the head of the company when he joined the family law firm, and was its counsel and promoter for at least five years afterwards; that he was succeeded as President by Silas B. Dutcher, a trusted political ally of Platt, and by Lauterbach as counsel, who has been for years one of Platt's most devoted agents; that the job was first brought to Tammany attention by Lauterbach, who, with the Tammany President of the Board of Public Improvements, arranged the terms of the $200,000,000 contract. Yet Mr. Moss assumes in his statement that only Croker and his friends have been implicated in the testimony! Mr. Croker is quite justified in feeling indignant at such a claim as this, and in denouncing the committee and its counsel as mere tools of Platt. We hope he will nurse and stimulate his indignation, and give frequent utterance to it, for in that way he may arrive at the point of telling us, or allowing his followers to tell us, what were the terms of the "deal" by which the Tammany champions of the job were induced to take hold of it. We have only got in sight of the truth about this business. Mr. Moss and his committee have shied visibly at the first glimpse of this truth, and Croker is quite correct when he tells them so. Will they dare to accept his challenge and let the full truth come out?

BANKS AND TRUST COMPANIES.

The old question of the relations between trust companies and banks, wherein their spheres differ and wherein their interests clash, has been revived by the number of new trust companies already formed or proposed. In the past it was sometimes asserted that these were rivals only, but this was a superficial view; so long as each kept to its own province they supported as much as antagonized each other. The original theory of the trust company was that it was organized to undertake the management of estates or special funds, and to do other and similar things for which there was a demand, but which were not within the duty of the bank. It was true that, even under such circumstances, the trust companies competed for loans with the banks, but it was felt that this was due rather to the general competition of capital than to the rivalry of financial institutions.

It is, however, undeniable that the general—as distinguished from the special—deposits of the trust companies have of late years been increasing; deposits which the banks were formed primarily to care for. In consequence, business competition in the loan market not only has increased with this growth of ordinary deposits at the trust companies, but has tended to assume more and more the form of a competition of the same class or kind of money. Even under these conditions the problem might not have received public attention were it not for the number of new trust companies announced. It is not probable that these new companies are intending to confine themselves to trust funds or estates, but, on the contrary, there is every reason to believe that some of them, at least, will rely largely for their deposits upon the money of business men who keep active accounts. It is, perhaps, in view of this very contingency that one of the older trust companies, in order to secure larger mercantile deposits, is offering to send one of its representatives in a cab to the offices and shops of its customers for their daily collections.

If the tendency, already existing, to make the general banking department of trust companies more important than the special is to continue, it does not require a financial prophet to foresee that new problems are likely to arise in Wall Street. Of these problems, the one first to be met will be that of proper cash reserves. As an illustration, some figures may be presented in round numbers and roughly. The trust companies usually grouped together had recently $325,000,000 deposited with them. These same companies had in their own vaults or deposited with banks $45,000,000, being 14 per cent. of their deposits. Of this latter sum by far the greater part was redeposited, the amount held in cash being comparatively insignificant.

It is an interesting question how far these moneys of trust companies deposited in banks should be considered as making a full reserve. After deducting one-quarter for its own safety, the bank proceeds to lend out the remaining three-quarters. Is the trust company protected to the full amount? In London, where the great banks keep the greater part of their reserves in the Bank of England, this question has been much discussed. Critics of the British system have called this kind of reserve inadequate and dangerous, but, beyond a slight increase in actual cash, the criticisms have had little effect. It was felt that the Bank of England, with its great power, its large reserves of cash (often one-half its deposits), and its assumed responsibility, could cope with any domestic or foreign difficulty. But it would not be doing justice to the New York clearing-house to compare it with the Bank of England, though many points of resemblance will occur to the observer. Our banks cannot be expected willingly to assume responsibility without power.

What percentage of deposits a bank should keep in its vaults as a reserve against demand cannot be determined without study. Our national law fixes 25 per cent., but this is arbitrary, for much depends upon the kind of deposits received and on the kind of loans made. Some banks would be as safe from suspension with but 15 per cent. of their deposits in cash as others with twice that reserve. Since the matter of this percentage is fixed as to our national banks, it would be unnecessary to discuss the subject except for its bearing upon the trust companies. These, as is well known, are not required to observe any rule or percentage in determining the amount of money to be held in reserve.

If banks differ among themselves as to the real amounts of cash which safety against a sudden demand would require them to keep as reserves, trust companies differ from banks still more sharply. Our older companies during the process of years have accumulated a series of deposits which are not likely to be called for suddenly, or perhaps cannot be. So far as such kinds of deposits predominate in the trust companies, it would be unnecessary to require one-quarter or anything like that proportion to be held as a cash reserve. There might even be deposits held by the trust companies under such conditions as to need no immediate reserve at all. If, therefore, the trust companies were to limit their business to the purposes for which they were first organized, there would be no reserve question to consider.

But it is precisely at this point that the difficulty appears. If it is true that trust companies in general have been accepting active deposits more and more of late, if it is true that there are signs of increasing solicitation, and if the advent of new companies points in the same direction, then the matter may in the near future attract formal attention. Public sentiment in Wall Street, seeking to do justice to both banks and trust companies, could only ask that the latter apply to their business the same general principles which the banks are bound by law to obey. It ought not to be difficult for directors and officers of trust companies to classify their deposits, separating the mercantile or active accounts from the others. Then upon the moneys which should be classed as trust funds could be placed a minimum of reserve, varying according to the possibility (not probability merely) of withdrawal. It would be immaterial whether a large portion of such reserves were to be held in cash or placed in the possession of the banks. Then upon those deposits which are common to banks also the bank percentage could be calculated; nor would it prove a hardship were this legal percentage on the active or mercantile accounts to be kept as a cash reserve in the companies' treasuries.

Fortunately for us the large and increasing business of the country makes the question of financial reserves for the time unimportant. The problem was, however, acute during and after the panic year 1893, and may become as acute again. It would be wise, therefore, to discuss the matter now before such acuteness becomes apparent.

THE WASHINGTON PEDIGREE.

BOSTON, September 12, 1899.

You recently felt constrained to say a word concerning fictitious pedigrees, and your readers may like to turn to the details of work performed by competent genealogists in tracing out and establishing the true pedigree of George Washington. The result was obtained by the efforts of several genealogists, English and American, each contributing a part and cheerfully coöperating in pursuing clues.

Without going into side issues, it may be said that no one disputed that George Washington was descended from John Washington, who, with his brother Lawrence, came to Virginia about 1657, and that both brothers became possessed of estates and honors in their new home. Genealogy as a science had not penetrated to the colonies; and the Washingtons, placing nothing on record, simply remained for generations as opulent gentlemen whose social position was unquestioned. In 1791 Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King of Arms, who had married an American wife, and who was a warm admirer of Washington, sent to the President his theory as to the English pedigree of the emigrants. This paper has been lost, but it was examined by Jared Sparks, who is a sufficient witness (see Chester's 'Investigation,' 1866). Washington, in reply, said: "I have often heard others of the family, older than myself, say that our ancestor who first settled in this country came from one of the northern counties of England, but whether from Lancashire, Yorkshire, or one still more northerly, I do not precisely remember." Heard's pedigree was doubtless the same as that printed soon after by Baker in his 'History of Northamptonshire,' in which he identified John and Lawrence with the two sons of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave and Brington, of a family settled for two generations in Sulgrave, Co. Northampton, and fully recorded in the Heralds' Visitations.

The coincidence of names was striking, and the truth of this theory remained undisputed for years. Pilgrims visited Sulgrave, and the local historians diligently sought out even the remoter branches of the family. Especially the Rev. John N. Simpkinson, rector of Brington, an ardent and careful antiquary, made large investigations on the spot among old records and accounts, the results of which he published. Charles Sumner was inspired to have copies made of tombstones in Brington, which he presented to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and which were accepted by the Legislature and duly recorded in a public document.

In 1863, however, Isaac J. Greenwood of New York, a genealogist of the new school, printed in the *N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register* an article showing that these two sons of Lawrence Washington were too old to be the emigrants to Virginia. The doubt thus started would not subside, and in 1866 the late Joseph L. Chester, then in England, and confessedly the chief of all living genealogists, grappled with the problem. Availing of all that was then known, and adding the fruits of his skilled investigations, he prepared a masterly essay printed in Nichols's *Herald and Genealogist* (London) and reissued as a pamphlet. Herein, with a multitude of other facts, he proved that, of the two sons of Lawrence of Sulgrave, John was knighted in 1623 and died before October 6, 1678, when Dorothy Washington made her will as "relict of Sir John Washington, deceased." Mr. Chester accumulated evidence, and the identification is conceded. Lawrence Washington, the younger brother, was matriculated at Brazenose College, Oxford, in 1621, aged nineteen. The records show that he held college offices, and in 1633 he obtained the valuable living of Purleigh in Essex, and was ejected in 1643 for his loyalty. Then he obtained "a poor and miserable" parish, and sank into obscurity. Mr. Chester thus brilliantly demonstrated that these two old men could not be the emigrants to Virginia in 1657, especially as one was a knight and the other a clergyman, while the Virginians were simple esquires. As we shall soon point out the real identity of the emigrants, we will merely say that Chester's work was unanswerable.

Here, then, the old fight between the guns and the armor stopped, with the victory on the side of the guns. But good Americans were not content, and, more than ever, genealogists sought to establish the true ancestry of our most noted family. Mr. Chester labored long and well, and chased many a phantom through wills, deeds, and parish records. He died, however, without succeeding in his long search. In 1883 Henry F. Waters of Salem, a man upon whom Chester's mantle had fallen, was in England making researches and famous discoveries in genealogy. He noted that though Lawrence Washington of Virginia died there, administration was granted in England, in May, 1677, to Edmund Jones, principal creditor of Lawrence Washington, formerly of Luton in Bedfordshire, deceased in Virginia. Not long afterwards a friendly official notified Mr. Waters that he had found an administration bond, dated in January, 1650, relating to Lawrence Washington the younger, then aged fourteen. This clue led to the discovery of the will of Andrew Knowling, of Tring, Co. Hertford, which proved to be the corner-stone of the Virginian pedigree. It was dated and proved early in 1650, and made bequests to "daughters-in-law," Amphilis Washington, Elizabeth Fitzherbert, Susan Billing (deceased), and "son-in-law" William Roades, and also to their children, viz., John, William, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Martha Washington, "children of said Amphilis W., my daughter-in-law," and to the two daughters of said Susan Billing. Also, he gave all his freehold lands and tenements to "Lawrence Washington the younger, my godson," and made him his sole executor. A search of the parish records of Tring gave the baptisms of Lawrence, June 23, 1635, Elizabeth, August 17, 1636, and William, ——— 13, 1641, all children of "Mr. Lawrence Washington"; and the burial, January 19, 1654 (1654-5), of "Mrs. Washington." Though John's birth was not recorded at Tring, nor that of his younger sisters Margaret and Martha, Mr. Waters found letters of administration granted February 8,

1655, to John Washington, lawful son of Amphilis W., late of Tring.

It may be said at once that the clues at Luton and Tring, villages but a few miles apart, closed at this point; and though Mr. Waters has printed many other documents, scarcely one has any direct references to the Washingtons. The inferences beyond dispute were that Amphilis was the wife of a "Mr." Lawrence Washington, and that Andrew Knowling was her stepfather, having married a widow Roades. The next point was the identification of Lawrence Washington whose children were recorded at Tring. Mr. Waters found a memorandum on a paper folded up with the administration on Andrew Knowling's will, granted January 29, 1649, that their guardians were to act for the two minor daughters of Susan Benning (evidently Billing); and this order was signed by Lawrence Washington, Master of Arts and temporary Surrogate "*hac vice.*" Surely Mr. Waters was justified in claiming that this acting Surrogate was Lawrence Washington, husband of Amphilis, whose children were to receive nearly all of Knowling's estate, and who would naturally attend at the probate of the will. Some English critics, with discourteous haste, pointed out that exact proof of this identification was lacking. Others, more kindly, tried to fortify Mr. Waters's discoveries. Granting the identity of the Surrogate, it was evident that he was a Master of Arts, and the only Lawrence W. at Oxford or Cambridge at that period was the son of Lawrence of Sulgrave, before mentioned. Every known fact pointed to him. As Chester shows, he resigned his fellowship at Oxford on his presentation to the living of Purleigh, in Essex, March 14, 1632-3. This made it possible, for the first time, for him to marry. The second son of Amphilis was baptized in 1635, and her older son John was presumably born in 1634, while the marriage could be reasonably assigned to 1633.

The next valuable bit of evidence came from Mr. Darnell Davis of Georgetown, British Guiana, whose letter was printed in the *Nation* of July 16, 1891. It was known that Walker ('Sufferings of the Clergy,' London, 1714) mentioned the Rector of Purleigh and his sufferings. A copy of his sketch was printed by Moncure D. Conway in *Harper's Magazine* for May, 1891, but it merely said that Washington, after losing his rich benefice, was "permitted to have and continue upon a Living in these parts; but it was such a poor and miserable one that it was always with difficulty that any one was persuaded to accept it." Mr. Davis pointed out the forgotten or neglected fact, that Walker's original manuscripts are in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and that a search, which he had not time to make, might bring to light more details. The necessary cost of such search having been furnished, Mr. Waters at once went to Oxford, with gratifying results. I printed in the *Nation* for October 8, 1891, the main facts obtained, viz., that the original showed that this "poor and miserable living was Braxted," and that Mr. Roberts there entertained Mr. Washington, where he was allowed to preach. It was easily found out that Braxted Parva in Essex was just such a place, and that Thomas Roberts was then the patron. The character of Lawrence Washington was also cleared from slurs, and it was shown that he was ejected simply for his loyalty to the Crown in the turbulent years before the Puritans triumphed.

Almost at the same moment, Miss Emma M. Walford of London, an expert genealogist, published the record of the burial at All Saints, Maldon, Essex, of Mr. Lawrence Washington, January 2, 1652. Braxted is about nine miles from Purleigh and six miles from Maldon. No one can doubt that this records the end of the Rector of Purleigh, the son of Lawrence of Sulgrave, at the age of about fifty years. The coincidences are striking. In 1650, Mr. Knowling calls his godson, Lawrence W., "the younger," which term is almost invariably given to a man whose father, of the same name, is still alive. Rev. Lawrence was clearly alive in 1650. In 1655, John, son of Amphilis W., was her administrator, and presumably her husband was dead. Rev. Lawrence died in 1652, or possibly in January, 1653, modern reckoning.

In 1649 the commissioners granted some relief to the many clergymen whom they had ruthlessly robbed and expelled, and the new Rector of Purleigh, one John Rogers, was ordered to pay something to Mrs. Washington, the wife of his predecessor, Rev. Lawrence Washington. If we could recover the receipts, orders, or letters in the Purleigh case from the masses of papers in regard to the payments of conscience money, still probably preserved, we might get positive proof as to the wife of Rev. Lawrence. Perfect proof, however, has come from American sources. In the *Nation* of October 15, 1891, Worthington C. Ford, a most competent authority, printed a letter written by John Washington, son of John the emigrant, to his half-sister, in 1699. This emigrant had two wives; by the first, he had a daughter Anne, who seems to have lived in England, and there married Rev. Edward Gibson of Hawnes in Bedfordshire. John W. writes: "I had the happiness to see a letter which you sent to my aunt Howard, who died about a year and a half ago." Following this clue, Mr. Ford printed in the *Nation* of November 17, 1892, from an attested copy just discovered in the Washington MSS., in the Department of State, the will of Martha Hayward of Stafford County, proved December 8, 1697. Of course Hayward and Howard are interchangeable names. She mentions "cousins John and Augustine, the son of my cousin Lawrence W.; also Lawrence, John, Nathaniel, and Henry, sons of my cousin John W." Evidently she was Martha, daughter of Amphilis W., and sister of the emigrants. In fact, the will in 1677, printed by Mr. Ford, of John W., the emigrant, gives money to his sister Martha for the expense of her coming over. Moreover, and most happily, Mrs. Hayward made other bequests, viz., for her executors to send to England to "my eldest sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Rumbold, a ton of good tobacco," and "to my other sister, Mrs. Margaret Galbut [name doubtful], a ton of tobacco." Here, then, we have exactly the five children of Amphilis Washington mentioned in Andrew Knowling's will, viz., John, Lawrence, Elizabeth (Garbut), Margaret (Rumbold), and Martha (Hayward).

This will gave immediate and conclusive weight to a will printed in Waters's 'Ancestry of Washington' (Boston, 1889). He printed (p. 32) the will of Elizabeth Mewce, widow, dated in 1676, who is known to have been the daughter of Lawrence W. of Sulgrave, and sister of Rev. Lawrence W. of Purleigh. She gives bequests to relatives, among them five pounds to "my niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Rumball." And here we have the final proof. Mrs. Mewce, the sister of Rev. Lawrence, mentions "niece" Mrs. Elizabeth Rumbold, clearly identified as sister of the emigrants, the children of Amphilis W., recorded at Tring as the children of Mr. Lawrence Washington. Naturally, Mr. Waters was delighted, and Mr. Ford printed in the *Nation* of December 22, 1892, a résumé entitled "The Washington Pedigree Assured."

In the foregoing all extraneous matter, however interesting, is carefully excluded. Mr. Chester doubtless collected many facts about the Washingtons, but, if existing, they are in private hands. Mr. Waters, more wisely, has printed many wills, without gaining much information; but, in the case of Mrs. Mewce's will, a single reference, of no apparent value in 1889, became of the greatest importance in 1892. The story of the Washington pedigree is interesting as showing the lack of documentary proofs in the pedigrees of the younger branches of families of the English gentry, and explains the difficulty so often experienced in tracing the emigrants to this country. The settlers of New England now in the ninth or tenth generation have pedigrees which cannot be matched by the middle class of any other nation.

W. H. Whitmore.

THE VAN DYCKS AT ANTWERP.

Antwerp, August, 1899.

To lovers of art, the spectacle of a busy, commercial town deliberately devoting ten days to make the feast simply because a painter happened to have been born there three hundred years before, should, I suppose, seem an encouraging sign. I am not so sure, however, that, to the large mass of people of Antwerp, Van Dyck has meant anything more than a convenient excuse for a series of street pageants and banquets and illuminations and concerts and decorations and excursions, and, generally, a debauch of rejoicing. That, in the course of the fêtes, an exhibition was opened at the Musée des Beaux-Arts, in the presence of a number of Academicians and delegates from other countries, was the merest incident. But, after all, there is no reason why their interest should be more personal. Of all painters, Van Dyck, probably, is the one who would have cared least for popular appreciation and applause; and when I saw his name figuring above cafés or on illustrated postcards and posters, when I saw it given indifferently to cigarettes and cakes, when I saw his face staring out from every shop window and every other decorated façade, I wondered how this manner of tribute would have pleased the artist who was known, even among his fellow-painters, as *il pittore cavalleresco*.

But to most people who have journeyed to Antwerp to take part in the Tercentenary celebrations, the exhibition is, of course, the great thing. As with Rembrandt a year ago, it is felt that there cannot soon be such another opportunity to study the life-work of the artist. It is true that, again as with Rembrandt, the show will be repeated in London at the Royal Academy this coming winter, but many of the pictures now being exhibited will scarcely be allowed to go out of Belgium; and if these are not Van Dyck's masterpieces, they are of interest and importance in marking a

certain stage and phase of his development. In many ways, indeed, the exhibition is more satisfactory than last year's at Amsterdam. Van Dyck cannot be ranked with Rembrandt as one of the few supreme masters of all time, but, at least, the collection of his work is now presented to greater advantage. To begin with, the galleries in which it has been hung are finer; they are in the new Musée, built, I think unfortunately, in the big, ugly, commonplace modern quarter of Antwerp; but, though the approach has none of the charm of the old town, the rooms are spacious and stately and well lighted. The pictures are admirably hung. There is no crowding, each has the necessary margin of space around it, and all are arranged with some idea of the harmonious effect of a gallery as a whole. The one drawback is, curiously, the great beauty of the walls that make the background. Not that there is any excess of gaudy decoration, as in too many new national museums, but the green of the hangings is such good color in itself that it distracts the eye. The perfect background for pictures is that which you do not see.

The collection, though necessarily not complete, is, taken altogether, more fully representative than the Rembrandt series. Most of the famous religious pictures and altar pieces are here, many of the early portraits painted in Flanders, as well as several that were among the most triumphant achievements of Van Dyck's English career. It is his Italian or Genoan period to which least justice is done. A number of his sketches for different pictures on the walls, and of his drawings in *grisaille* for the engraver, are included, and also his etchings and the engravings for the Iconography. The Duke of Devonshire has sent the celebrated sketch-book from Chatsworth. And, finally, there is a large and exhaustive collection of photographs after Van Dyck's pictures; useful, not particularly to the disciples of Morelli, to whom Van Dyck offers small scope for their ingenuity, but as a reminder that many of the artist's masterpieces are missing—a reminder that helps one to bear one's first feeling of disappointment.

For it is as well to be honest with one's self at the start. Interesting as the exhibition is, it is disappointing. To look at a number of Van Dyck's pictures together seems to emphasize his weakness and not his strength. The portrait that borrows additional dignity and stateliness from the old castle or manor-house where it has hung ever since it was sent home from the painter's studio, loses when placed with numerous other portraits; its very resemblance to them in composition and detail explaining how much more it is the result of the artist's convention or formula than of his sympathetic study of character. The religious pictures, when dimly seen above a remote high altar or in a shadowy chapel, suggest qualities and possibilities that are not revealed in the full light of a well-illuminated gallery. It is not only that in some cases they have been ill cared for, in others unintelligently restored; but to paint the religious picture was not Van Dyck's *métier*. He did it because this was the sort of big *machine* expected from the clever painter of his day, just as the yearly sensation from Rochegrosse or Tattegrain is now counted upon as a feature of the Salons. Moreover, he could cover his huge canvas with amazing dexterity, he could arrange his groups and his figures with marvellous skill, but he never seemed to bring to the work anything more than skill and dexterity. In his hands the solemn tragedy of the Scriptures degenerated into melodrama. He produced his effects by very much the same obvious methods as the author of the successful Adelphi play. His audience was never forgotten. Saints, even Christ and the Virgin, make the most direct bids for sympathy and compassion. Angels point to the wounds of the crucified Saviour that you may not by any chance overlook them, or St. Joseph calls your attention to the Holy Family under his care. But perhaps Van Dyck's most surprising flight of religious imagination is in the "St. Sebastian," the one from the church at Schelle, in which a little plump cherub plucks out an arrow from the saint's body as daintily and gayly as a little Cupid who had just emptied his quiver. Really, the only picture of this kind that I should say Van Dyck painted for his own pleasure is the "St. Martin" from Saventhem, where the villagers once, years ago, armed themselves for its protection, and where they threatened this summer to do so again until M. Koch, *Conservateur* of the Musée, went in person to assure them there was no Napoleon in pursuit of their treasure this time, that it was a question not of wholesale robbery for the benefit of another nation, but of a temporary loan for the glorification of Van Dyck in his own land. It is not a great picture, but there is a gayety about it, a grace and elegance in the debonair little saint, well encased in armor, sitting on his prancing horse with as much swagger as Sodoma's St. George, as he divides his entirely superfluous cloak with the beggar, that is very charming.

But it was in his portraits that Van Dyck found himself, gradually throwing off the influence of Rubens; and it is, therefore, the portraits, rather than the flamboyant religious *machines*, that are the cause of one's disappointment. At his best, there are times when one is ready almost to rank him with Franz Hals, with Rembrandt, with Velasquez. But then he was comparatively seldom at his best. Few painters have left so many portraits, but among these many, in what a minority are the masterpieces! The truth is, Van Dyck was too successful, too much in demand. And just as happens with the successful artist to-day, it was upon the reputation of his brilliant achievement rather than a new departure, a new experiment, that the continuation of his success depended. The great ladies who sat to him no doubt insisted that they too should be painted as one still greater and more beautiful had been before them; and, more likely than not, the men clung as persistently to the one favorite formula. And so, when a number of his portraits are collected together, one cannot but be conscious of monotony. There is the same pose, the same expression, the same trick again and again. In one after another, there is the same well-known turn of the head, while the eyes look out in the other direction; the same long slim hands in men and women alike, the same arrangement of those hands. One feels that one is in a shop, a manufactory, where everything is fashioned after an accepted pattern. It is a very beautiful pattern, very distinguished, very graceful, but still it is a pattern. It wearies at last, like the heroic extravagances of Rubens's workshop; like the angelic affectations of Perugino's studio.

Then, when most ready to question the fame of Van Dyck, to dispute the verdict of a couple of centuries, one comes face to face with a picture that holds one like a spell; with, for instance, the perfect portrait of Carew the poet and Killigrew the actor. It is as simple as a Velasquez, and, as in a Velasquez, the beauty is in the rendering of character, the realization of a strongly defined type, the treatment of every accessory—above all, the dignity, the sobriety, the exquisite tone and color. The green of the wall, that overshadows other pictures near it, cannot destroy its rich golden glow, though at Antwerp, somehow, it does not seem altogether so wonderful as at Windsor, where it belongs. For it comes from the royal collections, and is one of the English contributions which make the glory of the exhibition. Guiffrey, in his enthusiasm, wrote that if Van Dyck had died before his first journey from Flanders, nothing could have been lost from the greatness of his name. But it seems almost incredible that this could have been written after a visit to the Van Dycks in England. Van Dyck may have been Flemish by birth, but it was in England, the land of his adoption, that his greatest work was done, and it is only right that England should now, as every one in Antwerp admits, have insured the success of the exhibition in his native town. From English royal and private collections have been loaned thirty-five or forty of the hundred and three exhibited paintings, drawings, and sketches, and they include the most magnificent examples, with two or three exceptions.

The delightful little group of the oldest children of Charles, and the three heads of the King painted on one canvas, as a model for Bernini's bust, also are from Windsor. That splendid portrait of the artist himself in his youth, affected in its elegance, but alive every inch of it, is sent by the Duke of Grafton, who also claims the far more famous Henrietta Maria presenting the laurel wreath to Charles, with its lovely passages of color. To the Duke of Devonshire belongs the large full-length "Arthur Goodwin," an arrangement in brown, almost Whistlerian in its subtle harmony. The "Sir Edmund Verney," with its eloquent blacks, is owned by the present Baronet of the name. The deliciously artificial "Van Dyck with the Sunflower" is the Duke of Westminster's. And so I might go through the list. The only equally notable pictures that cannot be referred to English collections are the stately portrait of Philip, Lord Wharton, from the Hermitage, and the little girl in blue with her dogs, so reminiscent of Velasquez, that usually hangs in the permanent exhibition of the Antwerp Gallery. I do not mean that these exhaust the fine things, but they are certainly the finest pictures that have helped to make Van Dyck's fame, that give one the thrill to be found only in the noblest art.

It is curious that Van Dyck, who would not have been what he was without Rubens, should have become the founder of the eighteenth-century school of English portrait painting, which, whatever its good qualities, has no pretension to that robustness which the very name of the greater Fleming suggests. But Van Dyck, toward the end, grew less robust, the influence

of Rubens began to disappear, and the elegance that was Van Dyck's chief merit in the eyes of his patrons eventually led him to the allegorical portrait, the tradition of which, handed down by way of Lely and Kneller, was often amusingly and sometimes rather feebly carried out by Reynolds and Gainsborough and Romney. It was this elegance, not always in its strongest expression, they inherited—the knowledge of how to place a figure decoratively on a canvas, how to make the sitter conform to a convention when convention seemed more pleasing than truth.

It is idle to ask what would have been the result to his own art had Van Dyck lived as long as Rembrandt or Titian. He was only forty-two when he died, but the chances are that he died at the right moment for his reputation. He had lived his life to the full, he had done his fair share of work; and the Antwerp Exhibition proves that if this work does not set him on the highest pinnacle in the Temple of Art, at least there are not so very many exalted far above him. N. N.

Correspondence.

THE GERMANS AND AMERICANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your article on the Germans and Americans in your issue of August 31 was in every sentence a rejoinder to my essay in the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. While my absence from town may excuse the delay of my answer, I am anxious not to refrain entirely from a reply. Some of your arguments refer to my statements about Germany, some to my hopes about America; allow me to follow up your criticism in both directions.

With regard to Germany, we disagree as to the amount of freedom in university life and in politics. You are ready to concede that there is no country with more valuable inner freedom than Germany, but when I add that the German university is the freest place on earth, you insist that you can but "stare and gasp." But your only argument for your scepticism is an enumeration of conflicts between the Government and university professors from Mommsen, Virchow, and Geffcken down to "the recent attacks on professors who have taken the part of the Social Democrats." But is there really a contradiction? Mommsen called Bismarck in a stump speech a swindler, and Bismarck brought Mommsen before the court; what has that to do with the freedom of the universities? Geffcken (who, by the way, was at that time not any longer professor) published the diary of the Crown Prince and committed by that, in Bismarck's opinion, the crime of high treason; how can that be linked with the problem of academic freedom? Are Virchow and Mommsen not still lecturing every day? Does academic freedom mean that the professor can throw stones at his neighbor's window without being prosecuted like other men? And even those recent attacks on professors who have taken the part of the Social Democrats reduce themselves in reality to the effort to remove Dr. Arons from the University of Berlin. But, firstly, Arons is not a regularly appointed professor—he is an unpaid privat-docent who has only the revocable permission to give lectures; secondly, he not only took sides with the Social Democrats—nobody would disturb him for that—but he was a leader of the agitation; thirdly, this had again nothing to do with his university work, as his courses were not about political economy, but only about magnetism and electricity; and, fourthly, even in this case the Government was not successful. No, the German university professor, like the German judge, is appointed for life, and the Germans see in that the security of freedom of thought and law. I do not know an American university whose professors cannot be dismissed.

As regards political freedom, you say it is begging the question when I claim that to insult the President cannot be called freedom at all, and you reply with the question: "Is it freedom when an editor is sent to prison for four months for commenting on the Emperor's speech at the opening of Parliament?" Certainly that is not freedom, but, fortunately, it never has happened and never can happen in Germany. No one has ever been prosecuted for "commenting," if the word is not extended to include every kind of insulting attack or an infamous insinuation of mean motives. The dispute over the canal bill in the past few weeks has sufficiently demonstrated that the German editorial can publish not only comment, but the sharpest possible criticism of the Emperor's speeches and actions, provided that the form is not insulting; many were sharper than the most energetic comments on McKinley's politics from the side of the anti-imperialists, and yet no one objected to them. The thought and argument of criticism is never really reinforced by the addition of disreputable adjectives; for readers of taste, it is even weakened. On the other hand, you say yourself that few intelligent Americans have any objection to a constitutional monarchy, and that "we might be better off if we had it." Can these same intelligent Americans doubt that the protection against direct degrading insult is an organic part of every monarchy, as this protection by law means, of course, merely the outer reinforcement of the mutual agreement of the population to acknowledge the monarch as the symbol of the nation, and thus to keep this symbol out of the mud of political excitement? You say finally: "Until he can silence the voices of the German Liberals, he has no right to make such representations to the American people." But I do not want to silence their voices, as I am myself a German Liberal, have voted with them, and should probably to-day vote with the National Liberals, while I acknowledge that I do not agree with you that Bamberger—certainly one of the most brilliant speakers and writers—was "one of the ablest German statesmen."

But allow me to turn to the American problems where I recognize still less my own picture in your mirror. You see in my entire effort merely the "theory of reaction, of servility, of despotism." But am I really guilty? Let us separate the social and the political questions. I had laid the chief emphasis on the social problems; your comment touches them only shortly, and thus I do not want either to give much space to them here. But when you speak of "the ignoble desire to be promoted by the ruling powers into an arbitrary social prominence without reference to intrinsic worth," I must at least say that you score exactly that which I have scored. We agree that a complicated national society is not possible without a social differentiation in which many degrees of social prominence are given by some ruling power. My claim—to use an American expression—is, that as long as money is this ruling power, there are indeed too many odds in favor of the fear that the social prominence is given without reference to intrinsic worth. That is the situation here which I should call not ignoble, but imperfect. If, on the other hand, the ruling power becomes a government, in which the energies of the whole nation are organized, there remain, of course, still possibilities of mistakes, but the chances are greater that social prominence becomes adjusted to intrinsic worth. Every great organization—for instance, the universities—acts also in this country after this principle, which I should like to see extended, as in Germany, over the whole national society; there is no fear that other ruling powers besides the governmental ones, like wealth, and health, and beauty, will not remain efficient, nevertheless.

But your article emphasizes especially the political side; allow me to take the same turn. You begin at once by saying that I am delighted with the Spanish war. I beg your pardon. I especially said that I did not care to discuss whether the war was desirable or not; I ventured only to add that I do believe that the majority of the population wished the war, not for selfish, but for sentimental reasons. Is a thing delightful to me simply because I acknowledge that the majority believed in it? My "reactionary" article shows, I think, nowhere signs of such blind belief in the wisdom of majorities. And where have I suggested "putting our government in charge of a Cæsar"? I spoke of an aristocracy of mind, of greatness in art and literature and science; that is so little in antagonism to political democracy that I condensed my hopes in the wish that "the golden thread of greatness may be woven into the glorious democracy." A glorious democracy is not in charge of a Cæsar. But I do deny even that I am "an enthusiastic imperialist." The only connection in which imperialism came into my unpolitical outlook was the often-discussed possibility and hope that the expansionistic policy may reinforce the national feeling of public responsibility and public idealism. I had not to discuss politics, and the complicated problems of imperialism were thus not before me. I said merely that imperialism is possibly the shortest way to such an idealistic trend, and in so far as this is true I should welcome expansionism. Possibly those others who claim that, on the contrary, corruption and bossism would grow, may know the country better; possibly, also, other disadvantages may overshadow the advantages I thought of—it was not my business to discuss that. I did not speak in favor of or against imperialism; I spoke merely in favor of public idealism and mental aristocracy, considering the political problem of expansionism only in so far as it was subordinated to my social problem. I never hinted that this aspect is sufficient to settle such an overwhelmingly important subject, and I never claimed for myself the right to express my personal judgment on such political problems at all.

Your article, to be sure, links my remarks in still another way with imperialism. You

say: "He sneers at the German-Americans because they protested against the Anglo-American Alliance, and entirely ignores the fact that this was by way of protest against imperialism." As this point has given rise to many attacks against me in the German-American press, I have fully explained my views there, and will not repeat here our more internal German-American disputes. But every line of those discussions would show clearly that I am indeed justified in discriminating sharply between alliance and expansion, and that while I object indeed to the German movement which contends against the alliance, I have not the slightest objection to the politics of those German-Americans who oppose imperialism. In this latter issue there is no reason whatever why the Germans should be unanimous; they are and may be divided as is the rest of the land, while the question of the alliance is of a very different character. In it the Germans have indeed their possible reasons for unity, but there I urge reservation in the interest of good feeling, not because I am "an enthusiastic imperialist."

Of course, all my efforts to influence the German-Americans in the direction that mutual prejudices between Germany and the United States may disappear and good feeling prevail, would be absurd if I could agree with the introductory column of your article. You say:

"When Professor Münsterberg speaks of what Americans believe or like, we have to ask what he means. The Irish-Americans have their own feelings, and so have the German, the Scandinavian, the Russian, the French, the Italian, even the Jewish elements. There are Africans and Asiatics with prejudices of their own, and there are marked differences between the native Americans of the South and those of the North."

I know these differences, and I know their political importance, and yet I must confess that when I discussed the differences between the Germans and the Americans, I never thought that any one would ask me what I meant by Americans, and I acknowledge fully that my whole article is mistaken if the conception "the Americans" has really no meaning without further specialization.

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., September 15, 1899.

THE SOUND OF I.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is undoubtedly the case, as "W." laments in No. 1785 of the *Nation*, that the long *i* sound is growing more and more distasteful to the modern ear, as is shown by the increasing tendency to shorten or modify it. One might add to "W.'s" illustrations Shakspere's familiar—

"From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind."

G. L. D.

CAMBRIDGE, September 15, 1899.

Notes.

A Life of Thackeray, in two volumes, with numerous illustrations, by Lewis Melville, is the most catching entry in the fall announcements of Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago. Others are a Life of Sir Arthur Sullivan, by Arthur Lawrence; 'Some Players,' by Amy Leslie; 'Henry Irving—Ellen Terry,' a book of portraits, by Gordon Craig; 'Famous Ladies of the English Court,' illustrated, by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson; 'The Indians of To-Day,' by George Bird Grinnell; 'The Greatest American Orations,' edited by Alonzo Beach Gower; 'A Modern Reader and Speaker,' by George Riddle; 'Fables in Slang,' by George Ade; 'The Human Interest,' a study in incompatibilities, by Violet Hunt; and 'The Religion of Tomorrow,' by the Rev. Frank Crane.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce 'The River War,' an account of the recovery of the Sudan, by Winston Spencer Churchill, in two volumes, with numerous maps and illustrations; 'The Redemption of Egypt,' by W. Basil Worsfold; 'Peaks and Pines,' another Norway book, by J. A. Lees; 'The Homeric Hymns,' translated, with critical introductions, by Andrew Lang, who also produces 'The Red Book of Animal Stories'; 'The English Radicals,' an historical sketch, by C. B. Roylance Kent; 'Mr. Blackburn's Games at Chess,' edited by P. Anderson Graham; and 'A Farmer's Year: Being his Commonplace Book for 1898,' by H. Rider Haggard.

'The Impressions of Spain' of James Russell Lowell, edited by Joseph B. Gilder, with an introduction by A. A. Adee, have been gathered from his dispatches to the State Department while Minister. The book will be published by the Putnams, along with the second volume of Blok's 'History of the Netherlands'; 'Bismarck and the New German Empire,' by J. W. Headlam; 'Charlemagne, the Hero of Two Nations,' by H. W. Carless Davis; 'Roman Life under the Cæsars,' by Émile Thomas; 'Alexander the Great,' by Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler; 'Theodore Beza, the Counsellor of the French Reformation,' by Prof. Henry Martyn Baird; 'Rupert, Prince Palatine,' by Eva Scott; 'Browning, Poet and Man,' by Elizabeth Luther Cary; 'The Troubadours at Home,' by Prof. Justin H. Smith, in two volumes, illustrated; 'A Prisoner of the Khaleefa,' by Charles Neufeld; 'The Wheat Problem,' by Sir William Crookes; 'Principles of Public Speaking,' by Prof. Guy Carleton Lee; 'Life beyond Death,' by the Rev. Minot J. Savage; and 'Bluebeard,' a contribution to history and folk-lore, by Thomas Wilson, LL.D., one of the curators of the United States National Museum.

Forthcoming from Macmillan Co. are 'Tropical Colonization,' by Alleyne Ireland; 'Little Novels of Italy,' by Maurice Hewlett; 'The History of New Testament Times in Palestine,' by Prof. Shailer Mathews; and 'The Liquefaction of Gases; Its Rise and Development,' by Willett Lepley Hardin.

Thomas Whittaker will issue at once 'A Cycle of Stories,' by Barbara Yechton.

R. H. Russell will bring out 'The Education of Mr. Pipp,' drawings by Charles Dana Gibson.

Frank H. Severance, editor of the *Illustrated Buffalo Express*, is about to publish historical studies entitled 'Old Trails on the Niagara Frontier.'

It was a great stroke when the Oxford Dictionary was converted into a quarterly serial. The Oxford University Press (New York, No. 91 Fifth Avenue) now offers a chance for those who have come late to an appreciation of this inestimable work, to begin a monthly subscription. Each part will consist of 88 pages (*e. g.*, No. 1, A—Acrious), at a cent a page, or ninety cents; and assurance is given that 12,000 to 13,000 pages will comprise the ten volumes (eleven had been our estimate hitherto), and that completion will be reached in 1909.

Publication No. 1 of the Victoria University Library (Toronto: William Briggs) is 'A Bibliography of Canadian Poetry' (English), by C. C. James. To the name of each author is appended a brief biographical sketch, and there is some supplementary matter at the end; but it is still surprising to find the pamphlet filling seventy-one pages. Four entire Canadian anthologies are enumerated. We are told that three brothers and a sister of Prof. C. G. D. Roberts have been poets, and that a volume of 'Northland Lyrics,' by members of the Roberts family, is soon to appear. It is noticeable that, of the new school, Prof. Roberts was born in 1860, Bliss Carman and the late Archibald Lampman in 1861. Goldwin Smith takes his place with native Canadians, as does Douglas Brymner, the Dominion Archivist, D'Arcy McGee, and the Marquis of Lorne. Samuel E. Dawson, James De Mille, William Henry Drummond, Robert Grant Haliburton (son of "Sam Slick"), Charles Heavysege, and John George Romanes, are some of the best-known writers. Oliver Goldsmith and George Herbert revive old memories, if not old glories in verse. Mr. James has performed his task well.

"The basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and to alter their constitution of government. . . . Resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles. . . . Observe good faith and justice towards all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. . . . The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible." These are some of the anti-imperial sentiments in Washington's Farewell Address whose injunctions it is the professed object of the Empire State Society, Sons of the American Revolution, to carry out. The sumptuous Register just issued by the Society tells of much rivalry between the national organization and the Sons of the Revolution, and of futile efforts towards a union. There follow lists of officers, State and national, constitution, and biographical roll of members (nearly 300 pages), and a Roll of Revolutionary Ancestors (more than 200 pages).

'The Growth of Democracy in the United States,' by Frederick A. Cleveland (Chicago: The Quadrangle Press), is an attempt to explain the political history of our country by evolutionary theories. The fact particularly emphasized is the gradual increase of provisions for popular coöperation in government, and the legislation which expresses this tendency is analyzed with much care and at great length. The value of such a book as this would be increased by a fuller index.

To the books treating of our currency problems Mr. David K. Watson adds a 'History of American Coinage' (G. P. Putnam's Sons). He does not dwell, as might be supposed from his title, on the operations of the mint, except incidentally, but reviews the legislation affecting the coinage. The early reports of Morris and Jefferson and Hamilton are given at some length, and the debates over the modern laws affecting sil-

ver are summarized. The whole subject bristles with controversial matter, but Mr. Watson tells his story with moderation and fairness. His conclusion is that the effort to maintain the double standard of values was unwise and impracticable, and has always led to financial difficulties. The reports of the Board of Treasury of 1786 are given as appendices, and a full index is added, making the book useful for reference.

The marked success of the Germans in the teaching of modern languages has long attracted attention to their methods, and all language teachers will undoubtedly be interested in reading the small book called 'The Method of Teaching Modern Languages in Germany,' by Mary Brebner (Cambridge, Eng.: University Press; New York: Macmillan). Miss Brebner was the Gilchrist travelling scholar for 1897 appointed from the Cambridge Training College for Women Teachers, and she here presents her report of a six months' investigation in Germany, during which she visited 41 schools and heard 268 modern-language lessons given. The German method of language-teaching (otherwise called analytic, direct, or imitative) is popularly known as "the new method," although it had its beginning as far back as 1882, and was officially ordered in 1891 in Prussia. This method the author carefully analyzes, both as regards means and object of instruction, giving a number of typical lessons in detail as she heard them. The use of phonetics, the teaching of *Realien*, or illustrative facts and studies, the system of international correspondence between students, are discussed, while a chapter is devoted to the relative merits of the Gouin, Haeusser, Berlitz, and Jena methods of instruction. Excerpts on the subject from the Prussian "Lehrpläne" and various school programmes are given. In conclusion the preparation of the language teacher for his or her work is shown in outline. The thoroughness of this preparation goes a long way, no doubt, in explaining the success of the German method. The book is small—only 75 pages—but it contains a record of personal method-investigation which the progressive teacher should read.

'Pan and the Young Shepherd' (John Lane), which Mr. Maurice Hewlett calls "A Pastoral," adds little to his reputation. It is distinguished by his usual preciosity of style; but while he succeeds in recalling something of Theocritus, he is never more than extremely clever. The phrase "Dam fool" does not seem apt in the mouth of an Arcadian peasant, nor is *Sir Topas* (who belongs for all time with *Malvolio* and the Clown) fittingly cast with *Geron* and *Teucer* and *Neanias*. These are small blemishes, but the whole work is wanting in any positive merit. In conception it is poetical and allegorical, yet the allegory is very obscure and the poetry just misses fire.

Those who have been attracted to read of the Dreyfus case by its present notoriety, and who, having begun the furious tale in the middle, wonder how it all began, will find this admirably told in 'The Dreyfus Story,' by Richard W. Hale (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.). In a compact and well-printed little book he has arranged in clear and orderly fashion the entire history of the case, so far as any outsider knows it, and, besides, explains French procedure with rare comprehension and simplicity. If it be objected that the book appears too late, the author might well make the retort of the French journalist to his colleague, who asks, "What shall we fill our columns with when the *affaire* is over?" "Ne vous agitez pas. *Elle recommencera!*"

The rebellion of French soldiers in the Sudan has induced Paul Leroy-Beaulieu to publish, in the *Journal des Débats* for August 31, an urgent plea for the early construction of a railway through the Sahara. Having shown in previous publications, notably in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 15, that the task would be easy and the expense moderate in comparison with other modern enterprises of similar nature, he endeavors in his latest article to prove the growing necessity of the work. The road, he insists, should not run to Timbuctoo, but directly from Biskra, in Algeria, to the shores of Lake Tchad, so as to insure the possession and exploitation of the vast regions conceded to France by the international conventions in 1891 and 1899. A ready communication between Algeria and the French Sudan, M. Leroy-Beaulieu thinks, would have made such a rebellion as Capt. Voulet's so doubtful of success as to have prevented it.

The object of the French expedition under Capts. Voulet and Chanoine which came recently to a tragic end, was to take possession of the almost unknown region between the Niger and Lake Tchad. The starting-point was Jenne on the upper Niger; Capt. Voulet with part of the expedition going by river, while Capt. Chanoine, son of the well-known general of that name, with a force of 360 tirailleurs crossed the great Niger bend by land. In an account of this journey, summarized in the London *Times*, he tells of passing through a mountainous country inhabited by an interesting race, "who live in isolated villages to which access is sometimes only possible by means of ladders." Intelligent and extremely industrious, they have hitherto resisted the efforts of the Mohammedan missionaries for their conversion, and maintain towards the French an attitude of armed neutrality. The kingdom of Mossi is described as a country of "exceptional richness," the people having large herds of cattle and sheep, as well as horses and donkeys in abundance. It is significant, in view of the alleged cruelty of Capt. Chanoine, which led to the assassination of the officers sent to supersede him and his companion, that he ascribes the failure of the French to establish their authority over the various peoples in this region "to the too tender methods that have been employed in dealing with them." The expedition was united on the Niger last January, and, after two months of preparation, started for the lake.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for September opens with some interesting facts and statistics showing the rapid growth of trade between Japan and this country within the last twenty years. The principal exchanges are raw silk and raw cotton, and there is also at present an extraordinary demand for American tobacco. Prof. E. B. Garriott describes the hurricane of August 7-14, dwelling especially on the work done by the newly organized West Indian branch of the United States Weather Bureau, whose prompt and accurate warnings were, according to the testimony of owners and masters of vessels, "of almost incalculable value." Attention is called to a serious error in the August number in regard to the relative distance of Manila from New York by the Nicaragua and Suez Canal routes. The figures given were furnished by the United States Coast Survey, being simply measurements taken from charts. The Acting Superintendent now writes that the true distance of Manila from New York by the Nicaragua Canal is 11,078 nautical miles, or 518 miles less than by the Suez Canal.

Jena, as we are informed by Prof. George H. Schodde of Columbus, O., is an exception to our recent statement that women may now pursue their studies at *all* German universities.

—Mr. A. P. C. Griffin, Assistant Librarian of Congress, writes to us:

"In the *Nation* of August 10 there appears an article on Washington's visit to Barbados in 1751, the material for which is mainly drawn from the extracts from Washington's Diary, published in the second volume of Sparks's 'Writings of Washington.' It may not be amiss (for the fact seems to be unknown to your correspondent) to recall that the diary has been published *in extenso* and with literal exactness by Dr. J. M. Toner, in a volume published at Albany by Munsell in 1892."

—Dreyfus and no end. He turns up in the fourth volume, second series, of the great Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U.S.A. (D—Emulsion), where there is a periodical reference to A. Zuccarelli on "L'antropologia nell' avvenimento Dreyfus-Zola." By good right, in the case of an art which has been an inestimable benefaction to medicine and surgery, we meet with Daguerre's 'Historique et description des procédés du daguerréotype et du diorama' (Paris, 1839), which the letter R will surely find abundantly capped with Roentgen. Five editions of Albert Dürer's 'De symmetria partium in rectis formis humanorum corporum,' in Latin, Italian, French, and Dutch, have been added to the Library. "The eyesight of the late Mr. Du Maurier" is the subject of a paper, in the *Lancet*, which admits that artist to the same alphabet with Dürer. Dziatzko's eminent writings on the art of cataloguing are quite germane to the Surgeon-General's collection. The earlier series of the Catalogue employed the rubric Degeneration; now Nordau has made Degeneracy necessary. Under the latter might have found a place Dépierris's 'Physiologie Sociale,' for its sub-title, "Le tabac. . . est-il cause de la dégénérescence physique et morale des sociétés modernes?" (Paris, 1898). Demonology is not an exhausted topic, and works ranging from 1534 to 1888 are here set down as newly acquired, along with such curiosities as Culpeper's 'Astrological Judgment of Diseases from the Decumbiture of the Sick, much enlarged' (1655). The Ear claims most space, viz., 79 pages, closely attended by Diphtheria, with 78. Electrotherapy fills 18. There is a noticeably full list of Medical Directories; and, under Education, of medical schools by localities, according to the documents pertaining to each.

—The Asiatic Society of Japan sends out volume xxv. of its invaluable Transactions, and the report shows the corporation to be in a healthy financial condition. The two papers published in the volume at hand are by the Rev. Isaac Dooman, who brings some knowledge of other Altaic languages, especially Turkish, to bear upon the problems set forth in his themes. These are: "The Origin of the Japanese Race" and "The Be-

ginnings of Japanese History, Civilization, and Art." The author has diligently sifted the contents of the 'Kojiki,' the oldest book in the Japanese language, which all natives and foreigners make the basis of their researches and conclusions respecting the early Japanese. To this, however, Mr. Dooman adds long research in the 'Manyoshiu,' or Book of a Thousand Leaves, which contains the songs and earliest poetry of the Nippon race. His monographs are purposely rather suggestive discussions than precise or dogmatic statements. His general conclusion is, that "the quasi-mythical and quasi-historical personalities of the legends contained in the first part of the 'Kojiki' are real historical beings, who existed and ruled over the Southern provinces of the empire before the ascendency of Yamato power and civilization; the legendary and incredible extraneous matter which has adhered to them is later accretion, and superimposed by the uncontrollable imagination of the bard and the inconceivable credulity of the people." Mr. Dooman's rendering of the ancient poems is felicitous, and his familiarity with the theories of critics of various schools very evident. This is his verdict and prophecy concerning the Japanese: "A most happy and harmonious combination of all the antinomies and contrarieties in human nature; at the same time active and passive, highly intellectual and childish, ideally clean, but doing things that are opposite to cleanness, markedly proud and senselessly obsequious, forbearing and vindictive, kind-hearted and betraying, rational and emotional, extremely sceptical and intensely superstitious, the masters of the sublime and base. . . . A nation which, because of its universal genius, is destined to become one of, if not the greatest of, the factors humanity has produced for its self-elevation and ennoblement."

—In happy rivalry with the Asiatic Society of Japan is the Deutsche Gesellschaft für Natur- und Völkerkunde Ostasiens, from both of whose storehouses of printed papers valuable books have been reproduced. To the student of that form of literature which in short measure expresses "the wisdom of many in the wit of one," Mr. P. Ehmann's volume on Japanese Proverbs is of unique value. His industry and insight seem to be equally noteworthy. Familiar with native collections of these "coins of the vernacular," he has collected, translated (into German), and annotated no fewer than 3,729 true proverbs or picturesque and forcible sayings. In an elaborate introductory essay of twenty-two pages he discusses the bibliographical, literary, linguistic, and historical phases of his subject, and writes like one dwelling (as he does at Kanazawa) amid living speech, as well as knowing the archaic jests and gnomic sayings that need commentary and explanation. His method of arrangement is not under categories of subjects as the Occidental reader would prefer, but of initial words according to the Roman alphabet. This, however, makes reference easy to one familiar with Japanese, for under one caption (*me* or eye, for example) all other proverbs in which *me* leads the sentence or phrase are arranged. The title of this notable contribution to proverbial literature is 'Die Sprichworter und bildlichen Ausdrücke der Japanischen Sprache' (Tokyo: Press of the Tsukiji Type Foundry.)

—Under the editorial care of Prof. Emil Kautzsch of the University of Halle, and with the coöperation of a dozen other specialists, the house of Mohr (Freiburg and Leipzig) is bringing out a translation, with introduction and critical notes, of the entire body of "inter-Testament" Jewish literature, which helps explain in many particulars the methods as well as the matter of the teachings found in the Gospels and the Epistles. This collection embraces not only the so-called Apocrypha—the works of the period included in the Greek or Egyptian, but not in the Palestinian canon of the Old Testament, and several of which, such as Ecclesiasticus and Maccabees, are of greater value for the development of history and thought than some of the canonical books—but also the so-called Pseudepigrapha, particularly such apocalypses as the Book of Enoch, the Book of Jubilees, Fourth Ezra, the lyrics known as the Psalms of Solomon, etc. Nothing of the purely Hebrew literature of the period, such as the Targums or the Mishna, is included. In former times this class of works was regarded only in the light of curiosities of literature; but since the application of the historical method to Biblical criticism, their value as prime sources for New Testament study is recognized on all hands. The work, which bears the title of 'Die Apokryphen und Pseudepigraphen des Alten Testaments,' is published in thirty parts, each costing half a mark. Fully one-half has been issued, and the whole will form an appendix to the classical translation of the Old Testament published by Kautzsch and others in 1894. These two works, together with the exceptionally fine New Testament of Prof Weizsäcker, give the Germans a masterly version, in thoroughly modern form, of the whole body of Biblical books that cannot be paralleled in any other language.

—On August 17 the Danish author Erik Bögh died at his home in Copenhagen. His death leaves Brosböll (Carit Etlar) the only remaining representative of the older school of Danish writers. Erik Bögh was born in Copenhagen on January 17, 1822. His father was a poor school-teacher with the traditional large family, and, except for a few years spent with a wealthy relative, Bögh's childhood and youth were passed in poverty. At the age of fifteen he became tutor and general helper in a country parsonage, but in 1844, after numerous unsuccessful attempts in lyrical poetry, he tired of teaching and joined a travelling theatrical company in order to study life at first hand. The company having stranded in a small Swedish town, Bögh, although he had never studied art, supported himself for a time by drawing portraits, travelling with his pencil through Sweden and Norway. In Christiania his literary designs were renewed, and he wrote several operettas, which were successfully produced. In 1849 he returned to Copenhagen and entered journalism, while at the same time he continued to write and adapt plays, to the total number of 110. He was also for many years connected with the administration of one of the private theatres, and later as censor with the Royal Theatre, retaining the latter position until a year before his death. As a journalist, Bögh shows considerable resemblance to Eugene Field, especially in the *feuilletons* "Dit og Dat" (Odds and Ends), which frequently suggest Field's "Sharps and Flats." In his poetry, too, Bögh is not remotely related to our humorist. He excelled especially in the humorous ballad, of which he has produced probably the best specimens in modern Danish literature. In spite of his immense productiveness, Bögh was a very conscientious writer, who was never satisfied with anything but the best that was in his power. Bögh's personal character harmonized with his artistic standard, and by his death Copenhagen has lost one of her most honorable sons.

A RUSSIAN PRINCE IN HINDUSTAN.

Enchanted India. By Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch. Harper & Bros. 1899. Pp. 305.

'Enchanted India' will enchant and enchain a world of readers, but their first impressions may be unfavorable. The traveller's date he never mentions, and his failure to hide it reminds one of the silly bird who muffles his head under his wing. It is soon plain that he came with the plague at the close of 1896. The only picture except the author's own likeness is a very "counterfeit presentment" of the Taj in a corner of the cover. Mumtaz, the name of the queen it entombs, he persistently misspells Mumtaj, as if her name were cognate with that of her tomb. "That mausoleum," his words are, "is built on a terrace of marble at a height of 270 feet overhanging the Jumna." These figures, whether spoken of the terrace or of the superstructure, or of both, are wrong. Many of his figures are so. "Men are paid," he says, "as much as two annas (one penny) a day." Is one anna a penny or a halfpenny? Both answers are inconsistent with the statement soon after that a lac of rupees—that is, 100,000 rupees each of 16 annas—is £10,000. Karageorgevitch's figures are apt to be erroneous, even when printed in words. At the sarcophagus of Akbar, where ninety-nine names of Allah set forth his perfections, he comes cranking in and cuts them down to *nineteen*. Hotspur was calm compared to a Moslem when he sees fourscore beads thus snatched away from his rosary. Again, the year 317 given as the date of placing the iron pillar (in Khountab?) has no authority in any calendar. The meagre list of places visited often leads to those merely glanced at in passing, and makes no amends for the utter lack of both index and table of contents. The name Palitana, however, heads twenty charming pages. But where is Palitana? All we are told of its whereabouts is that "the carriage of the Rajah awaited him at Songad" (p. 64). *Obscurum per obscurius.*

Our pilgrim's itinerary was erratic, his routes not indicated, and his halts often at places of no importance. Hence, the lack of a sketch-map is inexcusable, and makes his going to and fro a mighty maze in a *terra incognita* to readers who, while ever learning, are never able to come to the knowledge of geography. A glossary of Oriental terms not yet Anglicized, nor always explained, or, if so, forgotten by readers, ought to have been furnished. It would be in keeping with the title-page interpretation of Bojidar, which to most readers is no more Greek than a hundred other words.

After all, these drawbacks detract little from the charm or the value of 'Enchanted India.' The author's abjuring everything pictorial ought to prevent our looking for

detailed descriptions of architectural marvels, which he has in no case attempted. These things, which make up the warp and woof of most Indian books, are only the dead frames which he has filled and animated with pictures of Indian life.

As a prince—not an English but a Slav prince, yet with friends in the Indian army—he was accorded certain inside views from which many are excluded. Certain other secrets and side-lights were his prizes, thanks to his adroitness and alertness. One class of notes bring to view a strange likeness to customs in other continents, yet with a local difference. Of this sort are pilgrimages to holy hills, with wayside stations like Catholic Calvarys; holy footprints in rocks; holy cairns growing pebble by pebble; statues of camels between whose forelegs was the gate of heaven, too narrow a needle's eye for most. More peculiar to the region were others, as in regard to elephants, the steeds of many an Eastern god. Some were stamped with badges of consecration or painted in loud colors. The Prince witnessed no such elephant fights as the elder Kipling describes in 'Beast and Man,' but did see castle gates set, like hatchels, with long spikes to safeguard them from war-elephants battering them down. In temples these leviathans were utilized as water-bearers, or, as they walked among worshippers, swung their trunks like contribution-boxes for an offertory. Our author was most surprised, as the present writer has been, to see those highest born of earth upheave their vastness in the streets of a city, especially in Jeypore, where they strolled, to appearance, as much at large as the dogs, and were no more wondered at. He was a spectator at a child-wedding—the groom of eight years and the bride five; but had more interest in maturer Parsees who, during the ceremony, were pelted by the priest with rice, and who, at its close, when the sheet which had separated them was snatched away, pelted each other. At one funeral the leader of the procession bore a brazier of burning coals, and the mourners who followed carried each a billet of wood for the cremating pyre. Every forehead showed the initial of a god in red or white or consecrated cowdung. Each house told by blood-red spots on its wall how many plague victims there had been within. The plague diversified the tourist's experience. He had no words of wonder at Bombay for the railway station, as then the grandest in the world, but thrills us with his there watching frantic crowds with money held aloft, fighting for transportation in congested trains on one of which eight were to die in a single night of passage and flight. Well-appointed hospitals, to his astonishment, he found far from full, since the sick would rather die at home than break caste. A hut near by of bamboo and matting showed him Hindus dying isolated lest they be defiled; and, being himself mistaken for a doctor, he was called in to the couch of a Parsee *in extremis*. In famine camps, also, he faced horrors as shocking as those chronicled by Merewether, whose journey through the hunger-bitten lands we have so lately reviewed.

Not only as non-English, but as a Russian from whom vague hopes of deliverance are strangely cherished, Karageorgevitch had the more hearty welcome from aborigi-

nals, high and low. Nationality may account in part for courtesies and confidences lavished upon him by native princes. "One of them," he says, "deposed from power, as I rose to take my leave, cast a glance of deep melancholy, and seemed to awake from a dream" (p. 84). In one utmost corner, where a fakir, with a face of superhuman beauty, had asked if the medal he wore was his Kali, he said: "No. Kali is cruel, bloodthirsty, etc." He was interrupted by the retort: "Your medal is the Mother of Christ. You are a stranger, and cannot know all the mischief they do us in the name of her Son" (p. 244). From first to last, however, the foreigner abstains from detailing either his own or native views and feelings concerning the British rule. Having broken bread with the British as a familiar friend, he would not lift up his heel against them.

While not beneath the highest, he was not above gleaning from the lowest. Among the folk-lore he thus garnered when a sudden mist had hid a high mountain, was a proverbial saying that "The Apsaras [handmaids of Indra, and their name is curtailed by our author from its fair proportions, which are Apsarasas] wear impenetrable veils, that mortals may not gaze too long on the throne of the gods." And this was said of Benares: "If India only had three such cities, it would be impossible to leave it." His words about that holy city are not many, but they touch its salient points—the legions swarming down the mile-broad stairs from continuous temples and minarets into the river of paradise; the burning of the dead; the baths of the living, and their filling shining vases with the water of life, partly among the submerged pillars and arches of a palace that was once shaken down into the stream by an earthquake, but remains in ruinous perfection. Here he learned that a single hair cast upon the waters washes away a sin—meaning, it may be, no matter how small the sacrifice, if it comes from the heart.

Karageorgevitch saw the more of unaltered Orientalism because he adventured into unbeaten paths. He forced his way to the furthest military outposts at the Khyber Pass, where he beheld the departure of the first caravan that was allowed to go through that gate after a three months' embargo. His account of the procession (p. 247)—an endless array of elephants, camels, "a thousand in one body," asses, horses, soldiers, women as porters—cannot be forgotten. It was serious business, and yet seemed a parade for show. In this quarter and under surveillance he made full proof of the special permit which unlocked to him this fastness. Far north he was caught by the police transgressing the utmost limits which hemmed him in. In this Ultima Thule of Cashmere, he fancied that all shawls must be genuine, but, seeing men all day long trampling in vats, he ascertained that they were stamping and treading old shawls, thus fulling them so as to take off the shiny traces of wear, with a view to sell them again as new goods. This vamping was styled "export business." Shop-keepers with whom he dealt called in Nautch girls to dance before him, and then sent a drummer beating a tom-tom of asses' hide to escort him home. Occidentals send out drummers before bargains.

Karageorgevitch as a painter (his very name, son of Black George, importing color) ought to stand high. He hangs a jewel on every grass-blade. His grains of rice "are threaded like semi-transparent beads on the flexible pale-green stem." The five hundred temples of Benares "are ochre-colored stone toned in places by a coating of reddish purple, faded by the sun and rain to pale flesh-color, with an undertone of the yellow wall, and this takes on a glow of ruby and sunset fires in the water ripple, reflected," etc. (p. 155). Again, concerning the dayspring on the "top of the world" (p. 151): "Far away, above a wall of gray cloud, the dull dingy gray of dirty cotton wool, a speck showed as a beacon of lilac light of the hue and form of a cyclamen flower; this turned to rose, to brick-red, to warm gold-color, fading into silver; and then again the blue sky showed immediately white." Our quotations are of the briefest. Photography is now becoming polychrome. Let it approve its power to reproduce the changeful iridescence of Enchanted India, and it will be blazoned abroad as the crowning miracle of our century.

The Life of William Morris. By J. W. Mackail. Longmans, Green & Co. 1899.

The one serious fault we have to find with Mr. Mackail's Life of Morris is a fault rather of the publishers than of the author; it concerns the illustration of the book. There are twenty-two plates scattered through the two handsome volumes. Four of these are portraits of Morris at different ages, and one is a portrait of the lady who became his wife; one is a reproduction of almost the only finished painting that Morris produced, while the other sixteen are excellent outline drawings by Mr. E. H. New of the various houses associated with Morris and his work. The portraits are of course illustration of the best kind for a biography, and one regrets only that that of Mrs. Morris should be from a drawing by Rossetti, which, however beautiful, is unconvincing as a likeness. The reproduction of the picture of "Queen Guinevere" is also most welcome, and even the sixteen drawings by Mr. New are not superfluous. It is only when one reflects upon what is omitted that one becomes somewhat impatient with the inclusions. Except for a slight sketch on the title-page, and the ornament on the back of the cover, there is nothing whatever in these volumes to give any idea, otherwise than through the poor medium of verbal description, of the work in the decorative arts to which so vast a part of Morris's time and energy was devoted. In the life of a poet there is sure to be some quotation from his verse, even when that verse is in the hands of every one in cheap editions. In these very volumes there are quotations from Morris's best-known works, as well as whole poems hitherto unpublished. His poetical work cannot be judged from them, but it may at least be sampled. Of the merit of his artistic work we are given no means of judging, and we cannot go to his published works for what his 'Life' does not give us. Not every one can own, or even see, Morris rugs, Morris tapestries, or Morris glass in the original.

It may be said that the merit of his work is so largely due to his handling of color that any kind of black-and-white reproduction of it would be unfair to it and to him. The same thing might be said of Titian, but would hardly excuse a life of that artist illustrated by everything else than repro-

ductions of his pictures. But even this excuse fails with regard to one great part of Morris's work. In his later years his artistic activity was devoted almost entirely to the art of printing. He designed his own type, and we are told much about his chosen models and the alterations he made in them, as well as about his ideas about the spacing of the page, etc. Yet we are given not only no specimen page, but not so much as a specimen letter. For those to whom the costly original products of the Kelmscott Press are inaccessible, the character and style of Morris's work in an art to which he devoted years of effort are entirely unguessable. Nothing in the way of illustration could have been cheaper, it would seem, than a bit of specimen type printed with the rest of the book, yet it would have been worth more for the comprehension of the man and artist than all the illustrations actually given us together.

This defect of the book before us is the more worth dwelling upon because, of the triple personality of William Morris—poet, artist, craftsman, and Socialist—it is, as it seems to us, the artist in him that was most important and most influential. The Socialist accomplished nothing whatever, and gradually ceased to try to accomplish anything; the poet left a few volumes of charming verse and prose, but it can hardly be contended that his rank or his influence is of the first order. For most of us he remains "the idle singer of an empty day." But the craftsman *a fait école*. The whole of the minor and decorative art of England to-day is profoundly tinged with his influence, even if it may not be said to owe its existence to him. It is Morris the artist that it most behooves us to know, and it is, therefore, a matter of serious regret that this life of him gives us so little aid to that knowledge.

If the 'Life of William Morris' has one great fault, it has also one distinguished merit. In these days of calculated indiscretion it is refreshing to read a biography which is entirely free from anything approaching to scandal, or even to gossip. The book is written throughout with dignity and reticence, giving all the facts which it can be of any importance for the public to know, and revealing nothing which is useless or impertinent. We do not believe that there was anything in the life of Morris which it was necessary to conceal, but there must be in any life things it is unnecessary to tell, and it is not every biographer or autobiographer that understands the beauty of continence. The book is not illuminative or fascinating—it is far from a work of genius—but it is eminently decent.

The pre-Raphaelite movement, which began with the aim of revolutionizing painting by the literal and exact study of nature, ended in the creation of a decorative convention. Two friends, Edward Burne-Jones and William Morris, are the central figures in the history of this later form of pre-Raphaelitism. They were students at Oxford together, and, with others, members of a sort of Brotherhood which seems to have had vague aims in the direction of doing good and reforming the world, and the loosest of organization. Morris was young, handsome, enthusiastic, and wealthy, and took a kind of leadership among his fellows. Both he and Jones were intended for the church, but gradually became more interested in art and letters than in anything else. Morris was one of the principal supporters, with purse and pen, of the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*, a kind of sequel to the *Germ*, and even Jones wrote for it. Finally, Morris determined to become an architect, and Jones a painter; but the same influence, that of Rossetti, which had made a painter of Jones, made one, temporarily, of Morris also. At this time, about 1856, the original Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was practically broken up. Millais had joined the Academy, and Hunt was little in England. Pre-Raphaelitism was, in its origin, a mingling of the sentimental mediævalism of Rossetti with the intense naturalism of Holman Hunt. It was Rossetti alone who influenced Morris and Jones to any appreciable extent, and mediævalism became the dominating element in the newer pre-Raphaelitism. Burne-Jones became more and more primitive in his style, until he reached an almost Byzantine and hieratic manner, while Morris devoted himself to the reintroduction of mediæval methods in dyeing, weaving, printing, and the design of furniture. Ornamental art and handicraft were at a low ebb in England, and the æsthetic movement of which these two were the heads, accomplished great good. The affectations which led to Morris's antique vocabulary and Gothic type, and to Burne-Jones's rigid draperies, will probably die away, but it is to be hoped that the renewed vitality of the minor arts and crafts, which Morris was so largely instrumental in creating, will remain.

It cannot be said that Mr. Mackail succeeds in making clear the steps by which this prince of æsthetes and worshipper of the thirteenth century became a militant Socialist and revolutionary. The reasons why his socialism ceased to be militant are, on the other hand, made clear enough. Anything more futile and humiliating than the series of squabbles and secessions of which the history makes up a large part of volume ii., it would be hard to imagine. At the end of them Morris becomes again the artist, the collector, the man of letters, and the craftsman that he was by nature; and the achievements of the Kelmscott Press, in which enterprise his various aptitudes found a congenial field for their exercise, fitly crown his career.

The Story of the People of England in the Nineteenth Century. By Justin McCarthy. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899.

The volumes of the "Story of the Nations" series, while maintaining a uniform size and price, seem to vary appreciably in bulk. For instance, Henry Bradley's 'Goths' was 370 pages in length, M. Lebon's 'Modern France,' 470, and now Mr. McCarthy's 'England in the Nineteenth Century,' by a resort to thick paper, bulks more in appearance, yet the total contents by no means exceed what one ordinarily gets in a single octavo. Perhaps an explanation of the disparity may be found in the fact that the services of some authors bring a higher price than those of others.

We comment upon this feature of a well-known series for the purpose of showing that Mr. McCarthy's present contribution to English history is on quite a different scale from the performance with which his name as a man of letters is generally connected. He is now writing an essay on certain aspects of English life during the past hundred years, and when he uses statements of detail it is not for a didactic purpose, but to illustrate some generalization which he has in view. Inasmuch as the first thirty-five years of the century receive a whole volume, while the section following 1858 is allotted but two chapters of fifty-five pages altogether, it is clear that Mr. McCarthy has not fulfilled the promise of his title-page to deal with "the people of England." Volume one has absolutely nothing which can be brought within the range of *Kulturgeschichte* pure and simple. Reference is made to the economic discontent which prevailed throughout many sections of the country after Waterloo; and again, towards the close, the philanthropic legislation of Lord Ashley is noticed. Otherwise, the history is strictly political, and in order to invest the phrase "people of England" with meaning, we must assume that Mr. McCarthy's purpose is to write of England under popular government.

As a manual of the recent history of England, this book would not answer, for its topics are few, but as an essay it is very valuable. Mr. McCarthy, without laboring over his style, has the knack of catching one's attention and of holding it while he deftly runs through the considerations which he desires to present. There is a pleasant freedom about his manner, and his setting forth of political ideas is done in a practical, impressive way. The frequent recurrence of phrases like, "Some of us can even recall a recollection of the man himself," "Some of us had the honor of his personal acquaintance," "Some of us can well remember Lord John Russell during his later years in the House of Commons," brings to mind the author's own part in political life and his first-hand familiarity with politics. Mr. McCarthy is, of course, a lover of progress and reform, but he maintains a fair tone towards opponents, the dyed-in-the-wool Tory, perhaps, excepted. The attitude of such a man, for example, as Sir Robert Inglis he cannot understand or even regard patiently. On the other hand, his tone towards intelligent Conservatives like Canning and Peel is not merely unprejudiced, but often sympathetic.

We have said that Mr. McCarthy narrows his survey to a few subjects, and the result is an adequate discussion of the chief aspects which public progress in England assumed during the opening generation of the century. A clear and full exposition of salient points is the keynote of the method pursued. Leaving out the character sketches of George III. and George IV., we find the following few though important elements: Government during the Napoleonic wars, the discontent which succeeded the peace, Canning's foreign policy, Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill, the extinction of negro slavery, and the various acts which were passed soon after the Reform Bill to protect the laboring classes. To our mind the best portion of the book is the long account and defence of Canning's foreign policy, with its principle of non-intervention where purely Continental affairs are concerned. Mr. McCarthy marks the permanence of the Canning tradition at the Foreign Office and its beneficent results.

Another interesting matter springs out of the chapters on the Reform Bill. One

of Peel's strongest arguments against the measure was that, in view of the July Revolution, the Whigs acted unpatriotically in opening a burning question when they did. The question arises: Did England approach a revolutionary crisis during the months when the issue of the bill hung in the balance, or, more precisely, when the King demurred to the creation of new peers? The ordinary opinion is that English common sense would have prevented a violent outbreak. Mr. McCarthy, on the contrary, thinks that the country verged dangerously close upon trouble in 1832.

"It came out, during the course of a great political trial some sixteen years afterwards, that a correspondence had been opened, undoubtedly under the sanction of some of the great reformers, with Sir Charles Napier, the famous soldier, for the purpose of endeavoring to secure beforehand the coöperation of the army, should the worst come to the worst. It is not too much to say that for some time England was trembling on the very verge of a revolution."

Although the first volume is very readable and will not detract from Mr. McCarthy's reputation, it bears traces of hasty composition. We have found whole pages together which might have been rapidly dictated to a stenographer, and occasionally a looseness of statement is observable about matters which the writer must know by heart. Thus, p. 4, he says that when Napoleon's overtures for peace after the *coup d'état* of Brumaire had been rejected, "the war broke out again with something like redoubled passion, and until the fall of Napoleon at Waterloo it knew no check or stay." Here the Peace of Amiens is forgotten. P. 25, "The Rhenish provinces were bestowed on Prussia after Waterloo—a rich gift, not, it must be owned, altogether unwisely bestowed." But the Rhenish provinces were not considered a rich gift in 1815. Later, in the same page, a misleading impression of the Belgian Revolution is conveyed by the words, "Holland and Belgium were enabled to effect the separation mainly by the help of France, and each set up as a kingdom for itself." P. 207, the battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th, not on the 15th, of June. P. 240 *et seq.*, in the account of the anti-slavery movement no word is said of Clarkson, and Mr. McCarthy lays it down that before the Reform Bill had put the Legislature in touch with the nation, Parliament would take no action in the direction of abolition. We must also note the extreme paucity of dates and the unmeaning uniformity of head-lines. However, Mr. McCarthy knows the secret of composing a vivacious history, and he has profited by it here.

Du Dahomé au Sahara. La Nature et l'Homme. Par Commandant G. J. Toutée. Paris: A. Colin & Cie. 1899. Map. Pp. xii, 272, 16mo.

Commandant Toutée published a popular account of his expedition through Dahomey and up the middle Niger to the desert on his return four years ago. This work is a report to the Minister of Public Instruction of his observations on the natural history of the regions traversed and the people, their methods of agriculture and warfare, their habitations, usages, and political and social life. It is far, however, from being a mere official record of dry facts, but is a well-written, interesting account of what an intelligent traveller has learned on these subjects, and contains many picturesque descriptions of noteworthy scenes and incidents. Its general trustworthiness is confirmed by the author's frequently repeated caution that, being constantly on the march, he had neither the time nor the opportunity for scientific and exhaustive inquiry, and accordingly offers simply a record of what he actually saw or heard.

The impressions which he gained of the people are more favorable than those of many other travellers in the same part of Africa. He found no pure savages among the various races who inhabit the fertile belt between the Sahara and the Gulf of Guinea, but a conglomerate of industrious and comparatively intelligent people, capable, under proper conditions, of reaching a high stage of civilization. He absolutely denies the truth of the prevailing impression that the native is unwilling to work, but insists on the fact that labor is as much of a necessity to sustain life here as in a temperate clime. He asserts, indeed, that the work is not infrequently of as high a grade as that of the white man. The culture of the yam, for instance, he says, "would excite the admiration of our most exacting farmers. Neither the beet in the north, nor the vine in the environs of Béziers, nor asparagus at Argenteuil receives as much care as the yam at Kitchi and at Cayoman." The women of the Peuhles, again, are accomplished dairymaids, and in no part of France are fresh milk, cheese, and butter better prepared than on the banks of the Niger. The people, in their families, resembled the peasants and working classes of the author's own country, and the morality of the women was as high as it is in rural France. The Baribas treat their women as equals, "consulting them on all occasions and even on state affairs." To the women of the Touaregs, a white Mohammedan race, "instruction is given as to the men. Many of them not only know how to read and write Arabic, but they know all that can be taught in the Arabic literature—that is to say, the Koran and its traditions." Considerable space is given to a description of the modes of government prevailing among the five principal races, which may be said in general to have much resemblance to a feudal system—in some instances the village people electing their chief, and the chiefs choosing one among them to be the king; in others the kingship being hereditary. Treating of their methods of warfare, M. Toutée expresses his conviction that the native armed with his own weapons, bows and arrows and spears, is a far more dangerous opponent than when he has fire-arms. Accordingly, he regards the prohibition of the sale of fire-arms to them as of doubtful utility.

His observations upon and experiences with animal life differ equally from those of many earlier travellers. With the exception of a single panther met with while hunting, he did not encounter a single beast of prey. The hippopotami were numerous in the Niger, but never dangerous except when attacked or when curiosity brought them near the boat. From some accounts, we had been led to believe that the crocodile was a constant source of danger to the voyager; but M. Toutée saw only a few, at a distance, and was never disturbed by them while bathing or encamped on the shore. Of venomous snakes he says: "Will it be believed that I came upon only one in going from Dahomey to the Niger? Yet I walked on foot for fifty days at the head of my column on a path bordered by high grass." In a closing chapter he gives some suggestions, with especial reference to his own experience, in regard to the preservation of the health of the white traveller or resident in the tropics.

There are some woodcuts illustrating methods of building habitations, and the principal agricultural implements; an excellent index; and a map.

Figure e Figurine del Secolo che muore. Con notizie inedite d'Archivii Segreti. Da Raffaello Barbiera. Milan: Fratelli Treves. 1899.

Four or five years ago Sig. Barbiera published a book describing Countess Maffei and the celebrities who frequented her *salon* at Milan for nearly half a century. He belongs to that class of writers who are neither historians nor romancers, but a mixture of both—writers of whom St.-Amand in France is the most noteworthy recent example. They collect the tittle-tattle, scandal, and trivial personal details about historic characters, and set them forth as amusingly as possible; and if they are, like Barbiera and St.-Amand, of the Latin race, they seem to take *Cherchez la femme* as their guiding rule, and occasionally to dwell on matters which an Anglo-Saxon nowadays would avoid in print.

Were gossip their only product, they would deserve no serious criticism; but sometimes, as is the case with Sig. Barbiera's book, sprinkled through the gossip are hints and facts of real value to the historian. Who, indeed, can draw the line where *chronique scandaleuse* ends and history begins? Much pertaining to Napoleon's private life was highly scandalous, yet it is quite as important to know this, if you would understand the springs of many of his public acts, as to know all his dispatches by heart. And in fact, Sig. Barbiera opens his book with some account of Napoleon's life in Milan during the campaigns of 1796 and 1800, and of his semi-barbarous, vulgar sisters. More interesting, because more novel, is the next sketch, in which Stendhal figures as the hero. Stendhal spent many years in Milan, and was so attached to the city that he composed this epitaph for himself: "Henry Beyle—Milanese—Lived, Loved, Wrote—This Soul—Adored Cimarosa, Mozart, and Shakespeare." How typical of the multifarious Stendhal is this trinity of "adorations"! Who adores Cimarosa now? Would Stendhal to-day put Mozart in his list? Sig. Barbiera devotes most of his attention to Stendhal's passion for the beautiful Milanese, Mathilde Dembowsky, and to his difficulties with the Austrian police.

In general, those portions of the book which are drawn from the archives of the Austrian police have most value to the historian; although it cannot be said that any of the disclosures are unexpected. They show the pettiness to which a government sinks when it stoops to censorship, eavesdropping, and sequestrations. Metternich's disciples at Milan kept track, as they thought, of the minutest affairs of every inhabitant; and yet it was not their vigilance, but the accidental indiscretion of Pallavicino, which revealed the plot of 1821, and led to the ferocious persecution which roused the indignation of Europe. Sig. Barbiera tells

again the story of Confalonieri's arrest, trial, and condemnation, and implies that the Count was not so amiable as he is usually pictured; but no detractor has hinted that Confalonieri departed from dignity during his fifteen years of immense suffering.

Having terrified the Milanese by stern repression, the Austrians adopted the policy of encouraging all kinds of enervating dissipation. One of their favorite methods was to subsidize the Scala Theatre and to maintain there the most famous ballet in Europe. The habitués of La Scala would not be likely, they thought, to engage in the more serious business of conspiracy. Signor Barbiera describes at length the reign of the ballet-dancers—of Cerrito, Taglioni, and the incomparable Fanny Elssler—whose triumphs have become legendary. The story is not wholly edifying, but it gives with sufficient exactness one of the nineteenth-century phases which had a bearing, however slight, on history. A considerable number of the Milanese dancers married into high life, and one, at least, who was the mother of Count Zichy's children, had a real influence on a dramatic crisis, if it be true, as Signor Barbiera states, that it was the threat to massacre her and her children which led Zichy to surrender Venice without a blow to the insurgents in March, 1848. Only a few weeks earlier Metternich had dispatched Fanny Elssler from Vienna to Milan, in the hope that her return might divert the Milanese once more from politics; but she danced in vain; the Milanese were cold, and the "divine" Fanny quitted their city, crestfallen, only a short time before the great uprising. Is it not possible, by the way, to establish once for all the truth or falsehood of the old gossip, here revived, that Fanny Elssler hastened the death of the Duke of Reichstadt?

Signor Barbiera devotes nearly twenty pages to Leopardi's sojourn in Milan, whither he went at the invitation of the publisher Stella to bring out a new edition of the Latin classics. The account is necessarily meagre, for Leopardi stayed only a few weeks, and Signor Barbiera has discovered nothing new of importance. He writes more fluently again when he takes up the story of the conspirators of Young Italy—especially of Count Rosales, one of the promoters of the serio-comic invasion of Savoy in 1834, and of Giuditta Sidoli, Mazzini's heroic coadjutress, and the only woman whom he seems to have loved. One wishes that Signor Barbiera, in describing her relations with Mazzini, had dropped his florid style and used the simple speech of facts. All that concerns Mazzini's political life has been so often written about that the time has come for recording whatever may throw light on his private and personal character, which shines the more the more it is revealed.

There are half-a-dozen other papers, on Bazzoni, Amari, Luigi Dottesio, and Giuseppina Perlasca, Duke Sigismondo Castromediano, Massimo d'Azeglio at his villa on Lake Maggiore, and on Verdi and Giuseppina Strepponi, the singer who became his wife. They have the same qualities as their predecessors; and they all help, even by their defects, to illustrate the social and political life to which they refer. We tire of hearing that the women were nearly all irresistibly beautiful, and the men generally heartless lady-killers; but, notwithstanding, the book has more than a modicum of historical value, and it is usually entertaining.

Mathematical Essays and Recreations. By Hermann Schubert. Translated by Thomas J. McCormack. Chicago: The Open Court Co.

The Study and Difficulties of Mathematics. By Augustus De Morgan. Chicago: The Open Court Co.

Prof. Schubert's reputation will not be enhanced by his 'Mathematical Essays.' His essay on circle-squaring, with its ungainly German style, has to compete with the 'Budget of Paradoxes.' It contains nothing more except ancient quadratures noticed in every recent history of mathematics, Lindemann's demonstration of the impossibility of the geometrical problem, which is far better treated in Klein's 'Problems of Elementary Geometry' (Ginn & Co.), and one vague notice of a Hamburg crank. An essay on the mathematically uninteresting subject of magic squares might easily have been compiled from President Barnard's old book on the subject. A paper on the fourth dimension is interesting only where it touches on the other world, where it ceases to be mathematical. Two chapters on number are commonplace and inferior. A discussion of the nature of mathematical reasoning seeks to carry us back to the ideas of the last century. It concludes with this remark:

"Mathematical knowledge, aristocratic as it may appear by the greater certainty of its results, will, so far as the advancement of human kind is concerned, never be more than a useless mass of self-evident truths, unless it constantly places itself in the service of the other sciences."

This condemns the great body of recent mathematics; but it is sufficiently refuted by Prof. Schubert's own chief contribution to mathematics, which in no way considers the desiderata of other sciences, but is crowded with such propositions as this: "The number of surfaces of the second degree touching any nine given surfaces of the second degree is 666,841,088." These are certainly not "self-evident truths."

De Morgan's book is one we are glad to see again. Though it was never a work of any moment, it might, especially when it was first printed in 1836, be useful to those whom all mathematics puzzle. Since that time, mathematics has been revolutionized, above all in its philosophical aspect, and nobody did more to refute some of the logical notions here put forth than De Morgan himself. The portrait of the author is a likeness, though a very wooden one, altogether inferior to the photograph in his widow's memoir of him.

These two books are the second and third volumes of an easy mathematical series of publications, of which Lagrange's 'Lectures on Elementary Mathematics' formed the first. The undertaking is commendable. We suggest that the editor would do well to have somebody at his elbow to prevent his speaking of Schubert as mainly distinguished as the author of a school arithmetic, or of De Morgan as a man to be compared with Huxley and Tyndall, but far higher than either of those two as an investigator of his science. The publishers should also understand that mathematics has been and is still advancing quite as rapidly as chemistry, and that an old survey of mathematics is of as little use, except historically, as an old text-book of chemistry. It does not need a Lagrange to write an introduction to elementary mathematics. A paper-weight will fulfil its function no whit the better for having been broken off the Great Pyramid. What is required is a sound, all-round understanding of the drift of modern mathematics, especially in its philosophical and logical aspects. There are many men and women in the country who could write much better books for modern beginners in mathematics than either Lagrange or De Morgan, or any other of the great men of the past.

Naturalism and Agnosticism. [The Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Aberdeen in the years 1896-'8.] By James Ward, Sc.D. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. 1899. 2 vols., pp. 302, 294.

When Mr. Balfour, a few years ago, assaulted in debate, under the name of Naturalism, the modern views which have evolved out of and supplanted the old Materialism, many of his professional critics hastened to object that the system which he attacked was a creature of his imagination, and that, even if there were a consistent body of such doctrine, the name itself of Naturalism was badly chosen. But now we have Dr. Ward, a professional if ever there was one able to speak with the authority of the schools, endorsing Mr. Balfour's terminology, and selecting the same name to designate the mistaken tendency in modern scientific thought of which he gives in these volumes so careful an analysis. For the Cambridge professor examines with admirable lucidity the three chief forms in which Naturalism commonly occurs, in the mechanical theory, the theory of evolution, and the theory of psychical "epiphenomena," and shows how in each of these cases the root-error of Naturalism recurs, arising from the natural tendency to take as ultimate truths about the reality of things what are only methodological assumptions, made by a special science in pursuance of its proper object of systematizing a certain aspect of experience. He traces with untiring patience the details of the process whereby the theories of evolution and psychophysical parallelism (as naturalistically interpreted) connect themselves with and merge into the mechanical theory, forming an imposing system of Naturalism which pretends to formulate all things in terms of matter (or, perhaps, some still more shadowy "non-matter") and motion, and for which the conceptions of freedom, activity, causation, consciousness, purpose, and value have become otiose and unmeaning.

Dr. Ward goes on to show that the naturalistic view of the world is not self-sufficing. It had set out from the dualistic assumption, a *caput mortuum* of the "two-substance" metaphysic of Descartes, that mind and matter were alien and different in kind. In this dualism it could not hold the balance even, but was forced by its method to assign the primacy to matter, as being alone scientifically calculable and measurable, and to treat mental phenomena as the "epiphenomena" of an automaton which had, inexplicably, grown conscious—thereby relapsing into practical materialism. It had subsequently realized that matter in itself was unknown and unknowable. Hence it had struck up an unnatural and ill-assorted alliance with an Agnosticism which betrays it into the hands either of scepticism or of a spiritualistic and ideal-

istic monism. The latter of these, Dr. Ward holds, is seen to be inevitable as soon as we approach the constructions of naturalism with the epistemological question first mooted by Kant, viz.: How do you know all this? It then appears that experience is one whole, a process which plays between the correlative and complementary poles of subject and object, which cannot be decomposed into dissimilars like the "mind" and "matter" of dualism nor recomposed by their conjunction. And in the interpretation of this experience, the mechanical view, which Naturalism sought to exalt into the sole substance of knowledge, turns out to be but a means, of a very human and anthropomorphic character, and a tributary and satellite of the teleological method which it is supposed to have excluded and superseded. For the mechanical explanation also is a response to a human demand; it is constituted by postulates, and ministers to the desire for measurement and mathematical calculation. If and in so far as this purpose is deemed worthy of being the sole end of human life, the mechanical explanation will satisfy us, and Naturalism will appear valid; while in proportion as it is held that mechanics exist for man and not man for mechanics, it will sink into subordination as one of the humblest of the methods whereby we exhibit the rationality of our experience.

The above paraphrase of Dr. Ward's closely reasoned argument may perhaps give some idea of its outspokenness and timeliness, but it necessarily fails to do justice to the care with which the steps of the argument are brought out, and to the firmness of the logical texture which distinguishes it. The author's general position is, of course, traditional enough among philosophers, and in his special emphasis on the teleological and practical nature of all intellectual activity also he has not infrequently been anticipated, most notably and brilliantly by Prof. James. Still, it is a good sign to have one more thinker adhering to a tendency probably indicative of the direction in which philosophy will advance more and more resolutely in the future. Philosophic idealism, too, has but rarely come to such close quarters with its foes, being generally content to criticise from afar; while not a little courage was required to venture upon so searching an examination, resulting in so decisive a condemnation of a shibboleth so fashionable as the doctrine of psychophysical parallelism is among psychologists. The philosophers pure and simple have hesitated to criticise a doctrine any disparagement of which was decried as the mark of the unscientific beast. The mere psychologists have resented any doubt about the absolute validity of their method as impairing its usefulness; and though they realized the inadequacy of the view of life to which their abstractions led, they glaringly illustrated their misapprehension of the nature of their methodological assumptions by proposing impossible compromises, which only produced an incurable antagonism between life and science.

On the literary side, Dr. Ward has successfully retained the lecture form in which his remarks were originally delivered. This necessitates a certain amount of repetition, summarization, and recapitulation, which, however, is too helpful not to be readily pardoned by the reader. His style is simple and forcible and his criticisms are incisive and caustic; Mr. Spencer in particular coming in for some very severe treatment. An index, and the careful analysis of the argument, which precedes each lecture and is reprinted in the Table of Contents, form most commendable features, worthy of all imitation.

Cromwell as a Soldier. By Lieut.-Col. T. S. Baldock, P.S.C., Royal Artillery. [Wolseley Series, Volume V.] Charles Scribner's Sons. 8vo, pp. 538, with maps.

It was a happy thought to separate the military career of Cromwell from his political life and his character as a Puritan leader. As he is recognized as one of the great soldiers of history, who made his place by the force of genius after he reached middle age, without military experience or education, an English series of military works would not have been complete without such a memoir. Col. Baldock has done his work well, analyzing with care the qualities which assured Cromwell's success as a soldier, pointing out the positive improvements in the military art of the day by which he proved his originality and clear insight into the problems before him, and bringing out strongly his courage and force as a leader in battle. Viewed in this way, it does not seem to have been through conscious ambition, but by a natural process, that his generalship, proved by success, carried him to the chief command over the heads of Essex and Fairfax, whose subordinate he had been. His preëminence was won, much as Grant's was in our civil war, by the test of hard-fought campaigns, in which his victories marked him for still higher trusts. We are consciously helped in our estimate of other phases of the Protector's character by getting well fixed in mind that his military fame was the honest result of great military genius, which forced its recognition by rivals as well as by the public.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams. Essays in Modernity. John Lane.
Allen, J. G. Topical Studies in American History. Macmillan. 40c.
Bacon, Francis. Essays, Civil and Moral. Cassell. 10c.
Bax, E. B. The Peasants' War in Germany, 1525-1526. London: Sonnenschein; New York: Macmillan.
Beard, W. LeC. Sand and Cactus. Scribners. $1.50.
Boswell, Rev. G. C. The Litchfield Book of Days. Litchfield, Conn.: A. R. Shumway.
Buck, Gertrude. A Course in Argumentative Writing. Henry Holt & Co. 80c.
Burbury, S. H. A Treatise on the Kinetic Theory of Gases. Cambridge: University Press; New York: Macmillan.
Carpenter, Prof. G. R. Elements of Rhetoric and English Composition. Macmillan. 60c.
Cavendish, George. The Life and Death of Thomas Wolsey. [Temple Classics.] London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. 50.
Channing, Blanche M. Zodiac Stories. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Chapman, S. J. Local Government and State Aid. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Scribners. $1.
Child, F. S. The House with Sixty Closets. A Christmas Story. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Clapp, Prof. B. C. Homer's Iliad: Books XIX.—XXIV. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.90.
Clemens, W. M. Life of Admiral Dewey. Street & Smith.
Cobb, T. Mr. Passingham. John Lane. $1.
Corson, Prof. H. Introduction to the Prose and Poetical Works of John Milton. Macmillan. $1.25.
Crawford, F. M. The Ralstons. Two volumes in one. Macmillan. $1.
Crook, Dr. J. K. The Mineral Waters of the United States, and their Therapeutic Uses. Philadelphia: Lea Bros. & Co.
Cross, W. L. The Development of the English Novel. Macmillan. $1.50.
D'Argenteuil, Paul. The Trembling of Borealis. F. T. Neely.
Dana, J. C. A Library Primer. Chicago: Library Bureau. $1.
Davis, R. H. The Lion and the Unicorn. Scribners. $1.25.
Drury, Maj. W. P. Bearers of the Burden: Being Stories of Land and Sea. Putnams. $1.
Dunn, Byron A. On Gen. Thomas's Staff. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Eliot, George. Silas Marner. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 40c.
Emerton, Prof. E. Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam. Putnams. $1.50.
Engelhardt, A. P. A Russian Province of the North. Westminster: A. Constable & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Gautier, Théophile. One of Cleopatra's Nights, and Other Fantastic Tales. Translated by Lafcadio Hearn. Brentanos.
Getman, F. H. The Elements of Blowpipe Analysis. Macmillan.
Goodman, John. Mechanics Applied to Engineering. Longmans, Green & Co.
Grant, Robert. Search-Light Letters. The Art of Living. Scribners. 2 vols. Each $1.50.
Greenough, J. B., D'Ooge, B. L., and Daniell, M. G. Second Year in Latin. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Grinnell, Morton. An Eclipse of Memory. F. A. Stokes Co.
Haldane, E. S. James Frederick Ferrier. [Famous Scots Series.] Scribners. 75c.
Hamblen, H. E. The Yarn of a Bucko Mate. Scribners. $1.50.
Hardin, W. L. The Rise and Development of the Liquefaction of Gases. Macmillan. $1.50.
Hatton, J. When Rogues Fall Out. Lippincott.
Hayward, A. The Art of Dining. London: John Murray; New York: Putnams. $1.75.
Henty, G. A. No Surrender. Scribners. $1.50.
Henty, G. A. Won by the Sword. Scribners. $1.50.
Henty, G. A. A Roving Commission. Scribners. $1.50.
Hone, R. C. Mediæval Music. London: Elliot Stock; New York: Scribners. $2.
Howard, Gen. O. O. Henry in the War. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.25.
Hughes, Mrs. Sarah F. Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Huret, Jules. Sarah Bernhardt. London: Chapman & Hall; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Hutton, F. W. Darwinism and Lamarckism, Old and New. Putnams. $1.
Kirk, Robert C. Twelve Months in Klondike. London: Wm. Heineman; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lefebure, E. Embroidery and Lace. New York: Putnams; London: H. Grevel & Co. $2.25.
Leighton, Marie C. and Robert. Michael Dred, Detective. London: Grant Richards; New York: Brentanos.
Little Masterpieces. Thackeray, De Quincey, Lamb. Doubleday & McClure Co. Each 30c.
Little, Mrs. A. Intimate China. London: Hutchinson & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Little, Rev. W. J. K. Sketches and Studies in South Africa. London: Isbister & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lynch, Hannah. Toledo: The Story of an Old Spanish Capital. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan.
Massee, George. A Text-Book of Plant Diseases. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Macmil- $1.60.
Optic, O., and Stratemeyer, E. An Undivided Union. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Perry, Bliss. The Powers at Play. Scribners. $1.25.
Rawnsley, Rev. H. D. Life and Nature at the English Lakes. Glasgow: J. Mac Lehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.
Rector, L. E. Montaigne on the Education of Children. Appletons.
Reich, Emil. Hungarian Literature. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.75.
Roark, R. N. Method in Education. American Book Co.
Robbins, Capt. C. H. The Gam: Being a Group of Whaling Stories. New Bedford: H. S. Hutchinson & Co. $1.50.
Saint-Amand, I. de. France and Italy. Scribners. $1.50.
Scott, Sir Walter. Waverley Novels. St. Valentine's Day. [Temple Edition.] London: Dent; New York: Scribners. 2 vols. $1.60.
Scott, Sir Walter. Waverley Novels. Castle Dangerous. [Temple Edition.] London: Dent; New York: Scribners. 80c.
Scott, Sir Walter. Waverley Novels. Fair Maid of Perth. [Temple Edition.] London: Dent; New York: Scribners. 2 vols. $1.60.
Scott, Sir Walter. Waverley Novels. The Highland Widow. [Temple Edition.] London: Dent; New York: Scribners. 80c.
Skrine, F. H., and Ross, Prof. E. D. The Heart of Asia: A History of Russian Turkestan and the Central Asian Khanates from the Earliest Times. London: Methuen & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Smith, Prof. W. S. Methods of Knowledge. Macmillan.
Smith, O. J. A Short View of Great Questions. New York: The Brandur Co.
Suter, Prof. W. N. Handbook of Optics for Students of Ophthalmology. Macmillan. $1.
Taylor, Rev. I. History of the Alphabet. 2 vols. Scribners. $5.
Ten Brink, Prof. J. Robespierre and The Red Terror. London: Hutchinson & Co.; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
The Bible: Is it the Word of God? Boston: Mass. New-Church Union. 75c.
Thwaites, R. G. The Jesuit Relations. Vols. LI. and LII. Cleveland: Burrows Bros. Co.
Toudouze, Gustave. Madame Lambelle. New York: Wm. R. Jenkins. 60c.
Underwood, Prof. L. M. Moulds, Mildews, and Mushrooms. Henry Holt & Co. $1.50.
Vladimir. Russia on the Pacific and the Siberian Railway. London: Sampson Low & Co.; New York: Scribners. $5.
Voyages and Travels of Marco Polo. Cassell & Co.
Wager, Prof. C. H. A. The Siege of Troye. Macmillan. $1.25.
Wells, Prof. Webster. New Higher Algebra. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.32.
White, Arnold. The Modern Jew. F. A. Stokes Co. $2.
Winchester, Prof. C. T. Some Principles of Literary Criticism. Macmillan.
Winter, J. S. A Name to Conjure With. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25.
Wormeley, Katherine P. The Personal Opinions of Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co. $1.50.
Wyeth, Dr. J. A. Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest. Harpers.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1899.

The Week.

Gen. Reeve of Minnesota adds his name to the now long list of American soldiers and sailors who have seen service in the Philippines, and who lay the blame of the wretched war on McKinley's blundering policy. The suggestive interview with him published in the San Francisco *Call*, attesting the high capacity, intelligence, and education of the Filipino leaders, is only an echo of Dewey and Lawton—of everybody, in fact, who has seen them at home, instead of ignorantly railing at them from afar, like Gov. Roosevelt. Gen. Reeve had unusual opportunities at Manila and Malolos to study the Filipinos, and he speaks in strong condemnation of the proclamation which Otis, under McKinley's orders, issued last January, and which treated them as if they were "half-civilized savages." "Conciliatory methods," says this important witness, "would have prevented the war." And he adds that Admiral Dewey has "on several occasions" stated that "a wise policy of conciliation would have averted the war." All which is simply saying that we owe the war, with all its calamities and disgraces, to the dull politician in the White House, who thought last January that he was an Olympian conqueror at whose nod the isles would smoke and the ends of the earth would tremble.

One remark, interjected into the *Call's* interview with Gen. Reeve by the reporter who secured it, is very significant. It was, no doubt, made on a hint from the General, and is this:

> "Doubtless the American public would read with much interest a dispatch which Admiral Dewey cabled to the President last December in response to a message wired by the President requesting the Admiral's views of the situation in the Philippines."

We have before spoken of the extraordinary pains which the President has taken to keep Congress and the people ignorant of Admiral Dewey's views about the Philippines. He professes to want Congress to tell him what to do, but he gives Congress none of the information that lies before him. Secrecy, garbled dispatches, and the censor are his ways of letting the dear people know what is going on. But he cannot for ever go on burrowing. Sooner or later the truth will come out. When Congress calls for Dewey's dispatches they will have to be made public, or else their further concealment will be worse than publishing them. Suppose the Admiral himself calls for them?

The historian of this epoch a half century or so hence will have an extraordinary picture to draw of the welcome which the "imperial city of New York" is about to extend to Admiral Dewey. In the background will be the city itself, gay with banners and crowded to its utmost limits with millions of enthusiastic and admiring people. In the foreground a committee of welcome, with Richard Croker as its most conspicuous figure! Was ever a great hero subjected to such treatment as that from his admiring countrymen? Was ever a great city called upon to suffer the humiliation of having for its representative a man of that type? It is not necessary to specify the leading qualities of Croker or the chief episodes in his career. They are known to all men. What honest man would take him by the hand or ask him into his house? What reputable club in this city would permit him to become a member? Yet we force Admiral Dewey to take his hand and to treat him as worthy of his respect. Nothing could more clearly reveal the confused moral perceptions of this community than the general acquiescence in Croker's selection for this position. When the average citizen has asked, "What good will it do to protest?" he has done all that he thinks it necessary for him to do in the emergency. We wonder that the Mayor did not ask Bishop Potter to stand by Croker's side when Dewey should be received in the city's name.

Gov. Roosevelt cut a sorry figure in his attempt to force the G. A. R. to the head of the line of the Dewey parade. He was so eager to show his irrepressible love for the veterans that he did not stop to ascertain whether as Governor he had any power in the matter, and was so eager to have the world know what he had done that he could not wait till his message to Gen. Roe had reached that officer, but hastened to the nearest county fair and told the farmers of it, thus making it very plain that his passion for everybody who has been a "fighter" anywhere is closely associated with a passion to make political capital and endear himself to the "soldier vote." The incident seems to emphasize, what his recent conduct in more ways than one has shown, that political ambition has obtained complete possession of him, and that his chief anxiety henceforth will be to do nothing which will offend the powerful forces in politics, be they machines, bosses, or professional veterans.

Gov. Roosevelt had a great opportunity as a life-long champion of civil-service reform to say a few earnest words on that subject in his Ohio speech, but we regret to notice that he missed it utterly. The Ohio platform, Gov. Roosevelt must know, approved the President's "backward step," thus giving its support to a complete reversal of party policy. He is on record as saying that we shall fail in our efforts to rule our new possessions if we do not apply to our service in them the most rigorous civil-service-reform principles. It is true that he has said little or nothing on this point in his recent speeches, but he has had no such provocation to speak out as he had in Ohio, for the party there is committed to imperialism with the spoils system. What became of our Governor's joy in a fight when he was confronted with this opportunity? "Oh, my countrymen, dare to be great," he said to the farmers of his own State. How could he have shown more greatness than by standing up boldly in the face of the Ohio Republicans, and rebuking them for their conduct toward civil-service reform? Is the duty of crushing the Filipinos so imperative that even civil-service reform, like the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution, must be sacrificed in order to bring it about?

Hanna makes it plain that he will be at the front as the manager of the Republican campaign in Ohio. McLean, the Democratic boss and candidate of his party for Governor, has already assumed management of the canvass on the other side. There is a third factor in the contest, and both Hanna and McLean are puzzled as to its importance. This is the independent candidacy for the Governorship of Mayor Jones of Toledo. The politicians in both of the old parties began by ridiculing the idea that there could be anything serious in this movement, but they grow less and less sure that it can be disregarded. About 65,000 signatures have already been secured to the petitions requesting that Jones's name be put upon the official ballot, and if every signer should really vote for the Toledo Mayor, as he engages to do, his candidacy might turn the scales in a close contest between the old parties, according as the bulk of his support came from the Republicans or the Democrats. The general opinion has been that Jones would draw more largely from the class which usually votes the Democratic ticket, but it is quite conceivable that a good many Republicans, who are disgusted with a choice between tickets named by the two bosses, may conclude to cast their ballots this time for "the Golden Rule candidate."

The custom among Massachusetts Democrats, ever since national conven-

tions were introduced, has been to elect the delegates apportioned to the State by the call for such a national convention through local conventions in the various Congressional districts, only the few delegates "at large" being named by a State convention, which was, of course, convened after the call for the national convention had been issued. In 1896 the State convention for this purpose met on the 21st of April, and the district conventions at various dates during the next few weeks. The call for the Democratic national convention of 1900 will not be issued for months, and yet George Fred Williams, the boss of the Democratic machine in Massachusetts, insisted upon the perpetration of a double usurpation by his State convention on Thursday—the choice of delegates long before there is any warrant for their selection according to all party rules, and the naming of all the delegates for the various Congressional districts by a State gathering, for the first time in history. The platform of principles fitly complemented this revolutionary action. It explicitly reiterates "belief in the financial plank of the Chicago platform," and renews the "demand for the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1." It pronounces the platform of the convention of 1896 a "political code written not for a year or for a single campaign, but for all time, being made up, as it is, of the fundamental principles of Democracy, upon the acceptance and enforcement of which alone a free government of, by, and for the people can be maintained."

The rest of the platform is good, bad, and indifferent. The best part is that which characterizes the war in the Philippines as "a war of criminal aggression," which is "wanton and needless," and "in violation of the principles of American constitutional liberty, not only because it is prosecuted by the Administration without the Congressional action which the Constitution prescribes, but because it is a denial of that right of self-government which, from the day our forefathers faced the British at Concord bridge, has been a cardinal precept of American political philosophy"; and which "demands that to the Filipinos, as to the Cubans, shall be said to-day that they are and of right ought to be free and independent," and "holds that such a declaration, coupled with the expression of the purposes of the United States to protect the islands from the assaults of any foreign Power, would speedily restore order, purge our national honor of the stain put upon it by injustice and bad faith, and advance American trade in the far East."

It now looks as though each party was going to lose a State which it ought to carry in November, because of internal quarrels. On general principles the Democrats should have recovered the Governorship in Kentucky without great difficulty, because, when they are united, they outnumber the Republicans. But the fight between Goebel and the anti-Goebel Democrats has become so bitter that it is hard to see how the Republican candidate for Governor can fail to win, even though there is disaffection in his party. In Maryland, on the other hand, the Republicans ought to have stood the better chance this year, as their behavior since their success in electing the Governor four years ago on the whole warrants a continuation of public confidence. But the factional quarrel which has been raging between Senator Wellington and Gov. Lowndes has grown so bitter that there is at last an open split, and all the indications now are that the Democrats will carry the State. No question of principle seems to be involved, and the incident only illustrates how demoralizing the possession of power is apt to prove to a minority party which accidentally becomes the majority.

The conference on the subject of Trusts at Chicago a fortnight ago was followed last week by a gathering of Governors and Attorney-Generals at St. Louis to discuss anti-Trust measures. The chief promoter of this movement was Gov. Sayers of Texas, who is one of the bitterest enemies of Trusts in the country. His professed object was to get together the executives and law officers of the various States throughout the Union, and to have them agree upon a line of common action. Democratic Governors and Attorney-Generals in the South generally fell in with the idea, but Republican officials as a rule were rather shy of the conference. Nobody went to St. Louis from any State east of the Alleghanies, and the only Republican officials from the whole country who appeared were the Attorney-General of Indiana, Gov. Shaw of Iowa, and Gov. Pingree of Michigan—if the last named can be regarded as belonging to any but the Pingree party. The second session of the conference was enough to show the hopelessness of expecting united action from such a body. In the afternoon Gov. Shaw of Iowa ridiculed the speech made by Gov. Stephens of Missouri in the morning, and announced that he was going home, as the Republican Attorney-General of Indiana did a little later.

When it came to the stage of framing resolutions, the conference roared as gently as any sucking dove. It was resolved that any attempted monopolization or restraint of trade should be "adequately and fully" defined as a crime. That expedient has been tried thoroughly, with well-known results. It was also resolved that every State should pass laws for "the adequate and proper control" of corporations. There is no novelty in this proposition. Reports from corporations to the State and examinations by State officers were recommended—another well-tried experiment. A further resolution was to the effect that no corporation should be allowed to do business in any State if it was not empowered to do business in the State where it was chartered. It can scarcely be contended that monopoly will be checked by any such restraint as this. Equally futile is the resolution that no corporation shall be formed by another corporation, or own stock in a competing corporation; and the same is true of the prohibition of the holding office or stock in one corporation by the officers of another, "engaged in a similar or competitive business, the object or result of which is to create a monopoly." All the resolutions adopted, it is not unfair to say, were simply puerile in character, so far as they were not mere restatements of existing laws. Not much was expected from this gathering, but even the sound and fury with which it opened gave place to familiar platitudes at its close. The country must obtain deliverance from monopolies through other champions than these Governors.

There is great jubilation among the Sheehanites over their success in wresting control from the Crokerites in the Ninth District, and some of them go so far as to claim that Croker's power as boss has been broken. We hope this will prove to be the case—not that Sheehan as a leader is to be preferred to Croker, but because we hail with joy anything that looks like a rupture of the Tammany organization. There is a familiar saying about the dues of honest men in such crises which is applicable here. Croker's chief source of power has been his control of the patronage of the city, and the consequent belief among his followers that if they were to quarrel with him their means of subsistence would be cut off. If Sheehan and other recalcitrants can show that this is not the case, that a Tammany man can brave Croker's displeasure and still get a living out of the city in one way or another, a serious revolt may come at any time, for Croker has been so hoggish in his demands for the profits of the business that he has made a great many enemies in the organization. It is only a question of time when the split will come, for no party ever yet had patronage to satisfy everybody in it.

It is difficult to comment with the respect due to the bench upon the remarkable exhibition which was made before the Mazet Committee on Monday. One after another, eleven justices of our Su-

preme Court took the witness chair and told how much money they had paid down in cash in return for a nomination, the prices ranging from $3,500 to $10,000, and to sums which the witnesses were unable to recall precisely. The greater number of them had paid the money direct to Tammany Hall or to Croker. We are quite ready to accept the word of these justices that their conduct on the bench has not been influenced by this transaction. We are also quite ready to give full weight to the reasons they advance in extenuation of the payments as "contributions" to the necessary expenses of the campaign. We are quite ready also to look upon them as the unwilling victims of a bad system, which is the natural outgrowth of the corrupt politics of a great city. But when all has been said in their defence that can be said, what are the exact facts in the case? Who is the man who fixes the price that shall be paid, and what is the price paid for? Everybody knows that during the past ten or fifteen years the price has been fixed by the boss of Tammany Hall, and has been fixed, not on the nomination, but on the certainty of election. Croker, no more than Kelly before him, sells the nomination—he sells the seat on the bench through the guarantee of election to it. The nature of this transaction becomes perfectly clear if we suppose for a moment that judges are appointed rather than elected, and that each Supreme Court justice pays Gov. Roosevelt a fixed sum for his place, the sum going into the campaign fund as a contribution to the expenses of the election. There are no legitimate campaign expenses which justify for a moment such assessments as the justices paid. The simple fact is that their position is regarded as one of the prizes of politics, as a "good thing" or "plum," and the boss and the organization demand a percentage of its salary as the condition of granting it.

Something seems to have been saved from the wreck caused by President McKinley's order "taking the starch out" of the civil-service law. One of the worst changes authorized by the Executive was the permission given for persons holding temporary appointments at Washington to secure permanent places without passing a competitive examination. The Attorney-General, however, has given an opinion that the amendment to rule 8 applies only to those persons holding temporary appointments who had been certified by the Civil-Service Commission for such temporary appointment. This shuts out from the possibility of transfer to the permanent rolls nearly all the large number of persons on the temporary rolls of the War and Treasury Departments, who supposed that they were sure of their places, as they were appointed by the heads of these departments during the Spanish war without certification from the Civil-Service Commission.

So little has yet been done in this country toward the protection of our forests that any step in this direction, in whatever part of the United States, is cause for national satisfaction. Six years ago some public-spirited citizens of Pennsylvania induced the Legislature to authorize the appointment of a Forestry Commission, and Gov. Pattison, himself a Democrat, selected as its head Dr. Joseph T. Rothrock, a Republican, who was universally admitted to be the best man for the place. Two years later, when a single Commissioner of Forestry was given charge of the matter, Gov. Hastings appointed Dr. Rothrock, with the approval of all good citizens. Under his leadership, acts have been passed by the Legislature for the creation of forest reservations at the headwaters of the State's chief rivers, and for the purchase by the State of unsettled lands sold for taxes, with a view to creating forest reservations out of them, while a body of fire wardens has been established to protect the forests from burning. On every public ground, Dr. Rothrock deserved reappointment when his term expired. But, although a Republican in his opinions, he is no politician, and hungry office-seekers clamored for his place as a reward for their services to the party or the machine. There was fear that the Quay Governor would yield to these demands, but he has happily disappointed the public by commissioning Dr. Rothrock for another four years. The advocates of forestry reform throughout the country will be encouraged by this evidence that the movement has already grown strong enough to command the respect of the politicians.

As the Transvaal case is left by the latest official dispatches, England has now sponged the slate clean, and is to draw up entirely new proposals (the polite name for a demand with guns behind it). This is unfortunate, as the two governments were within a hair's breadth of complete agreement. If, asked Krüger, I give you the five years' franchise and a fair proportion of seats in the Raad, will you be contented, and will you let me alone thereafter? Both Sir Alfred Milner and the British Agent at Pretoria answered that, on those terms, they thought it safe to say that Great Britain would not, in fact, interfere any further. But Krüger requested a positive agreement not to interfere again, and on that the whole thing broke down. It was just the distinction between, "I do not intend to interfere," and "I agree not to interfere." Surely, a fair adjustment of the inconsequential difference could have been made by negotiators more anxious to be generous and keep the peace than to stickle for trifles. But now the two sides are wrangling over an issue of veracity—most dangerous of themes for diplomats—and the British cabinet is beginning all over again. The resulting situation is ugly, but does not necessarily mean war. Probably Krüger will make the needed concessions at the last moment. But what a villain he is not to take the advice of the English correspondents in Natal, and strike the first blow, as they are so anxious to have him, so that they may then go in and kill him with a good conscience!

The most trenchant comment on the old-age pension movement that has yet appeared is the resolution unanimously adopted by the recent Trade-Union Congress in England. This pension scheme has been supported by some well-meaning people, such as the editors of the *Spectator*, because it was so carefully guarded. To concede any more would be going straight to destruction; but to pension only deserving people above sixty-five years of age, who have done their best to avoid the workhouse, would be an inexpensive concession and all that could reasonably be demanded. The Trade-Union Congress gave its hearty approval to the old-age pension idea, but it demanded some modifications, which show what the movement will lead to when it is once started. In the first place, it was resolved that no scheme would be acceptable to the workers of the country which limited pensions to those who were thrifty, or which disregarded "the inability of a large proportion of the industrious and deserving poor to make provision for the future." Moreover, the age-limit was set too high; every one more than sixty years old ought to have a pension. Furthermore, whoever became incapacitated from following his or her employment should receive a pension from the time when the disability began. The expense of this enlarged scheme was to be met by a properly graduated income-tax, which would compel the rich to do their duty in helping the poor. This congress professes to represent not far from a million voters, and their resolutions might well cause the most ardent advocates of old-age pensions to hesitate before they introduce an innovation which is escaping from their control as soon as it is formulated. We know in this country what a frightful power for evil a body of pensioners can become. They nearly bankrupted the Treasury under President Harrison, and if one country could ever learn from the experience of another, England might well consider our plight. But this policy of "doles" has been held out to the English people, and neither party now dares to pronounce against it. It will probably compel the retrenchment of military expenses, but otherwise its results can be only mischievous.

THE PHILIPPINE MURDER WILL OUT.

President McKinley's policy of secrecy and suppression, garbling and the censor, in respect of the Philippines, is beginning to bear its inevitable fruit. Such head-in-the-sand stupidity was sure, sooner or later, to get a tremendous blow *à posteriori*, like the one Carlyle described, at the end of his 'Cromwell,' as falling upon the British ostrich-public. If there is one thing the American public will not stand, it is being deliberately lied to by its rulers. If there is one thing which no system of military discipline or official terrorism can long force American officers to do, it is to suppress facts in order to conceal blunders. "Leakages" are sure to occur. "Indiscretions" are certain to be committed. The harder the President squats on the safety-valve, the higher will he be blown when the explosion does take place.

The latest revelations, in the shape of letters from naval officers of high rank serving on the Asiatic station, were printed (without comment) in Sunday's *Tribune*, and make a melancholy wreck of the Administration version of the situation in the Philippines. What has been the McKinley picture of affairs there? Why, it has represented the army and navy and the Philippine Commission working together in perfect harmony; all good natives on our side; the insurgents nothing but bandits and cut-throats, whose only encouragement came from miserable traitors in this country. But the truth has been trickling out from time to time, and has now swollen to a stream of such volume that it has completely swept away the mass of deception and prevarication which the Government at Washington has tried to impose on the people. We have learned, little by little, that Admiral Dewey and all the higher naval officers were opposed to the war, which they considered entirely unnecessary; that they have thought it as blunderingly conducted as it was needlessly brought on; and that they have burned with shame and indignation at the "lying reports," as Dewey called them to Otis's face, which that General, under orders from Washington, has sent home so as not to "hurt" McKinley. We have also learned that the officers of the navy, and all the members of the Philippine Commission except Otis, fully recognize the fitness of the Filipinos to govern themselves; and that there now exists, outside the patch of land our troops hold, a "strong and perfect" control by an insurgent government. Instead of entire agreement among Americans on the spot, we have discovered that there were all along sharp dissensions, both as to the proper policy and its execution; the difference becoming so acute that Dewey at one time threatened to seize Otis's gunboats as "a menace to the public safety." All these disclosures make it highly probable that Admiral Dewey is really coming home in disgust, desiring to sever himself from a policy which he regards as Ossa heaped on Pelion in the way of blunders.

Of almost equal deadly effect with these naval letters to the *soi-disant* imperialist *Tribune* is an interview with Otis published the same day in the unmistakably imperialist *Sun*. The stuff he talks in it is of such incredible folly that he ought to be, and probably will be, made by angry orders from Washington to repudiate it. He speaks of the natives having a silly "craze" for independence; says that it would be a mistake to put down the insurrection "too soon" (which he certainly has not done), as the natives will speedily be sick of the independence for which they are ready to lay down their lives; and warns the American Congress above all not to meddle with him in any particular, not to do anything by way of conciliatory legislation to heal what is fast becoming the open sore in the Philippines, which the ignorance and pride of our rulers have created to take the place of Livingstone's open sore of Africa. Talk about anti-imperialist tracts! These two publications of the imperialist press on one day—of the naval officers' letters and the Otis interview—are the most powerful documents that could possibly be issued by the Anti-Imperialist League.

And everybody will suspect that the worst has not been told. When we catch a man lying in one particular, we believe he has been lying in all. The fact is that the President, by keeping back the truth, has only made it more fatal for him when it does see the light. How many dispatches of Dewey's has he locked up at Washington? All we know is that he has not published one, except those of naval routine, since the Paris treaty. Schurman had to speak out in self-defence; suppose Dewey should? When Congress meets and demands all the dispatches, will not Mr. McKinley then appear very like a man sitting on a volcano? What we say is that he is already reaping the fruits of his policy of suppression, and that they will surely grow more bitter as time goes on.

Another thing to be said in the light of all these accumulating revelations is, that they show afresh the immense folly of trying to treat the Philippine question as if it were simply one for military force. "I ask myself," said John Morley, "whether the man with the sword, blundering in and slashing at the knots that patient statesmen ought to have untied, is not responsible for half the worst catastrophes in the political history of Europe." We have had the blundering swordsman; now let us have the patient statesman. The knot is now a hard one to untie, but slashing at it with the sword is the remedy of incurable boys, like Gov. Roosevelt. He and his little playmates discuss the whole question in purest nursery fashion. The Filipinos are "bad"; all who do not agree that they ought to be killed are "traitors," and would "dishonor" the American flag; what we must do is to cry out with Metternich, "My God! how right I am and how wrong all the rest are!" But the Philippine difficulty has long since passed out of the scope of a man who

"—— hears loud oracles and talks with gods."

We have had enough of brute force and blundering; let us try patient statesmanship; let us, despite the warnings of Gen. Otis, ask the American people, through their representatives in Congress, what *they* think, what *they* would see done.

STATUS OF OUR CONQUESTS.

The country has shown great patience in awaiting some final determination of the status of the territory ceded by Spain. To the ordinary mind it would seem clear that Porto Rico became a part of the United States on the ratification of the treaty by which it was ceded. The Administration, however, became aware, as soon as it had acquired title to this island, that it had acquired at the same time some of the most alarming political difficulties that could possibly be imagined. If Porto Rico was part of the United States, it would follow that no duties could be imposed on merchandise transported thence to other parts of the country, or thither from other parts of the country, nor could any duties be levied in Porto Rico on imports from foreign countries except such as were prescribed by the general tariff enacted by Congress. We need not dwell at present on what this would mean to the beet-sugar industry in the Western States or the tobacco-growers of the East. The Administration knew very well what trouble would arise on this score, and it has helplessly let matters drift, hoping for something to turn up which would solve the problem. Meanwhile it has collected duties in Porto Rico which are unquestionably illegal, except on the supposition that Porto Rico is not in the United States. Where it belongs, if not there, no one ventures to state; but the existence of the Republican Administration depends on its maintaining that, although Spain ceded Porto Rico to the United States and the United States accepted the cession, and although Spanish sovereignty is absolutely extinguished there and that of our own Government replaces it, somehow Porto Rico is not included in our country.

This fiction is convenient so long as it can be preserved, but it is quite incredible that it can survive the examination of the Supreme Court of the United States. International law no more than common law recognizes the seat of

a title as *in nubibus*. Porto Rico belonged to Spain, and if it no longer belongs to her, it must belong to us. There is no intermediate state during which ceded territory belongs nowhere. On this point, and on the question of the legality of duties, our Supreme Court long since laid down the law so positively and so conclusively as to make it impossible for any different decision to find support either in law or in reason. In the case of Cross et al. vs. Harrison, which Mr. Winslow Warren of Boston has lately brought to public attention, the circumstances were in all material respects parallel with those which now prevail regarding Porto Rico. In that case an action was brought to recover duties paid on goods imported into California during the period between the treaty with Mexico in 1848 and the formal establishment of a civil government by Congress. During part of this period a military government existed, succeeded, when peace was made, by a de-facto government. The military government collected duties according to an arbitrary war tariff, but the de-facto government collected them under the tariff of the United States.

The decision of the Supreme Court substantially adopted the position taken by Mr. Buchanan, as Secretary of State. He declared that so long as war continued, the military government had power to levy duties or do any act which any government might do, according to the recognized principles of international law. So now, so long as the war with Spain lasted, our military government in Porto Rico had the same powers. But, Mr. Buchanan continued, by the conclusion of the treaty of peace the military government which was established under the laws of war ceased to derive its authority from this source of power. Nevertheless, as some government was indispensable "on the great ground of necessity," it became the government of California de facto. And so, as we say now, the government of Porto Rico ceased to be a military government as soon as peace was made, but became, and is, a de-facto government.

What, now, are the powers of this de-facto government? Let us hear what was held fifty years ago:

> "This government de facto will, of course, exercise no power inconsistent with the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, which is the supreme law of the land. For this reason, no import duties can be levied in California on articles of growth, produce, or manufacture of the United States, as no such duties can be imposed in any other part of our Union on the productions of California. Nor can new duties be charged in California upon such foreign productions as have already paid duties in any of our ports of entry, for the obvious reason that California is within the territory of the United States."

With the substitution of "Porto Rico" for "California," this statement of the situation in regard to tariff duties is precisely accurate to-day. The plaintiff in the case cited contended that the duties collected were illegal because the laws of a ceded country, including those of trade, remained unchanged until the new sovereignty of it changed them, and this Congress had not done. This contention was rejected by the court on the ground that

> "By the ratification of the treaty, California became a part of the United States. And as there is nothing differently stipulated in the treaty with respect to commerce, it became instantly bound and privileged by the laws which Congress had passed to raise a revenue from duties on imports and tonnage. . . . The sovereignty of a nation regulates trade with foreign nations, and none can be carried on except as the sovereignty permits it to be done. In our situation, that sovereignty is the constitutional delegation to Congress of the power 'to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States, and with the Indian tribes.'"

We presume it will not be contended that the war with Spain still continues, and if it does not, the government of Porto Rico is no longer a military government, but a provisional or de-facto government such as prevailed in California after peace was declared. That, be it remembered, was composed of military officers, and its personnel was not changed by the termination of the war. But its nature was changed, and from the moment the treaty of peace was published, the Constitution of the United States came into effect in all territory ceded to it. The principle is declared by the court to be established that

> "The ratification of the treaty made California a part of the United States, and, as soon as it became so, the territory became subject to the acts which were in force to regulate commerce with the United States, after those had ceased which had been instituted for its regulation as a belligerent right."

That principle is the only one that can be admitted to-day as either law or common sense.

CUBAN RENOVATION.

Nearly nine months have passed since the control of Cuba was taken over from Spain by the American officers appointed to be in charge of the temporary military government. Many details of their work and plans have been made public from time to time, but the first comprehensive and official account of what has been done in the Department of Havana we have only now in the "Annual Report" of Gen. Ludlow, its Military Governor. It is for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1899, though many of the statistics are brought down a month or two later. Making every allowance for official optimism, for possible exaggeration at one point or another, for mistakes ignored and friction passed over, it is a wonderful record. Intelligence, energy, and honesty were never more advantageously seen at work; and the entire achievement is a striking tribute to the efficiency of our officers and men, and of the coöperating Cubans, to whose labors are due the magic transformation of Havana.

First and foremost comes the sanitary rescue of the city. Long a monument of hygienic neglect and a pest-hole in summer, it had become in 1897 and 1898, through the horrors of the *reconcentración* and the crowding of Spanish troops, a very antechamber of death. To make matters worse, the Spanish officials in the last days of their paralytic rule left off even their feeble attempts to care for the public health; they suspended the cleaning of the streets, abandoned the hospital service, and spent their time "gutting the public buildings and offices, including hospitals and asylums, stripping them bare of records, apparatus, and belongings, ripping out everything that could be torn loose, and selling everything, even infected clothing and bedding from the hospitals, that would bring a peseta in cash." The physical condition of the city, when the Americans took charge, it is not strange to find Gen. Ludlow describing as "frightful."

The task laid upon him and his able and faithful staff of officers (to whom he makes throughout the warmest acknowledgments) was both general and specific. They must attend immediately to the misery which moaned all about them. They must feed the starving, care for the neglected sick, rescue the remaining reconcentrados from their gutters and pits. Order must also be at once established, a vigilant and honest police force organized, and all the municipal machinery reclaimed from the wreck in which the Spanish had left it. These were the obvious and pressing duties, and they were discharged with great promptness and vigor, and on the whole with conspicuous success. In these general remedial measures there was, of course, involved a marked improvement in sanitary conditions; but a great deal of attention was given directly to the question of the city's health, and in what has been done to affect that so astonishingly for the better we have a veritable triumph.

Cleaning up and keeping clean was the single motto. Havana has been sitting complacently on her heaps of filth for three centuries, like another Tiflis or Omdurman. Under American occupation she has been scoured and disinfected as never before in her history. The result is that she is healthier than ever before in her history. Making the comparison with the normal years 1890-95, we find the general death-rate lowered, and, in particular, the deaths from yellow fever brought to a smaller figure than in any given period of the same length since official records were kept. Up to September 1 there had been only twenty deaths from yellow fever, as against a yearly average of nearly 400 from 1890 to 1895. And so prompt and sure had been the process of isolation

that not one case of the fever was known to have come by direct infection. Only three deaths from this disease had occurred among the 3,000 American soldiers; the Spanish troops had lost thousands, by pure neglect, as is now evident.

Gen. Ludlow is very cautious in drawing conclusions from the extraordinary success of this first campaign against yellow fever in Havana. Its results, he admits, while "immensely encouraging," are "in no sense conclusive." He recognizes, with the late Col. Waring, the fact that Havana can expect complete immunity from yellow-fever epidemics only after the adoption of "a complete sewer system." Still, the great value of a thorough and persistent cleansing of accessible surfaces has been demonstrated, and has a hundred times paid for the cost of the experiment. That the street-broom and the disinfecting spray alone should have reduced the Havana death-rate to about the normal for a city of its size in the temperate zone, and kept down yellow fever actually below what it has been in Key West, so that Havana is proudly quarantining against American and Mexican Gulf ports—this is the great sanitary feat which cannot overcome us like a summer cloud without our special wonder. As for the American soldiers whose skill and devotion have wrought the change, they have faced dangers, as Gen. Ludlow says of some of the officers of his command, "equal to those of battle," and they are as much entitled to the thanks of their countrymen as if they had won a great victory—as, indeed, they have.

We have not space to dwell on the other features of the report, important as many of them are. The best testimony to the success of the American administration of Cuba is the fact that its results are breaking down the native opposition which manifested itself so freely at the beginning. Gen. Ludlow writes in the heartiest way of the readiness of Cubans to help on the work of renovating their island, and there is plenty of independent evidence to the same effect. "What a change!" said *La Discusión*, the other day, in contrasting the appearance of city and people under American rule with what it used to be under the Spaniard. And that stoutest of pro-Spanish newspapers, the *Diario de la Marina*, could only say, apropos of Gen. Ludlow's recent order providing schools and teachers for the 35,000 neglected children of Havana, that it was a lasting reproach to Spain that such an order was necessary, and that it could not but be received by the people as a "bendición de Dios."

RAILROAD POOLS AND COMBINATIONS.

The question whether or not the Boston and Albany Railroad shall be leased to the New York Central is arousing earnest discussion in New England, but it is of much more than local interest. There is apparently an opportunity to experiment in the ownership of a railroad by the State, owing to the option of purchase inserted in the original charter of this road, but the agitation in favor of exercising this option seems likely to accomplish little. The State of Massachusetts has experimented twice in railroad-building. It sank more than thirty millions in making a road under Hoosac Mountain, with very inadequate returns, and its connection with the old Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad was in all respects unfortunate. The recollection of these experiences is so fresh in the minds of many people as to make them averse to any further experiments in this direction. The management of the Boston and Albany Road may be changed, but it will probably not pass into the hands of the State of Massachusetts.

The fact that a majority of stockholders are opposed to the lease offered by the New York Central Road signifies more than that they wish to get better terms for their property than are now proposed. Very strong reasons are advanced in support of the view that the property is undervalued, but they are met with arguments of equal force, and only the future can decide. Were it a mere matter of dollars and cents, the lease would probably be accepted. But there is a good deal of sentiment in the matter. The Boston and Albany Road is peculiarly a Massachusetts road, very little of it lying outside of the State, and there is a genuine reluctance to have the management pass out of the State. Very possibly there might be some improvements in the operation of the road under a different management, but there is a strong feeling in favor of having the direction of a railroad in the hands of citizens of the State in which it lies. When directors are residents they are influenced much more by public opinion than when they are absent. "Absentee" landlords have been the cause of endless mischief and complaint in Ireland and elsewhere, and absentee ownership of railroads has in many of our States made trouble. The people of the newer States have been persuaded, rightly or wrongly, that they were being exploited by Eastern and foreign capitalists, who cared for nothing except large returns on their investments, and they have countenanced a great deal of hasty and pernicious legislation. They knew that they might hurt themselves, but they were indifferent to that, provided they could hurt the absent capitalists. In some States, certain railroads are bitterly hated because it is believed that the interests of other communities are more favored by the managers, and legislative corruption is sure to arise under such conditions.

We do not mean to suggest that the managers of the New York Central Road would discriminate against Massachusetts interests. It would be presumptively for their advantage to make as much as they could out of their lease, and if they failed to encourage local industries they would lose by it. The New York Central Road has itself been carried through several hard struggles by means of its local business, and the Boston and Albany Road depends much on this traffic. But there is always the possibility that some outside exigency, some remote purpose, may compel a disregard of the interests of Massachusetts, if the management of the Boston and Albany Road be in the hands of men whose principal interests lie elsewhere. It is within the bounds of possibility that rate-wars may break out between the trunk lines. Such things have happened in the past, and it is conceivable, if not probable, that they may happen again. The New York Central Road might feel obliged to carry Western freight to New York city at very low rates, possibly for less than cost. But for that very reason it might feel it necessary to obtain all the revenue it could from the Boston and Albany Road. It might keep up its rates there, to the disadvantage of Boston merchants, and reduce its expenses, to the injury of the communities along its line.

Such considerations affect the minds of some, at least, of the stockholders of the Boston and Albany Road, and they bring out clearly the mischievous results of the prohibition of pools or traffic contracts by the Government of the United States. These prohibitions are intended to stimulate competition, but, instead, they stimulate combination. Traffic agreements continue to be made, but, as they are illegal, they cannot be very definitely formulated, nor can they be enforced if either party chooses to violate them. Yet such agreements are necessary in the operation of a system of railroads, and the inconveniences of doing business illegally are so great as to make the consolidation of railroads imperative. The New York Central Road, for instance, wishes to lease the Boston and Albany, because in no other way can it insure the continuance of its traffic agreements with that road. The United States Supreme Court has so construed the law as to make permanent traffic agreements impracticable. Were the law amended so as to legalize such contracts, it is quite conceivable that the two railroads might insure the attainment of those results which can now be obtained only by combination. Such an arrangement would maintain the present situation, which is not unsatisfactory in itself, but only in its uncertainty. The people of Massachusetts could then retain the benefits, sentimental or otherwise, of local management, while the through traffic could be conducted under conditions of permanent stability,

which would be as advantageous for the business community as for the railroads.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HERR QUARCK.

We were well content last week to print Prof. Münsterberg's letter without comment, feeling sure that our readers would discern the quality of his *soi-disant* German Liberalism, and his fitness to mediate between the democratic elements of this country and the Fatherland. His adroit extenuations of despotic attacks on freedom of expression in Germany could be felt in spite of their covering up with question-begging phrase or epithet. Who could rest satisfied with the summary, "Mommsen called Bismarck in a stump speech a swindler, and Bismarck brought Mommsen before the court"? Assuredly, not he who thinks the charge appropriate enough to the inspirer of the "reptile press" with bogus news and vile insinuations for his political ends. Or, again, is it a receipt in full to the truth of history to say that "Geffcken published the diary of the Crown Prince and committed by that, in Bismarck's opinion, the crime of high treason"? And what calm ignoring of English license to criticise the character and acts of the sovereign lurks in the inquiry, "Can these same intelligent Americans doubt that the protection against *direct degrading insult* is an organic part of every monarchy?" We italicise the assumption which is the refuge of tyranny.

That this is a habit of mind with Prof. Münsterberg appears in his treatment of our reply to his proposition that "to insult the President cannot be called freedom at all." We had asked: "Is it freedom when an editor is sent to prison for four months for commenting on the Emperor's speech at the opening of Parliament?"

> "Certainly," rejoins the Professor, "that is not freedom; but, fortunately, it never has happened and never can happen in Germany. No one has ever been prosecuted for 'commenting,' if the word is not extended to include every kind of insulting attack or an infamous insinuation of mean motives."

It therefore becomes proper to consider the case of Herr Quarck, to which we alluded. This editor of the Social-Democratic *Volksstimme* of Frankfort was reckless enough to criticise in his paper the speech from the throne last December. We do not say "comment upon," partly in deference to Prof. Münsterberg, and partly because the immediate source of our information, a Liberal organ in Berlin, uses the word *kritisirt*. His criticism was not favorable—in fact, was very adverse, or *sehr abfällig*, according to our authority. This, to Prof. Münsterberg, connotes "insulting attack," "infamous insinuation of mean motives." Perhaps it does in fact. At all events, Herr Quarck was promptly prosecuted for leze-majesty, and sentenced, as we said, to four months' imprisonment. The infatuated man took an appeal to the Supreme Court, or Reichsgericht, which confirmed the lower court, and bolstered its decision with a novel distinction whose refinement is worthy of the schoolmen. We quote the text as we find it in the Berlin *Nation* of July 15:

> "The Penal Chamber rightly proceeds from the fact that the Emperor, even when conveying the sentiments of the confederate governments, may at the same time be expressing in connection with them his own personal opinion; and the Chamber finds his purpose so to do expressed in regard to several matters touched upon in the speech from the throne. As the context of the grounds of judgment shows, the Court had especially in mind the two passages comment upon which (*Besprechung*) by the accused it recognizes as insult (*Beleidigung*), namely, the passages in which the discourse is of protecting the willing laborer against terrorizing, and of the anarchist propaganda. The establishment of the fact that, respecting these matters, the Emperor was at the same time expressing his personal opinion, and that the accused knew it, rests upon a weighing of actual circumstances and is not assailable in revision."

It would appear, accordingly, that a metaphysical process of no little delicacy is imposed henceforth on any editor tempted to comment on the speech from the throne as a mere parliamentary proceeding. He must carefully sift the topics so as to exclude such as by any possibility the Emperor might be expressing an opinion about, or might entertain an opinion about, or—who knows?—in the compliant imagination of judges appointed, promoted, and decorated by him ought to have an opinion about, in the interest of convictions under the statute of leze-majesty. Whether what is left would be worth commenting on *sehr abfällig* or otherwise, is highly problematical.

The best answer to such judicial subserviency in a country where neither press nor public assembly is free, is laughter, and a humorous correspondent of the journal we have cited indulges in it. "Bulgarus" he signs himself, as another writer liable to have the nine-syllabled "Majestätsbeleidigungsprozess" hurled at him signs himself "Junius" on the same page. Our *Paysan du Danube* humbly submits if it be not an indignity to the Emperor, and hence a species of leze-majesty, to impute to him the utterance of even *some* sentiments attributable solely to the confederate governments, so that as to these he becomes a mere mouthpiece. He discerns an interesting doctor's thesis in the query whether the court's theory of expression of personal opinion be valid if the speech from the throne is only read by the Chancellor; and again, whether the theory might not be extended to debate in Parliament on the speech from the throne. The latter consideration is, in fact, the touchstone of the absurd doctrine of "majesty" as applied to-day in Germany to luckless journalists. "Bulgarus" goes one step further when he suggests a possible lesion of that tender article if the opposition press were prudently to refrain from any mention whatever of the Emperor's copious outpourings, including the telegrams to which, as Dr. Barth remarks, he more and more resorts, "often to the surprise of his ministers as much as of the public at large."

Prof. Münsterberg's humor, even as a German Liberal, doubtless stops short of such audacities as these. Its deficiency is, we apprehend, his greatest disqualification for the estimable mission he has undertaken of making two great peoples understand each other. Herr Quarck, with his more or less temperate criticism, may be, like Dreyfus, an unprepossessing champion, by suffering, of human rights, but the system by which he was convicted must appeal first of all to the risibles of any one bred to Anglo-Saxon freedom. In the laughter of the opponents of leze-majesty on both sides of the water we have the best hopes, not only for the ultimate emancipation of Germany, but for lasting good will between Prof. Münsterberg's native country and his foster land.

IN MONTENEGRO.

CETTIGNE, August 24, 1899.

Even in these days of world empires, the interest and importance of a country cannot yet be measured merely by its area in square miles, the number of its inhabitants at the last census, or the total of its annual trade. Montenegro is the smallest independent European state (leaving out of account the utterly diminutive ones), and its population does not equal that of many an American city, while its wealth is far inferior; but this little land maintained itself for centuries free from the Turkish conquest that had submerged everything about it, and Prince Nicholas and his people are no mean factors in the Eastern question to-day. A visit to such a country, and especially to its easily accessible capital, is well worth the while of the inquisitive traveller.

Montenegro, Tchernagora, is supposed to get its name of "Black Mountain" from the dark, forbidding aspect of the ranges which make up its territory. This statement, like most, has been doubted of late, for the mountains, though barren, are not particularly black—not more so than others about them. Still, they seem bleak enough as one approaches the port of Cattaro and sees them towering up from the water. Cattaro, which is situated on one arm of the splendid bay of that name, although it is the natural and much coveted harbor of the Montenegrins, has long been the property of foreigners—for centuries of the Venetians and now of Austria, which guards it with jealous care. On the hills and spurs about, one sees the Austrian forts, and it is said that the high road leading upward has been made with unnecessary windings, so placed as to expose it again and again to a raking fire from the batteries. Cattaro itself is a picturesque little town of some two thousand inhabitants, the great majority of whom are Slavs, in spite of which it has an Italian stamp, obvious at the first glance and due to the rule of Venice,

Few will care to stay long in it, as there is nothing which even by a stretch of courtesy could be called a good hotel; but, when the Austrian Lloyd Company have built the one they are planning, the number of visitors ought to increase, as there are plenty of steamers from Trieste, Fiume, or Brindisi.

The carriage ride to Cettigne lasts about six hours, allowing for an hour on the way to rest the horses. The distance can be covered in a shorter time on horseback or on foot, but one gets the finest views from the main road. Following the windings, we rise slowly, the panorama spreading out broader and broader. The town lies directly beneath us; the five different arms of the bay, the Bocche di Cattaro, come gradually all into sight; then, beyond the steep hills that divide and almost enclose them, stretches out the bright blue of the Adriatic. The green line of vegetation is far below; above and about are the bare masses of the mountains. As we gaze, we agree with Baedeker in calling the view one of the finest in Europe. The frontier here is marked by a couple of posts connected by a line of stone paving which runs diagonally across the road. After passing it, and the line of the watershed somewhat higher up, we soon reach the town (village might be a more appropriate term) of Niegosh, the cradle of Montenegrin independence and the birthplace of the present prince. Here, as we stop to feed the horses and pass without trouble through the custom-house, we get our first glimpse of the famous mountaineers. After this, the road rises again for a time. We are in full sight of the mountain chapel of Prince Peter I., who is regarded as a national saint. At one point we can look far into the interior at the Lake of Scutari and the mountains of Albania; then we descend again rapidly into a little plain, at whose further end lies the capital.

Cettigne is situated 730 metres above the level of the sea, in a valley most of which is under cultivation. The town has a broad main street, lined with a few rather sickly trees. The houses, some of which are whitewashed and a few covered with stucco, are almost all of stone, and roofed with red tiles, made, to judge from the marks I saw on one, in Venice. Most of these edifices have but one story, very few more than two. The general appearance of the place is unpretentious and picturesque. The palace of the Prince is a fair-sized house; the ministries are in quarters which, from the outside, would never suggest their exalted use, and the churches are very diminutive. Except for the massive solidity of its building material, Cettigne is rather like a German country town. A capital it is, however, with all the appurtenances of one—a government, foreign representatives, a museum, and a pleasant little theatre, housing also a club-room; with papers, including an official organ (this country knows no "Opposition"); there is even a fairly good hotel. Only two buildings are of a size to attract attention—one, the barracks, which has quarters for the whole garrison; the other, the Austrian legation, a new, handsome house, with a chapel attached, and far more pretentious than anything else in the place. Of course, it would never do for long to let the Austrian representative have so much more imposing an establishment than any other; accordingly, the Russians are to build a new legation which will doubtless be its equal, while the simplicity of the Prince's residence will be more marked than ever. Thanks to this metropolitan activity, the population of Cettigne has so much increased of late years as to be now well over 3,000, and work is in progress on several new buildings of different sorts.

Interesting as the aspect of the country is, the real thing one comes to Montenegro to see is the Montenegrins, and, I think, no disappointment awaits the traveller. To me, at least, they appear the finest looking race of men (among whites) that I have ever seen. Most of them are tall, though there are numerous exceptions, but, tall or short, they are straight as arrows, and the fine, clear-cut features, the lazy grace of motion, the perfect ease of bearing bespeak a people of born warriors, proud of their traditions, aristocratic and democratic at the same time; men who command admiration at once, even if we must admit that these same tokens indicate a folk not given to over much toil in every-day life. The national dress, which has been copied in the uniform of the soldiers, is very becoming. It consists of a little wadded silk skull-cap that does not seem much protection for the head; a tight-fitting crimson jacket, separated from the baggy blue trousers by a brilliant sash, from which sticks out a big pistol or two; white gaiters, with soft shoes of the same color, in the case of the peasants, whereas the townsmen and soldiers wear ordinary boots. The total is a costume of red, blue, and white, the national colors in the order observed on the flag. In colder weather we find among the peasantry (judging from what little I have seen) long coats of the white felt common in the clothes of many Slav peoples; but, with or without the coat, the first extra covering put on is a narrow black or brown shawl of rough wool, with tassels eighteen inches in length at each end. This the Montenegrin, throwing it carelessly over his shoulders, wears with all the graceful ease that an Arab does his burnous; but to the clumsy foreigner the handling of this stiff garment is not as simple as it looks. As for the women, they are in the main what one would expect under the circumstances. Not being called upon to fight in time of war, they cannot lounge around in time of peace. Hence one sees fewer of them about, their dress is less noticeable, and, as in other countries where they have much manual labor to perform, they get old prematurely, and one is struck by the apparent absence of young women to fill the gap between those of middle age and the mere girls. Some of these girls, indeed, have superb features, so that the beauty of the race cannot be said to be confined to one sex, however evanescent it may be in the other.

Montenegro has certainly made great progress in the last generation, and a good share of the credit for this belongs to the present Prince, who has now reigned for nearly forty years. As he was educated in Paris, he has the cultivation of the West without having lost the intensely national spirit, and in two wars he has shown that he inherits the courage of his ancestors, thereby earning the title without which no respect could be complete in this land of warriors. He has governed with a paternal despotism that his subjects understand and that is suited to them; he has maintained order, established a written code of laws, and formed a standing army; he has built roads, bridges, schools, and he has even earned a distinguished place as a national poet. No wonder that his popularity is great and not confined to his own dominions. Not many years ago Alexander III. proclaimed Prince Nicholas Russia's "only ally" at that time, and many are the Servians in their own country and in Austria who look on him as the hope of their future. His accessibility is shown by his well-known custom of hearing grievances and dispensing justice under a tree by the palace—a new one, alas! as the tree described by so many travellers was blown down last winter.

The ministries are mostly situated in an old building that formerly served as the palace. The Minister of Finance is a well-informed man with charming manners, speaking French perfectly, and much interested in the United States; the Minister of Foreign Affairs is said to have one of the shrewdest political heads in the Balkan peninsula; the Minister of War is a hero and veteran eighty-five years old, but still hale and active. The garrison of Cettigne at full strength is about five hundred men. In time of hostilities this country would put in the field a larger proportion of its population than could any other in the world—in fact, pretty nearly every one between fifteen and sixty would turn out, so that some fifty thousand men could be mustered for active service; not an enormous force in these days of great armies, but enough, from the character of the soldiers and the military position of the land, to count for not a little in the present state of the eternal Eastern question.

Cettigne is, after all, not the whole of Montenegro, nor even in the heart of it, being close to two frontiers. It is well worth while for those who are able, to see something of the life in the interior; also to cross over to the very picturesque town of the eternal enemy, Scutari, the capital of the fierce Albanians of the north, where European influences and costumes have hardly begun to penetrate. As we look from Rieka, at the Montenegrin end of the Lake of Scutari, across the waters at the mountains in the distance, apparently still higher and more forbidding than those we are among, and as we muse over the feuds that raged here for centuries and the untamed character of the people to-day, we feel far enough away from the modern industrial world. And yet a few hours more will bring us back to Cattaro, the newspapers, the steamer, and all the details of the most commonplace tourist travel.

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE.

Correspondence.

LINCOLN ON McKINLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like very much, if it be not treasonable, to call the attention of the Rev. Mr. McKinley to a text for his next religious address. It can be found in Lincoln's address at Peoria, Ill., October 17, 1858:

"What I *do* say is this, that no man is good enough to govern another without that other's consent."

Yours truly, MARYLANDER.

A PARALLEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: So much is being said about the unfitness and incapacity of the Filipinos for

self-government that the following from Southey's 'Life of Nelson' may not be without interest:

"Nelson knew that, by the Navigation Act, no foreigners, directly or indirectly, are permitted to carry on any trade with these possessions; he knew, also, that the Americans had made themselves foreigners with regard to England; they had broken the ties of blood and language, and acquired the independence which they had been provoked to claim, unhappily for themselves, *before they were fit for it;* and he was resolved that they should derive no profit from those ties." (Vol. i., pp. 56-7, ed. 1813.)

Speaking of the purchase of the sovereignty over Corsica by France, our author says:

"But when the four years were expired, France purchased the sovereignty of Corsica from the Genoese for forty millions of livres—as if the Genoese had been entitled to sell it; as if any bargain and sale could justify one country in taking possession of another against the will of its inhabitants, and butchering all who oppose the usurpation! Among the enormities which France has committed, this action seems but as a speck; yet the foulest murderer that ever suffered by the hand of the executioner, has infinitely less guilt upon his soul than the statesman who concluded this treaty, and the monarch who sanctioned and confirmed it. A desperate and glorious resistance was made; but it was in vain; no Power intervened in behalf of these injured islanders, and the French poured in as many troops as were required. They offered to confirm Paoli in the supreme authority only on condition that he would hold it under their government. His answer was, that 'the rocks which surrounded him should melt away before he would betray a cause which he held in common with the poorest Corsican.' This people then set a price upon his head." (*Idem*, pp. 103-4.)

How well this describes the situation in the Philippines! When will our psalm-singing William set a price on Aguinaldo's head?

A. Y.

EXTENUATIONS OF TREASON.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Those people who like to have precedents for verdicts, pardons, and the like have been much disconcerted over the Dreyfus verdict, which pronounced the prisoner guilty as a traitor, but with extenuating circumstances. Such persons will be interested to know that a similar verdict was rendered by an Irish coroner's jury sitting on the body of a man who had been killed in a Donnybrook Fair ruction. The verdict was: "The deceased met his death by the visitation of God under suspicious circumstances." Jos. V. Collins.

State Normal School,
Stevens Point, Wisconsin.

THE FORT PILLOW MASSACRE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of September 7, under the head of "Notes," you briefly allude to the article in *Harper's Magazine* glorifying Gen. Forrest, which asserts that the unfortunate negroes who lost their lives at Fort Pillow virtually committed suicide. You state in that connection that the "author will have to reckon with criticism" for declaring that the "massacre at Fort Pillow was no massacre." Let us begin the "reckoning" in the *Nation*, so fully recognized as a medium for fair criticism.

I wish to premise by saying that I long since came to the conclusion that, in point of ability, Gen. Forrest was perhaps the most brilliant example brought to the front during the epoch-making period of the civil war. That an illiterate slave-trader, without education or experience in war, could accomplish what he did, is ample evidence of his capacity. So far as I know, he was the first commander on either side who broke away from the old cavalry traditions, and put to proper use mounted men in such a war and such a country. From his first conflict, where he was captain, to his last, where he was lieutenant-general, his ability and courage were transcendent. I find no fault with any eulogy upon Gen. Forrest's reputation as an able cavalry leader—indeed, I regard him as among the greatest military commanders in a broad sense, and that, too, from sheer force of native ability.

But his career does not prove him a saint or gentle in his manners. The very savagery and intensity of his temperament, while it contributed to his efficiency, rendered him of all men both able and willing to enforce the barbarous decrees of his superiors relating to negro troops. Let us for a moment turn to the record for a sample or two of the orders alluded to.

War Records, Serial No. 118, page 940, shows a joint resolution passed by the Confederate Congress and approved by their President, May 1, 1863, using this language:

"Every white person who is a commissioned officer, or acting as such, who shall command negroes or mulattoes, or shall aid them in any military enterprise, shall be put to death."

At or near Charleston, S. C., Gen. Mercer made a negro capture in the fall of 1862 in what he termed "abolition uniform." He referred the matter to Gen. Beauregard, suggesting some "terrible punishment." The latter, on November 17, 1862, referred the matter to the Confederate War Department for instructions as to a line of policy. It was found in the rebel archives, with the following Christian legend upon it:

"Respectfully referred to the President. With his concurrence my decision is that the negro be executed as an example.

"J. A. S.,
"Sec'y War."

(War Records, Serial No. 117, page 946.)

In volume 22, on page 965, of the same work, will be found a long letter of instructions from Secretary Seddon, in which occurs the following gentle reference to officers in command of colored troops:

"The latter [officers] had better be dealt with red-handed on the field, or immediately thereafter."

I assert that there was nothing about this ignorant, rough, but able Gen. Forrest, who followed for years the occupation of selling wives from husbands and children from mothers, which would render him unwilling or unlikely to enforce the cruel policy of his President, and that his splendid energy, superb courage, and field of operation gave him ample opportunity. Let us refer to the actual details of Fort Pillow. I refrain from quoting anything but Confederate authority. Gen. Forrest says in his report (on page 610, part i., of vol. 32, War Records) as follows:

"The river was dyed with the blood of the slaughtered for 200 yards. It is hoped these facts will demonstrate to the Northern people that negro soldiers cannot cope with Southerners."

It was no creek, or "branch," remember, which was "dyed with the blood of the slaughtered," but the mighty current of the Mississippi.

The author would have us believe that because only 60 per cent. of the garrison were struck, they suffered only the fair chances of battle, and cites in a footnote a similar percentage as to a total of killed and wounded at other places. In any other action the author can cite, he will find about one killed in five or six who were hit. According to his own figures, 221 were killed and 130 were wounded at Fort Pillow—about two killed for one wounded, not including the mortally stricken. This never occurred on any battle-field in the world unless a massacre and savage butchery was perpetrated after resistance had ceased. The statement given of the ratio of killed to wounded (2 to 1) proves everything ever claimed by any Northerner, and the attempt to prove the contrary by a total casualty list of both killed and wounded is an insult to common intelligence. Forrest says, however, in his report that 500 were killed.

A whole bookful of proof can be cited from Northern sources to prove the brutal and unnecessary slaughter at Fort Pillow, but I refrain from quoting it because unnecessary. Two killed on the field for each one wounded and the mighty sweep of the Mississippi "dyed for 200 yards," is sickening enough. It recalls the killing of a baby in its mother's arms because its father was postmaster, and the burning of men at the stake.

Yours, L. B. Crooker.

Mendota, Ill., September 15, 1899.

[We shall have occasion to touch upon this subject in our review of Gen. Forrest's newly published Life.—Ed. Nation.]

FRANCIS DOUGHTY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the review of the histories of the towns of Flatbush and Flushing contained in your number of August 10, some misstatements are made in regard to Francis Doughty. As Doughty was the first Presbyterian minister known to have resided in the colonies which now form the United States, and was also the first clergyman to organize an English congregation in the city of New York, he is a man of some historical importance. An account of him may be found in 'Early Presbyterianism in Maryland,' by the writer, Notes Supplementary to Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science, No. 3. He is also mentioned in Emory's 'History of Taunton,' vol. i., p. 19; 'Plain Dealing,' by Thomas Lechford, p. 54.

He was not "the true type of an ecclesiastical adventurer." He was dismissed from Taunton by the ecclesiastical authorities for preaching the common Presbyterian doctrine about infant baptism, that the same covenant made to Abraham, "to thee and to thy seed," applied to the children of Christian parents of to-day. He was driven from New York by trouble with Stuyvesant, who opposed him, partly, at least, because Doughty's daughter had married Stuyvesant's political rival, Van der Donk. He left for Maryland, and there preached and enjoyed the religious liberty he failed to obtain either in Rhode Island or New Amsterdam.

J. William McIlvain.

["Misstatement" is rather a strong word to apply to the remarks upon the

Rev. Francis Doughty in the review in question. True, he was a man of some historical importance, and he was also a man of marked personality, and it is only in the light thrown on his private acts as well as his public work that his character can be clearly judged. Let us see whether so judged he does not merit the title of a clerical adventurer.

Ejected for nonconformity from the Church of England, he became a Presbyterian, and during twelve years (1637 to 1648) he preached in five different communities, and came into collision with the authorities, civil or spiritual, in each. He was enough of a disturber to invite expulsion, call it persecution if you choose, from three of the colonies—enough of a worldling to claim the rights and control of a Patroon over his fellow-farmers, which Stuyvesant and his Council promptly denied him—enough of a self-seeker, eighteen years after his Flushing church had been closed by the authorities, to direct suit for arrears of salary before a court, which awarded what had been previously offered to him and refused, besides fining him his own costs. This is not the career of a meek martyr. It is idle to deny records of acts as misstatements, and then to censure the inference as to character drawn from these as a misjudgment.—Ed. Nation.]

AND=AN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Readers of Mr. Winston Churchill's popular historical romance 'Richard Carvel' cannot fail to observe the very frequent use of *and* for *an* in its pages. In one or two cases the writer has not avoided ambiguity in this construction. Such a sentence as "He had done so, and she had not forbid him" (He would have done so, if she had not forbidden him) may easily be taken by a hasty reader of to-day, in spite of the punctuation, as categorical, and thus in a sense exactly opposite to that intended by the writer. Was this use of *and* so prevalent in Maryland a hundred and twenty years ago? It is a common error to misquote the old couplet beginning: "If *ifs* and *ans* were pots and pans" by putting *and* in the place of the second conjunction; but if Mr. Churchill's writing is true to time and place, this would have been the more correct form in Maryland. And if the usage prevailed to such an extent in the second wealthiest and most highly cultured of the thirteen States, it is certainly strange that Webster has no reference whatever to it, either under *and* or *an*.—Yours respectfully. C. J. G.

Carpinteria, Cal.

[*An* is but a weakened form of the conjunction *and* in its conditional sense, and in speculating upon which form might have been more prevalent with R. Carvel's Marylanders, we may notice what Dr. Murray points out in the Oxford Dictionary, that, "except in *an' 't, an* is found only once in the First Folio of Shakspere; but modern editors substitute it for the full *and* usual in Shakspere and his contemporaries."—Ed. Nation.]

THE TAX ON LEARNING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following experience of a physician of my acquaintance may be of interest to readers of the *Nation*. On his return, in 1892, from some months of professional study in Europe, he brought in a microscope, free of duty. In the fall of 1898 he went to Austria for further study, carrying with him the same microscope, of which he had made constant use. On his return to the United States in July, 1899, he was obliged to pay 45 per cent. duty on the instrument, though he had not failed to register it at the time of his departure.

Comment upon this incident would be superfluous.—Truly yours,

Mary Whiton Calkins.

Wellesley College, September 19, 1899.

Notes.

L. C. Page & Co., Boston, will publish immediately an *édition de luxe* of the 'Imitation of Christ,' by Thomas à Kempis. Only 150 of the 650 copies will be on sale in this country.

A. C. Armstrong & Son will control the American market for 150 copies of the *édition de luxe* (in 675 copies) of the 'Life and Works of Charles Lamb,' edited by the Rev. Alfred Ainger. It will absorb in its twelve volumes the twenty-one letters printed last year in 'Charles Lamb and the Lloyds,' besides other new matter.

Further issues from the press of Doubleday & McClure Co. are to be a translation of Edmond Rostand's early play, 'The Romancers,' translated by Miss Mary Hendee; 'The True Basis of Economics,' by J. H. Stallard; 'Tales of the Telegraph,' by Capt. Jasper Ewing Brady; and 'Stories of the Railroad,' by John Alexander Hill.

Funk & Wagnalls Co. will have ready next month 'Curiosities of Law and Lawyers,' by Croake James, and 'True Stories of Heroic Lives.'

For October, Macmillan Co. have in preparation 'Select Charters and Other Documents Illustrative of American History, 1606-1775,' by Prof. William MacDonald of Bowdoin College; 'The Men Who Made the Nation,' by Prof. Edwin E. Sparks of the University of Chicago; and 'Memoirs of the Rt. Rev. Henry Benjamin Whipple, Bishop of Minnesota.'

William R. Jenkins announces 'Shakspere: His Critics and Lovers,' a perpetual calendar compiled by Carolyn Evans Huse.

J. B. Lippincott Co. will issue this fall 'Much Ado about Nothing' in Dr. Horace Howard Furness's Variorum Edition; and 'A Text-Book of Graphic Shorthand,' an adaptation of Gabelsberger, by C. R. Lippmann.

Brown & Co., Boston, will publish immediately 'Ralph Waldo Emerson,' by Edward Everett Hale, with two early essays of Emerson's on the Character of Socrates and the Present State of Ethical Philosophy; 'Birds of the Poets,' an English and American anthology, compiled by Lucy F. Sanderson; and 'Song Blossoms,' verse by Julia Anna Wolcott.

Ginn & Co. have nearly ready 'Old English Idylls,' by Prof. John Lesslie Hall of the College of William and Mary.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce 'The Martyrs' Idyl, and Shorter Poems,' by Louise Imogen Guiney.

The publication of J. C. L. Clark's 'Bermuda Book' has been postponed by C. de Hasbrouck, Boston, till next February.

Copies of Venable's Narrative of the Hispaniola-Jamaica Expedition of 1655 have recently been found in England. They throw new light upon that business, whence dates England's possession of Jamaica. Mr. Charles Harding Firth is going to print them as an Appendix to volume iii. of the Clarke Papers.

Having written the Life of Steele and having, as Dr. Richard Garnett says, in the August number of the London *Bookman*, admirably annotated the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*, Mr. George A. Aitken is now engaged upon a new edition of Swift's 'Journal to Stella,' of which no properly annotated edition exists.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have commuted their recent Cambridge Edition of Tennyson's Works into a reissue of their illustrated Household Edition of 1871, in larger type and with increased illustrations. Indexes to these, to titles, and first lines supply all reasonable demands, and the resulting volume is, in view of its legibility, remarkably compact. The woodcuts (for they are all such, happily) have a general harmony, and embrace both foreign and American designs, with not a few portraits and historic scenes.

A pleasant little contribution to town pride is 'The Litchfield Book of Days,' a collection of the historical, biographical, and literary reminiscences of that charming Connecticut town by the Rev. George C. Boswell (Litchfield: Alex. B. Shumway). Its calendar is not strictly of dates, for, where an incident of the day is wanting, any plum of anecdote is inserted. Interest is very much increased by a number of illustrations. Litchfield has had its fire and its blizzard and its dark day; and it has had and lost three institutions of learning—one, the Law School which John C. Calhoun attended; a seminary which had Mrs. Stowe and Henry Ward Beecher for pupils; and an academy at which John Brown studied. The Beecher family furnish a large contingent of the extracts which the editor has made with a sympathetic humor.

Quité strict and complete in its chronology is the Rev. Frederick S. Sill's 'Year-Book of Colonial Times' (E. P. Dutton & Co.), a pretty book printed on only one side of the leaf; but as if this might prove too dry, an "elegant" and more or less apt extract succeeds each incident. The selection has been judicious. We observe that Dr. Sill makes December 21 Forefathers' Day.

'Alphabets, Old and New,' by Lewis F. Day (London: Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons), is a book upon a familiar subject, and by the author of several treatises on decoration. It contains a great deal of suggestive matter in the interesting art of letter-designing. This is kept well in hand, and the natural forms of the incised and the embossed character, of the pen-drawn and the brush-made lines and curves, are all rightly insisted on. Nor can the critic blame, in so mere a handbook, the confessed addition to an incomplete ancient alphabet of the missing letters; only we wish that Mr. Day had noted his additions. The admirable lettering of the Italian Renaissance and the English and German six-

teenth century deserves to be authenticated by the pointing out of what is Mr. Day's own adaptation.

A proposed series of volumes, to be entitled 'An Inquiry into the Art of the Illuminated Manuscripts of the Middle Ages,' has been begun by the publication of Part I., 'Celtic Illuminated Manuscripts.' This is a very handsome quarto, by Johan Adolf Bruun, printed in Stockholm, but published by David Douglas of Edinburgh. Nothing is said about the employment of a translator. The book consists of seventy not large pages, made up with wide margins for the obvious purpose of accommodating the three photographs from the pages of the famous 'Book of Kells,' and it contains also photographs from the 'Book of Durrow,' the Gospels of Lindisfarne, the Gospels of MacDurnon, at Lambeth, and the Psalter of Ricemarch, ten pictures in all. There are, besides, many large initials in outline and printed in red, presumably all drawn from important Celtic MSS. The text is supposed to tell what may be needed by the student about all these precious books, but it is with some annoyance that the reader discovers a complete avoidance of bibliographical fulness, and finds himself obliged to go elsewhere for the plainest ordinary description of any of the ancient volumes most important to him and most insisted on in the very text before him. Actual number of pages, size of page, number of large drawings, size of drawings, relative size of the photographs furnished to the originals, number of large initials—none of all this is given, while abundance of enthusiastic praise fills up its place. One is inclined to take offence at the uncritical tone of this laudation, but finds better work in the earlier chapters, which deal in a more general way with decoration—geometrical, zoömorphic, and phyllomorphic, and with figure-drawing. There really is a critical note struck and maintained through the pages 5 to 25, and that is not a common virtue in a book of this character.

M. Ph. Sagnac's 'La Législation Civile de la Révolution Française' (Hachette) brings out impressively the complexity of the problems which the Revolutionary legislators, and particularly the Constituent Assembly, struggled to solve. Together these problems implied the reorganization of society from top to bottom, and all of it in the midst of exciting days like July 14, October 6, etc. Though they make up the drier side of the Revolution, they form its most significant aspect, to which picturesque riotings furnish merely a novel setting. M. Sagnac maintains that the most complex of all the problems lay in the condition of the legal system, or rather the lack of system, with the *droit écrit* in the South, a substratum of common law in the older France of the centre and north, and, added to these, the feudal law, the canon law, and the royal ordinances. No other diversities characteristic of the old régime stood more obstinately in the way of unification. If legal unity was to come, it must be through the royal ordinances; and yet, as M. Sagnac points out, their effectiveness for such work was weakened because they were necessarily adjusted to the existing framework, which was feudal. In his description of the legal development of France from 1789 to 1804, he tries to emphasize constantly the relation between social phenomena and legal changes. A frank partisan of radical measures, he finds that the Constituent, composed largely of representatives of the bourgeoisie, bitterly deceived the hopes of the peasantry in carrying out the promises of August 4. His book is provided with a full bibliography.

Mr. H. S. Jennings has made a more thorough study of the life activities of a typical infusorian, Paramecium, than has been made heretofore of any unicellular organism. The general results of this study have been already published in the physiological journals, but the important bearing which it has upon the psychology of these organisms is ably set forth in the last number of the *American Journal of Psychology*. To detail the life of Paramecium is to give tempting ground, it is true, for the inference to acute senses, memory, choice, social instinct, intelligence, and a whole host of higher mental attributes; but step by step it has been made out, by most acute experiments, that such assumptions would be entirely without basis, and that all this little creature's conduct, apparently directed though it may be by conscious motive, is perfectly accounted for by the simple generalization that, after stimulation of a certain sort, it first swims backward for a space, then turns over, always to the same side, and then swims forward. This little trick it performs in just the same way, whether it hits a drop of certain substances in front or behind, on the right or on the left; but, this done frequently enough, chance alone insures that in course of time such drops shall be escaped from, and parts of the liquid which are free from them shall be thickly frequented. This does not show, of course, that its one little reaction is not attended by some rudimentary form of pleasure or pain, but it does show that choice of reaction to different stimuli there is none. It is seldom that so clear a light has been thrown upon the descent of consciousness, or rather of conscious choice. The same number of the *Journal of Psychology* contains an exhaustive paper on Anger, by President Stanley Hall.

The *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* for August contains a beautiful reproduction of the portrait of Madame Puvis de Chavannes, *née* Princess Cantacuzène, made by Puvis de Chavannes in 1883, and now in the possession of the Société des Beaux-Arts. M. Pierre Gauthiez begins a series of articles on Luini, "connu, comme Dieu, seulement par ses œuvres," a painter whose appreciation has hitherto fallen, unaccountably, far below his deserts.

The Munich illustrated weekly *Jugend* presents, in the issue for August 26, a *Huldigungsnummer* in honor of the 150th anniversary of Goethe's birth. The number, which is of more than the usual size, contains two unpublished drawings by Goethe, and some nine pages of drawings (for the most part based upon Goethe quotations) by the Munich artists whose work and style are familiar to readers of *Jugend*. The letter-press, dealing also with the poet and his works, is made up of articles by G. Hirth, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, F. Spielhagen, Otto Ernst, and others. As a whole, the number is attractive and unique.

While the doctor's degree has been granted in course to a number of women by German universities, a positive innovation has been introduced by the University of Halle (which has all along been the most liberal in its appreciation of the scholarship of the sex) by giving a woman the double degree of doctor of philosophy, and doctor of laws and master of arts, *honoris causa*. The recipient of this rare honor is Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis of Cambridge. The elogium correctly said that this lady is distinguished by her literary and scholastic attainments not only among the women of her own country, but among those of the whole world. The honor was bestowed especially in recognition of her services as discoverer and editor of the Syrian Gospel palimpsest on Mount Sinai, which she published with the assistance of her sister, Margaret Dunlop Gibson. She made no fewer than four journeys to the famous cloister in the interest of the publication. Mrs. Lewis had also the good fortune to bring to Europe the first sheet of the Hebrew original of the book of Ecclesiasticus, lost for centuries. Her scholarship and zeal compare favorably with the literary brilliancy of the clever women of the Renaissance period. The Halle innovation is all the more noteworthy as a theologian, Dr. Emil Kautzsch, is the present rector.

The National Central Library of Florence has just been presented by the daughter of Niccolò Tommaseo with all the manuscripts and letters of this eminent scholar, who died a quarter of a century ago. She has added the letters and books gathered together by her brother, also deceased, with a view to a new edition of Tommaseo's works. The letters addressed to the latter, sometimes accompanied by the replies, number 56,657, and make a rich addition to the Library's newly founded Archive of Italian Literature. Various time limitations are imposed by the donor on printing from the MSS., though they may be studied. Vieusseux's important letters to Tommaseo match the thousand or more letters from Tommaseo already owned by the Library, and are available at once.

—The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for September opens with Mr. Charles J. Bonaparte's eloquent Phi Beta Kappa oration, last June, on "Our National Dangers, Real and Unreal." Nothing between the two covers is better worth reading; yet if intellectually it is much above the ordinary level of such orations, logically its head is of fine gold, while its feet are of iron and clay. It is in the beginning a terrific indictment of McKinley for his part in the Spanish war—by inuendo accusing him of assenting to it against his conscience in order "to assure his own reëlection." It ends by enforcing the duty of every citizen to enlist in a war so ordered, and *any* war once voted by Congress. This shocking antinomy—by which all the patriots and the great poets who denounced participation in the Mexican war, are condemned—takes all the virtue out of the discourse. Mr. Bonaparte cannot well keep his hand in his pocket when the hat is passed for "a worthy memorial at Harvard" to the ten men who died in the Spanish war. If two had died instead of ten, perhaps the mass-meeting in Sanders Theatre on October 21 would not have been held, for there is a *reductio ad absurdum* even in hero-worshipping. And if the cause were bad (as on Mr. Bonaparte's showing), or the sense of duty a mistaken one (as must follow if Mr. Bonaparte was right), then

the greater the number of the victims the less occasion for honoring them, and the smaller the number the more satirical the attempt. There is, indeed, a fine irony in choosing "a hall for mass-meetings and debates" as the form of memorial, since never was a war entered upon by this country after less debate, with less knowledge of the diplomacy leading up to it, with less frankness on the part of the Executive; or conducted with more abominable censorship of the telegraph and the mails.

—Since our last mention of the progress of Bell's "Cathedral Series" (New York: Macmillan) eight volumes have appeared. These are devoted respectively to Lichfield, the smallest cathedral church in England, with its unequalled group of stone spires; Winchester, the largest of them all, and with the loveliest unaltered Romanesque architecture contrasting with sumptuous late Gothic; Norwich, whose charm is all but wholly interior, but with an apse and deambulatory and apsidal chapels which, without and within, surpass anything in the island; Peterborough, with the most vigorous and original, if not quite, as Ruskin thought, "the finest west front in England"; Wells, complete beyond other episcopal establishments, with lady-chapel, chapter-house, cloisters, bishop's palace, close, gateways, bridge, and old houses of the see, and famous for its ancient sculpture, mocked though it is by formal modern copies; Lincoln, with the earliest pure English Gothic vaulting, and, to many of us, the typical thirteenth-century English cathedral; Durham, in its unequalled position of commanding beauty, and holding still to some important adjuncts of porch and chapel, priory and cloister, such as not even Wells can boast; and Southwell Minster, small, quaint, and plain-looking, but full of admirable and perfectly applied detail. These eight books, all "edited by Gleeson White and Edward F. Strange," have been written by eight different authors, with the general result that the volumes are very nearly alike in the arrangement of their material and in the character of their illustrations. They differ widely, however, in the degree of critical acumen shown in the treatment of architectural questions. The value of the set, as the beginning of a truly critical study of English mediæval architecture, is, however, not to be doubted for a moment. The volumes should be read through by every student.

—An event altogether memorable in the annals of the stage in Norway, and of no little significance in the life of the nation, was the opening of the new Norwegian National Theatre, at Christiania, on the evening of September 1. Although the idea of a national theatre may doubtless be carried back to Wergeland and the period of the Norwegian storm and stress in the forties, the project first took active shape in 1877 by the appointment of a committee to collect the necessary funds. The State promptly responded by the presentation to the committee of the magnificent site of the new building, in the so-called *Studenterlunden* in the very heart of the city, on its principal street and directly opposite the Storthing. Down to 1888, in spite of the ardor with which the scheme had been received by press and people, very little had actually been accomplished, and the abandonment of the site for a less prominent one had even been considered. In this latter year new life was put into the movement, and the site was formally accepted. In 1891 the soil was first broken, and in 1895 the exterior structure, a massive granite building of the Italian Renaissance, was essentially completed. The funds in sight, however, had been by this time exhausted, and the work for months was almost completely at a standstill. By a law of June, 1897, the National Theatre was made co-beneficiary with the Nansen Institute, the Restoration Fund for the Trondhjem Cathedral, and the National Museum at Bergen, in the State loan—in reality a popular lottery—whose surplus had hitherto fallen to the three purposes named, and received as its share half a million kroner. From this time the work has steadily progressed, with the result that not only one of the most spacious, but one of the most magnificently decorated and appointed theatres in Europe has now been opened to the public.

—The opening performance, which was attended by King Oscar, who has taken an active interest in the work and has presented much of the exterior sculpture of the building, and by Ibsen and Björnson, whose bronze statues stand in front of the still incomplete façade, was dedicated to Holberg, the classical dramatist of the eighteenth century, himself a Norwegian. A prologue of welcome to King and people was delivered by Fru Wolff, the veteran of the Norwegian stage, whom Ole Bull, in his search for material for the then decried national drama, brought, early in the fifties, from a little by-street in Bergen, and who has thus lived to exemplify in her own person the supreme triumph of the national idea. Gala performances were given on the two succeeding evenings. On September 2 the prologue was recited by Björn Björnson, son of the poet and the most distinguished of Norwegian actors, since 1898 the managing director of the theatre. This was followed by the performance of Ibsen's "Enemy of the People." On September 3 Björnson's saga-drama "Sigurd the Crusader" was given, together with a cantata in honor of the poet. In thus opening the National Theatre, Norway has again exemplified, if another exemplification were needed, the extraordinary liveliness of the drama so characteristic of her whole later æsthetic development. The National Theatre itself, however, it may be pointed out, has a political as well as an æsthetic side. From this point of view it is one other phase of those nationalistic strivings that would leave Norway untrammelled to pursue her own life along her own lines.

FAGUET'S ANCIENT AND MODERN DRAMA.

Drame Ancien, Drame Moderne. Par Émile Faguet. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 1898.

What is the basis of Tragedy? To this question the ready answer might be Sympathy—a sympathetic indulgence in "the luxury of woe." But no, says M. Faguet, not in the least—the basis is malice, a primitive and depraved fondness for cruel spectacles. We seek out the mimic counterfeit of human suffering and sorrow, with the certainty that we shall not be called on to relieve it, and with the express purpose of experiencing emotion. Surely there is nothing virtuous or sympathetic in such conduct; on the contrary, it is probably only a relic of the same gorilla instinct which makes some of us enjoy bull-fights and cock-pits, and others delight in funerals—which leads the bridegroom on his wedding-journey to entertain his bride (a kindred spirit) by reading aloud the freshest details of a hanging from some penny Shocker.

"But, says the man of sensibility, I *wept* when I saw 'Phèdre.' Did you know what the play was? Yes, I knew that it was a drama which presents suicide, jealousy, and murder. And you went on purpose to see all *that?* You are a wicked man! But I *wept.* That is no excuse for seeking out such a spectacle and paying money to see it. But I *wept.* And did you enjoy weeping? Yes. That takes away your last excuse; you have sought pleasure in the misfortunes of others, and you have found it; you have in you a spice of the gorilla."

When Mrs. Browning, as she tells us, in spite of Mr. Browning's disapproval, night after night visited the theatre and drowned herself in tears over the woes of 'La Dame aux Camélias,' she was simply relapsing into primitive barbarism; she was less "evolved" than her husband; she was showing that survival of instinct which is illustrated in the circulating library. "I want something to read." "Have you any preference, madam?" asks the librarian. "Oh, no; I want *anything* that will make me cry."

Tragedy, therefore, says M. Faguet, is based on the enjoyment which a man takes in observing the misfortunes of his neighbors when he is not called upon to help or relieve them; and Comedy has a similar basis. In Tragedy you weep at the misfortunes of your neighbor; in Comedy, you laugh at his mischances or his follies. There is only a difference of degree. No dramatist ventures to paint happiness pure and simple; "no dramatist pictures a honeymoon—at any rate, not until the honey begins to sour." To this malicious pleasure of Comedy, or to the melancholy pleasure of Tragedy, we may add another element in our analysis—the pleasure of reflecting and philosophizing, the "taste for verity"; and the most real thing in the world, says M. Faguet, with Schopenhauer, is misery, suffering, misfortune. The theatre, therefore, cannot be optimistic; "generous" it may be—it may have its nobility, its heroisms, and its heroes. But its pictures must be pictures of human miseries and follies, darker or lighter, more tragic or more comic, as the case may be.

M. Faguet's analysis is, at once, neat, piquant, and plausible; but it is neither adequate nor satisfactory; it is too simple; it makes no allowance for the different classes of spectators at a drama, and their different degrees of development, or "evolution," as M. Faguet would put it; it makes too little allowance for the complexity of their thoughts and emotions. As he himself well says: "We cannot leave at the door of the theatre that portion of ourselves which thinks and reflects, which is anxiously preoccupied with the great problems of humanity; . . . it is the whole of this complicated personality which the author who is behind the scenes undertakes to amuse." It is to such a complex personality that the highest form of tragedy appeals. In "Tamburlaine," or in "The Jew of Malta," the spectator may sup

full with horrors; he will see whole massacres instead of the single murder of *Banquo*. But this primitive, savage exhibition of carnage, except upon the crudest listener, produces no effect but weariness or disgust. What are the really effective motives in "Macbeth"? They are all mental and psychical and moral. The picture of ambition, of temptation, of shrinking yet deliberate crime, of long-drawn agony and remorse—these are feelings and passions which we may all share, leading to a doom which opens, in possibility, before our own feet. *Macbeth's* relenting, his weakness, his remorse, his despair become ours. We shed no tears, we take no malign delight—we are thrilled with the pathetic sense of the perils and temptations of our common lot and destiny.

The interest in the theatre is really, at bottom, the same as the interest in an epic poem. The epos is a narrative of life; the theatre is the mimicry of life itself—the drama is an artistic picture of some selected fragment of life. Granted that the 'Iliad' reveals very truly that love of cruelty, that minute painting of our enemy's misery, which suits the savage taste; yet it appeals to many other faculties—the love of the marvellous, the love of adventures, of heroic achievements; in fine, to the sense of curiosity. The child likes to hear a story told; and it is to this childlike sense of eager curiosity that the minstrel of the 'Iliad' and the 'Odyssey' primarily appeals. It was from the great Homeric banquet that Æschylus served up his fragments in the form of tragedies. It is precisely such a Homeric fragment of life that Mr. Stevenson saw enacted a few years ago, in a sort of improvised opera, at the Gilbert Islands; the last surviving relic, probably, and the most vivid picture, of a variety of dramatic art which in its fulness and vigor can never be reproduced on the face of the globe. Starting close to the fountains of expression, it pressed into its service all the arts that interpret human life and thought and sentiment in the most natural and felicitous way. Rhythm, melody, the pantomimic dance—all these arts stepped in as handmaids to the dominant art of literature; and each took its place in an orderly harmony and subordination. It was not by any *à priori* theory that they found this grouping and subordination, but by a happy combination of chances which can hardly conspire together again. The same happy chance lent the service of painting and architecture, and set the picture of human life in an ideal frame, against the background of an Ægean sea and sky. Such a combination of felicitous circumstances, such grouping of obsequious arts ancillary to the service of the poetry of noble words, cannot, in the nature of things, be repeated. The spirit of the Greek drama survives to us; the beautiful body with which it was clothed we cannot now recreate. It can be born again only in the imagination of the scholar and artist who sits amid the ruins of the Dionysiac Theatre and looks across the water of the Saronic Bay towards the violet peaks of Ægina.

M. Faguet explains this in his illuminating introduction to the æsthetics of the drama, and he adds to his exposition an important corollary: The worst mistake that can be made is to assume that the drama represented in Athens was tragedy as the French conceive it. It was, in fact, partly dramatic, partly epic, partly lyric. To a Frenchman familiar with his own stage, the most striking feature in a Greek play is its lack of action; and, according to his whim, he concludes that Greek tragedy is art in its infancy, or else he sets to work, by hook or by crook, to discover some traits of movement and action in Greek tragedy, or he settles down into a state of bored acquiescence. M. Faguet does better than this. He says frankly, if you take action in the modern sense, the Greek plays hardly possessed it, the Greeks did not seek it, they did not even care for it especially. Sophocles attains our idea of action in his "Œdipus the King"; but he drops it even in this play, and adds what appears to our taste the surplusage of closing lamentations. In the "Ajax" his hero commits suicide, and here, according to our notions, the play should end; but it is spun out, as we say, with eloquent rhetorical discussions as to the question whether the suicide shall receive the honor of a funeral. Doubtless the poet was carrying out traditions of construction which the scholar can fathom and which his fellow-craftsmen more or less consciously obeyed. The fact remains, and the fundamental explanation unquestionably is this: The Greeks did not demand action—the action could wait—they demanded and loved beauty, and they rested content in a beautiful scene, a beautiful piece of rhetoric, a fine descriptive declamation, however much it might clog or delay the action.

Another striking fact may be noted: so far as the plot was concerned, the Greeks did not demand the interest of curiosity. They could sit and listen with absorbing interest to a play the plot and issue of which they knew by heart. More than that—they bore with equanimity the detailed announcement of the plot in their programmes or prologues; in fact, the issue of the play in almost every case with which we are acquainted was thoroughly familiar to the audience. The reason of this surprising fact—so little to be expected, *à priori*, from a people so brilliant and mobile—was an historical one. By custom and precedent, the material of the play, the data of the plot, were, broadly speaking, prescribed beforehand by the myth on which it was based. The origins of their dramas obliged the Greeks to dispense with the titillations of expectation and conjecture which make so much the charm of our modern stage. On the other hand, a people so susceptible had compensations and consolations. If they had not those intricacies to follow and those knots to untie which give so much excitement and pleasure in "Denise," in "La Tosca," or in "Divorçons," they secured another kind of excitement by identifying themselves with the actor and following his fortunes with a thrill of sympathy. If they knew what was going to happen, the actor did not. The Greek spectator identified himself with *Hecuba* when she has just lost her *Polyxena* and is struck by a second blow of destiny—the news of the murder of *Polydorus*. Note, too, that it is only under the condition of the spectator's foreknowledge that the most delicate and effective device of the Attic theatre became possible—the device of "irony." That tragic *double entente* which, in the most subtle way, produced what we call a sensation in the theatre—which is so keenly effective in certain situations of the "Agamemnon," of the "Œdipus the King," of the "Iphigenia," and the "Medea"—depends absolutely for its pathos or its horror on the spectator's knowledge of the future and his complicity with the mind and plan of the poet.

To an Englishman nourished on Shakspere and the Elizabethan dramatists, the drama of Corneille and Racine is, we venture to say, more foreign in tone and color than that of Sophocles or Euripides. In reading or hearing it, he finds himself a stranger in a strange land, full of prejudices that are hard to overcome. Corneille wrote expressly with an eye on the Greek; he quotes Aristotle and observes the "unities." Yet an Englishman finds his unities more rigid, more enslaving than those of the Greek. "You say that your unities are in Aristotle," says M. Faguet; "they are not in Aristotle—they are in the French turn of mind." The Greeks *imposed* no unities; they simply *observed* them. For the French these unities became laws so absolute that it is a disgrace to depart from them. The poetic ornaments in which the Greek delighted, the French will not tolerate. "To tell the truth," says Voltaire, "of all the nations ours is the least poetic; the versified compositions in which we most delight are dramatic, and these should be written in a style which approaches that of conversation." "Would not a Greek have been amazed," says M. Faguet, "to be told that a man need be less of a poet to write the 'Antigone' than to write the 'Odyssey'?"

If, then, the French do not desire poetry in the drama, they desire action, rapidity, clearness—the reasoned chain of causes and events, leading to a climax—the logical evolution of a plot. They want no beautiful episodes, they want no character-painting which passes beyond the frame and limits of the drama. "The play is not a poem—it is a piece of reasoning." They give the plot a dominating place, they talk of the "problem proposed and solved"—language which belongs to the realm of logic. Racine, once his plot is mapped out, says, "Ma pièce est faite." Hence the play becomes a rigid chain, linking the premises and the consequences, and excluding everything else. Since plot is all-important, it is first of all necessary to conceal the dénouement, to keep it back and out of sight. The spectator is held by his curiosity; the moment it is satisfied, he vanishes, and your theatre is emptied. "Uncertainty," says Voltaire, "is the soul of Tragedy." No conception of the stage could be narrower than this. Marmontel and Voltaire despise the Greeks because they care little or nothing for the plot. Instead of the Greek taste for beauty the French substitute the taste for logic. They soon banished altogether the lyric element which makes some slight appearance in Corneille, in the "Thébaïde" of Racine. He dropped it finally after 1664, and Voltaire pronounces it "a relic of barbarism," in which the speaker becomes a "poet mal-apropos." He goes farther still. He pronounces his edict against the soliloquy, which is the last refuge and survival of the lyric element in the drama. He finds it unnatural, ridiculous, and inadmissible; and so, as a matter of fact, the actors began to cut the soliloquies in "Cinna" and "The Cid." So far does Voltaire, who is the incarnation of the French spirit, travel in that path by which the French drama deviates from its sources and its inspiration. He forgets that the theatre is born of convention and cradled in poetry.

With this passion for clearness and logic,

M. Faguet finds that his countrymen are likewise by nature inclined to make practical philosophers and moralists. This inclination tempts them to teach and to preach in the drama, to compel it to the service of impressing some moral lesson, or of promulgating some "cause."

"There are," he remarks, "moments of rest in the drama when the action sleeps—moments which the Greeks loved intensely, and which they filled with song, with meditation, with narrative. We fill such pauses with moralizing. . . . Our oratorical tendency is explained from the same source. The didactic spirit has made us orators. Our tragedians are professors of ethics possessed of genius; they are orators of the highest rank."

They are not rhetoricians, in an exact sense, like the Greeks, who pursued rhetoric as an art for its beauty. They are less in love with the æsthetic charm of morality and philosophy than with their practical application. So fixed is this idea in their minds that it leads to absurdities. Le Bossu and Mme. Dacier assumed that an epic poem was an apologue, designed "pour former les mœurs." To preach and to teach has been the province of the drama; the critics have supported this doctrine, and the playwrights have practised it from Corneille to Dumas *fils*. Voltaire, both as critic and as dramatist, illustrated this penchant. The dramatist is ready even to maintain a thesis. "How useful," says Diderot, "the theatre might be made by the Government in preparing the way for changing a law or abrogating a usage." What Diderot suggested, Dumas carries out. His plays are a propaganda of his opinions, and were designed, as it were, to prepare the public mind for legislation *à la* Dumas (for the *code Dumas*).

If we examine the playwright's workshop, we shall find that the French tragedian constructs his characters by a dialectic process, by grouping around a central trait certain other traits which are naturally associated with this. He produces, therefore, an ideal being, a chemical or mechanical synthesis. A *real* character, a triumph of genius, like *Néron* and *Polyeucte*—creations that may be compared with *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*—falls flat with the French public. What they delight in is a plot and a piquant situation. In short,

"the French dramatist can create, at rare intervals he does create and evolve, some grand character—no one in the world better than he; but when he reaches such a flight of genius, he *banishes his audience*. They do not, in fact, want grand tragedy; what they want is comedy with its finesse and cleverness. Nay, they do not even want the highest and greatest comedy—the comedy which, like Molière's, creates characters and draws from life itself. The greatest of Molière's plays are his 'Tartufe,' 'Le Misanthrope,' 'Les Femmes Savantes'; and these are precisely the plays which the French public least understands and applauds. The great historic drama, the profoundest studies of history or of character, have been most slowly received, or have required a century of apology and exposition."

Such is the confession which our critic makes, and wherein we must heartily agree with him. He surely knows and feels his own literature better than we do; and when he says things of his own stage and of the French public which an Englishman instinctively feels and thinks, yet, from courtesy or self-distrust, hardly dares to express, we cannot hesitate to accept his verdict as final and authoritative; for it becomes cosmopolitan. On the other hand, he is no recreant or traitor; he can say of "The Cid," which he has so candidly dissected: "If I may tell my whole thought, I go so far as to believe (perhaps because I am a Frenchman) that a play composed of this kind of characters is more likely to move the spectator profoundly than either the Greek tragedy or the English." The latter may give a cold "objective" pleasure—the pleasure of the connoisseur. Voltaire would say of *Romeo* and *Juliet* that they become "poets mal à propos." Is it more *à propos* to become lawyers and pleaders like *Rodrigue* and *Chimène*? "Je ne sais, mais je sais bien que c'est là le tour de l'esprit." And this French reason is really a final reason—for a Frenchman. May not we, who are perhaps closer, as we have just said, to the Greek drama than to the French, and who can follow "Hamlet" or "King Lear" with an absorption which is far from being the frigid pleasure of connoisseurs—may not we respectfully accept such an opinion as final, and, by steeping ourselves for awhile in the French spirit, try to feel thoroughly the grounds on which it is based? In doing so we shall find no better guide than M. Faguet. We should be at a loss to name any study of the æsthetic side of the Greek drama and the French so compressed, so valuable, so illuminating, so profoundly true, so delightful to read. It ought to be rendered into English; yet we should regret to see it lose the neatness, the piquancy and grace of its French costume.

Trooper 3809: A Private Soldier of the Third Republic. By Lionel Decle. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. 12mo, pp. 300.

This book has a timely significance for the intelligent people of the world who are asking, What is the matter with the French Army? The French people staked their hopes on the regeneration of the army after 1870, when they had the woful conviction that, under the Second Empire, it had fallen far behind the German in everything which secures military success. Evidence from many sources has been coming to light showing that the regeneration was only skin deep, and that it is likely there would be another "illusion perdue" if the Third Republic should become involved in war with a first-class Power.

The Dreyfus case has disclosed a stupid blindness in the supposed élite of the General Staff which has made them think they could save the "honor" of the army by the most dishonorable and criminal subterfuges to hide the shallow dupery of a traitorous scoundrel, who used their prejudice against the Jews to cover his own acts as a spy by the conviction of an innocent man. Once the conviction obtained, forgery, subornation of perjury, endless lying, and shameless persecution of truth-tellers were used to continue the honor-saving, and to rebut the idea that a court-martial, acting on a countersign given by the Staff, could possibly be wrong in a *chose jugée*. A new *consigne* to a new court produces a judgment given in flat contempt of the findings of the Court of Cassation. It is only a new exhibition of the blind determination to stand by the original military judgment without regard to truth or justice. If the military authorities could have had their way, Esterhazy, in his rôle of spy, might have enjoyed complete immunity, so long as he could find some Jew to send to Devil's Island whenever a bordereau should accidentally fall into wrong hands. Most astounding of all, the men who were thus staking the "honor of the army" on the protection of the real traitor, and playing straight into the hands of France's great enemy, are those who have lived and thrived on the cry of *Revanche* since 1870!

Mr. Decle's book is one of several which have appeared within a few years, showing that, from the ranks up, the discipline of the French army is a brutal tyranny, which has grown in very large measure out of the maxim that a superior is always right and an inferior always wrong. It is a corollary of this that the *chose jugée* must stand, if discipline is to be preserved, whether the thing is adjudged by Sergeant Legros or General Mercier: a court-martial must affirm the judgment, or the prestige of the army will suffer!

Mr. Decle, being twenty years of age in 1879, was liable to conscription and to army service for five years; but, having a university degree of B.A., the law permitted him to volunteer for one year, and, on payment of $300, to be free from other service. The theory of the law is, that educated men will learn all that is needful as private soldiers in that time, and, some of the duties of an officer being also taught, they form a body from which officers may be drawn, or which will give the state, as professional men, more valuable service than that of privates in the ranks. In practice, Mr. Decle found himself and the other volunteers handed over to the corporals and sergeants for instruction and discipline, very seldom seeing a commissioned officer. These non-commissioned officers were nearly all low bullies, utterly venal and corrupt, soliciting or demanding "tips" from the volunteers, and promising immunity from breaches of rules in return. If irritated, they had power to inflict degrading punishment on the spot; and any appeal to the captain or the colonel was almost invariably followed by an additional punishment for unfounded complaint of one's superior, without listening to the complaint at all.

An example will explain the matter. A corporal had begged five francs of Decle and got tipsy with it. In this condition he demanded five more. Decle demurred, saying that, being in liquor, the corporal would make a fool of himself and get both into trouble. The corporal punished him with a sentence on the spot of two days in the guard-house for disrespect, and ordered him on a tour of guard duty, out of his order, in place of a sick man. Decle tried to get to a superior officer, but the corporal threatened to make against him a charge of refusal to obey orders. There was barely time to jump into his uniform (being in fatigue dress) without furbishing up. Running to join the guard, he was a moment behind time. The captain of the guard reprimanded him, and he tried respectfully to explain. The captain said: "Shut up! Don't answer me; you are filthy, you dirty beast!" The lack of furbishing was a new crime, and, with contemptuous insults, the captain sentenced him to four days in guard-house, making six. " 'But—sir,' I ejaculated." The reply was, "You dare to answer me! You shall have four days more. Step back into the ranks." In despair, and contrary to the advice of those more experienced, Decle wrote a formal appeal to the Colonel

as soon as he was off duty. This was followed by the Colonel's order of the day, before he had seen Decle, increasing the punishment to twenty days. Then the Colonel called for the appeal. His was nearly a *facsimile* of the Captain's action. Decle was "shut up" and not heard, and ordered to go back and tell the Adjutant to put him down for ten days' more imprisonment for an unjustified complaint, the Colonel dismissing him with, "I will teach you not to bother me in future." So his mild effort to limit the Corporal's blackmailing ended in thirty days' imprisonment without a hearing.

Numerous instances of brutal tyranny on the part of non-commissioned officers show that Decle's experience was a fair index of the system in vogue. The horses were trained and groomed to make them spirited and efficient; the men were treated so as to crush their spirit, make them hate the service and loathe it, so that the author says: "Had war broken out when I was a trooper, I am quite sure that the first battle would have resulted in the death of at least three of our officers and four of our sergeants, and that they would not have fallen under the enemy's bullets." He acquits the majority of the officers of intentional wrong, but shows that their neglect of real supervision and their leaving everything to the sergeants and corporals was equivalent to coöperation in ruining the morale of the army as rapidly as possible. This, with the senseless prejudice against real examination into a *chose jugée*, made reform almost hopeless. Some changes for the better have been introduced with the change of the five years' conscription to three, but the author believes no important practical improvement has been made.

When Mr. Decle was released from his service in the ranks, he left France, and has had an important professional career as a civilian in the British colonial administration and African exploration. His testimony cannot be sneered down, and will be profitable study for army officers everywhere, as well as entertaining and instructive reading for the general public.

History of Scotland. Vol. I. To the Accession of Mary Stuart. By P. Hume Brown, M.A., LL.D. With seven maps. Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan. 1899.

Extreme clearness is the distinctive quality of this book, which, unlike most members of the Cambridge Historical Series, will, before its completion, run into a second volume. There is an obvious difficulty in judging the whole work, whatever it may be, from a single instalment, for *ex uno disce omnes* certainly does not apply to literature. Still, with the first half of a history before one, the total character may be pretty well divined, and we feel little doubt that Dr. Brown will conclude in the admirable manner which marks his beginning. We have emphasized his lucidity as strongly as we could by mentioning it in the opening sentence, and no virtue is so admirable in a general sketch. We may add that the volume is far from being an abridgment of Hill, Burton, and Skene, but supplements them at points, while throughout resting on original materials. A bibliography and numerous footnotes supply the reader with the means of controlling the author or pursuing the subject further by himself.

During the past few years the Scots in Britain have grown somewhat restless under the popular tendency which prevails, to the south of the Tweed and the Liddel, to merge or efface their national annals by making them an appendix to "English history." Continental writers often show the same disposition. Now a decisive way of checking such a huge error is to put abroad a sufficiently large number of works which, like the present one, shall deal exclusively with the affairs of North Britain down to the death of James V. When the father of Mary Stuart lay dying, the news of his daughter's birth was brought to him, "and, in words that are variously reported, he exclaimed that the crown had come to his house by a woman and would pass from it by a woman." Save, however, for this dim vaticination, Scottish history is free from the taint of absorption in that of England till 1542 and after. In other words, Dr. Brown is here dealing with Scotland in her purely local and independent phase.

Just as, for purposes of space, the middle point of Scottish history may be reasonably found at the Reformation, so in the earlier of the two sections a convenient dividing line occurs at the commencement of the Stuart period. Dr. Brown allots not quite half his contents to the centuries which precede the accession of Robert II. in 1371, but his treatment of the ages which lie before that date will, we believe, prove more serviceable to the majority of his readers than his story of the Stuart family. Legend and literature have done much for the Stuarts who preceded the Union, as well as for those who reigned or "pretended" after 1603 and 1688; while the earlier centuries of Scotland are veiled from the knowledge of many in a dense fog. In explaining the scope and limits of his own effort, Dr. Brown says: "So scanty, indeed, are the materials of Scottish history from the invasion of Agricola to the death of Alexander III. (1286) that, if authorities be critically construed and theories be set aside, the following narrative is nearly as full as is justified by ascertained facts." It is for the residuum of fact which remains after the embellishments of Wyntoun and Hector Boece have been stripped away, that Dr. Brown's sketch is especially valuable.

We have been much impressed by the part devoted to the historical geography of the country. In Scottish history prior to the Reformation two main episodes present themselves: the first is the consolidation of the different territorial units, the second is the contest between king and barons. After Dr. Brown has briefly discussed the subject of Roman occupation, he settles down to historical geography in three chapters, whose titles alone convey an idea of the process described in them: "Scot, Pict, Briton, and Angle," "Scot, Briton, and Angle," "Celt and Saxon." The first of these phases closes with the union of Picts and Scots under Kenneth MacAlpin in 844, the second with the battle of Carham whereby Malcolm II. conquered the vital district of Lothian from Northumbria, and the third with the accession of David I. (1124), concerning whose reign Dr. Brown says: "At no period of its history has Scotland ever stood relatively so high in the scale of nations." The gradual drawing together of Pictland and Dalriada, followed by the opposition of a vigorous Alba to the Bernician Angles, is a theme which vies in point of symmetry with the consolidation of France between the reigns of Louis IX. and Louis XI. Next to it in interest of treatment we have found Dr. Brown's very just and dispassionate account of the famous war of independence which Scotland waged under Wallace and Bruce.

We discover hardly any grounds for differing from the learned and able author of this work—certainly none of importance. We may observe, though, that it is unusual to reckon the crusade which Bernard of Clairvaux preached as the third (p. 74), and that on p. 129 Dr. Brown goes slightly astray in a reference to Spain. "Alexander III.," he states, "left Scotland a prosperous and consolidated kingdom. With the exception of England, indeed, no country in Christendom had in the same degree filled out its limits and welded its people. Spain had still Granada to conquer, and was as yet made up of five independent kingdoms," etc. Alexander III. died in 1286, and by that time the Iberian peninsula virtually consisted of only three parts, for from the death of Sancho the Brave (1234), and the succession of his nephew the Count of Champagne, Navarre had only casual relations with the peninsula, and in any case Leon had been finally united with Castille in 1230. On p. 74 there is a misprint of the eleventh for the twelfth century, and we have noticed a slight trick of style which here and there weakens the effect designed. Dr. Brown has a way of calling, quite frequently, some event or other "the most important," "the critical," "the determining," etc. His aim is simply to indicate its relative consequence, but the sequence of such landmarks is rather too rapid.

These very minor matters, and some observations on the policy of Edward I. towards Scotland (which would be a theme for general debate), are the only objects of our adverse criticism. Speaking at large, we have the most favorable idea of Dr. Brown's aim and performance.

Educational Aims and Educational Values. By Paul H. Hanus. Macmillan.

Prof. Hanus has, since 1891, been in charge of the department of the History and Art of Education at Harvard, where he has been very successful in arousing interest in the subject of education. Though of German origin and a student of German methods, he breaks with the German school system because it is based upon a division of social classes which it fosters by determining, at the beginning of the German boy's tenth year, his place and work in life. Prof. Hanus, on the contrary, believes in the fullest development of the democratic idea in education, and would leave open as long as possible the decision as to the future calling. He lays down, in the valuable and attractive book before us, three aims of the high school: (1) to develop interest and capacity (intellectual, moral, æsthetic, and constructive); (2) to give self-direction; (3) to teach the idea of service. He pleads for an elastic high-school course, affording, from the outset, opportunity of election, and becoming, in the last year, wholly elective. The classical preparatory course, as now understood, may or may not be completely covered by the subjects for which the school provides. If it

is not covered, the college should, notwithstanding, accept the graduate after four years of faithful study, and the elements of both Latin and Greek should be taught in the college, so that the student who wishes to pursue ancient languages in the university may not be prevented from so doing.

We sympathize with Mr. Hanus in his desire that our high schools should be practical, and we have read with much interest his sympathetic and persuasive presentation of his views. We agree with him in wishing to make generous provision for physical training, for manual training with drawing, for domestic science, and for a real commercial training. We share, too, his objection to the multiplication of special schools, such as classical high school, English high school, manual-training high school, instead of uniting the different kinds of instruction under one roof. But his theory seems to us to have its unpractical side. It will not make a child a man to call him such. "Too soon," Wordsworth warns us, "thy soul shall have its earthly freight." It is not certain that the *spirit* of service will more surely enter a pupil's heart because the *word* has been often heard in the schoolroom. It may be undesirable that the pupil should have his thoughts directed too much to the question of the relative values of different studies. If the school undertakes to care for the whole nature of the boy or girl, it may prove unequal to so large a task. Finally, there is not time, in the four years of high school, for the pursuit of all the interesting things which we and Prof. Hanus should like our children to know. A congested course of study, and a series of dabbling efforts to learn many unconnected things, are serious dangers of the high schools of the present time. These dangers are keenly felt when courses are prescribed; would they not be increased were courses elective?

Insects: Their Structure and Life—A Primer of Entomology. By George H. Carpenter, B.Sc. Lond. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1899. Pp. 404, fig. 1-183.

This is a really good book, and to call it a primer is scarcely justice, since it is by all odds the most comprehensive work of its kind published in equal bulk in the English language. Not only do we find a concise yet sufficiently complete description of the main structural peculiarities of insects, but also clear statements of their development, of their history in past ages, and of the change that has taken place since they first made their appearance upon the earth. Scarcely a point has been forgotten, from the embryo just forming in the fertilized ovum to the mature form ready to reproduce its kind. The histology of the various organs is sufficiently given, and their functions are always clearly explained; in fact, it is with a feeling of genuine satisfaction and approval that the portion of the book printed in large type can be read from cover to cover.

In his scheme of systematic classification the author is fully up to date, and, while most of our American authorities do not recognize the *Collembola* as ordinally separable from the *Thysanura*, and do recognize other divisions in the Neuropterous series, yet these are matters of no very serious importance in a work of this kind. The strictly technical portion is printed in a smaller type, and the effort has been to mention and briefly describe all the families inhabiting the Holarctic and Sonoran regions. Species are not treated except as illustrating some point discussed in the text, and life histories illustrate groups rather than individuals. This makes the book equally useful in all countries. There is a good index, and a list of 217 references to literature, which will be found very useful, but which might, under some headings, have been better selected.

Of the 183 figures, 102 are from the publications of the United States Department of Agriculture, and these are among the best in the book. It is no mean compliment that the British author has thus paid to the entomological division of that department in using so many of their cuts, all duly acknowledged; and the most gratifying thing is that it is well deserved. Of the others, 35 figures are from Miall and Denney's classic work on the Cockroach, and the rest come from other published books; few if any being original or prepared for this one. The printer has in general done his work well, paper and type being good; but the paper is dull, rough, and unsuitable for printing halftone cuts. These are sometimes blurred and often flat, detracting somewhat from the otherwise satisfactory appearance of the book.

The literary quality of this "primer" is as much above the ordinary as the contents. We select from near the close the following striking passage:

"We walk over the hills, rousing the bee from the flower or the dragonfly from the rushes. The life of each individual insect lasts but for a few days, or months, or years. Yet these creatures are the latest links in a long chain of life which reaches back to a time before the mountain whereon they dwell was brought forth. To unobservant eyes the landscape seems enduring, but study of its features shows that it changes from age to age, changes even more rapidly than the insect-types which adorn it. Yet through the long periods of the earth's history the insects have been changing too, and the form of their bodies, and the history of their growth, teach us how to trace in some degree the wondrous unfolding of their branch of the great tree of life."

Reminiscences of the Santiago Campaign. By John Bigelow, Jr., Captain Tenth U. S. Cavalry, Author of 'The Principles of Strategy.' Harper & Brothers. 12mo, pp. 188.

Captain Bigelow gives as the scope of his book "a narration of what an officer participating in that campaign saw, felt, and thought, with such explanations and suggestions as his observations and reflections prompted." He is a witness, not a prosecutor or an advocate. His task was a delicate one, for military subordination forbade personal criticism, and he carefully abstains from naming officers who might be responsible, when the facts which he narrates plainly show blundering and neglect somewhere. He begins with the journey to join his regiment when he was, at his own request, relieved of the duty of military instructor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He shows what difficulty there was in getting the regulation outfit for camp life, the lack of information as to the place where his regiment was, the clashing of orders between different staff departments, the want of equipment and supplies for his company when he joined it, the faults of the camp of rendezvous, the general ignorance of what was before the army, and the consequent impossibility of intelligent preparation for work.

Similar notes are given of the journey by rail to Florida, its want of system, vagueness of destination, and default of clear instructions; the shipping upon transports, the voyage to Cuba, the landing, and the campaign till the author was disabled by wounds in the battle of San Juan. If the reader shall say that this is a superficial view, telling only what a mere onlooker might see, Captain Bigelow answers that this is strictly the case he is trying to present—the lack of information, of knowledge of plans and purposes, of the topography, and of the enemy, which made the work of a line officer, through it all, like groping in a dark garret.

Of course, there is room for legitimate debate how far a captain in the line could be made acquainted with the objects, purposes, and plans of commanding generals. Similar debate may be had regarding the deficiencies and delays of every sort which may be the necessary accompaniment of a sudden organization of a great army of raw volunteers, in which the few regular troops were lost. The author disclaims any purpose to draw conclusions as to these points. He says, Here is what happened to me and in my sight; does this accord with any competent person's ideas of what the mobilization of an army and the conduct of a campaign should be?

We need just such authoritative evidence of what the actual facts were, seen from the inside of the army by an officer who had given public evidence of his zeal and capacity in the study of his profession. Capt. Bigelow has not only told a most interesting tale, but he has contributed valuable material for the comprehension and solution of the problems involved.

Observational Geometry. By William T. Campbell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1899.

Mathematicians and non-mathematicians have for generations been agreed that Euclid and Legendre do not furnish the proper introduction to geometry, but nobody has yet succeeded in producing any primer of the subject that is really satisfactory. Vast numbers of persons interested in education, but strangers to modern mathematics, consider themselves highly proficient in geometry, and fancy that they are amply equipped for writing an elementary text-book. In one thing they all agree: it is that the first steps in geometry should be observational. So far, they are doubtless right, but as to what course geometrical observation should take, how it should be directed to the strengthening of the geometrical imagination, and ultimately to the education of the logical powers, they are mostly not sufficiently well acquainted with geometry to judge. Whether or not Mr. Campbell belongs to this class of teachers, his book shows no trace of his ever having studied topology, or even having reflected much on perspective. It is surely one of the first principles of teaching that ideas ought to be inculcated one at a time. Now geometrical metrics, as every mathematician knows, involves the principles of graphics, and it is obvious that graphics, in its turn, involves geometrical topics, or topology, the doctrine of the modes of connection of the parts

of different shapes—which shows us, for example, that if a half-twisted ribbon has its ends joined to form a ring, and is slit down the middle all around the ring, the result is a large ring composed of ribbon having a complete twist. Hence to begin the teaching of geometry with metrics, as Euclid and almost all other teachers do, including Mr. Campbell, is to huddle upon the unfortunate child three different orders of ideas at once. Topics, on the other hand, being undoubtedly the easiest part of geometry, the part in which demonstration has the smallest part to play and observation the greatest, the part in which the pupil is most inevitably, easily, and almost unconsciously led from observation to generalization, and the part in which imagination is most evoked, would seem, on every account, the most suited to the child.

But even if we agree to beginning instruction with metrics, we cannot assent to the extraordinary entanglement of different conceptions belonging to metrics which Mr. Campbell's book, even more than others, offers to the bewilderment of the pupil. It should be remembered, too, that the pupil, however tender his age, has already been a student of geometry, in his way, before he comes to the teacher. He must have been so in order to find his way about the house, for example. Now it seems preferable that his new geometrical observations should be connected at the outset as closely as possible with those he has already made, instead of with such unfamiliar things as cubes and rectilinear figures.

Story of the Princess des Ursins in Spain. By Constance Hill. With twelve portraits and a frontispiece. New York: R. H. Russell. 1899.

Historical opinion runs a good deal in cycles, and just now we all have a low opinion of Louis XIV., of his political ideals, and of his government. With this general condemnation the court life of Versailles is involved. Its splendors we call tawdry, and its ceremonies equally pompous and tedious, although, by the way, Saint-Simon never seems to lack readers. But, however much Louis and Versailles may be denounced or laughed at, there is no denying the presence in the royal *entourage* of some remarkable men and women. Possibly their strength of character was not developed by their place in this *entourage*, but many of their accomplishments may be traced to the kind of life they led and to the demands which it made upon them. Skill in conversation, tact, urbanity, acquaintance with current politics, and diplomatic finesse became the stock in trade of the Versailles courtier, and over these solid attainments was spread a charming insouciance of manner. Women equalled or even surpassed men in their command of court gifts and graces; sometimes they grew to be adepts in the art of practical politics. It is concerning one of these elegant, capable, and political ladies that Miss Hill writes in her memoir of Mme. des Ursins.

The personal element is stronger, on the whole, in the present narrative than the political; otherwise the sketch might be called for its second title "An Episode in the War of the Spanish Succession." Even as it is, a marked historical strain blends with the biographical. This fact is at once apparent when we regard the chronological limits of the study. Miss Hill begins her sketch only at the moment when Louis XIV. placed the Duke of Anjou on the Spanish throne, and began his quest for the right person to act as Camerara-Mayor to his queen, Maria Louisa of Savoy. At the time she received her important appointment, Mme. des Ursins was fifty-nine years old, wise as a serpent in the ways of the world, and imbued with the governmental principles of Versailles. She had already lost two noble husbands, the Prince de Chalais and the Prince Orsini, was past the age when she might be swayed from political duty by marital considerations, and yet kept the fulness of her physical vigor. The situation was one of extreme simplicity. Philip V. would beyond a doubt be governed by his wife, and it only remained to provide some confidante who would govern the Queen in the French interest. The decision of such a grave point rested with Mme. de Maintenon, and she nominated her friend Mme. des Ursins.

The situation developed itself according to expectation, except that now and then the Camerara-Mayor inclined towards the advantage of Spain rather than towards that of France. The main point, however, regarding the lady herself is that she was a true product of the Versailles social system, transplanted to Spain, where, amid much trouble and many hostile plots, she held her own for a long period. Her wit, dignity, and knowledge of the world made Maria Louisa her slave; she lighted the King to bed and handed him his slippers in the morning; she attached a large number of the Castilian nobles to her party, and she even dared grapple with the officials of the Holy Inquisition. The latter never forgave her interference, and, when Alberoni plotted her downfall in 1714, he found a serviceable ally in the Grand Inquisitor, Cardinal Giudici.

We cannot think that Miss Hill adds very much to what François Combes has said of Mme. des Ursins's political gifts and administration. She had a good grasp of statecraft and a large share of intelligence, but true principles of government she hardly practised at all. She was certainly placed in an awkward position by a series of campaigns which, for the time, almost destroyed Spanish agriculture and commerce; still, she gave less proof of high organizing capacity than a born ruler would have done, for the times of emergency in which she acted were also times of personal opportunity. The two most striking features of Miss Hill's book are her description of Mme. des Ursins's triumph at Versailles in 1705, after her temporary disgrace, and her account of the plot by which Alberoni succeeded in ousting her from Madrid altogether. The latter incident deserves a little notice.

On the death of Maria Louisa, Alberoni began scheming for a marriage between Philip and Elizabeth Farnese. As a native of Parma and a friend of Rocca, its Prime Minister, he knew how eagerly such a promotion would be welcomed there. The one thing needful was to persuade Mme. des Ursins, in whose hands the decision eventually lay, and this rather difficult end was accomplished by representing Elizabeth as a meek and waxy personage—Elizabeth Farnese of all others in the eighteenth century!

"The priest and the lady entered one day into conversation on the subject of the choice of a new Queen. The wily Italian, well knowing the qualities that Mme. des Ursins would look for, observed, 'You must find a lady who is quiet and docile, and not likely to interfere in State affairs.' 'Where shall we discover such a person?' asked his companion. Alberoni ran through the royal families of Europe, and then, as if by accident, carelessly mentioned Elizabeth Farnese, daughter of the late Duke of Parma, adding, with the same tone of simplicity and indifference: 'She is a good girl; plump, healthy, and well-bred; brought up in the petty court of her uncle, Duke Francis, and accustomed to hear of nothing but needlework and embroidery.' "

Mme. des Ursins, with her splendid knowledge of men, women, and political intrigue, was thus beguiled at a moment when she held the position completely. Elizabeth Farnese secretly stipulated with Philip before marriage for her disgrace, the King tamely agreed, and the new Queen's first act on reaching Spain was to send the veteran Camerara-Mayor across the border into France under a military escort.

This volume is a graceful piece of biography, not pretending to be over-learned, but interweaving a fair share of historical context with the personal vicissitudes of an accomplished and resourceful woman. We miss from Miss Hill's bibliography of the works upon which she has based her delineation of Mme. des Ursins the special articles of Maldonado Macanaz and E. Bourgeois, to say nothing of Baudrillart's 'Philippe V. et la Cour de France.' We imagine, too, that she glosses over matters somewhat in her brief reference to the relations of Mme. des Ursins and Daubigny. Still, these, like a few misprints which we have noticed, cannot be called grave blemishes upon an agreeable and entertaining essay.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alger, H. jr. Rupert's Ambition. Philadelphia: H. T. Coates & Co.
Allen, Grant. A Splendid Sin. New York: F. M. Buckles & Co.; London: F. V. White & Co. $1.
Baden-Powell, B. H. Origin and Growth of Village Communities in India. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Scribners. $1.
Barrett, J. Admiral George Dewey. Harpers.
Benson, E. F. Mammon and Co. D. Appleton & Co.
Besant, Sir W. The Orange Girl. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Bloundelle-Burton, J. A Bitter Heritage. D. Appleton & Co.
Bradford, A. H. The Holy Family. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Bradford, A. H. The Art of Living Alone. Dodd, Mead & Co. 50c.
Breen, M. P. Thirty Years of New York Politics. $2.50.
Bullock, S. F. The Barrys. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.25.
Burdett, Sir H. Hospitals and Charities, 1899. London: The Scientific Press; New York: Scribners. $1.25.
Butterworth, H. The Bordentown Story-Tellers. Boston: A. I. Bradley & Co.
Butterworth, H. The Story of Magellan and Discovery of the Philippines. D. Appleton & Co.
Callahan, J. M. Cuba and International Relations. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins Press.
Camp, W., and Brooks, Lilian. Drives and Puts. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.
Campigneulles, Rev. V. de. Observations Taken at Dumraon, Behar, India, during the Eclipse of January 22, 1898. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50.
Carlyle, Thomas. Heroes and Hero-Worship. Cassells. 10c.
Carlyle, Thomas. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. [Centenary Edition.] Scribners. $1.25.
Carruth, Prof. W. H. Auswahl aus Luthers Deutschen Schriften. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.10.
Chambers, I. M. Harold Payson. F. Tennyson Neely.
Clayton, Victoria V. White and Black under the Old Régime. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.; Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co. $1.
Coghill, Mrs. H. Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50.
Conn, Prof. H. W. The Story of the Living Machine. D. Appleton & Co.
Creighton, Rev. M. Queen Elizabeth. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Crockett, S. R. Kit Kennedy. Harper & Bros.
Crockett, S. R. Ione March. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Denio, Elizabeth H. Nicolas Poussin. Scribners. $3.50.
Devecmon, W. C. In Re Shakespeare's "Legal Acquirements." London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; New York: The Shakespeare Press.
Diary of David McClure. Knickerbocker Press.

Douglas, Amanda M. The Heir of Sherburne. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Field, Caroline L. Nannie's Happy Childhood. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Fiske, J. Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 vols. $4.
Fergusson, J., and Fergusson, R. M. Records of the Clan and Name of Fergus(s)on. Edinburgh: David Douglas.
Ford, P. L. Janice Meredith. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Fraser, W. J. A. Living Skeleton. F. Tennyson Neely.
Hall, Ruth. The Boys of Scrooby. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Hamblen, H. E. We Win. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.50.
Harris, Ella I. Two Tragedies of Seneca. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75c.
Harry, J. E. Euripides Hippolytus. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hillegas, H. C. Oom Paul's People. D. Appleton & Co.
Homans, J. E. Our Three Admirals—Farragut, Porter, Dewey. James T. White & Co. $1.
Hopkins, Tighe. An Idler in Old France. Scribners. $2.
Hyde, W. de W. God's Education of Man. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Hyne, C. J. C. Honor of Thieves. London: Chatto & Windus; New York: R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
Ireland, Alleyne. Tropical Colonization. Macmillan.
Ireland, Howard. A Green Mariner. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Johnson, R. The Hero of Manila. D. Appleton & Co.
Knowles, F. L. A Kipling Primer. Boston: Brown & Co. $1.25.
Le Baron, Grace. Told under the Cherry Trees. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Lee, Albert. He, She and They. Harper & Bros.
Le Feuvre, Amy. Legend-Led. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Letters From Ralph Waldo Emerson to a Friend. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Lever, Charles. Charles O'Malley. London: Service & Paton; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Lowrie, Rev. W. The Doctrine of St. John. Longmans, Green & Co.
Lynch, Hannah. Autobiography of a Child. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Mable, H. W. The Life of the Spirit. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
MacBride, Prof. T. H. The North American Slime-Moulds. Macmillan. $2.25.
Major, G. M. Dewey, Old Glory's Defender. F. T. Neely.
Mathews, Frances A. A Married Man. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.25.
May, Sophie. Wee Lucy's Secret. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 75c.
Meigs, W. H. Growth of the Constitution in the Federal Convention of 1787. Lippincott.
Meldrum, D. S. Holland and the Hollanders. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
Moore, F. F. Well, After all——. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Moore, C. H. Development and Character of Gothic Architecture. Macmillan. 2d ed. $4.50.
Müller, Prof. F. Max. Auld Lang Syne. Scribners. $2.00.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1899.

The Week.

"Santiago" we were glad to see inscribed alongside "Manila" on the beautiful arch at Madison Square. It was emphatically a Dewey celebration, but its pathetic side was the comparative neglect of Admiral Sampson which it threw into such strong relief. The latter's work, as a mere display of technical naval skill, was far more difficult than Dewey's, and only the chance absence of a spectacular element, as concerned his own personal part in the battle of Santiago, prevented Sampson from being deliriously made the great hero of the war. He was out of the actual fight just as strictly in the line of duty as Dewey was when standing on the Olympia's bridge; and, as Capt. Mahan has shown, the credit of the victory, which was the infallible result of his holding the Spanish fleet in a grip of steel for six weeks, was as surely his as if he had fired every gun with his own hand. But the yelping of the yellow press confused the public mind, and the smirch of politics did the rest; with the result that this able and faithful and remarkably successful officer has been deprived of his deserved tribute of popular praise.

From the judicious, however, whose praise is the only kind that counts in the long run, Admiral Sampson has had just recognition. His operations yield vastly more for the naval student than the battle of Manila. All the foreign attachés who were with him on the blockade have spoken in the highest terms of his organizing and directing ability, and of the skill and tenacity with which the Spanish ships were held, like so many rabbits in their burrows, until forced to bolt desperately to certain destruction. This was monotonous work, but it exhibited naval efficiency in the highest degree, and only the unlucky chance which kept the flag-ship out of the final scene prevented Sampson from rivalling if not eclipsing Dewey's fame. Fortunately, Admiral Sampson has philosophy and magnanimity enough to know where to look for appreciation—in his own sense of duty done and in the approval of the men who know, in our own naval service as well as that of other nations. As he himself writes in his *Century* article on Dewey, the men in the service know each other's merits, if the public does not; and in the warranted admiration of his fellow-officers he may well believe he has a solider and more lasting tribute than the fickle multitude could possibly give.

Admiral Dewey is rendering in peace a service to his country fairly comparable to the one he did her in war. He is putting our official speech-making in its proper light as an intolerable nuisance. Sparing of words himself, he dries up the fountains of perfunctory eloquence in others. Visiting committees from Chicago, from Philadelphia, even from Vermont, quail before the warning glitter of his eye, and die with all their music in them. It is the Admiral's robust practicality and saving sense of humor that lead him, by both example and precept, to silence the oratorical fire which opens upon him all along the line. And his long-suffering countrymen watch him doing it with delight and applause. He is the very conqueror of rhetoricians that we were all pining for without knowing it. But what a pity it is that he could not have begun his wet-blanketing of orators in the person of our noble Mayor. That official's address to the Admiral on Saturday was probably the most tremendous hoight of foine language that any Irishman ever put into the mouth of a Hollander. It was filled with such inimitable touches as "your deferential respect for those of your mother's sex." Such delicacy of phrase has not been seen since Thackeray managed to convey an interesting bit of information in a way, as he proudly asserted, not to bring a blush to the cheek of the most refined British matron, by explaining that a certain lady was "about to become a grandmother."

Next to doing a thing is the honor of having named the man to do it, and for this honor, as respects Dewey's appointment to the Asiatic station, many are now contending. It was Roosevelt, it was Senator Proctor, it was the prescient "W. McK." But Secretary Long's plain tale puts them all down. The original appointment in the fall of 1897 was simply a matter of department routine. Records were sifted and compared, special abilities were balanced, and Dewey was chosen on pure grounds of naval seniority and merit. No doubt there was a good deal of advice given, volunteered or invited. No doubt Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, as he then was, went shouting about the corridors that Dewey was the man to sail into Manila. But if the real decision had been made for any other reasons than those Secretary Long indicates, it would have been subversive of the traditions of the department and a blow to the navy. Our naval service is the purest application of the merit system exhibited in all our government; and the results speak for themselves. Politicians would like to get their clutches upon it; but so far they have been beaten off, and let us hope they always will be.

Newspaper-readers have been impressed with the length and particularity of the frequent dispatches in which Gen. Otis has reported to the authorities at Washington so-called engagements in the Philippines, which appeared to be nothing more than skirmishes hardly worth mention. Officials of the War Department are becoming alarmed over the immense amount of matter in the shape of official reports which is coming by mail. One who is familiar with the military literature of the civil war is quoted as expressing the opinion that the official records of the present war, when published in complete form, will eclipse the enormous number of volumes that contain the records of the war of the rebellion. He says that he "never saw such verbose reports of engagements as are now coming in from the Philippines," page after page being filled with recounting minute details of the most insignificant skirmish. The official papers come in, sackfuls at a time. How insignificant these skirmishes are is shown by the list of towns captured and abandoned several times apiece by Gen. Otis, in a letter of the Chicago *Record's* correspondent.

President Schurman's address at Ithaca on Thursday laid down some perfectly sound principles of colonial policy. We must drop at once the mistaken idea that we are going to make any money out of the colonies; we must "govern" them as little as possible, and steadily pursue the plan of "hands off!" with an eye towards "ultimate independence"; we must do everything for the good of the natives, and never think of our own advantage; we must have a colonial civil service of the purest and most capable. There was much else of this abstract definition of what our policy should be, but, in the light of what our policy really is and is likely to be, the whole address reads curiously like a speech *in vacuo*. Perhaps, however, it would be impossible for a man still holding President McKinley's commission to advance more directly to an attack upon the methods and announced purposes of that official. The facts and the daily news make glaring enough the contrast between what Mr. Schurman says should be done and what McKinley orders to be done.

One item in the Philippine news is comic, or tragic, as we may please to read it. The Tagals of Mindanao offer to accept our sovereignty provided we will undertake to protect them from the "harassing Moros." But who are the harassing Moros? Why, they are our own

friends and allies of the Sulu Islands, whom we ourselves turned loose on the Tagals of Mindanao. Have people already forgotten the jubilant dispatch of a few weeks ago, recounting how our new "ally," one of the Moro "Dattos," had gone over to Mindanao and was killing the Tagals right and left? It was Mohammedans slaughtering Christians, but what of that, so long as the Mohammedans were flying the American flag? It is clear, however, that what the Tagals are now asking us is to deliver them from our own marauders. There seems to be a moral confusion about this; but we must get used to such things in the Philippine situation, which continually turns all our political and moral and religious ideas topsy-turvy. The Tagals ought to insist upon our observing what John Morley calls the "etiquette of slaughter." He used the phrase apropos of the English Government's announcement that no native troops—no Gurkhas or Sikhs—would be taken from India for service against the Boers. "If a Christian is to be killed, at all events it will be a comfort to him that he is killed by as good a Christian as himself." This is the only comfort the Tagals ask, and it seems as if it would be easy for a Methodist President to call off his Mohammedan butchers.

The Venezuela arbitration has resulted, as was to have been expected, in a decision which is in the nature of a compromise. Great Britain loses some of the territory she had claimed, but is awarded a good deal of what Venezuela maintained was lawfully hers. This result will leave a large part of our newspaper and Congressional argument and assertion of 1895 looking particularly silly. Senator Lodge was, of course, able to draw the true boundary line out of his head, and to show that England was grabbing land which was not hers in order to get more gold so as to break down our double standard. And no editor worthy the name would then confess to not knowing all about the controversy, just where the Schomburgk line ran, just what "the Dutch archives" showed, and what the Spanish secret records "proved." It was, in fact, on the basis of such cock-sure and extemporized knowledge that we were all eager to go to war. But the Paris tribunal has swept away all that rubbish, though it cannot sweep away our silliness of that crazy period. But to get a peaceable decision, in which all will acquiesce, is the main thing; and the result must be scored as one more triumph for arbitration.

The Hawaiian view of modern missionary work is of especial interest, considering the history of the islands. It appears that there has been a great change in the attitude of the community towards this matter. The children of the early missionaries to a large extent followed in the footsteps of their parents, while those who went into business became liberal contributors to the support of the work. The situation at the end of the century is very different from what it was fifty years ago. The *Hawaiian Gazette* sums it up in the statement that "few of the Hawaiian-born descendants of the early missionaries choose to be missionaries, and only $30,000 is annually furnished by the descendants of the missionaries and their associates towards giving the Gospel to the great numbers of 'heathen' before our eyes." What explains this transformation? The theory of the *Gazette* is that the altered view of the "heathen" and of the missionary work which is now held by religious people generally has much to do with it—especially the loss of the old theory that "saving the heathen" meant saving people from everlasting punishment, and the substitution of the theory that mission work means the education and enlightenment of all men in all lands, without dreadful apprehensions about their "everlasting" condition. That such a change should "fix the present attitude of the descendants of the missionaries towards missions" in Hawaii, as the *Gazette* thinks is the case, may not seem strange to us, but how such a state of things would surprise the original missionaries to the Sandwich Islands if they could know it!

Still another change of view regarding missions found illustration during the sessions of the International Congregational Council at Boston. The Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott gave frank expression to the belief that missions conducted on the old basis of sending men and women among the heathen to preach the Gospel have proved practically a failure, and that the first step in Christianizing a savage race should be to establish order and the reign of law through forcible conquest. A year ago such doctrine would have been received with something akin to horror in any religious assembly, but so many good people have endorsed such a war in the Philippines that no immediate protest was made. Before the end of the Council, however, more than one voice was raised in indignation. The Rev. Ralph W. Thompson, senior foreign secretary of the London Missionary Society, in discussing the adaptation of methods to new conditions in foreign countries, referred to Dr. Abbott's characterization of the mission stations in Africa as glow-worms amid darkness, and insistence that the railroad, the store, and the reign of law must come before the Gospel, if Africa was to be evangelized, and for his own part said, "I venture to suggest that this is not true in experience, and that a much simpler, and in the end much less expensive, way of doing things could be found." The Rev. Otis Cary, who has been a missionary in Japan, made an address in which he styled Dr. Abbott's paper "the terrible blow struck at foreign missions," and said that Dr. Thompson's protest against it "had raised a great weight from his heart." He maintained that the Abbott doctrine meant nothing else than armed subjugation, and declared that the alleged necessity of this policy was disproved by many facts in ancient and modern history, by Madagascar, by Hawaii, by Micronesia, by Samoa, and other places where heathen people have been Christianized without military conquest, as well as by the Wesleyan missionaries who have converted cannibals to Christianity. It is an interesting fact that both of these protests against evangelizing the heathen by force called out rounds of applause.

The issue in the Iowa campaign becomes each week more and more clearly that of imperialism. State questions have dropped out of sight. In fact, the Republican administration of the State government during the past two years has been so good that the Democrats find nothing to make a handle of in attacking it. Last year there was a floating debt of about half a million, which the Democrats denounced as "unconstitutional," but now there is a surplus on hand of about a quarter of a million, which is steadily growing, while the tax levy has been reduced. Both Mr. White and the Democratic State committee are devoting themselves to the new issue in national politics. Three-fourths of the speeches of the Democratic orators are given up to denunciation of the war in the Philippines and to attacks on the policy of the McKinley Administration, and four-fifths of the work of the State committee is directed to the same end. An especial attempt is made to win support from Germans and other voters of foreign descent who are opposed to militarism, but the Democrats are greatly hampered in this effort by the fact that the Germans, who constitute the most important element of this vote, are even more strongly opposed to free coinage, which the Democratic candidate for Governor favors, although he now says little about it.

The Nebraska Republicans have attempted to formulate a new issue. Their recent State convention adopted a resolution that "we commend to the thoughtful consideration of the Republican party of the nation the proposition that a national convention be called by two-thirds of the States to revise the Constitution of the United States, under the provisions of article v. of the Federal Constitution." Two methods of changing the fundamental law of the nation are provided in the

instrument. One is the proposal of amendments by two-thirds of both houses of Congress; the other, the calling of a convention for proposing amendments on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States—the amendments in either case to become part of the Constitution when ratified by the Legislatures in three-fourths of the States or by conventions in three-fourths, as one or the other mode may be proposed by Congress. The chief argument for the Nebraska scheme of calling a convention to revise the Constitution by the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States, rather than submitting amendments after two-thirds of the Senate and House have proposed them, is that two-thirds of the Senate can never be induced to favor the choice of Senators by the people; while it is also urged that a provision authorizing an income tax could be much more easily secured through a convention; that such a convention would enable the country to deal with the question of colonial possessions, and would give the opportunity for embodying in the Constitution various desirable reforms, like a provision giving the President authority to veto any item in an appropriation bill, another divorcing the legislative from the appointive power, and still another laying a solid foundation for a civil service based on competency and merit.

It does not seem likely that this Nebraska notion will command much popular favor. The great trouble is that, like many other projects, its promoters leave human nature out of the account. It might be a most fortunate thing for the nation if the forty-five States would pick out their most statesmanlike citizens and commission them to revise the fundamental law of the republic. But every sensible person knows that any constitutional convention which might be convened would be made up for the most part of very different material. The delegates, while ostensibly chosen by the people, would be largely named by such bosses as Platt in New York, Quay in Pennsylvania, Hanna in Ohio, and Tanner in Illinois, among Republican States, and by the very cheap type of politicians whom Bryanism has brought to the front in Democratic States. Such a body would be capable of almost any degree of folly. There is not the slightest reason in the world to suppose that its conclusions would be ratified by three-fourths of the States, so that in the end nothing would probably come of it; but a fruitless meeting of a body which did not command public confidence would be a discreditable spectacle. We might have a better Constitution. Sometimes it seems as though it would be better if changes could be made more easily than is now possible. But most students of our problems finally come to the conclusion that we are far better off as things are than we should be if amendments could be carried without the overwhelming demand for them which is now requisite to secure their adoption.

Bryan is quite justified in poking fun at the Nebraska Republicans, as he did in his speech on Wednesday week, for the resolution on the financial question in their platform this year, which he characterized as "one of the most unique and delightfully original planks ever written." Among other things, this resolution says that the people of the United States, by a majority of more than 500,000, decided in favor of the gold standard, "after more than twenty years of harmful agitation." Bryan pointed out that, during this period of what the Republicans now call "harmful agitation," Mr. McKinley himself voted for independent bimetallism at the ratio of 16 to 1; that Republican platforms endorsed it, and condemned Grover Cleveland for opposing it; that "even in 1896 the whole Republican party declared against the gold standard, and pledged itself to beg Europe to help this country to let go of it"; and that an expensive commission was sent by Mr. McKinley to Europe, to try to get rid of the gold standard. In short, he maintained that the Republican party in Nebraska this year is condemning its President and all its past conventions for all their authoritative utterances of the past twenty years.

There is a great deal of truth in this indictment. It is only nine years since the Republicans of Nebraska adopted a platform which commended their party for having given to the people "an elastic currency of gold, silver, and paper," and declared that "its efforts to fully remonetize silver should be continued until it is on a perfect equality as a money metal with gold." A year later Mr. McKinley was making demagogical speeches, in which he complained that "during all of his [Cleveland's] years at the head of the government he was dishonoring one of our precious metals, one of our great products, discrediting silver, and enhancing the price of gold"; and made it an especial grievance that throughout his first administration Cleveland had persistently used his power to stop the coinage of silver dollars, and make "money the master, everything else the servant." Nothing that Bryan can say about the attitude of Mr. McKinley and of the Nebraska Republicans during that period can be too severe. But it does not help the Democrats to ridicule the Republicans for past folly and demagogism. McKinley and the Nebraska Republicans have at last got on the right platform, while Bryan and the Nebraska Democrats are as far wrong in 1899 as both parties in that State were in 1890.

The President's approval, without modification, of the verdict of the court-martial in Capt. Carter's case, coming after what seemed such an inexcusably long delay, has especial value in one direction. It disposes finally of the charge that Capt. Carter was convicted unfairly. Surely no man ever had fuller opportunities to prove that he had not been allowed a fair trial. He was found guilty by unanimous vote of a court-martial which included some of the best officers in the army. After conviction, the evidence and the findings in the case were submitted to ex-Senator Edmunds for review, and he made a report which has never been published, but which was presumably unfavorable to Carter. The case was then carefully examined by Attorney-General Griggs, who is a trained lawyer, and after that another trained lawyer, Wayne MacVeagh, was permitted to make as able a plea as he could, and as could be made by any one, in favor of the Captain. Finally, the case came before Secretary Root, who is also a trained lawyer. Of course, the results of all this investigation and thought by lawyers, familiar with the rules of evidence in civil courts, were laid before the President. They all bore directly upon the question of a fair trial. In addition were notorious political influences, powerfully exerted in favor of a commutation of the sentence, in case the verdict could not be set aside. After all this the President approves the verdict in full.

That Spain as well as France is threatened by her own army, appears in the fall of the Silvela Ministry on a question of military expenditures. Of all ill-timed demands, that to increase the outlay on fortifications and equipment of the army, to say nothing of new regiments and new war-ships, seems most preposterous, in Spain's circumstances. She is bankrupt; the taxes necessary to carry on the civil government are almost crushing an impoverished people, so that riots in protest against their collection are occurring in various parts of the kingdom; chambers of commerce are calling in unison for retrenchment in public expenses; yet the army chiefs choose this moment to demand extra credits for military purposes, and there is in the background the threat of a revolution and a military dictatorship. Of course, this is all put forward by Polavieja and the other generals as absolutely necessary for the safety of the nation and the "honor of the army"; but the melancholy probability is that Spaniards will find, with Frenchmen, that the honor of their army means the ruin of their country.

THE ADMIRAL.

Putting aside all that was hollow and merely theatric or humbugging in the greetings extended last week in this city to Admiral Dewey; ignoring for the moment the obvious eagerness of Tammany to make money, and of the Republicans to make party capital, out of the celebration—smiling at all these things as unimportant details—what are the reasons why full-grown men and lovers of their country and their kind should be glad that the "heart of a people beats with one desire," and should take their part, in their own way, in acclaiming the man who suddenly made a splendid name?

First in order of time must be reckoned, of course, his great service as a man called by professional duty to do a stern piece of work. Such absurdly extravagant things have been said of the battle of Manila Bay, such foolish comparisons made between it and the really great naval battles of history, that one is tempted, in sheer reaction, to forget how brilliant it was in conception, and with what calculated and judicious recklessness it was fought. It is this aspect of Dewey's exploit which stamps him as a great commander, who would have been as cool and at the same time daring, as calm in nicely weighing force against force and swiftly striking home with all his might, if his antagonist had been as formidable as he was in fact feeble. If he showed contempt for Spanish watchfulness and readiness, it was only a justified contempt based on knowledge, like Drake's when he boldly sailed into Cadiz harbor and spent an audacious day "singeing the King of Spain's beard." Dewey at Manila was simply the incarnate tradition of Anglo-Saxon seamanship, renewing in his own person the principles of Nelson and Farragut that "the boldest measures are the safest," and that "something must be left to chance."

Even yet we may not be able to see clearly how much his sharp and crushing blow at Manila did to shorten the war. In a sense he could say, as Jervis did at St. Vincent, when he flung his fifteen ships against the twenty-seven of the Spaniards, that a victory was "essential" for his country at that moment. It was essential to hearten his countrymen by a display, at the very beginning of the war, of the historic dash and bravery of the American sailor, and to show that the sea power of Spain was a hollow sham. No one can estimate the value of his demonstration at Manila in nerving Sampson and his men, during the long and lonely vigils of the blockade off Santiago. They had but to think of Dewey's feat to be certain that, when their own supreme hour came, they would find their foe able to do little but die bravely. Thus the naval battle of Manila, by both breaking the spirit of Spain and showing this country the true measure of its enemy at sea, deserves grateful commemoration as perhaps the most powerful single event tending to bring the Spanish war to a speedy close.

But if Dewey was successful in battle, he was even more conspicuously successful in the trying weeks which followed. Confronted with the most difficult problems, he met them all with prompt courage and decision, and nobody has even been able to lay his finger on one mistake. "Your Admiral," said Capt. Chichester of the British man-of-war *Immortalité*, "accomplished by tact, firmness, and good judgment in Manila Bay what many naval men would have thought possible only by war. He is a great man." Greatest of all, we think, in the large humanity he exhibited. In him was fulfilled Nelson's prayer, as recorded in the last entry in his diary before going into battle at Trafalgar: "May humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet." Dewey made himself, during the weeks when he was in supreme control, as much beloved as his deadly gunnery on that May morning had made him feared. The Spaniards came to trust him as a friend. The Filipinos worshipped him. His own men, down to the grimiest stoker, idolized him. Such high qualities as, by their daily display in him, wrought this profound impression on friend and foe alike, are the Admiral's surest title to greatness; and his admiring countrymen are left to bitter reflections on the official blindness which refused to avail of his well-won prestige and demonstrated capacity, in order to let his gentleness and tact do what the blundering sword has so far failed to do.

It is, indeed, the revelation of Admiral Dewey's character after the battle which has most endeared him to his countrymen. It is not only the fighting man we welcome; it is the diplomatist, the statesman with large outlook, the kindly gentleman, the frank and fearless American. "I had their huzzas before," said Nelson, when leaving England just before Trafalgar; "now I have their hearts." So do we give our cheers to the man who fought so well; but our heartfelt thanks we reserve for the man who showed himself still greater, after victory, in the qualities which most adorn our poor humanity, whether in war or peace. "Long live your fine old English Admiral—yours, I mean—the U. S. A. one at Samoa," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson in 1889, when the news of the cool heroism of our sailors in the face of death at Apia reached him. "I wept tears and loved myself and mankind when I read of him. And there was Gordon, too; and there are others, beyond question." This is the real tribute to Dewey—that he fought like a paladin when fighting was his duty, but that afterwards he was great in gentleness; conciliated Spaniards and drew to himself the devotion of Filipinos; was considerate as he was vigilant, as kind as he was firm; and blazed high as an example of what the American naval service is at its best.

SCIENCE AND WAR.

A striking passage in Sir Michael Foster's Presidential Address, delivered before the British Association on September 13, touched upon the relations of science to international politics. Science has made wonderful contributions to the struggle between man and man; what has it done for the struggle between race and race, country and country? Sir Michael first referred to the way in which science makes for peace by rendering war tenfold more destructive. This is an old argument. It is worked out in great detail in M. Bloch's book on 'The Future of War.' By lending all its cunning to the art of war, science has made modern war so deadly that no one but a monster in the garb of a statesman could loose its appalling forces except under the direst necessity. Artillery fire is twenty times more effective than it was in 1870. The small-calibre rifle, with its flat trajectory and enormous range, would make the historic charges of infantry but a swift rush to annihilation. Exactly what a battle between two evenly matched and equally well-equipped armies would now be, military experts scarcely dare to say; but that it would be a scene of carnage beside which Waterloo or Gravelotte would seem like a parade-ground, they all admit. This is an old story, and Sir Michael Foster barely alluded to it in passing.

The original and most forcible part of his remarks on the influence of science upon war was that in which he pointed to the "deep undercurrent" in all branches of science which is "sapping the very foundations of all war." What he meant was the spirit of international amity and universal brotherhood. This, he maintained, is fostered by the modern methods of scientific inquiry and scientific progress perhaps more than by any other single influence. The reason why this is so we cannot do better than state in Sir Michael's own words:

> "As I have already urged, no feature of scientific inquiry is more marked than the dependence of each step forward on other steps which have been made before. The man of science cannot sit by himself in his own cave weaving out results by his own efforts, unaided by others, heedless of what others have done and are doing. He is but a bit of a great system, a joint in a great machine, and he can only work aright when he is in due touch with his fellow-workers. If his labor is to be what it ought to be, and is to have the weight which it ought to have, he must know what is being done, not by himself, but by others, and by others not of his own land and speaking his tongue only, but also of other lands and of other speech. Hence it comes about that to the man of science the barriers of manners and of speech which pen men into nations, become more and more unreal and indistinct. He recognizes his fellow-worker, wherever he may live and whatever tongue he may speak, as one who is pushing forward shoulder to shoulder

with him towards a common goal, as one whom he is helping and who is helping him. The touch of science makes the whole world kin."

Examples of this international brotherhood of scientists illumine many a page of history that would otherwise lie in the unrelieved shadow of war and its desolations and ferocities. In 1813, when the relations between France and England were exceedingly embittered, when trade was embargoed, and French soil actually closed against all the English, one Englishman, a scientist, was received at Paris with enthusiasm. It was Sir Humphry Davy, who had expressed a wish to visit and study the extinct volcanoes of Auvergne. The French Imperial Institute laid the matter before Napoleon, who gave the desired permission for the philosophers of France to receive their English brother with warm cordiality. This very meeting of the British Association at Dover illustrated the persistence of this honorable tradition. A delegation of French scientists had arranged to cross the Channel to greet their British colleagues, and as their visit fell just at the moment when the silly talk of a Dreyfus boycott was loudest, the suggestion was prominently urged—even getting, by inference, into the London *Times*—that the French savants should be sent sternly about their business. But no such absurdity could find lodgment in the scientific mind, and the exchange of international courtesies was made all the more hearty.

The manifold forms of international scientific coöperation must have an influence, none the less weighty for being silent and almost unperceived, in breaking down the prejudices that exist between nations. "How can I hate a man whom I know?" asked Charles Lamb; and the science which draws members of different races together in congresses and in associations for the promotion of research, makes them better acquainted with each other, and so promotes mutual respect. Then there is something in the absolute mental honesty which science demands of her votaries, in their open-mindedness, in their willingness to reconsider a position in the light of new evidence, which is dead against the violent misunderstandings and rancorous impatience that lead to war. The true spirit of science is that of patient inquiry; of longing for the truth and nothing but the truth; of coöperation wide as the needs of man; of constructive effort through slow accretions by many laborers in many lands through many years of peace. This is the deep reason why true science is at war with war. Every scientific congress, every torch of science passed on from hand to hand over the seas and across the continents, ignoring the artificial barriers of race and country, is a silent protest against war, a constant reminder that war is an anachronism, a brute survival of the dark ages.

A CONSTITUTIONAL IMBROGLIO.

The diversity of character and interest in the smallest of the colonies is another illustration of the truth taught by Greek and Italian history, that it is not always the largest states that afford the most instructive data for political history. Mr. Bryce has expressed the same opinion of Rhode Island. "This singular little commonwealth," he says, "is, of all the American States, that which has furnished the most abundant analogies to the Greek republics of antiquity, and which deserves to have its annals treated of by a philosophic historian." A singular confirmation of these judgments is afforded by the present condition of the attempt to provide a new constitution for the State, which is set forth in a pamphlet by Mr. Amasa Eaton, published by the Rhode Island Constitutional League.

The existing Constitution, which was adopted in 1842, declares that "the basis of our political system is the right of the people to make and alter their constitutions of government." Nevertheless, the Supreme Court, in an "advisory opinion" given in 1883, laid it down that the General Assembly had no power to call a constitutional convention. This opinion was based largely on the fact that the Constitution gave no such power to the Assembly, while it did confer on that body the right to propose constitutional amendments which should become effective when approved by three-fifths of the electors. In the exercise of this power the Legislature authorized the Governor to appoint a commission of fifteen persons to revise the Constitution, and the report of this commission was submitted to the people as a constitutional amendment in 1898. It was rejected, and, when resubmitted with some changes in 1899, it was again rejected. So the matter now stands.

The Constitutional League is by no means content with this situation. It asserts that the people are deprived of a right not only guaranteed them by the present Constitution, but also superior to any constitution. To limit them to the approval or disapproval of any scheme not framed by themselves, is to deny them their right to make their own "constitution of government." To hold that the Legislature cannot call a constitutional convention is to make it impossible for the people to obtain any constitution except such a one as the Legislature chooses to submit to them. The people cannot spontaneously gather in convention and adopt a constitution offhand. Some formality of procedure is necessary, and none is possible. An organic statute adopted in 1842 is held to bind all future generations. A majority of the electors then living apparently succeeded not only in depriving their posterity of the right of making a constitution, but also in limiting the right of amendment to a fraction of the future electorate. A majority made the Constitution, but three-fifths must concur in order to change it.

Advisory opinions, it is contended, are not to be regarded. On several previous occasions the Supreme Court has given advisory opinions which it afterwards reversed when cases came before it in the due course of litigation. In one of these cases it was explicitly asserted that "The advice or opinion given by the Judges of this court, when requested, to the Governor or to either house of the Assembly, under the third section of the tenth article of the Constitution, is not a decision of this court; and, given as it must be without the aid which the court derives in adversary cases from able and experienced counsel, though it may afford much light from the reasonings or research displayed in it, can have no weight as a precedent." We may add that the Supreme Court of Massachusetts has taken the same ground, and protested against being compelled to give opinions without hearing argument. In fact, it intimated pretty broadly that such opinions are of very little value. Nevertheless, it seems doubtful if the Rhode Island Assembly will disregard the opinion which it has obtained, especially as that opinion tends to magnify its own prerogatives.

No doubt the provision that a constitution adopted by a majority vote shall be changed only when three-fifths of the electors are in favor of such change, is in apparent conflict with the principle of majority rule, and Mr. Eaton furnishes abundant historical proof that this principle is one of the fundamentals of the Rhode Island polity. In order to maintain his position, he exalts the sovereignty of the towns and depresses that of the State. Some such theory is required, indeed, in order to dispose of the Constitution of the United States. It is now established that that is an indissoluble league. The civil war settled that question. Even if a majority of the people of the United States wanted to end the government, they could not do it. They could not make a new constitution if they all wished it, nor can a majority of them amend the present one. Practically, at least, the same anomaly exists in the country at large as in the State of Rhode Island, and if it is in conflict with the principle that the majority must rule, so much the worse for that principle. It has its uses, but it has its limitations, and the latter are quite as important as the former. The provision that the Constitution of Rhode Island shall not be changed if two-fifths of the present electorate—much less than that part of the adult male population—are opposed, while in conflict with the

doctrine of majority rule and with early Rhode Island institutions and precedents, is nothing unprecedented. Stability in political institutions is more important than consistency; and a strict application of the doctrine of majority rule would lead straight to the absurdities logically inherent in the system of Rousseau. It would forbid, indeed, the device of a constitutional convention, and require the direct action of the whole mass of citizens, which action might take place as often as revolutions occur in Venezuela. The South American republics furnish the best illustration of the practical results of Rousseau's theory.

We are not greatly impressed by the sufferings of the people of Rhode Island under the rule of their Legislature. If that body does not submit such amendments to the Constitution as are satisfactory to the electors, they can choose such legislators as will carry out their wishes. They would in any event have to choose delegates to a constitutional convention and accept or reject its work. The fact that the convention is the same body as the General Assembly is immaterial, provided the members are elected with reference to the particular issues involved. Let the Constitutional League give out its programme, and, if it pleases the people, they can choose a legislature pledged to submit it, as an amendment, to popular vote.

THE NEW GERMAN CODE.

The revolution which will occur in the laws of Germany at the beginning of the next year is the subject of an article in the October number of the *Forum*. The author, Prof. Sohm, is one of the members of the Code Commission, and his account of the changes effected will be found interesting not only by lawyers, but also by all students of social development. The Roman judicial code has been recognized as the common law of Germany since the close of the fifteenth century. Legal procedure of distinctively German character was confined to particular districts, and when the demands of commerce compelled uniformity, the *corpus juris civilis* was adopted. In the year 1495 the Reichskammergericht was organized, and it was decreed that the judgments of this highest court should be based on Roman law.

As this system came into use to meet the wants of commerce, so it has now been displaced because it failed to meet those wants. There has always been a struggle between the Roman and the customary law. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Roman law was supreme, but in the following ages the native law reasserted itself. By the early part of this century many of the German states had enacted their own law into codes. Their motto was, "Emancipation from the Latin code of Rome." The result was confusion. The German jurisconsults held to the Roman law as more scientific, and the states that adopted independent systems lost touch with the science of jurisprudence as a whole. The new systems were local, not national, and it was not until the empire united the Germans politically that legal uniformity became practicable. The enthusiasm aroused by the war with France overcame particularism, and the advantages of having one system of law for the whole empire were recognized. It has taken many years to create a code, but the work has been done, and henceforth the Roman law is relegated to the universities simply as a means of education. "The last relic of that grand fabric of laws which once dominated the whole world, crumbles to-day."

We can best understand the general characteristics of the new German code if we recall the influences which modified the English common law. We may sum up these influences by calling them the demands of business. Merchants insisted that debtors owning lands should satisfy their debts out of those lands, and the law of real estate was changed. They demanded that their customs in regard to commercial paper and its negotiability should be legalized, and they were legalized. They declared that possession should in certain cases be presumptive evidence of ownership, and so it became. These changes, which are ancient history in our law, have now, according to Prof. Sohm, established themselves in that of Germany. The new code is thoroughly modern in spirit, and this spirit is that of the merchant. It was among the merchants of the towns that the power arose which eventually crushed the spirit of feudalism, and the modern merchant may not inaptly be called "the father of the civil code of Germany."

There has been since 1861 a code governing commercial intercourse throughout Germany, but it related more to trading privileges than to commercial transactions in the broader sense. In the new code the feudal distinctions of classes are not recognized. It does not consider the farmer or the nobleman, but the individual as an "abstract unit"; that is, as the subject of rights of property. As to these rights he is a free agent. He can dispose of property and incur indebtedness. The protection of bona-fide acquisition of property is declared by Prof. Sohm to constitute the fundamental law of the new German code. Thus, in the case of movable, or what we should call personal, property, he who purchases in good faith from one in possession gets a good title, even if the seller was not the true owner. This is true of money, of obligations payable to bearer, and of things bought at auction. But, as in our own law, the maxim *caveat emptor* applies when property has been stolen. Even here, however, there is a limit to uncertainty of title, and ten years' possession establishes absolute ownership.

As regards land, the system of basing title on the official record, which has been carried to great perfection in this country, appears to be completely accepted in the German code. The history of that system, as here developed, has been peculiar. Our forefathers did not get it from the common law or from English precedent, for it has been very imperfectly recognized in England. It is maintained that the Pilgrim Fathers became acquainted with the system during their exile in Holland, and introduced it when they took possession of New England. However this may be, we are assured by Prof. Sohm that under the new code the title to land depends entirely on record, or official registration. All rights of property in land must appear in the *Grundbuch*, which is open to public inspection. Rights not entered here may be lost, for purchasers can deal in safety with owners of record, whether they be the rightful owners or not. From Prof. Sohm's account, we judge that the "Grundbuch" constitutes a complete record, and that it will not be necessary, as it is here, to examine the records of probate and other courts as well as those of the Registrar of Deeds. If our impression is correct, the German system resembles that which has been developed in the Australian colonies, and which is commonly known here as the Torrens system. Theoretically, at least, no more satisfactory scheme for establishing title to real estate has been devised. As to rights of inheritance, what we accomplish by letters of administration will be effected in Germany by the "certificate of inheritance." The possessor of this certificate is conclusively presumed to represent the decedent.

There are many particulars in which this code differs from our own body of law, and it does not undertake to supersede all the existing laws of the German Empire. Its regulations are not to conflict with certain classes of laws which have political relations. There are imperial laws intended to affect the condition of laborers as a class, and provincial laws which may be described as agrarian. These Prof. Sohm compares with the *Jus Civile* of the Romans; the new code is the *Jus Gentium*. The intercourse of the Romans with other peoples created their commercial code, and it is intercourse and exchange that have shaped that of the Germans. Its provisions signify that trade is to be facilitated; that exchange is not to be hampered by unregulated and latent claims of ownership. If this code is to be construed with the enlightened spirit displayed by Prof. Sohm in his exposition of it, it cannot fail to become a boon to merchants and a gain to civilization.

AFTER DREYFUS.

GENEVA, September 20, 1899.

Now that the first storm of righteous indignation at the infamous verdict of Rennes has spent itself in newspaper paragraphs and resolutions of well-meaning philanthropists, we are able to think calmly once more, and to measure with some degree of justice the actual forces at work in the public life of France. That we can really understand them is impossible. The Frenchman is a mystery to us, and is likely to remain so. We may comfort ourselves, if comfort it be, with the reflection that we are as much of a puzzle to him as he can be to us.

A few things are clear. The Dreyfus revision was not, and was never meant to be, a judicial trial, conducted for the purpose of reaching the truth as to the formal issue presented by the indictment. It was a trial of strength between the two great parties into which Frenchmen, no matter what their minor shades of opinion, are and probably always will be divided: namely, the Government and the Opposition. In a sense, this conflict exists, of course, in all countries in which there is any active thought upon the question of government. The very life of the parliamentary state consists in a continued action and reaction of the forces at the moment responsible for administration and those which are waiting their turn to assume this responsibility, with all its burdens and its inevitable defeat. The difference between the issue in France and in other countries is that elsewhere the burning question is always upon this or that individual act of policy or of method; in France it is always upon the very form of government itself. The result is, that any given ministry finds itself responsible, not merely for the maintenance of law and the carrying out of some defined policy, but also for the very existence of the Constitution itself. A false step on the part of a ministry not only involves the minor evil of a change in administration, but also furnishes to the ever-ready enemies of the existing form of government an argument the more for its destruction. The republic in America is on trial only as all human institutions may be said to be on trial; the republic in France is on trial daily and hourly in the minds of multitudes of its own citizens.

The Government went into the Rennes court-martial under these conditions. It knew that it was itself on trial in a very critical meaning of the term. It is worthy of all praise for having had the courage to set in motion the machinery of revision, and to bring the unhappy Dreyfus once more to the judgment of his own kind, and, moreover, this time in the full light of publicity. Having done this, it could do no more. The trial itself was in the hands of soldiers, not of lawyers. It was public, but it was not under the rules of public law. The story of it, published day by day in stenographic completeness, is familiar to every reader. The like of it has not been heard in recent times. There is no reason to doubt the essential honesty of the judges. They believed themselves to be serving a double purpose—a political and a judicial one—and they were in a terrible stress between the two. That is the *crux* of the whole situation. The rest of the world, notably the English-speaking world, persisted in demanding a judicial inquiry, and flew into a moral fury as it became evident that not a judicial inquiry merely, but also a political game, was going on at Rennes, in which the prisoner at the bar was only an unhappy pawn, thrust about hither and thither as the higher interests at stake required.

Our virtue blinded us also to a fine distinction. We fancied, as we came to see more clearly into the obvious iniquities at Rennes, that the issue was clear between our kind of justice on the one hand and politics on the other. A more careful reading of the serious arguments on both sides shows us, however, that the two ideas were more or less mingled in both—more on the side of the *antis*, but a good deal also on the side of the defence. We need take no account of the nauseating flood of wanton exaggeration and abuse let loose upon the reading public in the Paris press. Enough evidence can be found in the serious organs of honest opinion—as, for example, the *Gaulois* newspaper—to confirm this impression. On the morning after the verdict the *Gaulois*, in a congratulatory article, dwelt especially upon this point, that the trial had two objects—justice *and* the public interest. The verdict had secured both objects, and now it was the duty of every one to accept it and unite in the great work of reconciliation and redemption. Doubtless that is a perfectly fair expression of the serious French view of the rights of an individual as compared with the larger interests of public life. It is a view we cannot approve, but we must admit that grave and conscientious men may hold it, and it goes far to explain the judgment of Rennes.

The same point of view crops out also frequently in the defence—naturally enough, of course, in the repelling of charges in which the political element was uppermost, but also abstractly without reference to such provocation. Labori's silence at the close, on the plausible ground that he might have made too clear the conflict of justice and politics, and the tone of Demanges's plea, which was throughout conciliatory, are indications of the kind I mean. The final flourish of the plea, in which, sincerely, we must believe, Demanges demanded acquittal, not on the ground that his client was proved innocent by the evidence, but because his fate was in the hands of *soldiers*, betrays, even in the legal mind, the same confusion of ideas.

If any further proof of the singular lack of clearness in French conceptions of justice were needed, it is found in the verdict of the 9th of September. Away up among the snow-peaks of the Bernese Oberland we heard, on that Saturday evening, only the words, "Dreyfus condemned." That was intelligible, and all the told-you-so's had their brief moment of congratulation. Then came, a few hours later, the rest of it—ten years' imprisonment in France, mitigating circumstances, disagreement of two judges—and therewith the whole inconceivable muddle of ideas. Treason mitigated by circumstances!—a mild punishment which might be treated as already absolved by the years on Devil's Island—probability of executive pardon—what a singular hodge-podge of justice and politics! The man was guilty of a crime for which there can be no palliation, and yet, for reasons which could only be political, the Government was to shoulder the responsibility of a pardon!

The verdict of Rennes was in perfect agreement with the inception and progress of the whole revisionist movement. It was not, in its intention, a triumph of politics over justice; it was an attempt at a compromise between the two, and its fate has been that of most compromises. It really satisfied no one, yet all sides began at once to try and get what comfort they could out of it. The anti-revolutionist press burst out into self-congratulation: France had redeemed herself; the infamous machinations of the "Syndicate" and of the "Triplice" had fallen harmless; the "enemies of France"—enemies only because they were afraid of her—including, of course, the United States, had failed in their furious campaign against her honor! On the other hand, the revisionist papers, headed by the *Figaro*, began to enumerate their causes for congratulation: the disagreement of the court, showing that there were men, even in the army, who could not be dragooned into compliance with wrong; the recommendation to mercy; the desperate refusal of the judges to hear the depositions of foreign officers; the renewed declaration of the German Government that its officials had never had any dealings whatsoever with the prisoner. The interval has shown that the defence had the best of it in this post-bellum reckoning. The universal judgment of Christendom supported it in its estimate, and the Government has confirmed it by its resolution to pardon the condemned man.

The Government of France, then, at the beginning and at the close of the Rennes court-martial, has on the whole shown itself as free from mere political motives as could have been expected. It has not taken sides, but it has seen the thing through, and it still lives. The demonstration is complete that the Dreyfus scandal has been the work, not of the French people, but of a combination between a corrupt army ring and certain desperate political factions who seized upon this, as they are ready to seize upon any other pretext, to make capital for themselves. It is they who hold up before the people the bugbear of foreign aggression, and Jewish plots, and republican corruption in office, and nobody knows what other mare's-nests, to keep alive that Chauvinist instinct which is, after all, the bane of French life in the present as it has been in the past.

E. E.

THE LAST DAYS OF TALLIEN.

PARIS, September 19, 1899.

When Napoleon returned from Egypt, he was on the point of divorcing Josephine. During his absence she had been living among very dissolute women. Mme. Tallien was one of them, and Napoleon, when he reconciled himself with Josephine, insisted upon a rupture between his wife and the mistress of Barras and of Ouvrard. After the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire, Mme. Tallien was completely ostracized; she received no invitation to the court of the First Consul. It is probable, however, that Josephine sometimes received Mme. Tallien secretly at the Malmaison. Bonaparte never changed his orders. We see a proof of it in a letter which he wrote to his wife from Berlin in 1801:

"My friend, I have received your letter. . . . I forbid you to see Mme. Tallien under any pretext. I will admit no excuse. If you wish to preserve my esteem and to

please me, you will never transgress the present order. People say that she comes to your apartments nightly; forbid your porters to let her in. A miserable man has married her. . . . She was an amiable woman; she has become a horrible and infamous woman."

Madame Tallien had a child while her husband was on his way to Egypt; it died soon after its birth. On the 31st of January, 1801, when Tallien was still in Egypt, she had another child, a girl, who was registered under the name of Cabarrus, not of Tallien, and was probably the child of Ouvrard, the contractor. Tallien came back to France in the spring of 1801, having left Egypt by order of Gen. Menou. The ship which brought him back to France was seized by the English, and Tallien was a prisoner till peace was signed. Friends advised him that his wife had had two children during his absence. After some hesitation, he instituted a suit for divorce, and during the suit Madame Tallien had another child.

The divorce could offer no difficulty, and was pronounced on the 2d of April, 1802. Tallien disappears completely from that time. He had not made a fortune in Egypt, as he had hoped. Napoleon disliked and despised him. Through the influence of Fouché and Talleyrand, he obtained, in 1804, a consulship at Alicante. The wife of Junot, the Duchess d'Abrantès, met him at Madrid, at the table of Gen. Beurnonville, French Ambassador to Spain, and writes in her memoirs:

"I had by me a man with a hideous and sinister face, who never said a word. This man was tall, brown, of a morose and bilious aspect, with dark eyes which at first gave you the impression that he was one-eyed. But you soon saw that he had what is called a dragon in one eye. He was sullen, spoke little, and, to tell the truth, he was little spoken to. . . . The unfortunate! what an existence he was leading then."

The war of 1808 put an end to his functions. He was obliged to leave Spain. We see in the memoirs of Barère that Barère met him accidentally in 1812 in the cabinet of the Duke of Rovigo, who was then Minister of Police. In 1815 he went to see Carnot, who did not or would not recognize him. The same year, he gave his vote for the "Acte Additionel" of the Imperial Constitution at the *mairie* of his arrondissement, and thought it necessary to qualify his vote.

"Phrases becoming useless when the dangers of the country are imminent, when the honor and the independence of the nation demand the sacrifice of all individual opinions; wishing above all to be and to remain a Frenchman; hoping for the necessary ameliorations from time, from the experience and the patriotism of the two Chambers, I say Yes."

In 1814 he had received a pension of 6,000 francs from the benevolence of Louis XVIII., and he had to explain his vote upon the King's return after Waterloo. He wrote letters to the King and to Decazes, Minister of Police. These letters are kept in the national archives, and have been published by M. Ch. Nauroy. Tallien implored the mercy of the King, who perhaps had some debt of gratitude contracted during the Revolutionary period to pay him. He was excepted from the law of proscription which condemned to exile all the regicides.

He had so far received a small pension as former Consul, but this pension was suppressed in 1816; he was obliged to leave an apartment which he occupied in the Rue Chabanes, and to live in a small house in the Allée des Veuves. It has often been said, and M. Turquan repeats, that he accepted there the hospitality of his wife, who owned a house called "La Chaumière" in the Allée. M. Lenôtre, who has devoted himself to a minute study of the Revolutionary period and of the men of the Revolution, says that this is an error.

"He did not, whatever may have been said, live in the 'Chaumière'; this property, having appreciated in value, had been cut up into lots. He hired, from a market-gardener, a small house with only two windows in front, much nearer the *Rond Point* of the Champs-Élysées. He lived there alone with a woman servant, without reading or writing. . . . He was often encountered under the elms of the Avenue, walking with difficulty, for he was gouty, with a cane. When he went towards the Seine, he stopped there, contemplating the former 'Chaumière,' transformed into a public house, which, from an old tree, a survivor of the garden of Thérèse, took the name 'À l'Acacia.'" The place was frequented only by wagoners and laundrymen, and nobody knew who this sad pedestrian was, nor what he was looking at. . . . Before the entrance, now full of people drinking, he had seen the horses of the red coach which all Paris knew. He saw again by his side Thérèse, 'dressed in a cloud,' smiling, receiving mute homage."

Thérèse was now a Princess. After her second divorce, she quitted the Chaumière and lived in the Rue de Babylon, in a house the gift of Barras. Reichardt, in his curious book, 'A Winter in Paris under the Consulate,' gives us an enthusiastic description of Thérèse in this new period of her existence and of her house. All the decorations were in that new style which is now called the Empire:

"The magnificent ebony bed in the bedroom is in a severer style than that of Mme. Récamier. Like the latter, it is decorated with pretty gilt bronzes. But the canopy of the bed is higher; it has the form of a round tent, and is supported by the beak of a gilt pelican—a form imported from Egypt. The curtains are of white and crimson satin, with gilt borders, hanging in large folds to the floor. The whole room is decorated with fine bas-reliefs."

The good Reichardt describes even the head-dress of Mme. Cabarrus, her gown, her laces; he seems to have completely fallen under her charm. So did the Count Joseph de Caraman, who was married to her on the 15th Thermidor, year xiii. of the Republic, July 18, 1805. He was thirty-three years old, the son of a former General of the French armies; Thérèse was thirty-two years old at the time. They left for Italy, to settle in Tuscany the affairs of the succession of the Prince de Chimay, as the Count de Caraman was his heir. They were received at the court of the Queen of Etruria, where Mme. de Caraman was much admired.

The principality of Chimay, a place in Hainaut, belonged successively to the houses of Croy, of Arenberg, of Hennin. A Count Riquet de Caraman married the only daughter of Prince Hennin d'Alsace, and it was thus that the principality of Chimay fell to the house of Chimay. Madame de Caraman had had only a civil marriage, and, at the beginning of the Restoration, she wished to have a religious marriage. It was necessary, however, that the *acte de décès* of her first husband, Fontenay, should be produced. Fontenay died very conveniently for her; the religious ceremony was performed, and her position in the world became better assured. For a long time Count de Caraman did not assume his title of Prince de Chimay, though he was owner of the principality of Chimay. The Countess signed her letters Caraman-Chimay. She consulted friends, many of whom advised her to remain simply Madame de Caraman. Another, who was more experienced, told her to have cards engraved with "Prince and Princess de Chimay" and leave them at the doors of her acquaintances. "People will talk about it for a week; the week after, you will be Prince and Princess de Chimay." When Tallien heard of this, he said: "She can do what she likes; she will always in history remain Madame Tallien."

They met each other, perforce, when their daughter Thermidor was married to Félix de Narbonne-Pelet. We read in a letter of M. Boucher de Perthes, who was at the wedding:

"The wedding took place nearly with closed doors. It was necessary that Tallien should be there, as the father. So he was face to face with his ex-wife. After the ceremony, Mme. de Chimay offered to take him back to his house in the Allée des Veuves. He accepted, and took a seat by her in her carriage. On arriving before the Hôtel de Caraman, Mme. de Chimay, who did not wish to go as far as the Champs-Élysées, stopped her berlin and was about to alight from it when the door was opened. M. de Chimay, who was just coming home, advanced his hand towards his wife; he met Tallien's hand. The situation was awkward. Thinking that Tallien wished to accompany his daughter to the end, he begged him to enter. Tallien, though he was himself moved, did not wish to answer politeness with refusal, and accepted. A collation was served; you may judge if it was a gay one, and if the eyes of the party often left their plates. The Princess was the least embarrassed, and did the honors nobly, for she has not only the beauty, but the air, the voice, and the manners of a queen."

The Princess de Chimay lived in affluence and luxury till the 15th of January, 1835. As for Tallien, after the marriage of his daughter, he found himself alone again in his little house in the Allée des Veuves. He led a very solitary life. He formed a little library, and collected documents on the Revolution. Pasquier tells us that he met him once in 1820, on the quays of the Seine, discussing with a *bouquiniste* the price of a set of the *Ami des Citoyens*. It was his own paper, edited during the Revolution. Pasquier told him that he had long looked for a set. "Allow me to offer you the last in existence," said Tallien. Pasquier says that he did not dare to offer him money on the spot. He spoke of Tallien the same evening to Louis XVIII.; the King said to him: "Pasquier, go to Tallien and beg him to accept a pension of a hundred louis from my privy purse." Tallien accepted it; he was reduced to poverty. He did not live long after meeting with Pasquier, for he died November 16, 1820, without any other assistance than that of his woman servant. Nobody noticed his disappearance. The *Journal des Débats* announced his death in a few lines: "The immense service which he rendered to his country on the ninth Thermidor will procure pardon for a vote which he expiated by six years of regret. He would have been reduced to the most absolute distress without the help of an august benefactor."

Correspondence.

ROOSEVELT'S VERIEST NONSENSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his recent campaign speech in Akron, O., Gov. Roosevelt said:

"The talk about the Filipinos having practically achieved their independence is, of course, the veriest nonsense. Aguinaldo, who has turned against us, owed his return to the islands to us. It was our troops, and not the Filipinos, who conquered the Spaniards."

That the Filipino insurgents had a status as belligerents, and that their presence and acts contributed materially to the surrender of Manila and the Spanish army, is evident from a number of admissions made by both the American and the Spanish Peace Commissioners, and published in the official report of their proceedings. The Spanish Commissioners spoke as follows:

"The *status quo* was altered, and continues being altered with daily increasing gravity to the prejudice of Spain, by the Tagalo rebels, who formed during the campaign and still form an auxiliary force to the regular American troops," etc. (Mem. annexed to Protocol I.)

"In spite of a blockade by sea and the siege by land, the former by the American fleet and the latter by forces commanded by a native encouraged and assisted by the American Admiral," etc. (Mem. annexed to Protocol XII.)

"Spanish prisoners held in the possession of the American forces and their auxiliaries, the insurgents of Cebu and the Philippines" (Mem. annexed to Protocol XVI.)

The American Commissioners were even more frank and generous in their recognition of the insurgents. In the memorandum attached to Protocol XIII. they say:

"The city [Manila] was closely besieged on the land side by the insurgents. It was in extremity for provisions, and the insurgents controlled the water supply. The Spanish forces had been unable to raise the siege, and therefore could not escape from the city on the land side. The city was blockaded by the American fleet; the fleet of Spain had been destroyed, and there was no escape for her troops by water."

In their memorandum annexed to Protocol XV. they speak thus:

"The Spanish Commissioners have themselves, in an earlier stage of these negotiations, spoken of the Filipinos as our allies. This is not a relation which the Government of the United States intended to establish; but it must at least be admitted that the insurgent chiefs returned and resumed their activity with the consent of our military and naval commanders, who permitted them to arm with weapons which we had captured from the Spaniards, and *assured them of fair treatment and justice.*"

Furthermore, on September 5, 1898, when Spain, not yet realizing that she would have to "cede" the Philippines, asked our Government for the release of the Spanish soldiers captured in Manila in order that they might be employed in putting down the rebellion, the Department of State refused the request, "in view of the fact that, for some time before the surrender of Manila, the Spanish forces in that city were besieged by the insurgents by land while the port was blockaded by the forces of the United States by sea." Even the treaty of peace (art. vi.) obligates the United States "to undertake the release of all Spanish prisoners in the hands of the insurgents in Cuba and the Philippines"—thus putting both rebel armies on the same footing.

Surely Gov. Roosevelt cannot deny that the Filipinos contributed to the conquest of the Spaniards. Indeed, it cannot be doubted that (after Dewey had annihilated the Spanish fleet) the Filipino army was entirely competent to take Manila and liberate their native land—what the Cubans could not have done in Cuba. The American Commissioners say (Mem. to Protocol XIII.): "The world knows that the attack [on Manila] was only delayed to protect the city and its Spanish inhabitants from the dreaded vengeance of the insurgents." President McKinley (as reported by Ambassador Cambon on July 31) said the same: "If the American forces retain up to now their respective positions, it is in obedience to a duty imposed upon me in favor of residents and foreigners by the progress of the Tagalo insurrection." In other words, we kept the Filipinos back, and they held back because they trusted us.

Finally, in one of the cheap American magazines of the current year (I forget which one) there appeared an article by Eduard André, who was Belgian Consul at Manila during the siege, and who conducted the negotiations for surrender between the Spaniards and the American. The article was worth preserving as an historical document. A reading of it makes it evident that the Filipino army was quite a factor in the siege and surrender of Manila.

God knows that no deeper sorrow has come upon our people since our own civil war than this, that we are arrayed in arms against a people whom "we assured of fair treatment and justice," and who ask and fight for the right of self-government. Our natural sympathy is with all rebels, for we were rebels—with Boers, Irish, Poles, Filipinos. The men who substituted the word "cede" for the word "relinquish" in that clause of the peace treaty which relates to the Philippines, will get a sharp lesson as soon as the plain American people can get at the ballot-box.

DAVID JESSUP DOHERTY, M.D.

CHICAGO, September 28, 1899.

CHARLESTON IN 1757.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Notices of Charleston in colonial days are so few in number and meagre in matter that I send you an account written in 1757. The writer was a companion of Washington in the frontier war with the French, and had gone with a Virginia regiment into Carolina. He served well, but became politically ambitious and went to England, where he was agent for the Ohio Company, nearly succeeding in destroying its claims by uniting with another company having more influential backing. His act was disavowed by the Ohio Company, and he became an applicant for the governorship of Florida. Later he was a Loyalist, and was in Paris as a paid spy and agent of the British Government.

I add a letter copied many years ago from a manuscript in the Lee collection, and a third paper, the source of which I do not recall, unless it was in the Ford collection. The three papers are complementary to one another. WORTHINGTON C. FORD.

BOSTON, September 5, 1899.

GEORGE MERCER TO WASHINGTON.

Dear Colonel

I wrote you Viâ Philadelphia a few Days after my Arrival, but as We have certain Advice of that Vessel's calling in at Cape François, I set down to write you the same as near as I can guess, only adding the News that We have had in the Interim

No Doubt you'l expect a particular and authentic Account of this Place and its Inhabitants. I shall endeavor to satisfy you in both as far as my Knowledge of Them & Capacity will admit, & to begin I never, from Accounts, was so much disappointed in my Expectations of both. The Town in the first Place is little larger than Wms Burg no Buildings in it to compare with our Public ones there, far inferior to Philadelphia N York, Boston or even New Port itself. The Town is built on a Point of Land between two Rivers. On the Bay there are some very good Houses, & it is from thence it shows to the greatest Advantage. The rest of the Town is indifferently improved, many very bad low clapboard Houses upon their Principal streets which are in general narrow & confined. The Inhabitants, who you remember were esteemed the polite & genteelest People on the Continent, are egregiously misrepresented. I believe tho they will mend for I find a considerable Alteration since I first came here, but they never will come up to the Character given Them. What adds to make this Place at present disagreeable is that most of the Gent of Note are out at their Indigo Plantations, so that we have nothing left but a Set of trading Ones, who esteem you for Nothing but your Money, & who don't very genteely treat you for that. Youl be surprized I have not yet mentioned the fair Ones. I wish I coud call Them so, I assure you they are very far inferior to the Beauties of our own Country, & as much on the Reserve as in any Place I ever was, occasioned by the Multiplicity of Scandal which prevails here; for the chief of your Entertainment even in the best Houses & at the first Introduction is upon that agreeable Subject, then you hear the Termagant the Inconstant, the Prude & Coquette the fine Gent & the fine Lady laid off in their most beautiful Colors, with their Observations if they had so behaved (which you are sure of having the Pleasure to hear at the next House you go to) what they shoud think of Themselves—in short two Families here are sufficient to inform you of the Character of every one in the Place. A great Imperfection here too, is the bad Shape of the Ladies. Many of Them are crooked & have a very bad Air. . . . I am afraid I have tired your Patience & doubt not but you are as much disappointed at reading This, as I was at having an Opportunity of writing it to you.

The many Favors my dear Colonel that I have received at your Hands woud make Me blush at begging an Addition to Them, did I not know your Goodness in excusing such Freedoms. I believe you are very sensible of the Governors great Inclination to deprive Me of any Thing that he genteely coud, and I am certain that he woud be glad of an Opportunity of putting any One over my Head, but I hope Sr you will be kind enough to see Me Justice done in that Respect. You are the only Friend I have to apply to at this Distance, & in whose Power it is to assist Me. I rely solely upon your Goodness in Case of a Vacancy, as it is now my Right, thro your Friendship, to see Me prefered in Turn.

We have Advice here and it seems to be well attested that the Austrian Army met with a total Defeat. They had upwards of 7000 taken Prisoners about 9000 killed in the Field above 200 Pieces of Cannon and all their Field Equipage fell into the Hands of the Prussians, who immediately entered Prague Sword in Hand, where they made Prisoners & killed the greatest Part of the Austrian Army who had taken Refuge there. You will I hope hear it confirmed e'er you see this. No one doubts it here.

I take the Liberty to mention the Inconvenience which I see must necessarily arise if the Troops are not properly clothed again next Year. They make a very good Appearance here, and are much esteemed for their orderly Behavior. They are extreamly well satisfied at

their present Situation, besides their usual Allowance in Virg[a] of 1 lb of Meat & Bread per Day, they get ½ pt. of Rum 1 pt. of Rice, & pt. Pease Pepper Salt & Vinegar beside Greens of some Kind every Day.

We have met with a Set of very genteel pretty Officers here of the Royals. Harmony & Unanimity prevail greatly among Us, and there is no Demand made for Necessaries for their own Troops in which ours are not joined. We do Duty of all Kinds with Them, & our Men are exercised in Battalion w[th] theirs.

As I know the Major Tulliken is an Acquaintance of yours I need not say any Thing in his Praise, as every one who knows him, must immediately discover the polite well bred Gent, as well as the good & diligent officer in Him. He is much esteemed here by Civil & Military.

Col[o] Bouquet I shoud have done Injustice to, to have omitted particularly in my Letter. He is I believe well acquainted with his Duty a good natured sensible Man, very obliging to all under his Command, and the only one of the Foreigners I am told on whom his Lordship much depends. In short we are looked upon in quite another Light by all the officers than we were by Gen[l] Braddock or M[r] Orme, and do our Duty equally without any Partiality or particular Notice taken of one more than the other. I conceive great Hopes of our living here vastly happy so soon as the chief Families of this Place resume their Post in Town, their Absence now I assure you makes the Town very unsociable. Nothing but the good Harmony that subsists among ourselves woud make it tolerable.

It is a very odd Method of judging but however tis the Place upon which most of the World goes, and therefore to find ourselves judged for the Errors or Imperfections of others is not very unaccountable, but we have been told here by the officers that nothing ever gave them such Surprize as our Appearance at entering Hampton, for expecting to see a Parcel of ragged disorderly Fellows headed by Officers of their own Stamp (like the rest of the Provincials they had seen) behold they saw men properly disposed who made a good, & Soldier like Appearance and performed in every Particular as well as coud be expected from any Troops with officers whom they found to be Gent; to see a Sash & Gorget with a genteel Uniform, a Sword properly hung, a Hat cocked, Persons capable of holding Conversation where only common Sense was requisite to continue the Discourse, and a White Shirt, with any other than a black Leather Stock, were Matters of great Surprize and Admiration & which engaged Them all to give Us a polite Invitation to spend the Evening, & after to agree to keep us Company which they had determined before not to do, agreeable to what they had practised with the other Provincial Troops. We have lost that common Appellation of Provincials, & are known here by the Style & Title of the Detachment of the Virg[a] Regiment.

They have passed a Vote here for granting a Sum for raising 700 Men subject to the Order & Disposal of Lord Loudown, have put them on the same Establishment with our Troops, and have given your old Acquaintance Howarth the Command of Them as Lieu[t] Col[o] & Comandant of the S[o] Carolina Provincials. I fear they will be a long Time raising, I dare venture to engage not before the Act expires which is only for 12 Months two of which are now lapsed and not one Man recruited, or a Commission given out—strange Delay.

I cant tell what to expect on this Quarter this Summer whether Peace, or War—one Day they are secure, the next alarmed by hearing of a large Embarkation of Troops for Cape François. We have had an account of 2 or 3 several Squadrons with Troops on Board touching there, since We have been at this Place. Tis known some of Them have gone to the Mississippi, they are still under Apprehensions but I think without a Cause.

Our latest News is of so long a Date that I imagine it coud be none to you before this will come to Hand. The Defeat of the Austrians is confirmed.

In Case of Col[o] Stephen's Removal from this Command wh I believe he is tired of, I hope it will be agreeable to you that I shoud succeed him. Youl scarce believe that the Colonel never appears here but in full dressed laced Suits—so great a Change has Carolina preduced.

I hope Dear Colonel you'l favor Me with a Letter now & then, I assure you nothing woud give Me greater Pleasure than to hear frequently from you. None of our Detachment has ever yet received a Line or heard from Virginia.

If I remember well, I informed you before that M[r] Stretch had promised to be particularly careful of & forward any Letters to or from Me. Philadelphia too woud be a ready Conveyance for Letters from your Quarter.

Virginia has gained great Credit by sending Troops here, tis more than any of the other Colonies or Provinces have done; & I assure you our Men behave extreamly well.

Three or four of our Serjeants will get Commissions in the Charles Town Regiment.

I fear I have tired your Patience by this, therefore beg Leave to conclude & assure you that with great Esteem and Respect I subscribe myself

D[r] Colonel
Your most obliged Friend
&
obedient humble Servant
G[o] Mercer

Charles Town
August 17[th] 1757

TO THE EARL OF HILLSBOROUGH.

My Lord.

I take the Liberty to inform your Lordship, that I have been deprived of the Honour of waiting on you for your Commands, by a violent Cold, which has confined me twelve Days to my House.

As the Government of West Florida is still vacant, I hope your Lordship will not think it impertinent in me to renew my Petition for that Employment. I have not many Friends whom I can ask to second my Application; and as your Lordship has been so partial to my Sufferings, to honour me with your Protection on a former Occasion, their Solicitations would intrude on your Lordship's more necessary Engagements.

I beg your Lordship will give me Leave again to inform you that I served my King in the most disagreeable and dangerous War, in America nine Years, was strongly and particularly recommended by the Legislature & Governor and Council of Virginia to his Majesty, in Consequence of my Services and Recommendations, was appointed Chief Distributor of Stamps in Virginia, an Appointment which in itself cost me more than £1000, and on my Return here was by an Address of the House of Commons generally recommended to his Majesty for some Employment, to which he was most graciously pleased to say he would attend, and direct such as came within the Intention of it, to be provided for; I have been permitted by a Memorial to state these Facts to his Majesty long since, and have, my Lord, only now to add that I have waited here almost seven Years, in Expectation of some Reward for my Services or Expences. Thus, Sir, am I circumstanced, and I have presumed to represent my Situation to your Lordship, convinced, from your known Justice and Benevolence, if you think my Pretensions entitle me to ask so much, that you will lay Them before my Royal Master, and I have the Vanity to hope they will procure me all I ask or wish.

I beg your Lordship will pardon me for troubling you so often. I shall make it my Study on every Occasion to approve myself

His Majesty's most faithful & loyal Subject,
and My Lord, Your Lordships most obedient
most devoted and most humble Servant,
G[eo] Mercer.

Holles Street,
Decr. the 16th 1767.

TO HIS BROTHER.

PARIS, 10 March, [1779]

Hearing that your dear Brother is still at Nantes, I determine to write to my dear Brother *again*, as I am informed the Fleet will sail immediately; and that no later Opportunity can offer from hence to overtake it. I do not recollect how many Letters from me Mr. Dick is charged with; but I beg when you see Them, and are convinced that I have ever endeavoured to bind to my Bosom by the most endearing Ties my Brothers and Sisters, that you will write me one single Letter in Return; in whatever Style you please, and think I deserve. I ask no greater Boon from you: It can do you no very great Violence I think, to write, in your own Style and Manner, your real Sentiments and Opinion of me, and my Actions—and I conjure you to say Nothing but the Truth. If I have sinned against you, I wish sincerely to know it. If I find myself in the wrong, I shall make every Acknowledgment and Reparation in my Power—but I shall never quarrel with any Man for giving it under his Hand that he is my Enemy; On the Contrary I shall commend him for his Candour; I shall take Care after, that he never deceives me.

I expect and hope to quit this Place soon, not only because it is to me an extremely disagreeable one, but because my Health requires it. I have been almost blind for a Fortnight, and have at this Moment one of my Eyes bound up and cataplasmed: A violent Inflamation fixed in Them, and I have greatly suffered from it; but the Pain is now ceased, and one of Them has resumed its usual Colour and Size. The Faculty say the Wound in my Arm healed too soon; and has occasioned the Humour in my Eyes. They have ordered me to Aix la Chapelle, whither I shall proceed as soon as I am in travelling Order, and I shall remain there till autumn at least, as well for the Benefit of the Waters, as to *perfect* myself in the German Language, which I have made a considerable Progress in already, and being Master of the French, the other will be a Change & Relief; Beside it will be particularly useful to me, should I determine to go into Trade, whenever a Peace is made with America.

If you address me as 6 contra M Panchaud will always forward my Letters to me whereever I am. If Heaven would send a Peace to America and England, I shall immediately return to this Quarter, that I may be in the Way of News, ready to take such Ships as may be necessary. As you may suppose I am thoroughly acquainted with your Writing, it will be unnecessary for you to sign your Name to any Letter, you may chuse to favour me with.

Mr. Adams, one of the last Commissioners here, having been superseded by the sole appointment of Dr. F[rankli]n as Minister Plenipotentiary, has left Paris to return to America —to complain, I am told, grievously—but I know not what about. It was not well to give Power to one; the Triumvirate, it is said, agreed but illy together, and but little better with the Subjects of America who fell into their Hands here. To the great Prejudice and Scandal of the Appointment and Name of Ambassadors they all quarreled with each other, and have made Parties against each other—but not in their own Favour, or to their own Advantage; for I never heard of one of Them that was spoken well of. Dr. F—— is well spoken of and received among the *French*, as a *Philosopher*. He is very old, and it is astonishing the C[ongres]s should not have appointed a Secretary to the Ambassy here, for should the Dr. die—it would be six Months at least before another could arrive here to fill his Place.

Every one must see the Confusion that would occasion should it happen at this Juncture. Do you imagine there is a Man in Virginia who would believe, were he ever to have Admission to the Record of Con[gres]s that—

[Rest of MS. wanting.]

Notes.

Francis P. Harper's fall announcements include number three of the "American Explorers" series, 'On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer,' being the diary of Francisco Garces, missionary priest, in his travels through Sonora, Arizona, and California, 1775-76, now first translated and carefully edited, with plates and maps, by Dr. Elliott Coues; 'Essays in Librarianship and Bibliography,' by Dr. Richard Garnett; Cennino Cennini's 'Art of the Old Masters,' newly translated by Christiana J. Herringham; a new edition of Cripps's 'Old English Plate,' revised and enlarged; 'Good Citizenship,' twenty-one essays edited by the Rev. J. E. Hand and Canon Gore; 'Naval Yarns of Sea-Fights, Wrecks, Etc.,' collected and edited by W. H. Long; and 'A Cockney in Arcadia,' by Harry A. Spurr.

Further announcements by Macmillan Co. are 'Greek Terracotta Statuettes,' by A. G. Murray of the British Museum; 'Romances of Roguery,' by Frank Wadleigh Chandler; 'More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden,' by Mrs. C. W. Earle, author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden,' and a series of Manuals of English Composition, by Prof. Edwin Herbert Lewis of the University of Chicago.

'Pictures and Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti,' compiled with an introduction by Fitz Roy Carrington, and 'The Worldly Wisdom of Chesterfield,' gathered by W. L. Sheppard, are to be issued by R. H. Russell.

Richard G. Badger & Co., Boston, promise shortly 'From Yauco to Las Marias,' a story of the campaign in western Porto Rico by the Independent Regular Brigade under Brig.-Gen. Schwan, told by Private Karl Stephen Herrmann; 'The Sicilian Idylls of Theocritus,' translated into English lyric measure by Marion Mills Miller; 'Julia Marlowe,' by John D. Barry, volume one in the "Sock and Buskin Biographies"; 'French Portraits,' appreciations of latter-day French writers by Vance Thompson; 'Old Madame, and Other Tragedies,' by Harriet Prescott Spofford; 'The House of the Sorcerer,' a story of negro life, by Haldane McFall, stepson of Mrs. Sarah Grand, author of the 'Heavenly Twins'; 'Pepys's Ghost,' by Edwin Emerson, jr.; 'Camp Arcady,' by Floy Campbell; 'Vassar Stories,' the *Century's* prize story, by Miss Grace Margaret Gallaher; 'The Price of Blood,' an extravaganza, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle; 'The Fairy Spinning-Wheel,' from the French of Catulle Mendès; 'The Sirens Three,' by Walter Crane; and 'Illustrated Ditties of the Olden Time,' a reprint.

A revised edition of Dr. Richard G. Moulton's 'Literary Study of the Bible' is in the press of D. C. Heath & Co.

Another volume will shortly be published by the Public Record Office, London, of the Calendars of State Papers, Colonial Series. Its contents will cover the period 1685 to 1688, while considerable progress has been made in calendaring the papers of the years 1689-'90-'91, and '92 for another volume which will probably appear at the end of 1900 or early in 1901. The documents already dealt with afford ample materials for a history of the Revolution of 1688, as regards its effects upon the colonies. The work is in the thoroughly competent hands of the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, a younger son of Earl Fortescue, fast building up a solid reputation as an historian. The first two volumes of Mr. Fortescue's 'History of the British Army' will appear in the course of November or December. They bring the story down to 1763. The work will be completed, down to 1870, in two subsequent volumes. With the materials at his command, Mr. Fortescue could have easily filled ten volumes instead of the two.

A recent number of the *Zeitschrift* of the German Oriental Society (Vol. 53, Heft 2) contains the important announcement that Messrs. Williams & Norgate propose to publish an exhaustive and scientifically arranged index to the names in the 'Mahabharata,' with short explanations, compiled by S. Sörensen, Ph.D., at the price of seven shillings and sixpence for each of the twelve parts, the whole to fill about 1,100 quarto pages; provided that a sufficient number of subscribers are secured. Prof. Geldner publishes this appeal, and warmly approves of it.

Very well worth reprinting, and attractively reprinted by G. P. Putnam's Sons, is Abraham Hayward's sometime famous *Quarterly Review* essay on 'The Art of Dining.' No one will dine by any rules here given, so far as mere receipts for cooking are concerned, and it may be doubted if Mr. Hayward was an epicure. In fact, he declared himself comparatively indifferent to eating, and said that he would not eat half the dishes mentioned in his article if he were paid for it. But his essay is none the less delightful on that account, and its elaborate Johnsonian periods give dignity to an occupation which, on the whole, very well deserves it. Diners and dinners are treated *con amore*, and the pleasures of refined festivity are enlarged upon with judicious and appreciative comment.

'Adam Smith' is the contribution of Mr. Hector C. Macpherson to the "Famous Scots" series published by the Scribners. As a biography it is inadequate, whatever value it has being due to extracts from Mr. Rae's excellent book. As an attempt to connect Adam Smith's principles with a theory of evolution, it is more interesting, although not at all impressive.

'The Young Citizen,' by the Rev. C. F. Dole (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.), has merit beyond most books of its class as emphasizing the distinctions between true patriotism and the chauvinism which is often passed off as the genuine article. The book is intended as a reader for the school and home, and aims to encourage "the warm ethical and patriotic feeling, which moves instinctively with the growing consciousness of the child, that right and wrong are involved in politics." The illustrations are in many cases poor and inappropriate.

From the Macmillan Co. we receive two small volumes entitled 'State Trials: Political and Social,' by H. L. Stephen. The editor states that, after making his selection, he became aware that Mr. Leslie Stephen, in his 'Hours in a Library,' had chosen for notice precisely the trials here reported. There is enough difference, however, in the character of the works to make their identity of subject immaterial. The editor of these volumes has confined his task to the selection of passages to be transcribed bodily from Howell's pages, to providing connecting links between them, and to supplying such notes as may enable the reader to understand the facts which resulted in the intervention of the State. The most important of the trials summarized are those of Sir Walter Raleigh, Charles I., the Regicides, Lord Russell, and the Earl of Warwick. There are as many more in which the names of the defendants are less noted, but which are not the less interesting for the light they throw on the jurisprudence of the past, as well as on its beliefs and prejudices.

When 'On Many Seas,' by Herbert Elliott Hamblen, made its appearance, it was such a complete, convincing, and conclusive narrative of personal experience that it was evident that the author could never again employ the same episodes so effectively. 'The Yarn of a Bucko Mate' (Scribners) confirms this forecast. In this story, as in others that he has written which relate to the sea, Mr. Hamblen is technically accurate in describing the handling of a ship under all emergencies; he is equally accurate in his descriptions of the former brutality of the mates of Western ocean ships to the men under their command. When he strays from these topics, and, in order to pad out his volume, tells of adventures (to-day) on the west coast of South America possible only in the palmy time of pirates or freebooters, then we must cease to take Mr. Hamblen seriously.

Madame Zenaïde A. Ragozin, who is already known by her books in the "Story of the Nations" series as an expert and trustworthy popularizer, has just issued a little primer of the beginnings of history ('A History of the World: Earliest Peoples.' New York: William Beverley Harrison). It can be heartily commended as an honest and successful attempt to make the cave-dwellers, the lake-dwellers, the mound-builders, and the historical civilization of the valley of the Euphrates, the Sumero-Accadians, Semites, etc., intelligible and interesting to children. The style is excellent for its purpose; the illustrations could hardly be better chosen or reproduced; the pronunciation of the proper names is indicated according to the method of the 'Century Cyclopædia of Names.' Other volumes are promised to carry the history down.

Mr. Clemens has just accused the Jews of a lack of organization. The latest book issued by the Jewish Publication Society of America ("The American Jewish Year-Book, 5660, September 5, 1899, to September 23, 1900,' edited by Cyrus Adler) tends to roll away that reproach, or, rather, to show its falsehood so far as the accusation could be truly a reproach. Without doubt this book will be extremely useful. It consists of a calendar marking Sabbaths, festivals, fasts, and Scripture portions, pp. 1-13; two short historical sketches—very sketchy, indeed—of the past year in this country and in Europe as it affected the Jews, pp. 14-33; a directory of national organizations, pp. 34-104, of local organizations, pp. 105-270; a bibliography of Jewish periodicals, past and present, published in the United States, pp. 271-282; statistics of population, pp. 283-285; and a chronological list of leading events of the past year. The accuracy of the directories which form the *raison d'être* of the book can be tested only by use. The historical sketches range from immigration statistics through Zionism and Dreyfus to Zangwill. On pp. 42-49 there is an extremely interesting account of the activities of the Baron de Hirsch Fund. Pages 99-104, by

means of the two organizations, the Orthodox Congregational Union and the Union of Hebrew Congregations, illustrate the deep cleft in Judaism. It would be hard to find flatter opposition than between "We protest against the idea that we are merely a religious sect, and maintain that we are a nation, though temporarily without a national home" (p. 100), and "The Jews are not a nation, but a religious community" (p. 103). The book may thus be commended, not only to Jews in search of information as to their own congregations and societies, but also to all who wish to understand the diverging aims and varying attitudes of mind to be found among American Israelites. The Zionist movement is coming to be of sufficient general political importance to repay study. A *Juden-staat* in Palestine under German protection and Turkish suzerainty would raise curious problems.

The names attached to 'A Text-Book of General Physics,' by Charles S. Hastings and Frederick E. Beach (Ginn & Co.), are a sufficient guarantee that it has considerable merits. Prof. Hastings's favorite subject of optical instruments receives two chapters. An attentive perusal of the whole book has not greatly impressed us with its perspicuity. Many objections might be made to the chapters on the all-important matter of dynamics, which are quite inadequate to the needs of students.

'Psychology in the Schoolroom,' by T. F. G. Dexter and A. H. Garlic (Longmans, Green & Co.), is perhaps as good a book as could be expected in the present transitional stage both of the science and of the art to which it relates. It has a pedagogical formalism which seems to contemplate a very immature state of mind on the part of the intending teacher who is to study it.

Dr. Maurice de Fleury, author of 'Le Corps et l'Âme de l'Enfant' (Paris: A. Colin & Cie.), is one of those who look to imitation of the Anglo-Saxons as a curative agent for the malady of France. We are not called upon to express an opinion about that, though the French are not the only people among whom vanity mistakes itself for honor. The book contains a great deal of good sense so expressed as to make the reader think it ought to be commonplace; and in truth there is no great novelty in it.

The particular originality of M. Jean Schopfer's book, 'Le Voyage Idéal en Italie' (Paris: Perrin & Cie.), which has just appeared, is, that in giving an itinerary of six months' travel he does not follow a geographical order, which, in its brusque transitions from ancient to modern, pagan to Christian, produces, he believes, a confused and unpleasant impression. He traces instead the ideal journey that could be made by any amateur who wished to establish a chronological sequence in the great periods of art as they are manifested in the cities of Italy. "My sole condition," he says, "is that distance shall count for nothing." His starting-point is Pæstum. From the temple of Poseidon he travels for a ten days' visit to Naples and Pompeii; from there to Rome for three weeks, and then to Florence for two days, keeping always close to the study of the antique from its beginning to its decadence, and ignoring, for the time being, any later art. He then returns to Rome, but blind to pagan antiquity, and wholly under the influence of St. Paul and the Evangelists. He prepares himself by a study of these, and of 'Les Origines du Christianisme,' 'Archäologie der Altchristlichen Kunst,' and other works on early Christian times, to appreciate the Coliseum, the Catacombs, and the first Christian churches. The next city he visits is Ravenna, where there are eight churches of the fifth and sixth centuries. A journey across the Apennines then brings the ideal traveller, by way of Ancona and Foligno, to Assisi, "toward which Saint Francis prepares the way." Observing always the chronological order, Mr. Schopfer discusses briefly the artistic merit of all the important works of the Tuscan school from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, to be studied during two months spent at Florence, Pisa, Arrezzo, Siena, and Lucca. Finally, leaving Tuscany, he journeys southwards by way of Siena, San Gimignano, and Orvieto, to Rome again for a prolonged sojourn. Having thus completed his tour, he spends several weeks visiting Bologna, Rimini, Milan, Venice, Padua, Ferrara, Naples, and the various other cities where all the schools of art may be reviewed in a general way.

'Consular Reports' for September contains an analysis of the new tariff of Jamaica, and shows its effect on trade. There is also a long list of the importers of Johannesburg in the Transvaal, and interesting reports upon the proposed reorganization of the German consular service and the education of "consular pupils," and upon roads in Silesia, and United States trade in China.

The *Geographical Journal* for September opens with a description of Patagonia, by Dr. F. P. Moreno, the results of his explorations during the last twenty-six years. Among other noteworthy facts he calls attention to the remarkable phenomenon of the apparently varying watershed. The streams on the divide "sometimes flow into the Atlantic rivers, and at other times into those of the Pacific, their course often depending on periods of rain or drought, or the shifting of sand or shingle, and also, sometimes in certain springs, on the action of rodents." He believes it possible that a great portion of the actual upheaval of the Andean Cordillera and its vicinity "took place in very modern epochs," human remains and ruins of extensive villages being found at heights where man could not now find the means of existence. Capt. G. E. Smith describes the building of a wagon-road in British East Africa to Lake Victoria, which, in connection with the railway from Mombasa, now furnishes easy and rapid communication between Uganda and the coast. It is 400 miles long, took two years to build, and cost $85,000. The growing importance of Mantchuria makes Mr. R. T. Turley's "notes of a tour" in the neutral zone between it and Korea known as "No Man's Land," of peculiar interest. It is accompanied by an admirable map. Gold is quite abundant in some of the eastern valleys, the miners being numbered by the thousands, and one extensive district "abounds in coal and splendid iron and limestone."

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for September contains a plea for the union of the Russian and Indian railway systems, by building a line through Afghanistan from Kushk, the terminus of the Transcaspian line, to Chaman, the terminus of the Quetta Railway. The distance is only 438 miles, the country "presents no engineering difficulties of moment," and the journey from London to India, which now occupies seventeen days, could then be accomplished in a week. The article is accompanied by a sketch map, showing the routes of the projected English, Russian, and German railways in central and western Asia. There is also an account of Vancouver's Island, the interior of which is still unexplored in some places; and notes, with illustrations, on the glacial phenomena of Colombia.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, No. 7, contains the conclusion of the elaborate examination, by Paul Langhans, of the changes in the German and Czech population of northern Bohemia, as shown by comparing the census returns of 1890 with those of 1880. Other articles are on the geology of Haiti, a report of a journey in German East Africa, and a review of Drygalski's account of his expedition to Greenland.

Viggo Valdemar Holm, better known under his pseudonym "Woldemar," died in Copenhagen on August 28. Holm was born in Elsinore, October 25, 1855. He took the theological examination in 1881, and at the time of his death was a teacher in one of the public schools in Copenhagen. His first publication, a volume of poems of no special importance, appeared in 1884, but his reputation was first established by his 'Curious Tales from the Time of the Witches,' in which, with fine art, he reproduced the spirit and style of the three centuries preceding this. His first drama, "Gregers," was performed at the Royal Theatre with some degree of success.

—The twelfth volume of Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society (1897-1899) brings the record down to February of the present year, before the new rooms of the Society were ready for occupancy. Full or partial notice, often with portraits, is taken of several deceased members, including Justin Winsor, John Amory Lowell, Amos A. Lawrence, George S. Hale, Edward L. Pierce, and Theodore Lyman. Dr. Samuel A. Green makes an important addition to previously printed lists of American imprints during the seventeenth century; and Mr. Andrew McF. Davis acutely identifies an overlooked pamphlet by Thomas Hutchinson on the subject of paper money—one more example of the unfortunate Governor's services to his native New England. Mr. A. C. Goodell, in presenting the original draught of the Address to the People of the United States adopted at the anti-Texas meeting in Faneuil Hall, January 29, 1845, shows that the first part, declaring such annexation "a plain violation of the Constitution," and that "there is no constitutional power in any branch of the Government, or all the branches of the Government, to annex a foreign state to the Union," was in Daniel Webster's handwriting. But no further was Webster ready to show his hand, and he absented himself from the meeting. Another interesting communication was made by the President, Charles Francis Adams, of a copy of a letter written to his namesake by John Quincy Adams, dated Washington, March 19, 1838. This document reads like an attempt to set the then Massachusetts Representative right with posterity regarding the Cilley-Graves duel, and his own abstention from attacking the practice of duelling at that time. His account of the affair is perfectly unpartisan and unsectional, and closes with some pregnant sentences characteristic of the Old Man Eloquent:

"The career of Mr. Cilley," says Mr.

Adams, "is that of an ambitious Northern young man struggling to rise on a Southern platform. His fate is an exemplification of what that sort of ambition may expect. He had already announced that he had no sympathies for Indians or for human beings of a darker hue; and this declaration had already brought him golden opinions from the carnation color of the South. He seized the first possible opportunity to announce and prove himself an unerring marksman with the rifle, and to select it as his favorite weapon for settling his points of honor. The selection of his second was as intrepid as that of his instrument. All this was to display to the South and West how high he soared above the region of Yankee prejudices. A wise and just Providence, mysterious in its ways, but instructive in its doom, had ordained that his experiment should leave a monumental warning to his successors. May its lesson be understood, and not be lost!"

—The fifteen documents which are contained in volumes xlvii.-l. of the 'Jesuit Relations' (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.) cover a range of six years, 1661-67, and consist almost wholly of annual reports or of journals kept by the fathers at Quebec. Among the papers which are now comprised under these two heads, the most important one is a statement of the lands held by the Society in 1663. No striking change of topic thrusts itself upon one's notice in the Relations of Lalemant and Le Mercier. The Iroquois scourge is still the bane of the colony and the condition which trammels missionary effort. Of all the nations, the Mohawks are represented as being most hostile to the French and Christianity, while the Onondagas make fair professions, come on embassies, and have been even known to rescue French captives from destruction. The colony continues to grow, but not so rapidly that the arrival of 82 women and 130 laboring men in October, 1665, is not a great event. The military footing of the Laurentian communities improves with the arrival of the Marquis de Tracy and several companies of soldiers, although attempts to punish the Five Nations fail of their purpose. One watches with interest, in this second generation of Jesuit propaganda, the character of the Algonquins, who, having been Christianized in the days of Champlain, were resident at Sillery, near Quebec. Apparently, their half-agricultural life had not enervated them, for Lalemant, in his Relation for 1662-'63, describes a victory won by them over the Iroquois in which they killed a redoubtable chief named Garistatsia, "the Iron." More remarkable still, they did not burn the prisoners taken in the fight, but shot them. "Reasons of state condemned them to death, but Christian piety exempted them from the stake." Among the unusual occurrences of this period was the great earthquake of 1663. Simon describes its effects in Nova Scotia, and Lalemant is very circumstantial in his account of how, for three months, it kept the St. Lawrence white and turbid. In observing such phenomena, however, the Jesuit Father was not usually at his best.

—Among the numerous scientific parties which studded the India zone of totality during the solar eclipse of January 22, 1898, was one organized on a modest scale by the Jesuit Fathers of the Western Bengal Mission, of Saint Xavier's College, Calcutta. Their meagre resources and the nature of their instruments—largely of their own device and construction—greatly circumscribed the field of their research. Still, the diligent Fathers have the noble satisfaction, first, of having added a mite of useful information to the wealth of evidence acquired during the last eclipse, and, second, of thinking "that they were there and witnessed it." In the hope that the results of their expedition may be of some interest to the general public, the Rev. V. de Campigneulles has embodied them in a small quarto (Longmans, Green & Co.) with fourteen plates, introducing such elementary explanations as were necessary to a proper understanding of the work accomplished. As neither Calcutta nor Darjeeling was favorably placed, the Fathers (a party of twenty, including assistants) took up their station at Dumraon, near Buxar, close on the line of central eclipse. Their equipment embraced two telescopes and five cameras, and the clear Indian skies permitted their complete operation throughout. The volume closes with a chapter on the popular Hindu method of regarding an eclipse. It is a hard day for the orthodox native, who must perforce purify himself and his dwelling, prepare and eat his meals in a particular way and at discouragingly long intervals, give to the poor, and otherwise, by similar unpalatable ceremonies, attempt to avert the anger of Rahu, the mythical dragon who attempts on these occasions to devour both sun and moon. This information, however, easily accessible in numerous volumes relating to India and its customs, is conveyed in rather commonplace fashion. Of more value are the brief summaries of the labors of the other eclipse expeditions in India, both native and foreign, and the scientific conclusions drawn from experiments at Dumraon with much care and circumspection. Most of the plates, however, ample in number though they be, do no credit to either photographer or engraver; and a map of the eclipse path through India, locating all the scientific stations, would have formed a welcome addition, let alone a statement of the longitude and latitude of the camp at Dumraon, nowhere given.

—In the Leipzig *Daheim*, No. 44, Ernst Niemann has an exceptionally interesting study of the origin of the newspaper. The well-known *Acta Diurna* in Rome in the time of Cæsar has no historical connection whatever with latter-day newspaperdom. Modern journalism is not of Roman but chiefly of Germanic origin. In fact, what are now newspapers are really only developments of a kind of circulating letters which, as early as the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, passed between business houses principally in the interests of trade. These "Zeitungen," or "Tidinge," were written, but not printed. In the greater centres of population were found men who made it their occupation to send out these reports, usually to business houses, but often also to political and other authorities. Of the famous *Fugger Zeitung*, twenty-eight volumes are preserved in the University library at Heidelberg. These written circular letters, both "ordinari" and "extraordinari," as occasion required, became almost a regular institution as the postal system became generally introduced. Probably the strangest thing in connection with the history of journalism is the fact that it was exceedingly slow to make use of the art of printing for its purposes. Indeed, almost the whole sixteenth century had passed before this innovation was thought of, although, during the Reformation period, questions of public prominence were brought before the people in countless tracts, pamphlets etc., often with illustrations, but never in the shape of a regularly printed periodical. The transition to this stage was caused by the publication in 1583 of the *Relatio Historica* by Michael von Aitzing of Cologne, the success of whose printed account of a Cologne church controversy first suggested the idea of publishing every sixth month, at the time of the Frankfort Messe, a general report of the news. This undertaking soon stimulated rival enterprises. Niemann is convinced that all efforts to deny to the Germans the honor of having originated the modern newspaper must fail in the light of unprejudiced historical research. The oldest venture of this kind, however, is not, as has been generally supposed, the Frankfort *Journal*, but a certain *Relation*, which appeared probably in Strassburg, and fifty-two numbers of which, dating from the year 1609, are still found in Heidelberg. The *Journal* was not published till 1615, the first English paper, the *Weekly News*, in 1622, and the first French journal in 1630.

—One of the evils of the higher education in Russia is that the great bulk of students flock to the two leading universities of St. Petersburg and Moscow, while the attendance at the other seven is proportionally too small. The Minister of Education has recently decided that henceforth gymnasial graduates shall attend only the university of their own educational district; and in case their own district has no institution of this grade, the instructions decide where they are to go. This will seriously affect the attendance at St. Petersburg and Moscow, but raise that of the other universities. Again, the rescript determines just how many students are to be allowed to be matriculated in the coming scholastic year in the law, the medical, and the physico-mathematical faculties. Prince Meshtsherski, the well-known editor of the *Grasdanin*, approves these measures, but thinks that even more radical steps in educational reform should be taken. "The number of gymnasia and progymnasia in Russia," he says, "should be decreased by more than one-half, so that in future the influx of students insufficiently prepared and the higher education of those unworthy of the privilege would be at one blow put an end to. These gymnasia and progymnasia should be supplanted by schools with shorter courses, which would give thousands of our young men of the middle and lower classes the education they need for the practical affairs of life. So long as this step, so necessary for the salvation of Russia, is not taken, we shall gradually be heightening the unavoidable danger to Russia which consists in the fact that only about one-third of the university graduates are really useful men, while two-thirds constitute a terrible contingent of intelligence without proper foundation or nationality, which eventually will, by an irresistible law, constitute the revolutionary element in the empire."

SNELL'S FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

The Fourteenth Century. By F. J. Snell. [Periods of European Literature, edited by Prof. Saintsbury, Vol. III.] Scribners. 1899. Pp. xi, 428.

When, in 1369, that sagacious Prince Gian Galeazzo solemnized, at Milan, the fiat-

tering alliance between Violanta, his daughter, and the Duke of Clarence, the occasion was graced by the presence of no less than three of the five most distinguished writers of the fourteenth century—Petrarch, Chaucer, and Froissart. The fourth, Boccaccio, though not far off, may have been too poor or too republican to join in the festivities. The fifth and greatest, Dante, then long dead, was revered by all of the others, except, perhaps, the Frenchman; yes, even by Petrarch—suspected of jealousy—who solemnly affirms that he "delighted in both the thought and style" of the poet. Few of us could readily add a sixth name to this list, for even if Wiclif's, Langland's, and Villani's occurred to us, they would but make clear the supremacy of the five above mentioned. So Mr. Snell seems plausible when he closes his book with the words:

"Were I in love with paradox, I should say of the fourteenth century that it was not, as regards literature, a great age, but that it was an age of great men. In order to be great, an epoch must be solid, homogeneous; and the fourteenth century is a bundle of contradictions. But the greatness of individual writers—Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Froissart, Chaucer—is beyond reach of cavil and controversy, being, indeed, all the more appreciable by reason of the mediocrity, or less, that serves them for a background."

But was not the fourteenth century, in one respect at least, a period of "solid, homogeneous" achievement? Did it not behold the revival of classical learning in Italy, which was, in the succeeding century or so, to exercise the most profound influence upon Germany, England, France, and Spain? Can any literary event of the fourteenth century, even the appearance of the 'Divine Comedy,' bear any comparison in the history of European culture with the effects of Humanism as a whole? Yet, strangely enough, this escapes our author, who is struck by the "fall of Latin as the sole, or nearly the sole, gate and garner of the fruits of research and serious thought." The fourteenth century was indeed an era of enfranchisement for the vernacular languages, but it was at the same time the opening of an era of classical scholarship, the effect of which upon the masters of the various mother-tongues has been incalculable. To neglect or obscure this renaissance, which Petrarch best represents, simply because he and his humanistic disciples did not and could not produce immortal works in the Latin tongue, is to make a history of literature synonymous with a history, not of the literary spirit, but of successful literary production. Mr. Snell gives all the attention they merit to the Latin pieces of the time—Petrarch's 'Africa,' Boccaccio's 'De Genealogia Deorum,' and the rest—but the wondrous contrast between the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in their attitude toward classical literature he seems not to appreciate fully; and yet his object is to afford the reader, "as it were, a 'bird's-eye view' of the intellectual conditions of the age" in which the great writers lived.

The difficulties of writing upon European literature nowadays are manifest. The development of philology and of historical criticism has produced, along with much positive truth, a degree of distrust and uncertainty which embarrasses the conscientious writer and distresses his reader, who is too often left wriggling upon the sharp horns of a dilemma. Was Dante's Beatrice a real girl, or, if not, what was she? Was Mistress Gemma a termagant, or "the gentle lady of consolation" who could not, perhaps, always conceal a natural irritation that her husband should openly and consistently celebrate the transcendent virtues of another? Did Dino write his chronicle? Is Froissart to be conceived as telling his inmost feelings in the first, second, or third edition of his history? When did Petrarch write his Confessions? Was he really jealous of Dante? When was Chaucer born? Did he know Italian? What of Marco Polo? Who was Piers Plowman? What does "Favel" mean? These problems and many others are judiciously dealt with by Mr. Snell. He states each skilfully, gives some idea of its importance and of the views taken by typical scholars, and then assists the reader to a provisional verdict, dictated by a saving sense of humor and proportion. In discussing the important matter of verse he is least successful. Surely, none but an expert could follow his discussion of metre, which presupposes a knowledge of the subject that only the scholar possesses. Technical terms are sometimes thoughtlessly introduced without explanation. Many would enjoy and profit by Mr. Snell's keen criticisms who are "blandly ignorant" of *joc partit*, *escondig*, and *abgesang*, and who might not be ready with a satisfactory definition of *enjambement* or *stollen*.

The circumstances in which Mr. Snell first meets his reader are unfortunate. Instead of a suave greeting, with the usual commonplaces, the first chapter, "The End of Court Poetry," plunges us into a consideration of the bewildering symptoms of decay—"signs that are strictly parallel with evidence of old age in the individual"—which had overtaken the gay poets of the preceding epoch. The next chapter, "Town-Verse and Folk-Song," is a little less dreary. It is introduced by a paragraph which gives a good idea of the spirit and style of the writer.

"It has been said that the decline of court poetry and the growth of middle-class culture are to be regarded, not as independent phenomena, but as, on the whole, the same thing contemplated from different points of view. Much of the literature already reviewed is unmistakably *bourgeois*. What makes it *bourgeois* is not so much that its professors were men of humble station or plebeian origin—that is a detail, in itself of no great importance—but the triumph of matter over manner. The Germans have a convenient phrase for expressing this trait—I do not know that we have any quite so apt—*Stoffinteresse*. Regarding the tone of the new verse (and the remark applies to both lyrical and narrative compositions) there is revealed a growing strictness, the working of a Puritanical spirit. The citizen was appreciably more serious than the knight, being not so much a social animal delighting in feast and song as a man of commerce to whom honesty was a thing of weight, and the father of a family responsible for its decent bringing up. Possibly, also, a substantial householder—it was to such that the 'masters' did most commonly resort—accustomed to impose his ideas on a circle of admirers and hangers-on. Morality, love of home, power of the purse—out of these three factors was evolved the awful notion of respectability, always and everywhere the middle-class fetish."

Even Dante is "middle class by virtue of the purity of his moral sentiment, by virtue of his 'ecclesiastical-mindedness.'"

The chapters which follow, upon the "Rise of a New Lyric" and "Dante," are pleasant and suggestive. The conception of love is treated at great length. Mr. Snell, quite properly, scorns Signor Bartoli's opinion that "love in our sense is a quite modern invention," unknown to Dante and his contemporaries and discovered by Goethe and Byron. The personality of the critic counts for much in such matters: "If, like most of us, he is a dull, prosaic creature, enamoured of success, then he may well be baffled by the delicate, shy, all-spiritual homage of the 'Vita Nuova,' content to forego its reward. To poets, however, the sentiment is quite intelligible." The great historic value and interest of the 'Convivio,' a first effort towards a popularization of science, is missed by Mr. Snell, who, like his predecessors, esteems it chiefly "for the aid which it affords towards deciphering the more difficult passages of the 'Commedia.'"

Petrarch's personality is admirably depicted. His seeming insincerities, upon which sundry flippant writers have fondly insisted, are properly disposed of in a sentence or two. "The truth is, Petrarch at each moment writes as he feels. He is a slave, not of circumstances, but of his own passing mood." The poet's claim to immortality as a scholar, as the father of Humanism, is, however, as already noted, almost entirely neglected by the writer, to whom the investigations of Voigt, Körting, and De Nolhac are apparently unfamiliar.

Mr. Snell is inclined to put Boccaccio, "the educator of his time," nearly upon the same plane as Petrarch:

"In disposition, however, Boccaccio was the antipodes of a schoolmaster. He did not exist to teach, to inculcate prudence and morality. He existed to enjoy; and because he found pleasure the ideal of antiquity, therefore antiquity interested him. From the charnel-house of the unlovely Middle Age the voluptuous Florentine hastened with nimble foot into the parterre of the old world, radiant with nature and with art. Filled with the spirit of revolt, he did without paltering what Petrarch did with hesitancy and fear."

This is unfair to Petrarch in so far as his nature, more profoundly religious than his friend's, would never have surrendered to superstitious fears as did Boccaccio upon a certain memorable occasion.

The last third of Mr. Snell's volume is devoted to "The Well of English," Chaucer and Gower to the "Chroniclers and Travellers," Villani, Dino, Marco Polo, Maundeville; and closes with a somewhat misty chapter upon "Allegory, Mysticism, and Reform," which, the writer holds, tended to coalesce.

The book before us has the sterling merits of scholarship, breadth, clearness, keen insight, humor, originality, and sincerity. The author has, however, found it necessary to resort to the most artificial nexus in order to give his heterogeneous themes a factitious literary unity; and it is a little hard at times to sympathize with his ideas of proportion. A good many details are inserted here and there which do not help us to estimate better the creations of the several writers. On the other hand, those things which we should know in order to see just why the five literary heroes of the century are really great and their works deservedly immortal, are by no means always given us by Mr. Snell, who seems to view his readers as he might a literary acquaintance at the club. He assumes much in order not to bore the well-instructed listener, uses the most colloquial terms—"making a 'good thing,'" "'netting' 430,000 ducats," "goings on of the Flagellants," "'shows up' the ill breeding," etc.—in short, treats us as men and

brethren. Upon occasion he can, however, be painfully elementary; when, for instance, he carefully describes that familiar domestic utensil the funnel, for fear some one may be misled into supposing Dante's Hell to resemble the funnel of a locomotive. Had Mr. Snell treated the secondary literatures, notably that of Wales, in a more general fashion, the volume could, by the sacrifice of some other details, have been made a truer and more edifying picture of *European* letters during the period—and that, after all, is his theme, not the various national literatures.

We have observed but few and unimportant inaccuracies, such as placing Petrarch's birthday in January instead of July, and attributing the best English translation of the 'Convito' to "Mr.," instead of Miss, Hillard. Is there not some mistake, too, in the statement that Petrarch interposed his good offices and obtained Rienzi's release from prison at Avignon on the ground that the ex-tribune was a poet? In Ep. Fam., xiii, 6, Petrarch represents himself as a highly amused and half-disgusted, but quite passive, spectator of the *people's* demand that the reputed poet be saved. And are we not in duty bound to confess sadly that a misapprehension of our practical politics underlies the reflection—"When we find men like Petrarch preferred to high official positions . . . and intrusted with important diplomatic charges, we are naturally reminded of similar honors paid to literature by successive Governments of the United States"?

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE IN CYPRUS.

L'Art Gothique et la Renaissance en Chypre. By C. Enlart. Two volumes. Illustrated. Paris: Ernest Leroux. 1899.

M. Enlart, to whom we are already indebted for several important works on the architecture of the Middle Ages, among them, 'Origines Françaises de l'Architecture Gothique en Italie' and 'Les Origines de l'Architecture Gothique en Espagne et en Portugal,' has just published two volumes on the Gothic architecture of the island of Cyprus, which give the results of investigations undertaken under the auspices of the French Minister of Public Instruction, during the year 1896.

The work is divided into two parts, which treat respectively of the religious architecture and the civil and military architecture of the island in the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. After its seizure by Richard I. of England, and its transfer to Guy de Lusignan in 1192, the French promptly settled in the island and began to erect architectural works in a modified form of the Gothic style of the close of the twelfth century. These were followed, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, by extensive monuments, in which the Gothic of France in those periods is largely followed. Towards the close of the fourteenth century, the monuments begin to show influences from the South of France and elsewhere. Still later, a bastard architecture, made up of late Gothic, Romanesque, and Byzantine elements, appears; while, last of all, the style of the Renaissance engrafts itself upon this mixed form of art.

In the first chapter the author discusses the general character of Cyprian architecture from the close of the twelfth century to the sixteenth century. In the first period, he finds that the general proportions are short as compared with the Gothic of France; and a tendency, natural to such a climate, to reduce the slant of roofs is soon manifest. In the earlier vaulting, certain archaisms are noticeable. The transverse ribs are heavy, the ribs of apsidal vaults are made to converge on the transverse rib of the choir, and the smaller apses are sometimes covered with half-domed vaults. These and other kindred characteristics occur in the transitional architecture of the North of France, but are generally not met with after the middle of the twelfth century.

The vaults of the edifices of the second period are described as having the lightness, the solidity, and the elegance of the best work of the Middle Ages in France itself. The imposts of piers are carried up to a considerable height in horizontal courses, in which the various members in each course are cut out of a single stone—a method of construction frequently employed by the later French Gothic architects, and one which had great value in Cyprus, since it fortified the building against the effects of earthquake shocks, to which they were often subjected.

In the fourth and fifth periods—that is, during the second half of the fourteenth century and the whole course of the century following—the construction became more and more heavy, and at length the Gothic forms were abandoned for simple groined vaults, barrel vaults, and domes. Groined vaults were sometimes placed over oblong bays, and such vaults were formed by the interpenetration of two pointed barrel vaults of equal span, one of which was extended on either side beyond the groins. The flying buttress, in these buildings, is used with logic and skill, though in style it has the character of the late Gothic. The circular opening of the west façade was employed from the beginning of the thirteenth century; but in some of the more important churches a great pointed window takes the place of the rose. Deeply splayed portals, surmounted with ornamental gables and enriched with sculpture, are numerous; but the splays are rarely adorned with statues, and they often consist of plain panelled surfaces instead of shafted orders. The archivolts and crocketed gables of these portals are frequently of great refinement and beauty, but the sculptured tympanum appears to have been rare. The tympanum is usually a plain surface ornamented with arcading, or with mouldings in the form of tracery. In many cases it is quite plain, and was probably adorned with painting, of which, indeed, traces are sometimes found. Only one sculptured tympanum, M. Enlart tells us, has been discovered, and that one was sold and exported by Cesnola.

In the second chapter the various sources of influence are more fully discussed. These sources are chiefly the North of France, Champagne, the South of France, and Spain. Chapter iii. gives an account of the city of Nikosia, of its buildings, and of its monuments which have disappeared; while chapters iv. to xii., inclusive, give the history and a detailed architectural analysis of each important church. Chapter xiii. begins the second volume, in which the history and description of the monuments are continued to chapter xvi., which treats of tombs. Then follows part second, which is divided into six chapters, treating of civil and military architecture, and of the minor arts.

The two most important buildings are St. Sophia of Nikosia and the cathedral of Famagusta. St. Sophia, begun in the last decade of the twelfth century, presents a curious mixture of Gothic, Romanesque, and even classic features. The vaulting of its nave is in square compartments, while the compartments of the aisles are oblong. The common Gothic arrangement is thus reversed. The lower piers are round columns without subordinate shafts, and their octagonal capitals and bases are without sculptured ornamentation. The general proportions of the building are low, and the vaulting has no timber covering in either nave or aisles. There is, therefore, no gable, and there is no triforium. The columns of the apse are of classic form and proportions, and they are crowned with rich Corinthian capitals. On the outside are flying buttresses of early Gothic form, but the openings of both aisles and clerestory are small, leaving broad wall-surfaces between the buttresses. The cathedral of Famagusta is later: its architect seems to have come from Champagne, and the building has many features which indicate an influence from that French province. The plan is very simple, consisting only of nave and aisles, with an eastern apse and two subordinate apses, but with no apsidal aisle. The bays of the nave are in this case of the normal Gothic oblong form, but in other respects the general character of the interior resembles that of St. Sophia. The east end, though much more simple, owing to the absence of an apsidal aisle, bears a strong likeness to that of Reims, and the design of the western façade seems likewise to have been derived from the same source.

Under the head of Military Architecture, the numerous and extensive remains of châteaux which have survived in Cyprus are described. But the mediæval fortress had not much in any part of the world that can be properly called architectural character, though the exigencies of mediæval warfare, and the manner in which a château of the Middle Ages accommodates itself to the nature of the broken ground, or crag, on which it stands, give it a picturesque charm which is wanting to modern military works. The châteaux described in this book differ in no essential features from those which were common to all parts of Europe.

The Cyprian houses, bridges, aqueducts, and cisterns are also fully described. But, as the author remarks, the civil architecture, here as elsewhere, differs in no distinct manner from the religious architecture. It is at first mostly French in style, sometimes Aragonese, and later Italian, very little modified in adaptation to the Eastern climate. Some of the houses of the higher class have windows and other features of much beauty. The doorways have often elaborately moulded and carved archivolts, and the windows are elegantly shafted, and sometimes furnished with tracery. In the later period, corbelled balconies occur, and the edifice is adorned with angle shafts.

In the concluding chapter, M. Enlart remarks that his book gives in reality a chapter in the history of French art; that the mediæval monuments of Cyprus not only belong to that history, but complete it, since the well-known paucity of architectural works in France itself during the fourteenth

century, due to the disasters of the Hundred Years' War, leaves a gap which is filled by those monuments. No building of the same epoch in France offers at once the importance and the unity of the cathedral of Famagusta. It will be observed, he continues, that if that edifice is an imitation of the cathedrals of Reims, of St. Urbain of Troyes, and of some monuments of the South of France, it nevertheless has the character of an original work in consequence of the logical manner in which the various original elements are adapted to the conditions of climate and to the local material resources. Nevertheless, he further says, it must be admitted that the architecture of Cyprus offers examples of unintelligent and indefensible use of borrowed features, as in the bringing together of Gothic and Byzantine forms. His remarks here are instructive and cogent: and his emphatic protest against the notion of a derivation of Gothic architecture from the Byzantine domed system will commend itself to most students of the subject.

M Enlart's wide acquaintance at first hand with the mediæval architecture of nearly all countries, his clear understanding of the principles and characteristic features of its various types, and his technical, as well as scholarly, training, give his works a solid value beyond what is common, and make his publications real contributions to knowledge. The present book is a model of clear and accurate descriptive writing, and its general make-up is superb, though suitably plain. The illustrations in the text, which consist mainly of process cuts from the author's own drawings, are admirable examples of architectural delineation, and the few half-tone prints which are included are remarkably clear and fine, while the thirty-four heliotype plates from photographs are singularly beautiful examples of work by this process. It is worthy of notice that French book-makers do not find the use of highly calendered paper, with its offensive gloss, necessary for the successful printing of process blocks and half-tones. The paper used in this book is of the best quality, having a fine texture on both sides, and being entirely free from gloss.

Napoleon's Invasion of Russia. By Hereford B. George, Fellow of New College, Oxford. With maps and plans. New Amsterdam Book Co. 8vo, pp. xvi, 451.

In his 'Battles of English History,' Mr. George proves his capacity to seize firmly the principles of strategy, and to describe clearly the progress of a battle. He has done more to justify his lectureship on Military History at Oxford by this new work on the "Campaign of Moscow," based on a review of original sources of the history. There was room, as he rightly judged, for a distinctively English work on the great invasion, in the movement now making to give English-speaking soldiers something like an adequate military library in their own tongue.

The English point of view implies rooted hostility to Napoleon's politics and unsparing denunciation of the unscrupulousness of the man; but the author gives a fair estimate of the Emperor's great military talents and his ability as an organizing and administrative ruler. The central point in his judgment of the results of the campaign is his conclusion that the main cause of disaster was the enormous magnitude of the scale on which the war was planned, surpassing the powers even of Napoleon to guide and administer his army in the conditions of transportation and communication existing at the time. The invasion, he argues, broke down mainly of its own weight and the physical impossibility of feeding so vast a host, either from the sparsely inhabited country through which it marched, or from its distant depots in the rear. There is nothing original in this view, though Mr. George emphasizes it more than other historians, and makes it more completely the explanation of the ruin of Napoleon's plans.

On the Russian side, he makes Kutusoff's caution in following up the retreat responsible for the failure to capture Napoleon himself and to destroy the French army before it reached even Smolensk. One of the noteworthy minor points of the book is the defence of Tchitchagoff, who has commonly been held to have blundered greatly in his efforts to prevent the French from crossing the Beresina. The common opinion seems still the better one, despite the apologetics of Mr. George, who loses his judicial balance in the advocate. He begins by saying that Kutusoff's warning to his subordinate to take care that the French did not cross *below* the high road to Minsk was probably with a purpose to let the French pass, cunningly thinking "that it was easier to get Tchitchagoff out of the way by false information than by direct orders" (p. 351). But Tchitchagoff already knew the French were reconnoitring above as well as below the main crossing at Borisov when he recalled his detachments which were guarding the upper river; yet a few pages of advocacy have brought Mr. George to the assertion that *"his orders* were the main reason why Tchitchagoff did not oppose the passage more effectually" (p. 368).

In a similar way he asserts (pp. 344, 367) for Oudinot the selection of the place for the French crossing at Studianka, as against the credit usually given Napoleon himself, though he has referred to Napoleon's letter to Oudinot "bidding him seize the ford at Veselovo, a village situated about fifteen miles above Borisov, where the map indicated a ford, and there make his bridges" (p. 342). Marbot, who was there, says that Studianka was practically a part of Veselovo: "C'est précisemment en face de Zembin qu'est situé le village de Veselovo, dont le hameau de Studianka est une dépendance" (Marbot, iii., 193); while Fezensac, another eye-witness (whom Mr. George prefers to Marbot for authority), describes the bridges and the ford as at Veselovo, not mentioning Studianka at all (Fezensac, L. ii., chap. vi.). The fact was that Gen. Corbineau, commanding a brigade of light cavalry, making his way to Oudinot's corps from that of Wrede, had been guided to the ford by peasants, and so had escaped capture by the Russians. He reported its situation to both Oudinot and Napoleon, thus identifying it as the one marked on Napoleon's map. Corbineau was Marbot's close comrade in the cavalry of the second corps, and Marbot's means of knowledge is thus shown.

But Marbot, in his memoirs, while giving full credit to Oudinot for personal bravery, has compared to his disadvantage his general military ability with that of Marshal Saint-Cyr. Mr. George regards Oudinot more highly, and, as to his operations near the Beresina, says he "was doing his work admirably," though his lack of self-confidence is shown by his "imploring the Emperor to come and direct in person operations so critical" (p. 347). It seems to be for the purpose of maintaining his estimate of Oudinot that he systematically depreciates the value of Marbot's memoirs, for it is only in regard to the passage of the Beresina that Marbot is available as a witness. Mr. George's narrative of this event follows Marbot closely in so many particulars, and differs from him in so few, that one is inclined to think Marbot the principal basis for the detailed description in the English version.

In the difference about the question of the location of the bridges, the Frenchman is plainly right. Another difference is about Marbot's incidental explanation that Corbineau's perilous march across country was occasioned by his being kept with Wrede's corps of Bavarians without authority till, on a demand for the asserted authority and the failure to produce it, Corbineau broke away to join his proper corps. As to this, Mr. George dismisses it with the light assertion that "Marbot's authority is not worth a farthing." Certain it is that Corbineau rejoined his corps in an irregular way, by a perilous and unsupported march, and fortunately located the ford of the Beresina while doing so. His own account of it would be that current among his comrades, and this airy rejection of Marbot's version will hurt chiefly Mr. George's reputation for sound historical methods. Most readers of Marbot have been struck with the way in which the numberless incidents of his personal narrative fit into the larger history and give and receive mutual corroboration. That he should fall into occasional errors is a matter of course. Mr. George finds no contemporaneous writer always accurate; there are national tendencies to illusion and personal ones everywhere. But we believe the most thorough work in investigation will give greatest weight to Marbot's good faith and intelligence.

The historical points thus mooted are so incidental, and affect so little the general judgments of the campaign, that they might well have been omitted. The question of the historical value of so noteworthy a book as Marbot's memoirs, so jauntily propounded and answered, is of quite another sort, and may be of more consequence to Mr. George's standing as an historian than to Marbot's.

The Life and Work of Thomas Dudley, the Second Governor of Massachusetts. By Augustine Jones, A.M., LL.B. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899. 8vo, pp. 484.

It is seldom that a reviewer can calmly copy a masterpiece of writing from a previous author, and have it exactly fit the requirements of the present case. But we venture to take a few lines from Macaulay's review of the Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, printed sixty-five years ago, which are so strangely applicable to this Life of Dudley that we dare not try to be original. Macaulay writes:

"The book is large and the style heavy. The information which Mr. Thackeray has obtained from the State Paper Office is new, but much of it is very uninteresting. The rest of his narrative is very little better than Gifford's or Tomline's Life of the second Pitt, and tells us nothing that may not be found quite as well told in the Parliamentary History, the Annual Register, and other works equally common."

This description hits Mr. Jones's book in every respect but one. He does not seem to have made any original investigations. We cannot recall a single document "now printed for the first time," but he is copious in citation from printed books. Again, Lord Chatham was a great man, a powerful factor in the events of the last century. He belongs to the history of a great nation, and his life was and will be of engrossing interest to thousands of readers. Thomas Dudley was not a great man, his field of influence was very limited, and he is entitled to very little space in any history of his times.

Macaulay farther makes, in this same review, a very just remark when he writes: "Almost every intellectual employment has a tendency to produce some intellectual malady. Biographers, translators, editors, all, in short, who employ themselves in illustrating the lives or the writings of others, are peculiarly exposed to the *Lues Boswelliana*, or disease of admiration." Mr. Jones has a hero—one can hardly understand why—and he proceeds to rewrite the history of Massachusetts for a generation, merely to drag his hero out of the ruck and pose him as the great controller of events. This is unjust to all of Dudley's contemporaries, and merely shows the lack of mental perspective in the biographer. Dudley was one of a score of high officials who acted as governors, deputies, and soldiers. In much of his work he is recorded as only one of a board, and it is absurd to rewrite the history of that period, without any new facts, merely to say that Dudley did this or that, where better authorities write that the Assistants or the General Court acted. Dudley was not the peer of Winthrop, of Vane, of Bellingham, and certainly not of Increase Mather. By general consent he has been regarded as a fine specimen of the ultra-Puritan: bigoted, honest, just, and self-righteous, unlovely to the last degree, but in no sense a living influence even in his own time. Massachusetts became prosperous not through him and his like, but in spite of them. When in power he nearly wrecked the infant colony by his Puritanic opposition to the mother country. In fact, he seems to have been a civilized prototype of "Oom Paul."

It is not becoming for us to set up our anonymous opinion upon the facts of history, but we can and do fall back upon the deliberate verdict of the greatest expert in New England history. In John Gorham Palfrey, Massachusetts had an historian of vast erudition and rare discretion. Practically there is nothing found in this volume which had not been read and weighed by Palfrey, except the little details gleaned from those old letters and collections so dear to the amateur writer. Palfrey possessed every qualification of an historian except the gift of genius. His industry is great, his judgment clear, his impartiality beyond dispute, but he is as cold, as well as clear, as crystal. One is slow to begin to read him on account of his unattractiveness, but is led on, page after page, as in a mathematical disquisition, fascinated by the precision of statement employed. Now with such a guide the truth is easily obtainable, and herein is our justification for our estimate of Mr. Jones's work.

Palfrey, in his History, gives Dudley just the proper amount of attention to which he was entitled. He says of him (ii., 411):

"His well-known capacity, experience, and scrupulous fidelity to every trust made him an object of implicit respect. His integrity was unimpeachable; his superiority to influences of human blame or favor was above question; the fear of God was an ever-present and deciding motive to him; no man, in public action, had a more single eye to the public welfare. . . . He belonged to the class of men who are commended, confided in and revered, but not loved. If hasty, he was not revengeful; he never meant to be unjust, and he did sincerely mean to be magnanimous; but he wanted the qualities to conciliate and win. . . . He was positive, prejudiced, undemonstrative, austere."

As we have intimated, this book is entirely superfluous, as the verdict of history is not to be set aside because an enthusiast tries to make a palimpsest of all previous authorities and to write Dudley in big letters where the names of other and better men stood.

A very characteristic test of our author is to be found in his diffuse and ill-judged statements about the Dudley pedigree. The first fifty pages or more of this book are taken up with an attempt to trace Thomas Dudley's ancestry. We have pages about the noble Dudleys, pictures of their mansions, long episodes about Dudley's supposed patrons and friends; but the fact remains that the family tree ends with Dudley's father, a certain Capt. Roger Dudley, who remains nothing but a name. In 1865 the late John Gough Nichols, kindest of men and most sagacious of critics, printed, in volume second of his *Herald and Genealogist*, a careful review of a book on the Dudley family, written by George Adlard, an Englishman. This history is the sole authority for Mr. Jones, and contains all the surmises, theories, and misstatements which have since passed current among the Dudleys. Mr. Nichols plainly, but courteously, pointed out that the pedigree ceased with Roger Dudley, and that there was not even a reasonable ground of surmise to connect Thomas Dudley with any family in England. It is true that Gov. Thomas Dudley used an armorial seal, but his son Joseph Dudley used another seal of arms, differing from his father's.

It is beyond a question that a noted patronymic may be a curse, by evoking preposterous claims on the strength of a coincidence. Nothing but the best will do for the pretender. Boss Tweed was presented with the arms of the Marquess of Tweeddale, whose name was Hay; the Earl of Derby, who is a Stanley, had his arms copied by a Derby; George III. is said to have greeted William Tudor of Boston as a relative on the strength of his name; and every peer with a territorial title may expect numerous untraceable cousins. So in regard to Dudley. It is a territorial name, and is in itself no proof of any relationship to the owner of the land rather than to any serf thereon. Such claims are ridiculous, and should be persistently denounced.

We do not intend by any means to deny a certain merit to Mr. Jones. He is beyond question industrious and apparently honest in his views; but, in this busy age, a book must have a reason for its existence if it be not strangled at its birth. Mr. Jones has not the happy faculty of pleasing narration, and his book reads like the contents of a student's scrap-book. It seems probable that it will be as quickly forgotten now as the Governor was himself after 1653. It is a pity that Mr. Jones did not turn his attention rather to the children of Gov. Thomas. His son, Gov. Joseph Dudley, was far more able than his father, and his period has not been so exhaustively treated. The history of the first generation of the founders of Massachusetts is closed, except in the improbable event of some great discovery of manuscripts, and should be left to repose with the question of the Junius Letters, the legend of the Regicides, and the identity of Mother Goose.

Life and Nature at the English Lakes. By H. D. Rawnsley. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1899.

Canon Rawnsley was the intimate friend of more than one great English poet; he is well known to readers of biography for his memoirs of Thring and of the Bishop of Carlisle; his 'Literary Associations of the English Lakes' is, however, his best-known work. The present book, though a much slighter performance, is full of interest. It is a series of short sketches of Lake life, with some interesting reminiscences of Southey, who rivals Wordsworth in the Canon's hero-worship.

A Manchester man, with a passion for the country, Canon Rawnsley writes of his visits to the Lake with a peculiar fervor that carries his reader away. The lyrical note of his style, which is occasionally somewhat florid, is redeemed by its perfect sincerity and geniality.

"To-day," he writes of a March visit to Ambleside, "the lake gleamed through every copse, and mixed its silver with the tasselled alder and the yellowing larches; to-day the walls on this side were clothed in emerald velvet of mossy grace, and on that side the hornbeam hedgerows ran bronzed like beaten copper, or, where the sun smote on them, twinkled into ruddy gold. . . . I gazed upon the Fairfield ridge with Rydal woods all blue and radiant beneath its winter crown and cloak of ivory, while the lily tarn at my feet lay like a sapphire set round with bracken gold."

There are bits of beautiful descriptive writing in all the essays. Take the April hunt for ravens in the Dead Crags of Skiddaw:

"The blackness of the heather has ceased. There has come in its place just that rich darkness that tells us there is life in all the seeming deadness, and sap in every point and twisted bunch of stems. The boulder stones are radiant with mosses; the very peatbogs and morasses shine to-day with many-colored counterfeits of life. Yes, this carpet of the winter's and the storm-winds' weaving has felt the foot of April, and cannot delay or disavow the spring" (p. 23).

The writer is thoroughly familiar with the life of the shepherds. The account of the sheep-dog trials at Troutbeck, of a sheep-washing, and of the shepherd assembly on Helvellyn will make many a tourist feel that his summer acquaintance with the Lake country is superficial. Canon Rawnsley's account of Lake-side customs, of rush-bearing at Ambleside, or the keeping of Daffodil Day at Cockermouth, is a reassurance to those who lament the decadence of English country manners. A curious interest attaches to his picture of the Coleridge and Southey household at Greta Hall, and of Cuthbert, the last of the Southeys, whose funeral he describes. Mr. Ellis Yarnall's book has recently deepened the perennial interest of the general reader in the associations of the English lakes with English poetry; Canon Rawnsley's last contribution to the subject is sure of a welcome.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baker, R. S. The Boy's Book of Inventions. Doubleday & McClure. $2.
Bate, P. H. English Pre-Raphaelite Painters. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $12.00.
Brady, J. E. Tales of the Telegraph. Doubleday & McClure. $1.25.
Brandes, G. William Shakespeare: A Critical Study. New ed. Macmillan. $2.60.
Breyfogle, W. L. Sense and Satire. Rand, McNally & Co.
Burnham, S. M. Biographical Sketches of Some Ancient People. Boston: A. I. Bradley & Co. $2.
Chase, C. H. Elementary Principles of Economics. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.
Colby, Prof. F. M. Outlines of General History. American Book Co.
Cross, S. C. The Negro and the Sunny South. Martinsburg, W. Va.: Samuel C. Cross. 50c.
Davis, C. H. Life of Rear-Admiral C. H. Davis. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
D'Esterre, Gerald and Dolly. Boston: A. I. Bradley & Co. $1.
Dickens, Charles. Pickwick Papers. Thomas Nelson & Sons. $1.
Ford, P. L. The Writings of Thomas Jefferson. Vol. X. Putnams.
For Love's Sweet Sake. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.50.
Gardiner, G. B. Cicero de Officiis. London: Methuen & Co.
Garland, Hamlin. Main-Travelled Roads. New ed. Macmillan. $1.50.
Gibson, C. D. Sketches in Egypt. Doubleday & McClure. $3.
Grinnell, G. B. Jack, the Young Ranchman. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Hale, W. T. An Autumn Lane, and Other Poems. Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House M. E. Church, South. $1.
Heath, Gertrude E. Rhymes and Jingles. Cincinnati: Editor Publishing Co.
Herford, O. Child's Primer of Natural History. Scribners. $1.25.
Hewlett, M. Little Novels of Italy. Macmillan. $1.50.
Hill, J. A. Stories of the Railroad. Doubleday & McClure. $1.50.
Hope, Anthony. The King's Mirror. D. Appleton & Co.
Hurll, Estelle M. Raphael. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Hussey, E. On Account of Sarah. Lippincott.
Jones, H. A. Carnac Sahib. Macmillan. 75c.
Keeler, C. A. A First Glance at the Birds. San Francisco: D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard. 50c.
Kipling, Rudyard. Stalky & Co. Doubleday & McClure. $1.50.
Macaulay, Lord. Francis Bacon. Cassells. 10c.
MacGrath, H. Arms and the Woman. Doubleday & McClure. $1.25.
Mason, A. E. W. Miranda of the Balcony. Macmillan. $1.50.
Mayo-Smith, Prof. R. Statistics and Economics. Part 2. Macmillan.
McClure, Prof. J. G. K. The Great Appeal. Fleming H. Revell Co. 75c.
Mikalowitch, N. Numa's Vision. Chicago: Nicholas Michels. 50c.
Mitchell, D. G. American Lands and Letters. Scribners. $2.50.
Morgan, Rev. G. C. The True Estimate of Life. Fleming H. Revell Co. 30c.
Munroe, Kirk. Midshipman Stuart. Scribners. $1.25.
Murison, A. F. King Robert the Bruce. [Famous Scots Series.] Scribners. 75c.
Myres, Prof. J. L., and Ohnefalsch-Richter, Prof. M. A Catalogue of the Cyprus Museum. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde.
Neufeld, C. A Prisoner of the Khaleefa. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Nicholson, Prof. H. H., and Avery, S. Laboratory Exercises. Henry Holt & Co. 60c.
Ouida. La Strega. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1899.

The Week.

There is more of Hoar than of Lodge in the Massachusetts Republican platform's deliverance on the Philippines. It is impossible to read it and not see that its framers recognized the existence of a powerful anti-imperial sentiment in the State, and were anxious not to antagonize it. While commending "the tact, the patience, the skill, and the statesmanlike spirit" with which the President "has approached the perplexing problems," they say:

> "Under the treaty with Spain, the law of nations put upon the United States the responsibility for the peace and security of life and property, the well being and the future government of the Philippine Islands. Accepting this responsibility, it is our profound trust that the present hostilities can be brought to an early termination, and that Congress, guided by a wise and patriotic Administration, will establish and maintain in those islands, hitherto the home of tyranny, a government as free, as liberal, and as progressive as our own, in accordance with the sacred principles of liberty and self-government upon which the American republic so securely rests."

Still, the weight of this utterance is on the side of the oppressor.

The demoralization wrought by President McKinley's backward step in the matter of civil-service reform has never before been so clearly exposed as in the platform of this same Massachusetts convention. There is no other State in which the Republicans have in the past so strongly supported the merit system. In the last year of President Cleveland's second administration their platform declared that "the civil-service laws, which remove the public service from the control of favoritism, patronage, and politics, should be honestly and thoroughly enforced, and the classified service extended wherever it is possible." In the autumn of Mr. McKinley's first year in the White House they commended a Republican President for, "under severe pressure for place, not merely maintaining, but wisely extending, the merit system in our civil service." Very different from either of these deliverances is the tone of the resolution on the subject this year. While the convention "renewed the old allegiance to the cause of civil-service reform," and declared that "its success and permanence depend greatly upon its sincere enforcement," it added this qualifying clause: "That it may continue to hold the popular approval of its merits requires a careful adaptation of its methods from time to time to the varied requirements of the public service." This "gives away the whole case" for the reform. "Careful adaptation of its methods" is merely a euphemism for "taking the starch out"; and when the Massachusetts Republicans endorse this policy, they do all the spoilsmen can ask.

The *Evening Post* publishes an extremely interesting circular which the managers of the Republican campaign in Ohio are sending to the postmasters of the United States. There seems to be no doubt that every postmaster in the country has received, or is expected to receive, a copy of this document. The most audacious portion of it is the passage relating to the provisions of the civil-service law in regard to contributions for campaign purposes. In this we have the managers of the President's party in his own State explaining to the postmasters of the land how they can violate the spirit of the law without getting themselves or the managers to whom they make their contributions into difficulties. This is, of course, in thorough harmony with the Ohio Republican platform, which commends the President's "backward step"; and it furnishes additional proof that the spoilsmen of the party look upon the President's act as a complete surrender to them. They feel confident that no matter what they may do in contempt and in violation of the law, he will not interfere with them.

In its other aspects the circular is a distinct sign of alarm. The attempt to arouse the postmasters, and probably all other Federal office-holders of the country (for there is no reason to suppose that the postmasters are the only ones importuned), by appealing to their fears of a possible defeat in the "greater contest in 1900," is a confession that the outlook in Ohio is not bright. The office-holders of the land would not be called upon to give money to prevent the "defeat of his party in the President's home State" unless there were some danger of such defeat. Is there not money enough in Ohio to pay the "legitimate expenses" of a Republican campaign? What is it that is threatening "Republican supremacy" this year and next? Is it the burden of imperialism?

The Pennsylvania State League of Republican Clubs last week adopted, without a dissenting vote, "and amidst the greatest applause," the series of resolutions presented by the Philadelphia delegation which denounce the civil-service law as "in opposition to the free institutions of our government," "un-American" and unconstitutional, and which earnestly request their national and State representatives to use all honorable means to have the law modified or repealed. Republican organs point out that this deliverance marks a break with the position previously assumed by organizations representing the party. "The National Republican platform," says the Philadelphia *Press*, "has declared again and again in favor of civil-service reform, and the Pennsylvania Republican platform has always expressed the same judgment when the question has been touched on at all." This is true, and it is also true that President McKinley himself gave his personal pledge that the reform should not only be maintained, but should be extended, in case of his election. But actions speak louder than words. Mr. McKinley has broken his pledge, and taken a long step backward. The Republican politicians in Pennsylvania simply propose to keep up the retreat to the end.

Secretary Root, in his speech at Chicago on Saturday evening, made a notably frank confession of the weakness which characterized the management of the War Department under Alger. Of course he did not mention anybody by name, and he put the blame for faults and defects upon the system, but he did admit that things went very far wrong. Responding to the toast, "The American Soldier," Mr. Root said that he is part of "a great machine which we call military organization," and that this machine to-day "is defective, needs improvement, ought to be improved." The Secretary went still farther, adding:

> "Thirty-three years of profound peace have evolved in it some men upon whom the stress of harsh requirement has proved that they are unfit for the positions to which they have attained. Some square pegs have got into round holes, and some round pegs have got into square ones. Some men, who, in the ordinary days of peace, have seemed to be equal to all requirements, in the stern necessities of war have failed to answer to the demands; and wherever that has occurred, the machinery has stopped and failed to acomplish its purpose."

This is a very different thing from the Administration view of a year ago, that the pegs were all in the right holes, and that everything was working well in the best possible of war departments.

Griggs, of "the glory-crowned heights," fairly outdid himself in a speech the same day at one of the places where the McKinley aggregation stopped in its swinging round the Western circle. He was trying to show that the insurrection in the Philippines really does not amount to anything. He set forth the additions to our domain during the past year as a vast archipelago, occupied by eight or ten millions of people, who speak more than a score of different languages, and compose more than two-score different,

discordant, and disconnected tribes. He then restricted the present trouble to "one of these numerous tribes in one of these islands," which has raised an army of insurrection against the American flag, and declared that "these men who have attempted this comprise not one-tenth of 1 per cent. of the people of these islands." One-tenth of 1 per cent. of eight or ten millions of people is 8,000 or 10,000. Secretary Root says that by the end of December we shall have 65,000 troops in the Philippines, "the best youth of America, well officered by the best intellect of America." What for? According to Attorney-General Griggs, to put down an insurrection which is carried on by only 8,000 or 10,000 people!

So there has been no censorship at Manila since September 9! This is the casual announcement of Gen. Corbin at Washington. But the correspondents, having been left to "find it out for themselves," may not yet be aware of it. Like the Irishman, they may be dead, but are not conscious of it. All we have to say is that the whole performance is highly characteristic of the Administration. First, there was no censorship; then, if there was, it was a military necessity; when the revolt of the correspondents was brought to the attention of the Washington authorities, they said, in their coldly superior way, that they would "pay no attention" to it; finally, three months later, it turns out that they did pay attention, and did order the censorship abolished. Now they ask in bland surprise, "Who said censorship? Why, it was discontinued a month ago." Such a thing it is to be a President "close to the people"; perfectly frank; the books always open to inspection; great heart beating rhythmically with the pulses of the commonalty; God bless the women; the flag, my countrymen!

Senator Allison and Congressman Henderson of Iowa made speeches on Saturday in which the financial legislation of the coming session of Congress was touched upon with more or less distinctness. Both of these gentlemen hold positions near to the sources of power, the former being a member of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and the latter being chairman of the House Caucus Committee on this subject, and the prospective Speaker of the House. Mr. Henderson's position is now the more influential of the two, since he will have the power to organize the House. In his speech at Waterloo, Iowa, on Saturday, he predicted that Congress at its approaching session would legislate so as to "establish firmly the gold standard of the civilized world." Senator Allison said that it was the purpose of the Republican party to maintain all the currency of the country at par with gold and convertible into gold at the will of the holder, "not by the voice of the party, but by the voice of the American people." He added that "the laws upon out statute books on this subject will be invigorated and strengthened to maintain it and preserve it, and to make it impossible for any Secretary of the Treasury or any President, by his own fiat, and without positive affirmative legislation by Congress, to force upon the people, in some hour of temporary depression or of national slumber, the depreciated standard of silver money, or place any of our money at a premium or discount." It is impossible to mistake the purport of these words, or to doubt that the Senator speaks with authority. What he says implies not merely that the Senate Finance Committee has reached definite conclusions on this subject, but that it has assured itself of the necessary number of votes to pass the bill.

The price of cotton (middling upland) is rising, and the prediction is freely made that it will go to 8 cents before the movement stops. We make no predictions as to the future course of the market, but we venture to prophesy that if the price goes to 8 cents, there will not be much left of the silver movement in the South. The high prices of wheat and corn last year deadened the chief argument of the silverites in the West to such a degree that the States of Kansas and Nebraska went against Bryanism, Populism, and fusion by good majorities. The argument of the Bryanites was that the price of silver governed the prices of commodities in general. They said that the currency was contracted by the demonetization of silver, and that there was not gold enough to do the world's business. They could prove by the quantity theory that prices had fallen in consequence of the demonetization of silver, and must continue to fall unless free coinage were resumed at the ratio of 16 to 1. They published long tables of figures showing how the price of silver had kept pace with the prices of wheat and cotton, all going downward in unison. These tables of figures had a very potent influence with the farmers of the West, especially those who were slack in their agricultural methods and those who were behindhand in their finances.

In due time there came a change which showed that there was no connection between the price of wheat and that of silver. The former went soaring to the heavens, the latter continued to fall heavily. A short crop in Europe caused an unusual demand from this country which sent wheat prices upward. Young Mr. Leiter of Chicago lent his assistance by seeking to possess himself of the entire American surplus. Wheat went far above the dollar mark. It touched $1.91 before Mr. Leiter's wants were satisfied. Of course, this was artificial, but there was a general rise, due to foreign deficiencies, which demonstrated that there was no connection between the price of silver and that of wheat. The arguments of William J. Bryan and of Coin Harvey were "knocked silly," and the political consequences were fatal to them and their kind. Now it has come the turn of the Southern farmer to get his eyes open. With cotton already up to 7.35 cents—a rise of 40 per cent. since last year—he can no longer delude himself with the notion that the gold standard is the cause of the low prices hitherto prevailing. It is not expected that the Democratic party at the South will lose votes in consequence of this rise in cotton, since the race problem is still the governing issue there. But the truth as regards the silver question, which the rise of cotton discloses, will not fail of its effect. The commercial classes of the South, Democrats though they were and are, have never been silverites. They voted with the party because they believed that white supremacy was in the keeping of the party, but they were never deluded by the arguments of Mr. Bryan or of Mr. Bland.

Quay is very fortunate to find Senator Hoar returning from Europe to declare that he shall do everything in his power to secure the Pennsylvania boss the seat in the United States Senate to which his Governor appointed him after the Legislature's failure to elect. Senator Hoar says that politics has nothing to do with his attitude in this matter, which would be the same if the most zealous Democrat in the Union were to present himself with similar credentials; and indeed he has occupied this position consistently for years. The Massachusetts Senator bases his argument upon the contention that it was the purpose of the framers of the Constitution that the Senate should always be full, and that if a Legislature fails to elect, the Governor ought to be recognized as having the right to make a temporary appointment, in order that the State may not go with only one Senator for the year or two until there shall be another session of the law-makers. Mr. Hoar is one of the strongest constitutional lawyers in the Senate, and his earnest championship of the Quay position will render it easy for a good many members of the body who have heretofore voted against a Governor's right to appoint under such circumstances, to change their ground because they have been convinced of their error by his arguments.

It is of little consequence whether Great Britain or Venezuela, under the

Paris arbitration, gets the larger share of the disputed territory. It seems to be the general opinion, however, that England has substantially won her case, and that a large part of the gold mines has been included in the territory awarded to her. This was to be desired in the interest of civilization. Those gold mines, according to all accounts, can be worked at a profit only under a stable government. Not only must the government of the region where they are situated be that of a civilized and enlightened country, but the approaches to it must be under like control. At the time when the United States was in a spasm over this question, and when these gold mines were figuring in the press as the prize for which Great Britain was chiefly contending, letters came from American miners there, saying that their interests and those of all the gold-producers depended on the continuation and confirmation of British control; that if the region were turned over to Venezuela, their property would be exposed to depredation, spoliation, and confiscation, and that they might as well abandon the country at once. Considerations of this sort had very little weight in the scale when we were deciding the boundary question for all the parties concerned, but we have Judge Brewer's word for it (if a reported interview with him is correct), that "the present insurrection in Venezuela, and the consequent feeling of instability, weighed to a certain extent in the balance." We should hope so. The opinion of Señor Rojas, the Venezuelan agent in Paris, is quoted in connection with Judge Brewer's interview, to the effect that this was a contest between an elephant and an ant, and that, of course, the elephant would win. He adds that "America will accept no more arbitrations with Europe"—a prediction that can come true only in case America has no more disputes with Europe.

The unanimous decision of the Court of Appeals "in favor of the Equitable," as some of the papers state it, is, in reality, in favor of all the assured but Greeff. The decision is not only in conformity to explicit law—it is in harmony with the principles of justice. That permanence which is of prime importance in a corporation, issuing contracts that may run for a generation, would be impossible if Greeff's contention were sustained. If a life-insurance company were to distribute all its surplus, it would become insolvent in the first panic that caused shrinkage in the market value of assets. The policy-holders of the Equitable, and all other companies, who clearly comprehend the character of their contracts, will be gratified with this decision, which in effect prohibits a single policy-holder from taking with him, when his policy matures, any portion of the surplus belonging to those whose policies have not matured. It also confirms the contention of the companies that distribution of surplus must be made by them in accordance with the terms of their policies.

What is this? A judge of the United States Court characterizing the great firm of Horgan & Slattery as a "mere fiction"? Is not that libellous, Mr. Mayor? Why not summon Judge Brown to the city hall and ask him what he means by such intimations as that the firm has been employing "mere transparent and fictitious devices to shield property from creditors," that it is not a bona-fide concern, and such assertions as, "The circumstances already in evidence justify the court in treating the corporation as a mere fiction, and the sums due it as the assets of the bankrupts"? If he refuses to come, he can be assailed by the Mayor through the press, or Mr. Croker can "give out an interview" on him at The Club. Whatever else Horgan & Slattery may be, they are no fiction. They are the real thing.

Gen. Ludlow's prompt suppression of the general strike in Havana, by throwing the ringleaders into jail as seditious persons, met with general applause in that city, even among the laboring men affected. His proclamation went swiftly to the point. The ostensible reason for the strike was a demand for an eight-hours' day. As to this, Gen. Ludlow pointed out that, in fact, no such demand had been made of any employer, or of the City Council, or of the American authorities. The whole thing was but a pretext, and was made the basis for a threat to cut off the city's food and light and to plunge thousands of the inhabitants into misery. This, Gen. Ludlow declared, was pure sedition, and it was his business as Military Governor to suppress it. Wages and hours of labor were no affair of his, but any person openly plotting against the peace of the city was a criminal in his eyes, and would be treated as such. In fact, he did arrest the "walking delegates," as we should call them, with the result of causing the strike to dissipate at once into thin air; and the open rejoicing of the vast majority of workingmen showed that they had been simply coerced and terrorized into joining the strike at all. This is what a fearless Military Governor can do; and there is no doubt that a mayor of one of our cities, who was not afraid of the mob, could do substantially the same thing in similar circumstances.

Mr. John Hays Hammond, American mining expert in the Transvaal, has been interviewed at Paris on the subject of the crisis in South Africa. He says that it is impossible to have peace without justice, or to have justice without equality in the suffrage. He contends that England is in the right, and affirms that 90 per cent. of the Americans in the Transvaal who hold positions of any importance are on her side. "To-day," he said, "the foreigners contribute 90 per cent. of the taxation, yet have absolutely nothing to say about the expenditure of a penny." All this may be true, without making out a *casus belli*, and it must be remembered that Mr. Hammond was himself implicated in the Jameson raid, was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death, the sentence being commuted to a term of imprisonment and a fine of $60,000, which was paid. The question back of all others, and the one upon which the judgment of the civilized world will ultimately turn, is, What offers have been made by the Boer Government for a redress of the grievances enumerated? While there is much to be said in favor of the naked right of the Transvaal republic to manage its own affairs in its own way, it would lose the world's sympathy if it should exercise that right in an anti-republican way. If war should result from such conduct, and the Transvaal should be wiped out of existence in consequence, the world would say that it ought not to have put itself in opposition to the march of civilization and equal rights. But President Krüger and his party say that they have done nothing of the kind, that they have made all reasonable offers to secure political rights to the Outlanders, that the latter have refused to avail themselves of such rights, and that Mr. Chamberlain has been jockeying with the question in order to bring on a war. However, as we go to press, the discussion is already academic, for the Boers' ultimatum makes an immediate conflict apparently inevitable. The tension has been too much for popular endurance.

The absurd over-officering of the Spanish army is shown by a comparison of her military establishment with that of Italy or France. Italy's army budget is $56,000,000, and supports 14,000 officers, who draw pay amounting to $9,600,000. France spends $129,000,000 on her army, and has 29,000 officers drawing salaries in the sum of $19,800,000. Spain's army now numbers less than 100,000 all told; her military budget is $35,000,000; yet she maintains 23,000 officers, whose pay takes $13,200,000 out of the treasury! It is not that the officers are overpaid, but that their numbers are needlessly swollen. Many of them, needless to say, hold sinecures, as political rewards. Yet the Minister of War, Gen. Polavieja, has just had to leave the cabinet because he insisted upon creating more officers! So slow is Spain in learning the true lesson of her disasters.

OUR PRESIDENT, RIGHT OR WRONG.

We already observe signs of fear, among the President's supporters, that he is overloading this campaigning tour of his in the West. For a royal progress he ought to have more resplendent courtiers in his train than Smith and Griggs, even in their best estate; and as a plain, stump-speaking, vote-begging expedition, he is both exciting alarm by impressing his whole cabinet into service, as for a desperate emergency, and is cheapening his Secretaries as well as himself by exhibiting at every cross-roads. Another thing that Mr. McKinley is cheapening is the American flag. He really is violating the statute which forbids its use for advertising purposes. Never, in two days' speeches, did any President make so many and such maudlin references to "the flag." He waves it out of the car-window; he flaunts it along the streets; he wraps its folds about him as if it were an armor against all criticism. Whittier's heroine was willing to die herself if her country's flag were spared, but Mr. McKinley identifies himself with the flag. To write or speak or vote against him is to strike down the flag. The flag, *c'est moi.*

This, then, is the new doctrine to which we are asked to subscribe—our President, right or wrong. It is to take the place of the old saying, Our country, right or wrong. The country is the flag, the flag is the President, therefore the President is the country. This is no caricature of the reasoning which maintains that we are all bound to stand by the President and see him through his Philippine trials, even if we admit that his policy was from the beginning a mistake, and has been carried out with a vacillation, a lack of foresight, a fumbling and a blundering which have daily increased its difficulties. All the wretched old shibboleths about party differences ceasing at the water's edge, about the nation being absolutely one in "confronting" foreigners, are dragged out to gag the mouths of a free people. Mind, it is not merely the large question of anti-imperialism that they are bidden to be silent about; not simply whether the treaty with Spain was a mistake; not any *fait accompli* whatever—but the actual policy actually being pursued in the Philippines. On that Americans are expected to be dumb. Why? Because the President has decided. Right or wrong, he must be supported. By waving the flag to tatters he makes himself and his policy identical with the country, and everybody must slink away in silence.

This is new doctrine for Americans. Such alleged immunity and sanctity of the President when dealing with questions of foreign policy, or even with questions of war, never have existed in this country and never will exist. Americans are not in the habit of thus delivering themselves over bound and gagged to their chief executive. If they do not like a treaty with a foreign nation, they say so. The fact that the President thinks it wise does not still their cries. Would McKinley be more immune than Washington? The President spoke of Lincoln on Saturday. Now Lincoln stood up in his place in Congress and severely criticised President Polk for his conduct of the Mexican war. That was a war which Congress had declared. There was ten times the reason for asserting it to be the country's war that there is in the case of the war which McKinley is carrying on of his own motion in the Philippines. Lincoln openly attacked his President. He poured ridicule upon him. He charged him with precisely the faults that are alleged against President McKinley—contradictory arguments, vacillation, weakness, making the war neither flesh nor fowl nor good red herring. A fine time anybody would have had who should have gone to Abraham Lincoln and told him that when the President of the United States had spoken, it was the part of all good citizens to put their hands over their mouths and lie in the dust at his feet.

The absurdity of this new contention that the President, when dealing with distant and uncivilized peoples, is impeccable and possessed of royal prerogative, will be admitted by anybody whose memory goes back as far as 1893. In that year we had a President who had a knotty problem on his hands in a distant island, inhabited by an alien race. He made a certain decision, but was every mouth stopped thereby? Not if we remember. We think an unusual number of mouths were set bellowing. There was no water's-edge talk or "united-front" business when Mr. Cleveland announced his Hawaiian policy. The very men and newspapers which are most shocked now at any criticism of our wise and beloved President, then led the pack and yelped the loudest. Yet Mr. Cleveland was just as much entitled to immunity as Mr. McKinley is. He was simply trying to do justice in a group of Pacific islands, and to preserve our country from undesirable acquisitions; and if he did not escape unsparing criticism, can a President hope to who is making us, as that good Republican, Senator Hoar, says he is, the laughing-stock of Europe by his policy in a group of Pacific islands, and who has thrown upon our hands what his own Secretary of the Navy confesses to be "an elephant"?

President McKinley might ask for exemption from opposition if he had taken the ready and obvious way to secure the national endorsement for his policy. If he had referred the whole matter to Congress, as he promised to, then indeed he might say that he was executing the popular will. But he has sedulously refrained from consulting Congress. He has left it for England to show us the true way of finding out the people's mind. An English Cabinet does not dare go to war, or spend $30,000,000 for military purposes, without asking permission from the House of Commons. It promptly summons Parliament. But the President of the United States plays the game solitaire. He is using up in four months the money Congress meant to last twelve. He is waging a war, blockading coasts, interfering with foreign trade, without so much as once asking the people's representatives for a vote of either money or confidence. To say a word against this is our new American crime of *lèse-majesté* and constructive treason. But we take comfort in the old saw that treason successful is no longer treason. So many tongues are loosed the country over against the doctrine—which would be monstrous if it were not ridiculous—that we must support the President, right or wrong, that the "traitors" bid fair soon to be in the majority, and then, we know, it will be the other fellows who are traitors. A traitorous majority is unthinkable.

OUR VENEZUELA SOBERING.

An American author, residing in England at the time of this country's access of Venezuelan insanity in 1895, wrote home to a friend that the English knew we were terribly angry about something, but had not the least idea what. No more had we. There never was a time when any rational answer could be given to the question why our Secretary of State should suddenly take to writing ruffianly dispatches to Lord Salisbury, or why our President should excite Congress and the country by sending in, like a bolt from the blue, a message declaring that if Great Britain did not do something, nobody knew exactly what or where, it would be our duty to go to war with her. It was a brief madness, but awful while it lasted, that period of shirt-sleeves diplomacy and breech-clout morality. The chief lunatics of that time are now most ashamed of their antics; those who yelled loudest are most significantly silent at present. And no better proof could be had that the whole issue was factitious—that Mr. Cleveland's heroics about facing England in war were purely gratuitous, and therefore doubly wicked—than the fact that the country has since cared, and now cares, not one straw about the business.

If our fury of 1895 was not feigned, why are we not raging now to find the Paris tribunal giving England territory which she herself offered to Venezuela, and which the latter country, relying upon our powerful aid, indignantly refused to accept as a basis of settlement? We ought to feel hugely chagrined and humiliated. As a matter of fact, we have no feeling at all about the affair, ex-

cept annoyance that anybody should revive a bore which we had completely dismissed and forgotten. "The Venezuela case? Let's see; just what was that case?" "Why, that was the case on which you were going to war with England four years ago." "By Jove, so it was. It had slipped my memory. What a good joke!"

It is no pleasure to us to recall those insensate weeks of the close of 1895; but it is necessary, for the reproof of our few Chauvinists, like the *Tribune*, who have brass enough left to shout, "The American policy wins!" The Venezuelans know better; they are bitterly disappointed. Ex-President Harrison, their chief counsel, knows better; he has gone down to the tavern to rail at the court in fine old country-lawyer fashion. And quite irrespective of the terms of the award, so obviously favorable to England, the American policy did not win in the arbitration because the American policy did not contemplate arbitration at all. It is pure fiction to assert now that it did. What was President Cleveland's proposal to Congress which set the country aflame, and which both Houses hastened to vote him $100,000 to execute? Was it arbitration? No, it was the appointing of a commission of our own to go and draw the true boundary line of Venezuela and then "hold" it in defiance of men or devils. That was the policy which we were called upon to "stand behind," and in support of which, for a few frenzied weeks, we were all ready to shed our last drop of blood. That mad fit did, indeed, pass away. In a short time Ambassador Bayard resumed the diplomatic correspondence, at the point where it was broken off when Mr. Olney began to smash the glasses and break the furniture, and soon an agreement to arbitrate was reached, as it undoubtedly might have been before without any of the drunken swagger. But that was not what the row was all about. That was not the "American policy" of Cleveland's message. What *he* wanted Congress to do, and what Congress madly hurried to do, was to decide entirely by ourselves what territory "of right" belonged to Venezuela, and then "resist by every means in our power" any appropriation by Great Britain of such lands, "as a wilful aggression upon the rights and interests"—of what country? Venezuela? Alas, no, but of the United States.

Well, we have very satisfactorily sobered off since that debauch. We never had the slightest interest in the Venezuelans, except as good Dagoes to pick a quarrel over, and we have not now. At this very moment, that beloved "sister republic," for which we were prepared to risk our lives, is again in the throes of a miserable revolution. Its President is a fugitive, and the brief interval of good behavior, sustained with difficulty while the country was on trial, is evidently over. A new dictator will soon succeed to the corrupt line, and we shall be left admiring those "kindred institutions" which Mr. Olney found so lovely and desirable as compared with England's abhorrent and tyrannical rule. We leave the moral to point itself. But we cannot part with the subject without a lament at the sudden disappearance of so much Venezuelan erudition. Men who could not tell you, to save their lives, where Mason and Dixon's line ran, knew every crook and curve of the Schomburgk line. Rivers of their own land they had only the vaguest ideas about, but the Orinoco, the Cuyuni, the Amakuru, they knew better than any pilot knows the Mississippi. Where is all that mighty learning now? Where are Lodge's speeches, McMaster's historical lore? Gone, forgotten; *evasit, erupit;* thrown out by the Paris tribunal, with a vast amount of similar worn-out garments, for the old-clo' man.

MILITARY MORALITY.

Military writers have one advantage in common with mathematical writers, in that their main premise has to be beyond dispute. They occasionally write not only on war, but on the causes and course of war, but one of their postulates is and has to be impregnable, namely, that the war, if a war of their own nation, was a good war, and ought to have been made. Concerning these points a military writer cannot admit any doubt. "Superior orders" for him settle a whole group of questions, moral or political, which are sure to lie at the threshold of every discussion touching the use of its force by one nation against another. For a soldier or a sailor, the assumption that his own government is right, forms the starting-point of every examination of a military problem. For these reasons, we regret that Capt. Mahan should have thought it necessary to add to his very interesting account of the proceedings of the late Peace Conference at The Hague, in the *North American Review* for October, some remarks on the danger of pushing the principle of arbitration so far as to bind the nation to a course of conduct of which the national conscience may not approve. It is unhappily true that nearly all writers who express the fear that a nation's hands may be tied by third parties, are never afraid the nation may be compelled to make war against its better judgment; it is through having to make peace that it is usually feared that violence may be done to its moral nature.

The truth is, that when military men turn casuists, and talk of moral responsibility, they enter on a trackless wilderness. There is no rarer qualification among those who either direct or conduct or love wars than moral responsibility. In fact, an army efficient for the assertion of a nation's will must, as the first condition of its preparation, be divested of moral responsibility altogether. The soldier must become nearly like the Jesuit, "*perinde ac cadaver.*" The Articles of War become his Bible. The Orders of the Day contain for him a summary of all that has ever been written by all the sages of the world on the conduct of life. The report of the Roman Centurion to his superior officer, "Factum est quod jussisti," contained in a nutshell the teachings of all the schools. Ill fares the land in which political duty is taught to the people by admirals and generals, and whose rule of right is the extent of its capacity to destroy.

This trend which is communicated to the military mind by authority, is plainly revealed in the history of military tribunals. There can hardly be a better tribunal for the judging of ordinary military offences in which the Government has no special interest, than a court-martial. Let it be supposed by its members that the Government desires either an acquittal or a conviction, and the verdict is almost certain to meet its wishes. This is true of nearly every court-martial "sounding" in politics, as the lawyers say, from Admiral Byng's to that of Dreyfus.

Capt. Mahan has a fanciful theory, to which he gave utterance more than a year ago, that a nation by increasing its military forces increases its power of being conscientious. He said in words which we cannot recall textually, but of which we feel sure we have the substance, that the duty of a nation was to increase its armament and "then do right." Unhappily, the experience of mankind has shown that the disposition to "do right" is generally in the inverse ratio of the size of the armament. It is one of the commonplaces of history that, in the case of nations, power is the deadliest antagonist of conscience. With power comes indifference to right and contempt for weakness. This is the story of mankind.

The fear that any one nation might get power enough to "do right," or, in other words, to do as it pleased, has haunted the imaginations of the statesmen and rulers of Europe ever since the fall of the Roman Empire. It originated what is called "the balance-of-power" theory; it caused the earlier dread of Spain; it caused the coalitions against Louis XIV. and against Napoleon; it has been, in all ages, a terror to all lovers of liberty and justice. There has been no worse foe of mankind than the accumulation of vast physical force in the hands of one individual of one nation. We think there is very little doubt to-day in the minds of intelligent observers that the great lowering of the moral tone in the United States which has occurred in our time, has been due to the feeling that our military strength has become irresistible. Fifty years ago Emerson wrote

that he had told Englishmen when in England, that "musket-worship was perfectly well known to us; that it was an old bankrupt." The increase of revenue and population, and the teaching of our new military prophets that the Government when it goes to war is always right, has put the "old bankrupt" on his legs again and started him in a roaring business.

We freely confess that in the whole list of military writers we do not know one who can be pronounced freer from these defects than Capt. Mahan, although we hold him to be largely responsible for the wave of semi-barbarous Jingoism from which we are now suffering. We know no other military writer who looks beyond the military field with a clearer eye. But in the background of his thought, on all subjects, there lies a shadow of the military conception of war, that, if legally declared, it may decide what is right, and may give ease to perplexed human consciences. He has the notion that the men who declare war in any country in the world, by calling themselves Presidents, Attorney-Generals, Ministers of State, can take charge of the national forum of morals, and, by dint of "proclamations," convert wrong into right, a sense of power into a sense of justice. He even compares the unwillingness of a nation to submit the definition of its rights to arbitration, to the dissatisfaction of an unfortunate private suitor with the judgment of the court which condemns him in costs. And he is right. There is the same objection to both—the weakness of human nature. Long ages have been required to reconcile the individual to surrendering the right given him by the primitive conscience to steal his neighbor's cows when he wanted them, and to kill the neighbor when he quarrelled with him. And this in spite of the fact that, ever since the foundation of human society, the rule that "no man shall be judge in his own case" has been recognized by all moralists as the principal strand in the social bond. The prohibition of private war in civilized society was its first great triumph. But this triumph left all the good shots and good swordsmen in the deepest despondency over the wrong done to their consciences in not allowing them any longer to shoot or stab the damned rascals, just as the military philosophers are now trembling lest the nations should give up their right to occasional murder and rapine.

The great remaining repudiation of this principle to-day is war. We have still to reconcile the great civilized nations to the humiliation of the substitution of a tribunal like the Venezuelan Commission for grand displays of mutilated corpses and ruined property. The struggle will be long, but why poohpooh our efforts? Is there the smallest prospect that any nation will allow its power of killing its enemies to be taken away from it before the moral system of the world is ready for the tremendous sacrifice?

PROSPERITY AND POLITICS.

The Republican politicians are making as much capital as possible out of the prosperous conditions of business now prevailing. To say that people are making money, that the demand for iron is enormous, and that prices of commodities are rising, is considered by them a good answer to the cruelty of the war in the Philippines, the debauching of the civil service, and all the scandals of the McKinley administration. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc* is their unfailing argument. Because this prosperity came during the McKinley administration, therefore it must be due to McKinley, or at all events to the Republican party and its glorious tariff. This is the song that Judge Nash is singing in Ohio, and all the Republican organs in that State are joining in the chorus.

The truth should be spoken on this subject, and the first thing that needs to be said is that the prosperity so loudly boasted is not confined to this country. It is just as marked in Great Britain as it is here, or was so until the war cloud in South Africa began to darken. It will not be pretended that England is indebted for her prosperity to the effulgence of McKinley, or to the fructifying influence of the Dingley tariff. Germany is in a prosperous state at the present time. Is her rapid advance in wealth to be ascribed to the fact that the Republican party is in power in the United States, and that that party has gone beyond all precedent in its efforts to cripple trade between the two countries? Her statesmen, her merchants, her manufacturers, her scholars would be amazed to hear such a claim put forth. Now a world-wide prosperity must have a world-wide cause. The cause must be commensurate with the result. If there is a period of general prosperity among civilized nations, it cannot be due to the government of one of them, least of all to one whose aim is to curtail trade with all the rest.

Now we will inquire what foundation there is for the claim that the present prosperity is due to the McKinley administration, or to the Republican party. To answer this question, it is necessary to go back to the last previous Republican administration, that of President Harrison, in which, as it happens, Mr. McKinley was a potent factor in the legislative branch of the government. It will not be forgotten that in the first Cleveland administration (1885-1889) the country was remarkably prosperous, and that the interest-bearing debt of the nation was reduced at the rate of more than one hundred million dollars per year. This notable and advantageous condition, which would have left the nation free from debt if it had been continued a few years longer, was brought to an end during the Harrison administration by three principal measures, viz.: first, the McKinley tariff, which repealed the sugar duties and reduced the public revenue by $50,000,000; second, by the new pension bill, which added $50,000,000 to the public expenditures; third, by the Sherman act, which more than doubled the Government's silver purchases. These three measures literally bankrupted the Treasury. They made the Government's outgo greater than its income, and the party which was responsible for it took no steps to replenish the Treasury or to redress the balance. That party was so fortunate as to be beaten in the next Presidential election (1892). By being beaten it avoided the political consequences of its own baleful acts. These consequences fell upon the second Cleveland administration, which was in no wise responsible for them.

In the case of a nation whose resources are ample, bankruptcy of the public treasury is not necessarily damaging to private credit. It must always be accounted an act of folly because it is an expensive affair for the taxpayers, but is not otherwise harmful. In this case, however, the public credit was interwoven with private credit. The two things were tied together like a Gordian knot, by means of the silver legislation, of which the Sherman act was the climax. This act was likewise interwoven with the McKinley tariff. On the very day when the tariff bill reached the Senate this body passed a free-coinage bill, and then "sat down" on the tariff and waited to see what effect its action would have at the other end of the capitol. In due time the Sherman bill emerged from the débris of the previous Windom bill, and in the course of events the McKinley bill and the Sherman bill were linked together and enacted into law as a matter of bargain and log-rolling.

For the purposes of the present argument, we will consider only the revenue features of the McKinley bill. Its title declared that it was a bill "to reduce revenue." It accomplished this purpose to a degree that must have astonished its promoters. The receipts from customs duties fell from $229,000,000 in 1890 to $177,000,000 in 1892, a loss of $52,000,000, which was just about the measure of the loss on sugar alone. The expenditures for the same period rose from $358,000,000 to $415,000,000, an increase of $57,000,000. Here was a showing of $109,000,000 "to the bad," and this showing became much worse in the two following years. The most deplorable fact in the situation was that the maintenance of the gold standard depended upon the condition of the Treasury—upon the relation of receipts to expenditures.

Even if there had been no Sherman act pouring a fresh deluge of silver currency (redeemable in gold) into the circulation, the condition brought about by the McKinley bill of 1890 and the new pension bill—*i. e.*, a large deficit in the Treasury—would have been hazardous in a high degree. With the Sherman bill, which provided for the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces of silver every month (for which gold must be paid) and its conversion into a new and terrifying kind of currency, we had all the ingredients of panic and crash. This came in 1893. That it was caused by the disastrous combination of events here enumerated, all of which were the doings of the Republican party, and for which William McKinley was the leading agent, there is no room to doubt. The foundation of the present prosperity was laid by the Cleveland administration when it forced the unconditional repeal of the Sherman act. That McKinley and his party should now lay claim to credit for the revival of business from the disastrous depression into which they plunged it by the measures above recited, is a mark either of gross impudence or of the grossest ignorance.

ROSEBERY AS AN ORATOR.

Lord Rosebery has made an original contribution to the solution of the problem, "What shall a retired statesman do with himself?" It is a delicate and difficult problem at best. The statesman must not be too retired. Though quitting the stage, he must make it evident that applause sufficiently hearty would lead him to submit to a recall. While prizing his retirement, and losing no occasion to declare how grateful it is to him, he has to give just a suspicion of color to the notion that it would not exactly take wild horses to drag him from it. So he has to manage to keep up an appearance of being in touch with public affairs, though boasting of his delightful freedom from the cares of office. A common resort has been to set up as a "sage." Political wisdom freely on tap is the sure mark of a retired statesman. He must not be a "Nestor," for Nestors are retired for good; but a "sage" has often to give up his "well-earned repose" in order reluctantly to come forth and save his country. Another way of being retired, yet not too inflexibly retired, is to take to writing a "history" of the immediate past. If you find that you have constructed, in this way, a powerful historical argument for your own return to active affairs, that is not your fault; blame the muse of history, if anybody. Everybody remembers how Blaine was drawn away with difficulty from the still air of delightful studies. But Lord Rosebery has struck out a quite new line for retired statesmen, by taking up the rôle of occasional orator.

The next few weeks are to see several of his memorial orations. He is to speak of Chatham; he is to unveil a monument to Pitt (here, of course, Lord Rosebery is hunting on his own preserves); he is to take part in the dedication of the Cromwell statue at Westminster. He will probably, however, make no new revelation of his oratorical quality. That has been pretty fully displayed, in its excellencies and its limitations, in the course of his public career. The recent volume of his 'Appreciations and Addresses' (John Lane) won unhappy notoriety through a peculiar suit about copyright in which it involved the publisher—unhappy, we say, because everybody fell to talking about the suit and neglected the book. Yet it well deserves attention, both for its intrinsic interest and for the light it casts upon an Englishman who, at fifty-two, cannot safely be put down in the ranks of the permanently retired statesmen.

The distinctive note of Lord Rosebery's oratory is, we should say, felicity. He is uneven—often falling below his own level, and never rising to the highest level; but is always happy, never guilty of a breach of good taste; invariably apt, ingenious, witty, with an infectious good humor and urbanity. Of all the addresses in the volume we should rank those on Burns highest, for literary and philosophic insight and for sustained elevation. It is almost a shock to turn the pages and read the vastly inferior plea for a Stevenson memorial in Edinburgh, in which the orator said that we must prove that author immortal by erecting a monument to him in our own time, lest posterity might not care enough about him to do it! Surely Lord Rosebery was nodding that day, for the enthusiasm of the moment led him to the strange exaggeration, which stands in the book in cold type, "No man of ancient or modern times since the beginning of the world has ever left behind him so splendid a collection of his works as has Robert Louis Stevenson."

Two short addresses on Burke are included in the volume, but they are disappointing, scarcely touching the skirts of that piercing intellect and monarch of style. The wonder is how any orator could speak twice on Burke without once showing even a reflected glow from the central fire. Rosebery's tribute to Gladstone, delivered in the House of Lords, is distinctly of a higher order. In perfect taste and marked by deep feeling, it yet lacks a certain impetuous flow, with thoughts and the fitting word visibly created in the speaker's mind at the moment, which marks what Tacitus called "magna eloquentia"—that eloquence which is as a flame feeding on itself, stirred by its own motions, and which *urendo clarescit*. That is the kind of eloquence which has been justly ascribed to Mr. Gladstone; it could never be asserted of Mr. Gladstone's successor and eulogist.

Eloquence has been said to be a virtue. Whatever we may think of that, we must agree that oratory reveals character. What has this volume of orations to say about Lord Rosebery's fitness to be a party leader, especially his fitness to lead a great democratic party like the Liberals of England? We think it shows him to have one fatal disqualification. He has not high seriousness. Mr. Gladstone had his playful moments, but how different was his passing smile from Rosebery's calculated jocoseness. He makes fun of himself, of his office, of his audience. He says that he "belongs to the ingenuous class that make speeches." No man who thought of his oratory as a powerful instrument to move his fellows, could ever say that. His flippancy is excellent at times, but it is flippancy still. For example, he said in the first speech he made after the long silence that followed his retirement from office, that an audience had good reason to dread a speaker who had been silent for some time:

> "In the first place, he may have altogether lost the capacity for speech. In the second place, he may have stored up in him during the period of his reticence such overflowing masses of thought and matter, which he wishes to communicate to the first person he comes across, that his first audience may suffer under an avalanche of material. And the third and most fatal possibility of all is that he may combine both disabilities—that he may have lost altogether the faculty and capacity of intelligible speech, but may be at the same time overburdened and anxious to communicate illimitable thoughts to his fellow-countrymen."

That is true Roseberyese. It is the after-dinner note, the trick of persiflage, which shows that Rosebery does not take himself seriously. Now the orator who does not take himself seriously will never be taken seriously by a great democracy.

BRITISH ECONOMISTS IN SESSION.

DOVER, September 19, 1899.

There is no organization in Great Britain corresponding precisely in scope and in method to the American Economic Association. The formal object of the British Economic Association is "the advancement of economic knowledge by the issue of a journal and other printed publications, and by such other means as the Association may from time to time agree to adopt." Nine volumes of the *Economic Journal*, established in 1890 as the organ of the Association, have thus been published under the capable editorship of Prof. F. Y. Edgeworth, with whom Mr. Henry Higgs has latterly been associated. The Association has also presented its members with a facsimile of the rare 'Tableau Économique' of Quesnay, brought to light by Dr. Stephen Bauer, and other publications are stated to be in contemplation. The only further activity of the Association is an annual dinner, attended by a small proportion of the seven hundred members, and of which the important feature is a formal address by some distinguished foreign economist.

The Political Economy Club, the Economic Club, and the Political Economy Circle of the National Liberal Club serve in some de-

gree as rallying-points for persons interested in economics living in or near London. The Political Economy Club is the organization founded in 1821 by James Mill and David Ricardo, and still maintains its limited membership, its monthly dinners, and its varied discussions. The Economic Club has justified its existence, among other reasons, by publishing, under Dr. James Bonar's efficient editorship, a tentative 'Catalogue of the Library of Adam Smith.' The Political Economy Circle, through the efforts of an energetic secretary, Mr. J. H. Levy, does useful work in encouraging economic discussion and publication.

For the nearest approach to what constitute the distinctive features of the American Economic Association—an annual scientific meeting with a consecutive programme of papers and discussions and generous opportunity for personal intercourse—it is necessary to turn from these organizations to the work of Section F (Economics and Statistics) of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. In accordance with the ponderous methods of the British Association, the Section meets annually for a full week's session. Only the mornings, however, are devoted to business, the afternoons and evenings being consecrated to Association functions and entertainments. As contrasted with the experience of the American Economic Association, the session is thus more protracted, the attendance not as representative, and the discussion less profitable. The notable feature of the Dover session just terminated was the address of Mr. Henry Higgs, President of the Section. As was gracefully noted by Dr. Bonar (the retiring President) in moving the usual resolution of thanks, in point of age Mr. Higgs is markedly deficient for the traditional dignities of the presidential office. But the address itself, in its originality and vigor, furnished new evidence of his pre-eminent fitness therefor and of his sure place in the front rank of the younger British economists.

Mr. Higgs's address was a forcible plea for the detailed study by English economists of the local facts of wealth consumption, towards which he himself, as one of the editors of a series of British family budgets, has made an appreciable contribution. He noted that the delicate theorems of value in all their branches—wages, rent, interest, profits, the problems of taxation, the alluring study of currency, the mechanism of banking and exchange—have attracted the greatest share of the economist's attention. The practical and the speculative aspects alike of the consumption of wealth have received less consideration. Nobody sees his way to a fortune through the spread of more knowledge of domestic economy in workmen's homes; and the scientific observer has curbed his curiosity before what might seem an inquisitorial investigation into the question, What becomes of wages? The result is, that if Great Britain "were suddenly swallowed up by the ocean, it appears probable that the foreign student would find it easier to describe from existing documents the life and home of the British craftsman in the Middle Ages than of his descendant of to-day."

French economists, notably Le Play, have had a much keener perception of the importance of ascertaining the facts of consumption. Given half-a-dozen Le Plays applying their minds to the study of the consumption of wealth among the working classes of England, we might expect soon to see, Mr. Higgs hazarded, a greater advance in comfort, a greater rise in the standard of life, than improved arts of production alone are likely to yield in a generation. In consumption of food, in use of coal, in methods of dress, and in arrangement of housing, the habits of the English workman reveal waste and loss not only when estimated by absolute standards, but even when compared with Continental examples. With an equal income, there is probably no doubt that a French working-class family will be better fed and better clad than a corresponding English family dealing in the same market, and will lay up a larger stock of household goods.

Herein lies the peculiar value to Englishmen of detailed study of the economics of family life. Nothing is so calculated to stimulate social sympathy or to suggest questions for consideration. To what department soever of economic life we turn our eyes, we find live men and women, born into families, living in families, their social happiness and efficiency largely dependent on their family lives. The cosmopolitan attitude of the older economists, Mr. Higgs acutely observed, was largely due to their centring attention upon the problems of exchange. To them the globe was peopled by men producing the fruits of the earth, anxious to exchange them to the greatest national advantage, but hindered from doing so by the perversity of national governments. The facts of consumption are local. They are often determined by geology, geography, climate, and occupation; and however fully we may admit the economic solidarity of the world, and the advantage which one part of it derives from the prosperity of another, we may fairly be excused if we attempt to make our contribution to the welfare of the human family through the improvement of the condition of the people nearest at hand.

It was remarkable and significant to find the subject of municipal finance engaging as general attention at Dover as at the last meeting of the American Economic Association at New Haven. The entire session of September 16 was devoted to this topic, and several additional papers were read at subsequent sessions. Prof. J. H. Hollander of the Johns Hopkins University, in a brief paper on "Some Aspects of American Municipal Finance," noted as the characteristic features of the fiscal activities of the larger American cities (1) increasing expenditure, (2) inelastic revenue, (3) increasing funded indebtedness, (4) crude budgetary procedure. He thought it likely that the near development of American local finance would result in continued progressive increase in expenditure, an essential modification of the general property tax, larger use of sources of revenue other than direct taxation, relative stability in funded indebtedness, and systematization of budgetary procedure.

Mr. Robert Donald, editor of the *Municipal Journal*, discussed "Municipal Trading and Profits," and found no cause for concern in the extension of municipal activity to industries of service, in view of the fact that in towns where the civic spirit was the keenest and healthiest, where municipal institutions were most largely developed, there the profit sought from municipal works was least and the administration was the best. Prof. William Smart of Glasgow took the introduction by the Glasgow corporation of a bill embodying the principle of the single tax on land values as the occasion for a vigorous onslaught upon the theoretical weakness and the practical iniquity of that panacea. To the keen regret of his audience, the speaker discussed general principles rather than the specific Glasgow proposals. Mr. Edwin Cannan read a characteristically clear, crisp paper on "The State as Investor," in which he suggested loans to local bodies as a suitable mode of investing the increments of the national sinking fund and the postal savings-bank deposits.

A detailed statement by Sir Philip Magnus upon the plans of the reconstructed University of London with respect to instruction in economics attracted general attention. The University will be organized into eight faculties, of which one will be the Faculty of Economics and Political Science, including Commerce. Appreciative reference was made to the successful work of the London School of Economics under Prof. Hewins, in giving an impulse to the study of the science and to its practical application to commercial problems. But although the existing school may form a useful part of the new faculty, it cannot be considered as supplying all that is required. If the Faculty of Economics and Commerce is to take its place among the other faculties of the University, it must embrace the teaching of a much wider range of subjects than has so far been provided, or is even as yet contemplated. The urgent demand is not only for the education of trained economists, who shall guide the commercial, industrial, and financial policy of the empire, but for a school fulfilling the functions of a civil-service and commercial department, and drawing students not only from London and other parts of the United Kingdom, but from the colonies and the great dependencies, for the study of subjects closely connected with their administrative and commercial duties.

Miss Ethel R. Faraday of Manchester presented a lengthy and elaborate paper bearing the extraordinary title, "The Mercantile System of Laisser-Faire." The interpretation of the paradox was the contention that the English *laisser-faire* school, originally founded on a cosmopolitan theory of economics, occupies at present a position as purely nationalist as that of the mercantile school which it succeeded. This is the effect of a dogmatic insistence on the economic ideal as stated by Cobden, and a resulting indifference towards five recent developments of economic thought: the separation of the science from the art of economics, the definition of the science and of its subject wealth, the humanist philosophy, the imperial idea, and the theory of relativity.

It is possible barely to refer to other noteworthy papers presented at the session. Miss Collet discussed the forthcoming census of 1901, and effectively dispelled any possible illusion that the statistical methods of the British Government might be advantageously copied in entirety by the United States. Mr. George H. Pownall voiced the concern of thoughtful financiers as to the inadequacy of English banking reserves, and supplemented the suggestion that bankers hold fifteen, instead of as at present seven, per cent. of their deposits in Bank of England notes, with the exhortation that the keeping of adequate cash reserves was a duty to the state! Prof. F. Y. Edgeworth presented by title a profound paper on the use of curves

in statistics, the full text of which appears in the Journal of the Royal Statistical Society for September. Prof. J. D. Everett gave a detailed account of an interesting but not entirely novel modification of the ordinary geometrical illustration of the theory of rent. Mr. Hermann Schmidt and Mr. J. M. Macdonald presented rather belated contributions to the Indian currency discussion.

Mention should at least be made of Mr. S. J. Chapman's paper on the regulation of wages by lists in the spinning industry; of Mr. George H. Wood's laborious investigation into the course of average wages between 1790 and 1860; of Miss Hewart's useful review of the increase in local rates in England and Wales from 1892 to 1897; and of Mr. H. E. Moore's discussion of the results of recent poor-law reform.

J. H. H.

IMPRESSIONS IN THE MEXICAN HIGHLANDS.

CHIHUAHUA, September, 1899.

To him who visits Mexico for the first time, three features attract instant notice: the startling contrast between plain and jagged sierra, the delusively Oriental aspect of the brown and white-plastered adobe villages, and the wonderful high hats of the short-jacketed Mexicans. One need not, indeed, pass beyond the Rio Grande to perceive fair intimations of each of these earmarks of the land of the Aztecs, but the impression produced is different. They are mingled with too much that is American. Even the saw-toothed ridges do not line up into those noble ranks which, on the Mexican plateau, run parallel north and south into that misty infinitude where, to the eye, parallelism ends in convergence. Unless one has reached that condition of intellectual ossification which may entitle him to be called blasé, these three characteristics never fail to impress the foreigner, to awaken his interest.

Taking them in reverse order, the hat—that marvellous pinnacle, like a volcanic cone rising out of a vast plain of brim, established on its base with a backward tilt, and then worn with a slightly forward cant, throwing the face of the wearer into a deep shadow—this singular, ponderous head-dress, often four to five pounds in weight, is a thing incomprehensible at first, demanding explanation of its origin and justification of its right to be. Mount your horse and strike out across those plains, brown with the parched *secate*, with glaring light pouring in upon you from sky, from mountain side, from every sand grain on the plain, and you will hasten to the first hacienda you see and exchange your "Stetson," whose brim you once thought grandly expansive, for one of the broader, high-crowned marvels of the Mexican hatter's art, and wish you had been advised of one reason for its existence before your lips and nose had become so terribly blistered. Even in midwinter, when the air is so cool that you can wear a light overcoat with convenience, the sun will leave its mark on you unless you retreat under the ample shelter of the Mexican hat. Why it should be made so heavy is not as easily discoverable. The foreigner certainly never grows used to carrying such a burden. Indeed, the average Gringo—why shrink from a term which, though hurled at us in opprobrium, can be robbed of its sting by assuming it with dignity?—the ordinary Gringo adopts every possible makeshift to avoid assimilating himself even in so trivial a matter with the native. If he were afflicted with a little less supercilious pride and ignoble contempt of everything not American, he would fare better both as to personal comfort and financial success among these people south of the Rio Grande. It is this spirit, perhaps, far more than the weight of the hat, which troubles the Gringo.

Whatever may be the cause of its adoption, the hat certainly has produced an effect on its devotees. Carrying this weight is, in some sense, like habitually poising a water-jar on the head; it makes one bear the head erect, the shoulders square, and the spinal column straight. Hence, your Mexican gentleman possesses a carriage of head and body that is exceedingly pleasing, exceedingly manly. There is nothing slouchy in his appearance, no matter how old and worn his clothing may be; and this dignity of manner is, beyond a doubt, due in part to the conditions imposed for comfortably carrying that stupendous gilt-corded, hare-skin hat. It surely is not imagination merely that makes the new Mexican (the new Mexican of "Old Mexico," that is), who is beginning to wear the conventional hat of Anglo-Saxondom, seem inferior to his dashing cousin of the plains, who spurns the softer habits of the town. And yet so frail is mankind that these ranchers who know no fear in the presence of dangerous cattle of bull-ring breed, nor in the face of more dangerous outlaws of the hills, dare not meet their friends in the city clad in the ancient habit of tall hat and short braided jacket. Times are changing very, very rapidly, even in conservative Mexico. The brilliant *sarape*, that picturesque blanket inherited from the Indian, although the common substitute for an overcoat among the poor in general, has been cast aside by his worship the Don, and a very rural hidalgo indeed must he be who would be seen wearing this garment to-day.

The adobe house also is losing its ascendancy in the regard of the people. The American type of structure is coming into vogue, with its gables and bay-windows, its porches and its visible roofs. For, mark you, a roof is a thing you can never see on the old Mexican house unless you scale the wall for that express purpose. The only outer token of its existence is the line of long slender tin pipes, with ornamental wings, or the protruding hollow tiles, for carrying off the water; and this evidence of a water-shedding device is very patent at times when the unwary passer-by comes within range of the torrents gushing upon the streets from these batteries of spouts. Beyond doubt it is possible to be housed comfortably at far less cost by adopting the American plan of building, but this is not the reason for abandoning the old square adobe with its inner patio and corral. It is because the customs are changing. It seems as if, with the advance of modern ideas, the Mexican feared that the retention of the old ways of doing and living would bind him to the old habits of thought as well. Certain it is that the new home means for him a new home-life also. The very style of construction throws the inmates of the house more together and encourages the family gathering. Very different is the effect of the old hollow-square adobe. For the most part the rooms do not communicate with each other. Access from one to another is had by passing out to the great colonnade surrounding the patio.

It is the town here, as well as in the North, that sets the fashions. The country clings to the old with greater tenacity, and bows to the authority of the new chiefly in obedience to the demands of the rising young manhood and womanhood whose aspirations are broader than the paternal acres. So, while modern villa and mansion jostle squat adobe houses in the towns, old Mexico cherishes its ancient customs in the broad plains, and will not soon suffer corruption of its traditional methods—not for another generation at least. When the change comes, much of the most picturesque and charming individuality in Mexico will have disappeared. Now you see a group of square low buildings, mostly of that sombre brown of the adobe; with one or two plastered and whitewashed, with iron guard-bars swelling around the windows, betokening ownership by some man of greater affluence than the rest. The exterior of all is severely plain, the streets are brown and bare, but close by is certain to be a stream, a row of fine pollard maples, with gardens surrounded by high cactus-grown adobe walls, and the sinuous line of the irrigation canal sharply dividing the pretty oasis from the great brown desert that sweeps away to the serrated hills beyond. Straggling along the stream will be other flat, square adobe buildings, the homes of *peones*, each with its little garden and its great chicken-coop mounted high above the reach of vermin, on four scraggy stilts. Close at hand its Mexican character is pronounced enough, but at a little distance the semblance to an Oriental community is very striking. The type of the buildings, the grouping of the structures, the signs of water and fertility in the midst of widespread aridity, are certainly Eastern, and no length of acquaintance with these scenes weakens the impression in the least. The slow-moving ox-team, followed by the peon guiding a one-handled wooden plough; the horsemen, with gay red and blue sarapes flaunting in the wind, scurrying after cattle over the rolling plain—only strengthen the Oriental color of the picture.

Unconsciously one falls to thinking how powerful must have been the Moorish impress upon old Spain. There is the plough of Egypt and Chaldæa, which the Arab has carried along the coast of Barbary and across the straits of Hercules, and, through his descendants, has transmitted to the New World. There is the little booth, *tienda*, in whose Spanish name the Arab vendor in tents is not forgotten; even in its present form retaining still some likeness to the nomad's booth, for a great wide shutter lets down, revealing the whole width of a room, and forming a sloping table on which some of the wares are exposed for sale, while an awning hangs over from above. You need not enter the store to buy. All is sufficiently available from the exterior. Even the stores which are disposed after a more modern fashion have a gayly colored banner, with the embroidered initials of the owner, swinging in the doorway, a survival of the ancient hangings of the booth. The women come and go bearing water-jars upon their heads. But it is not all Eastern. The native did not have to be transformed to bring him into

this semblance of Oriental customs. His primitive architecture needed but little modification to make it what we see to-day. The savage of the hills builds a house which contains more than a mere germ of the *casa de hacienda* of the Mexican. He was used to a mode of life under conditions in themselves so like the Eastern that he was readily assimilated to Spanish customs—in fact, assimilation of each to each presented no serious difficulties. So it happens that in Mexico we are less conscious of the imposition of foreign customs upon the native, and there are less striking contrasts between the people in different degrees of society (omitting, of course, the great centres of wealth and trade) than in any other Spanish-American country. And certainly in no other Latin republic does one meet so many "self-made" men, who have risen to power and affluence from the humblest stations by their own ability and industry, unless it may be in Brazil. The sense of a possible career beyond that of a common laborer is strong even in the poorest classes. Though a large fraction of the population takes no thought for the morrow, and makes the present hideous with debauchery, there are signs, visible at every turn, of men and women living with hope of better things to come. The chief of these is the little store which abounds more than ever did the "cent shop" in New England. The genius of the people is distinctly that of the trader, of the dealer in small wares; and from these little stores, with crude pottery, baskets, and home-made *dulces*, often grow important enterprises. This ability, which also suggests the Oriental, of being courageous in setting up for himself with an insignificant capital, is one hopeful circumstance in the Mexican character. It betokens an independent spirit, and this again shows in the fact that Mexico has given away fewer all-embracing concessions to foreign corporations than has been the too common custom in other Spanish-American countries.

Correspondence.

THE WORLD AGAINST US.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you permit one who has spent the last year in Italy, Switzerland, and Germany to state his impression of opinions on the Continent in regard to President McKinley's policy in the Philippines?

Of the Americans resident abroad whom I have met—and they have been variously representative of Republicans and Democrats, artists and business men—all have concurred vehemently in the conviction either of the infamy or the stupidity of the President's policy, or of both. But what is perhaps more significant still is the attitude of the Europeans (out of politics) who have watched our movements in the Far East merely as curious and unprejudiced spectators. According to their temperaments, they have either laughed at or spoken with contempt of the paradoxical ending of our war for the liberation of the down-trodden. Not one European have I heard express approval of our war in the Philippines.

Now, if this opinion prove as unanimous elsewhere on the Continent as I have found it in Rome, Florence, Lucerne, and Leipzig, does it not force upon us an analogy between the attitude of foreigners towards us in the Philippine matter and the attitude of the world towards France in the Dreyfus case? With unprejudiced and unanimous decision, the world outside France adjudges the "Merciers" guilty of an abominable crime. So, with equal justice and lack of prejudice, may not the world outside of America soon adjudge the "McKinleys"?

To those in America at least who fear "the verdict of the world" if we *should* stop our present immoral war, I should like to call attention to these signs abroad that that verdict will be adverse if we do *not* stop it.—Very truly yours, P. W. M.

University of Leipzig,
Germany, September 28, 1899.

ZOLA CHARACTERIZED BY THE GONCOURTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent prominence of Zola in French affairs recalls the marvellously keen prophetic analysis of the Goncourts, more than thirty years since, as recorded in their diary on occasion of Zola's first visit, December 14, 1868:

"One striking impression is of the weakly, delicate, ultra-nervous side; you feel at times as if you were brought into contact with a melancholy victim of heart disease struggling against his cruel fate. In truth, a man of a restless, anxious, thoughtful, complex nature. . . . In a spirit of bitter recrimination he kept from time to time repeating that he was only twenty-eight years of age, and the tone in which he said it indicated a bitter strength of will, and suppressed energy longing to make itself felt."

What better characterization could be made of Zola's whole career than that indicated by the phrase, "bitter strength of will"? Hiram M. Stanley.

University Library,
Lake Forest, Ill., October 4, 1899.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some time since, you published a letter from Mr. Higginson giving his reasons for refusing to join a newly formed "Institute," supposed to be affiliated with the "American Social Science Association," and refusing membership to women.

One result of Mr. Higginson's letter was that many inquiries were addressed to me as to the course which I, as an officer of the Association, was about to take. After some correspondence with members of the Council, I found two objections to the proposed "Institute": first, that it did not intend to include women; next, that it appropriated work belonging to two departments already in existence. I therefore resigned my position on the Board by letter.

Before my letter could be considered, the "Institute" withdrew from the Association and constituted itself an independent body, to whose action, of whatever sort, no association has any right to object. As the proceedings of the Council are never published, I am obliged to ask you to print this letter.—Yours very truly,

Caroline H. Dall.

1526 18th Street,
Washington, D. C., October 4, 1899.

Notes.

Shortly to be issued by J. B. Lippincott Co. are 'Bohemian Paris of To-day,' by W. C. Morrow, with illustrations by Édouard Cucuel; 'Salons Colonial and Republican,' by Miss Anne H. Wharton; 'The True William Penn,' by Sydney George Fisher; 'Myths and Legends of Our New Possessions,' by Charles M. Skinner; Dr. Furness's Variorum Edition of "Much Ado about Nothing"; 'Popular British Ballads, Ancient and Modern,' chosen by R. Brimley Johnson; 'Homes and Haunts of the Pilgrim Fathers,' by Alexander Mackennel, D.D.; 'A Manual of Coaching,' by Fairman Rogers, illustrated; and 'The Life of Prince Otto von Bismarck,' by Frank Preston Stearns.

Dodd, Mead & Co.'s list includes the sixth volume of James Schouler's 'History of the United States Constitution,' dealing with the civil war; 'Imperial India,' by G. W. Steevens; 'Life and Letters of Dr. John Donne,' by Edmund Gosse; 'Romance of King Ludwig II., of Bavaria,' by Frances A. Gerard; 'Reminiscences of the Life of Edward P. Roe,' by his sister; 'Iconografia Dantesca,' by Ludwig Volkmann, fully illustrated; 'Old New York on Staffordshire Pottery,' by R. F. Halsey; 'Poems of Cabin and Field,' by Paul Laurence Dunbar; 'Ballads of Books,' by Prof. Brander Matthews; 'Gray Stone and Porphyry,' poems by Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, and, by the same author, 'What is Good English, and Other Essays'; 'New Letters of Hazlitt and Charles Lamb,' by W. Carew Hazlitt; Austin Dobson's 'Life of Goldsmith'; and 'A Looker-on in London,' by Mary H. Krout.

'Primitive Love and Love Stories,' by Henry T. Finck; 'The Highest Andes,' by Edward A. FitzGerald; and 'Peter Paul Rubens: His Life and his Work,' by Émile Michel, are to bear the imprint of Charles Scribner's Sons.

'Wild Eden,' a new volume of verse from Prof. George E. Woodberry, is to be issued by Macmillan Co., along with Marion Crawford's 'Via Crucis,' the second volume of Thomas E. Watson's 'Story of France,' the third of Prof. A. B. Hart's 'American History Told by Contemporaries,' 1783-1845, and 'An Outline of Political Growth in the 19th Century,' by Edmund H. Sears.

Henry Holt & Co. will publish immediately Prof. Macvane's translation of Seignobos's 'Political History of Europe, 1814-1896,' and 'Standard English Poems,' for the classroom, compiled by Henry S. Pancoast.

Harper & Bros. have nearly ready 'The Tragedy of Dreyfus,' G. W. Steevens's account of the court-martial at Rennes; 'The New-Born Cuba,' by Franklin Matthews; 'Hawaiian-America,' by Caspar Whitney; and the fourth volume of James Ford Rhodes's 'History of the United States,' to the second election of Lincoln.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce a Memoir of Bishop John Selwyn, by F. D. How, and a Memoir of William F. Moulton, by W. Fiddian Moulton.

Mr. W. J. Stillman's Autobiography, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will undertake, will partly appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The second series of the Hakluyt Society publications, of which the first two volumes have already been issued to subscribers for the current year, begins very appropriately with a work which first appeared in old Samuel Purchas's 'Hakluytus Posthumus.'

The Society has already, in its hundred volumes, accomplished all that its founders can have dared to hope for. There still remains, however, just as when Richard Hakluyt completed his great collection in 1599, much to be done, and the Council of the Society, following the example of Purchas, takes a fresh start towards its goal of making available the veritable "history of the world, in sea voyages & Lande travells, by Englishmen & others, all examined, Illustrated with notes, Enlarged with discourses, Adorned with pictures, and Expressed in Maps." Such was Purchas's design in 1625, and such is the ideal very admirably fulfilled by Mr. William Foster, the Secretary of the Society, in his edition of the Journals of England's first real Ambassador to the Court of the Great Mogul, Sir Thomas Roe. Equally valuable, and of somewhat greater interest to readers of American history, will be the third volume, promised for this year, which will contain the original account of the voyage of Sir Thomas Dudley to the West Indies and Guiana in 1594. Next year the Council proposes to publish a translation of the narratives of the journey to Tartary by John of Plano Carpini and William of Rubruk, prepared by the first American to appear in the list of Hakluyt Society editors, W. W. Rockhill, sometime United States Minister at Athens. New editions of Ralegh's 'Discovery of Guiana' and of Cortes's Letter describing his expedition to Honduras in 1525 are assured for early issue, and, with more than a dozen other works already in the hands of editors, the second of the Hakluyt Society series promises fully to maintain all the interest and the value of the first hundred volumes.

The thinness of the volume of 'Letters from Ralph Waldo Emerson to a Friend, 1838-1853,' edited by Prof. Norton (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), would seem to have made the suggestion of an index inevitable. One would like to turn readily, for instance, to that gem of praise of Wendell Phillips in 1845 as "the best generator of eloquence" the poet had met for many a day. The same may be said of the summary judgments of noted Englishmen whom Emerson met at home in 1848; the pith of his subsequent 'English Traits,' as the editor remarks. These, and his first impressions of Philadelphia, are the most salient things in the collection, which has the stamp of style characteristic of the writer.

Two volumes on Robespierre, although neither is exactly new, deserve each a word of comment. The first is a neat reprint (Scribners) of G. H. Lewes's 'Life of Maximilien Robespierre,' a work about which, on the ground of its having been widely noticed in a former generation and since then well seasoned by time, we need not say much. The first edition appeared just fifty years ago, and every one knows what an abundance of information regarding the early French Revolution has in the meantime been disclosed. Nevertheless, Lewes, by dint of biographical skill, produced an estimate which will for a long time hold a place in the esteem of scholars. To those, like Lord Acton, for whom the question of morals is the decisive one in historical study, his examination of Robespierre's conduct and motives remains particularly valuable. We quote his final verdict because, according to our belief, it has not been much altered by the discoveries of half a century: "He had qualities, it is true, which we must respect; he was honest, sincere, self-denying, and consistent. But he was cowardly, relentless, pedantic, unloving, intensely vain, and morbidly envious. Throughout his career I have met with no single generous action, with no example of warm feeling, with no expression which seemed to come from a high and noble heart. It is idle to set against this his honorable poverty, his political consistency, his sagacity, and his eloquence."

The second book to which reference has been made above is a translation, by J. Hedeman, of Prof. Ten Brink's monograph on the Thermidorian episode, 'Robespierre and the Red Terror' (Lippincott). Ten Brink goes considerably beyond Lewes in point of admiration for Robespierre's idealizing instincts, but cannot credit him with the possession of political aptitude. He was "a statesman without practical ability, an obstinate fanatic, destitute of genius." The volume is not confined to an estimate of Robespierre's personality and actions. It includes sixty-seven short chapters, which deal with many different kinds of subjects, some public, like the execution of the Hébertists and the Dantonists; some private, like the early life of Teresa Cabarrus, afterwards Madame Tallien; some social, like the food supply of Paris in 1794; and some ecclesiastical, like the fate of Christianity during the period of terror. In fine, it is such a survey of those sanguinary months as aims at giving a clear impression of the life then led by politicians, soldiers, priests, women, and the public. The style is in keeping with a rapid and elastic treatment; not only are the chapters very short, but the sentences are abrupt and the situations dramatic. Prof. Ten Brink's description of individual physiognomy and traits sometimes appears very singular, for instance in the case of Danton: "He gave the impression of some ferocious animal rather than a human being." Now the portrait by David does not bear out this statement, even if the half-caricature picture given in the book does. On the whole, we have found the story sound, and it is certainly entertaining. Unfortunately the translation is disfigured by a good many misprints, and the illustrations are by no means of the highest order.

The 'Financial History of Baltimore,' by Prof. J. H. Hollander (Johns Hopkins University), is a very full and painstaking compilation, showing from the origin the development of the finances of a large city. In some respects Baltimore differed from other cities, and in these differences will be found the most interesting features of Prof. Hollander's work. It was a seaport where not even a town existed, for the economy of Maryland did not tend to form settlements, any more than Virginia could create more than small county seats. How from this condition was evolved a town, and finally a city, with its manifold needs and activities, is a curious study, and the results do not show that much intelligence was expended in directing the growth. As the necessity arose, it was met experimentally, and some of these experiments did little to solve the difficulty of management. In the days of wells and pumps, unpaved streets, night bailiffs, and a volunteer fire corps, the number of officers was small, but their responsibilities were as great as later, when police, health, charities, markets, sewers, street-cleaning and lighting have each a department. Lotteries and voluntary assessments have yielded to regular taxes, special assessments, and large loans; while adventures in the Baltimore & Ohio Road have given a local color to the finances of the city. The volume must be studied to enable one to appreciate the labor expended, and well expended, upon it.

Under the title, 'The Crisis of the Revolution,' Mr. William Abbatt has retold the story of André and Arnold. A large quarto volume, handsomely printed, and containing many illustrations, it yet leaves much to be desired. The narrative begins with André's voyage up the river, all the previous events being compressed into a short note. When André is once on board of the *Vulture*, the fulness of detail becomes overwhelming; every bit of gossip and recollection being incorporated, with little regard to the value to be attached to it. There are, in addition, many notes and an extensive bibliography. Much revision would be needed to bring the narrative within the limits of historical truth, and the labor and energy of Mr. Abbatt in compiling the facts are often neutralized by the arrangement and mode of expression. Some valuable notes by Mr. Edward H. Hall should be excepted from this judgment. The illustrations are many of them of very high interest, and serve to perpetuate what is rapidly passing away. But the portraits are poor, and one-third of the number, better reproduced, would have made the book more desirable. The Frossard "Trumbulls" are printed with genuine matter, and without so much as a hint as to their quality. Why did not Mr. Abbatt reproduce in facsimile the original documents of the André incident? They would be worth more than the scraps he has so industriously gathered.

Those who fancy that the experience of the United States in administering its Indian affairs has fitted it for the government of subject races, cannot do better than to read Charles H. Coe's 'Red Patriots; The Story of the Seminoles' (Cincinnati: Editor Publishing Company). It is to be regretted that the book could not have been given a more attractive dress; for, although the author's sympathies are avowedly with the Indians, his favorable bias has not prevented him from making a careful historical study of his subject, and adding appreciably to the available knowledge of an important episode in our history. So far as the United States is concerned, the story is the old and shameful one of ignorance, greed, and perfidy, with its familiar fruits of spoliation, broken promises, and costly war. The profits of the book are to be devoted to restoring the neglected grave of Osceola.

Mr. Marsh's 'Man and Nature' traced the effect of man's action upon the terrestrial equilibrium, physical and vital. In reverse, the 'Physical Geography' of Prof. William Morris Davis and William Henry Snyder (Ginn & Co.) incidentally notes the effect of natural conditions and changes upon man; and this feature gives their text-book a peculiar readability. If sometimes the introduction of such examples (occasionally extending beyond the human kingdom) appears a little forced, the matter is never trivial and is often curious. It stimulates reflection and observation, for instance, to be told that the stealing by the Savannah River of the upper waters of the Chattahoochee de-

termined the angle of the western boundary of South Carolina. The little book is compacted of similar observations, which, like the copious and altogether admirable illustrations, are remarkably fresh and unhackneyed. The earth as a whole, its atmospheric and its watery envelopes, are dismissed in ninety pages; it is in dealing with the land forms and vicissitudes that Prof. Davis handles his theme as an acknowledged master. Some of the doctrine, never dogmatically put forward—often hypothetically, as on the obscure subject of coral formations—is of course open to question, and awaits further knowledge. The exposition is, as a whole, remarkably clear, and is characterized by great breadth and no little originality of view. Every teacher of physical geography ought to make himself thoroughly acquainted with this book.

The latest addition to the college series of Greek authors (Boston: Ginn & Co.) is an edition of Euripides's 'Hippolytus,' by Prof. J. E. Harry of Georgetown College. It is not, like most of this series, based upon the work of some one German scholar, but the editor appears to have made good selection from the work of a number of scholars, such as Weil, Patin, Kalkmann, and notably Von Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, whom, however, he finds not always impeccable and whose latest translation of this play seems not to have been at hand. The edition need fear nothing from a comparison with the others in the same series. The notes gain in interest from the fact that parallel passages are drawn, not from Greek and Roman authors alone, but also, laudably, from English, French, and German writers.

The new illustrated *Automobile Magazine* (New York: U. S. Industrial Publishing Co.) has a very attractive appearance, and is so varied in contents, without undue padding, that one wonders how the editor can fill his pages hereafter. Still, the list on page 101 shows that there is a considerable "foreign automobile press"; and what foreigners can do in the way of furnishing "copy" to the printer, Americans can. The society feature of the new vehicle is brought to the front with views from the Newport festival—the driver, by the way, not always sitting on the left. There are competent-seeming book-reviews, and some concessions are made to the general reader in comicalities of pencil and verse. The magazine seems free from bias.

Ginn & Co. give notice that the *Zoölogical Bulletin* is to be replaced by the *Biological Bulletin*, edited by the Director and members of the staff of the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl, Mass. As the change of name implies, the scope of its survey and collaboration will be broadened.

How rapidly women teachers, who were practically excluded from the public schools of Germany a generation ago, are securing places in these schools, appears from the recent 'Verzeichniss der Rektoren, Lehrer und Lehrerinnen an den Berliner Gemeindeschulen,' of which annual the fifty-seventh issue was lately published. Of the 229 public schools in the German metropolis, not a single one has as yet a woman "rector," or principal, but more than one-third of the teachers are now women, namely 1,385, while the male teachers number 2,418. In addition there are a good number of technical special teachers, the majority of whom are women, and the total teaching force is about 4,000. During the past year 179 additional teachers were appointed, and of these 60 were women.

Mr. Louis N. Wilson, Librarian of Clark University, Worcester, has published a 'Bibliography of Child Study for the Year 1898,' with a subject-index. There are no fewer than 333 items. Many are annotated with appreciation.

—An article in the October *Scribner's* on "The Water-Front of New York," by Jesse Lynch Williams, abundantly illustrated, forms a noteworthy guide to our city's most striking characteristic. Like other good local literature, it will perhaps be read most eagerly by those who need it least. Our guide is, moreover, a philosopher—if not in the strictest sense friend—in dignifying the cliff dwellings which fringe the East River by interpreting them as the "white city of 1900." His derision of the class who, to be quite happy in seeing sights of Manhattan, must be reminded of things European, comes alarmingly near to being the indictment of a people. Mr. Elmendorf gives some beautiful specimens of "telephotography," or, roughly speaking, photography aided by telescopy. The use of the telephoto lens practically places the operator on a scaffolding in the air and close to the object, the camera recording what the telescope sees. Mrs. John Drew's autobiographic sketch introduces many interesting portraits of the actors of two generations ago.

—*Harper's* contains a paper, by G. W. Steevens of Khartum fame, on "France as Affected by the Dreyfus Case," which is written with energy and insight. Dewey receives a well-considered tribute in an article by Mr. John Barrett, who saw him frequently during the three months preceding the fall of Manila. Sir Martin Conway contributes a mountaineering paper of fascinating interest on his ascent of Illimani in the Cordillera Range. His most astonishing experience was finding upon the very summit an Indian woollen cord, confirmatory of a legend of ascent by a native who perished in his triumph. An episode, or, as Sir Martin calls it, a rare privilege, of the journey, was meeting Mr. Bandelier and his wife on a farm on one of the mountain ridges. Here Mr. Bandelier is making excavations in ancient villages and burying-places for the National Museum at Washington. The spectacle of these two devoting their lives to science, cut off from the world, "each the other's only friend," made a profound impression on even so experienced a traveller as the Englishman. He quotes his host as expressing admiration for the ancient Spanish laws dealing with the treatment of Indians. The story of the ascent of Sorata is to follow in the next number. "Seward's Proposition of April 1, 1861, for a Foreign War and a Dictatorship" is treated by Frederic Bancroft, as a prodrome to a forthcoming Life of Seward. The Secretary of State, in pursuance of his "theory of the unifying effect of a foreign war," suggested measures that had a disastrous echo in Cleveland's Venezuelan message. Happily, Lincoln was Lincoln.

—The leading article in the *Atlantic* is by President Eliot, on "Recent Changes in Secondary Education," a paper read before the American Institute of Instruction in July. He calls attention to the improved standards of comfort and health, to the reduction of subjects in the study programmes, to the fading distinction between "culture studies" and "information studies," "for the reason that the object in view with candidates for both degrees is fundamentally the same, namely, training for power." The changed ideal underlying these other changes he points out to be the agreement of opinion, from the college side, and from the school graduate side, that trained capacity is what will fit for any career and what should count towards admission to college. In conclusion he contends that "the elective system, as a whole, whether in school or in college, does not tend to discursiveness, but to intensity in study." Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, jr., has a striking and Bellamystic article on the possible and probable occupation of America by the Roman Catholic Church as the achievement of the twentieth century. Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler writes, on "Language as Interpreter of Life," an article in which learning happily fulfils the mission of making delightful. Mr. J. N. Larned attacks our "historical habit of voting by wards and towns," and suggests voluntary associations of electors as antitoxin for the national poison of the organizing politician.

—In the *Century's* brief but well-packed study of John Morley by a member of Parliament, we have a speaking picture of the statesman and of his relation to present tendencies in England. Alexander's portrait of Morley is singularly in keeping with the text—forceful, meagre of line, but alive with character. Lieut. Eberle writes a graphic log of "The *Oregon's* Great Voyage," a little feature of which, it is entertaining to read, was meeting the sloop *Spray*, containing Capt. Joshua Slocum on his solitary voyage round the world. The Captain will tell us in a later number how the moon looked to the brook, and in this instalment pursues his amazing way from Pernambuco through the Straits of Magellan. Mr. Bigelow contributes recollections of Von Bunsen's recollections of various great personages; or, as one may say, memories in the second power of persons in the first. One of the salient paragraphs is on Von Moltke. Says Von Bunsen: "He has only one notion of a battle, and that is to capture, not to kill, the enemy." "He regarded the battle [of Königgrätz] not as a victory for him, but as a defeat," because of the useless slaughter.

—"The Social Side of the Reformation in Germany" (Macmillan) is a series of historical sketches in which Mr. E. Belfort Bax seeks to review that part of the movement which lies between the reign of Maximilian and the Anabaptist experiment at Munster. Having already published a volume entitled 'German Society at the Close of the Middle Age,' he advances his work by one stage in a study of 'The Peasants' War,' which we now notice. Mr. Bax's general views are perfectly well understood by all students of recent socialist literature, so that we need say little regarding his standpoint. Socialists seldom devote much attention to historical reading, because, having a gospel of hope, their eyes are fixed upon the future to the comparative neglect of the past. Occasionally they are allured by some theory, like that of the primitive mark system ("ce qui n'est pas du tout démontré," as a careful writer like M. Charles Seignobos says), which squares with their opinions of land tenure; but in England, at least, Mr. Bax

is one of the few socialist historians. Our first criticism of his 'Peasants' War' is, that it rises above the class of pamphlets in which historical illustration is used to help forward a modern propaganda. Now and then comparisons between the sixteenth century and our own times are accompanied by a touch of satire—for example, in the following case: "The German peasants of 1525, as did the Commune of Paris, and as is the wont of successful insurgents generally, signalized their success as a rule by their studied moderation and good nature, as contrasted with the ferocious cruelty of their enemies, the constituted authorities." Ordinarily, however, the narrative is confined to what actually happened in Swabia, Franconia, and Thuringia. Mr. Bax is bitter against Luther and Melanchthon, thinks that Münzer's part in the rising has been overestimated, and notes that the "common man" was, in the hour of triumph, demoralized by "drink, gluttony, and general laxness." He makes a sweeping acknowledgment to Zimmermann, but he has also used the recent German authorities. As a compact survey of events, Mr. Bax's sketch claims the notice of those who are interested either in the Reformation or in popular revolts at large.

—The "Versailles Historical Series" (Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co.), consisting chiefly of translations of famous memoirs, receives an important and interesting addition in a judicious selection from the thirty-four volumes of the Prince de Ligne's works, edited by Miss K. P. Wormeley, with comment and historical explanation sufficient to render the narrative continuous and coherent. This method of procedure, though generally open to serious objections, has in this instance borne good results; for, while omitting much of a purely trivial nature, the present condensation offers a very life-like picture of the courtier, soldier, and princely country gentleman. One is not disposed to regret the absence of a 'Mixture, very Careless, of Several Styles of Poetry and Thoughts,' or of 'The Art of Travelling, Poem in 5 Cantos.' Such specimens of *pensées détachées* as are given in the appendix are indicative enough of the quality of the Prince's desultory meditations. Further, these volumes contain much attractive matter in the shape of letters received by the Prince de Ligne from sovereigns and other exalted personages of his time, and containing, besides more intimate concerns, details of diplomacy, campaigns, and other great historical events. The translation clings faithfully to the text, even at the risk of occasional lapses into avoidable Gallicisms. Thus we note: "Sorrow to the lukewarm!" (vol. i., p. 67); "a quantity of ignorances" (i., 71); "I fear the gifts of miracle of Saint Paul" (i., 320); "a pretty good devil" (ii., 306)—the last of these being a more than hazardous rendering of *un assez bon diable*. In some cases, also, literalness makes short work of point or wit, as, for instance (i., 271), where Mlle. Sophie Arnould sarcastically remarks of a trickling artificial stream, "It is as like a river as two drops of water," the finesse of the French phrase, "ressembler comme deux gouttes d'eau" disappears altogether. But slips of this nature are not too numerous to interfere with our enjoyment of this presentation of a charming personality—a pleasure enhanced by the sumptuous form which the publishers have given to the two volumes.

DANTON.

Life of Danton. By A. H. Beesly. Longmans, Green & Co. 1899.

Danton. A Study. By Hilaire Belloc. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

Not one of the Revolutionary leaders has left a reputation which universal consent allows to be admirable. Mirabeau accepted a stipend from the royal civil list at a moment when he was outwardly attacking the court; Marat's sense of suspicion amounted almost to monomania; to Danton is ascribed responsibility for the September Massacres; with the name of Robespierre one must perforce associate the Great Terror. The inveterate gossip of the period also ascribes to these men other faults and failings in large number. It is not merely English prejudice surviving from '93 which assails the destroyers of the old régime. The most cynical of all critics, in his judgment of them, is the philosophical Taine, and from the attack which he delivered in the 'Origines' the politicians of the National Convention are still suffering. The rehabilitation which Thiers, Lamartine, Michelet, and Louis Blanc began, must now be resumed by the present admirers of the Revolution. Taine, of course, received many prompt and sharp answers, but the aftermath of vindication is considerable and extends itself over a wide area. Those who see in the Revolution nothing save a noble and philanthropic movement, will not cease to search for pure and disinterested patriots at its head.

Danton is, we think, beyond doubt the most promising candidate for apotheosis among all the leaders of the Jacobins and Cordeliers. He had force and spontaneity, qualities which, as Mounier and Malouet found to their cost, are required in revolutions. When action was called for, he could work with Carnot's application and with more than Carnot's dash. Unlike the prominent figures among Feuillants and Girondists, he is free from suspicion of being a doctrinaire, while, as opposed to Hébert, he showed no hatred of virtue. He would have brought the period of domestic carnage to an end at the moment when decisive victories in the field saved France from fear of further invasion. Last and greatest among his political merits was a soul which could react to the ideal impulse of the Revolution, together with a practical grasp of administrative principles. He saw that the Terror, however inevitable, was evil, and never schemed for its indefinite extension. If he can be acquitted of encouraging or conniving at popular excesses when they could still be controlled, he must take first rank among those who strove for the Republic between the 10th of August and Thermidor.

Hitherto no full biography of Danton has existed in English, but, as though to atone for this neglect, two studies of his life have recently appeared within a few weeks of each other. The coincidence would in any case be noticeable, but it is the more striking because both Mr. Beesly and Mr. Belloc are prompted by the same purpose. There is no resemblance whatever between the books in point of style, yet each defends its hero from first to last against all imputations, contemporary or modern, which have been brought forward to his discredit. Of the two, Mr. Belloc is emotional and impassioned, Mr. Beesly sympathetic but calm. It is perhaps worth noticing that the latter has already published a volume of poems called 'Danton and Other Verse,' and therefore shows a wish to keep his rhapsody distinct from his prose. On the contrary, Mr. Belloc mixes the two elements, and is often guilty of putting a load upon prose which it with difficulty bears. Some of his phrases actually have a metric cadence, just as lines of Dickens have when the novelist draws near a bit of pathos. We quote a short passage in explanation of what we mean, although it is to the cumulative effect of such bits scattered through the text like plums in a Christmas pudding that we really refer:

"But there was no voice and no order. The terrible tramp of the Guard and the sound that Heine loved, the dance of the French drums, was extinguished; there was no echo of their songs, for the army was of ghosts and was defeated. They passed in the silence which we can never pierce, and somewhere remote from men they sleep in bivouac round the most splendid of human swords."

Mr. Belloc is frankly a disciple of the Revolution, or, unless we are mistaken, a disciple of the Revolution in its final reconciliation with the Roman Catholic Church. For instance, when speaking of the modern French peasant, transformed and exalted by the Revolution, he says: "He has re-created a host of songs, he has turned all France into a kind of walled garden; underneath the politicians, and in spite of them, he is working out the necessary thing which shall put flesh on the dry bones of the Revolution—I mean the reconciliation of the Republic and the Church." One does not frequently meet with an English author of this type, and perhaps Mr. Belloc's perfervid tone may have its root in an evangelical feeling. Some such explanation is required to account for the following sentence and others of equally dubious soundness which keep recurring: "Note what the pure rhetoric of Burke, proceeding solely from passion and untouched by any movement of reason, effected in England within a year of the fall of the Bastille." Certainly Sir James Mackintosh would not have ventured so sweeping a criticism of the 'Reflections.'

While Mr. Belloc justifies the Revolution, defines its scope and estimates its results, Mr. Beesly restricts himself to the narrower task of tracing Danton's personal career and relieving him from a mass of damaging charges. In the main he accepts Condorcet's opinion, which is an interesting one, and has the advantage of being expressed categorically:

"I have been reproached for voting for Danton being Minister of Justice. Here are my reasons: A man was necessary in the Ministry who possessed the confidence of the people which had just overturned the throne, and who could keep under control the extremely contemptible agents of a revolution in itself glorious, useful, and necessary. It was necessary, too, that this man should have eloquence, intelligence, and character which would not be unworthy of the members of the Assembly with whom he should come in contact. Danton was the only man possessing these qualifications. I chose him, and do not repent it."

Mr. Beesly and Mr. Belloc are alike in owning a large obligation to the leading French champions of Danton, M. Bougeart and Dr. Robinet.

We pass over the events of Danton's youth, and also over his early connection

with the Cordeliers, for his great rôle begins at the Girondist declaration of war in the spring of 1792, and the preliminary success of the Allies. Indeed, it is upon his connection with the tragedies which mark the summer of 1792 that we shall chiefly dwell. His wonderful energy and his triumph cannot be questioned. The doubt relates to morals and not to outward results. How far will devotion to a political cause excuse connivance at violent measures?

Sir Henry Maine has rendered famous that part of Robespierre's speech at the fête of the Supreme Being in which the orator asks, "Has not the Republic been decreed from the beginning of time?" Mr. Belloc evidently shares Robespierre's sentiment, and it colors his estimate of Danton. In leading up to the overthrow of the monarchy, he cites the full text of Brunswick's proclamation, with the following preface: "This extraordinary monument of folly is rarely presented in its entirety. It is only in such a form that its full monstrosity can be appreciated, and I have therefore been at pains to translate for my readers the rather halting French in which Charles William proposed to arrest the movements of Providence." Now, when one holds that the First Republic was not simply a form of government, but that the "movements of Providence" prepared the way for it, he will justify its establishment and maintenance at whatever cost of life to its opponents. The bearing of such a view on the final judgment of Danton's part in the events of September, 1792, is manifest. Whether he manœuvred the prison massacres or not is hardly the point. He subsequently defended the deed, and felt at the time that popular clamor could not be withstood. For the sake of saving the Republic, he was willing that several hundred aristocrats should perish without intervention of law. "The People" in September meant an enraged mob bent on doing mischief to certain prisoners, regardless of discrimination between the innocent and the guilty. For two years the mood of violence had steadily been growing more intense among the Parisians, and the revolutionary leaders had encouraged its manifestations. Even allowing that Danton did not plan the atrocities which were caused by the news of the Austrian advance, he had encouraged the communal disturbances which culminated in them, and he must accept a large measure of responsibility. Because Paris had ground for apprehension, is no reason why she should have sunk into savagery.

Speaking in March, 1793, Danton said: "No human power was in condition to dam the tide of popular vengeance." But had it not been for the clubs and the club leaders, the hæmatomania which craved victims of every age and of both sexes would never have outburst control. If the First Republic were divinely decreed, any amount of incidental outrage may be thought excusable, but the Second of September was a heavy price to pay for the support of one's political opinions. Mr. Belloc mourns over the execution of Danton. "Danton helped to make us, and was killed; his effort has succeeded, but the tragedy remains." Danton helped shed much blood during the Revolution, and by playing an active part in the movement he ran his risks. We may admire his force and public spirit, but, all things considered, less pathos is associated with his fall than with the execution of Bailly or of Malesherbes.

From the charge of enriching himself through politics Danton is well defended by both his biographers. He came of the bourgeoisie, and the members of his family owned among them a fair amount of property. The office of Avocat aux Conseils du Roi, which he bought in 1787, cost 79,000 francs, and the 56,000 francs required for the first instalment of purchase money were advanced by his own and his wife's relatives. His income during tenure of this office amounted to about 25,000 francs, and when it was suppressed in 1791 he received 71,000 francs compensation. Altogether, he left an estate of 90,000 francs, a sum which exceeds his assets of seven years before by an inconsiderable amount. Mr. Belloc's conclusion is that, "unless he spent large sums in debauch (sums like those of Orléans), or unless he buried his money, he cannot have received much more than what openly appears." He omits among his alternatives Taine's theory that Danton invested funds at Choisy-sur-Seine under the assumed name of Fauvel. The matter, however, is satisfactorily cleared up by the identification of Fauvel with a resident at Choisy whom Danton sometimes visited. The principal witnesses against him on the score of venality are Mirabeau, Bertrand de Molleville, Lafayette, Brissot, and Mme. Roland, but none of their charges will bear strict examination. Danton had the advantage of inheriting a small independence, and it, eked out by the proceeds of his legal practice, supported him during the two or three years of his public life.

Mr. Beesly gives a lucid account of Danton's part in the overthrow of the monarchy, the crisis where his influence, and indeed his direct hand, are most apparent. Here we may single out one point which is particularly worth making, namely, the doubt which the organizers of the Tenth of August felt regarding the issue. Mr. Beesly says:

"We, unable to see as contemporaries saw the state of things in August, and remembering only which side won, are apt to think of him and his friends as advancing to the destruction of a feeble monarchy with a tiger's leap, terrible, irresistible, confident. The exact opposite would be nearer the truth. Danton went to Arcis as a man who knew he might be dead a week later. 'Si j'eusse été vaincu,' he said, when all was over, 'je serais criminel. La cause de la liberté a triomphé.' Barbaroux had poison in his pocket on the night of the 9th, in case of defeat. Fréron despaired of success."

Lucile Desmoulins's journal reflects the same mood in a more vivid—almost hysterical—way. The sections were the uncertain element. They had not yet been thoroughly tested, and might not respond to the tocsin. But we are unable to agree with Mr. Beesly's view that, after the Faubourg St. Antoine had responded, the rising was rendered successful only by the King's hesitation. The masses once roused, Mandat and his troops might cause much slaughter, but could not wage more than a desperate death struggle. The riot ended by dethroning Louis XVI., and creating Danton Minister of Justice.

Had we space for further comment, we should discuss Danton's relations with the Girondists in preference to his share in the regicide or to the circumstances of his own overthrow. The degree of antipathy which he aroused in Mme. Roland is sure proof of his personal power, and if, as is not impossible, his violent speech at the end of the King's trial decided Vergniaud's vote, one of the strangest contradictions in the history of the Revolution is accounted for. But we must dismiss such topics and all others if we are to say a final word concerning the quality of these two biographies.

Mr. Belloc's essay is unmistakably a clever piece of composition in the broad style. It is always impulsive, often eloquent, and sometimes extreme. Its diction is spontaneous, and the whole work, so far from discovering any dearth of ideas, suffers somewhat from an unpruned luxuriance of generalization. It brings together in close combination the learning of the schools and a generous enthusiasm of youth, which warms to the aspirations of that "tender-eyed, wandering, unfortunate Rousseau who died of persecution." A few years of practice in expressing less than he feels will make Mr. Belloc a vigorous historian, but if he contemplates the production of anything monumental he must guard against facility of utterance. Mr. Beesly, while less ambitious in scope than Mr. Belloc, and less pronounced in his enthusiasm for the democratical yearnings of France, writes energetically and from conviction. He might say, in Danton's own words: "Ce n'est qu'à ceux qui ont reçu quelques talents politiques que je m'adresse, et non à hommes stupides qui ne savent faire parler que leurs passions." Both books demand careful attention, and will, one may hope, be succeeded by other sketches of the French Revolutionary leaders which will bear the same marks of modern scholarship and serious prevision.

With Sampson through the War. By W. A. M. Goode. Doubleday & McClure Co. 1899.

This book, which is among the best of the many published since the close of the late war, embraces the experience of a correspondent of the Associated Press on board of the flagship *New York* during the war. It is practically a narrative of that part of the war which took place in the West Indies under the direction of Rear-Admiral Sampson as commander-in-chief. In addition, there are some chapters devoted to matters which preceded and led up to the war, and also to the long-range attack upon the entrance to Santiago harbor by Schley, and the affair at Cárdenas which caused the disabling of the torpedo-boat *Winslow* and the death of Bagley.

The blowing up of the *Maine* accentuated the Cuban situation to such an extent that the avoidance of hostilities became a matter of some difficulty. When this affair occurred, the navy of the United States was practically mobilized, and the vessels that were placed in commission afterwards, though useful in many ways, played but a secondary part, with the exception of the *New Orleans* and the *Gloucester*. The fight at Manila was made by the vessels composing the peace-time Asiatic squadron, and the destruction of Cervera's squadron was accomplished by vessels, with the exception of the *Gloucester*, that were in commission long before the outbreak of the war. These facts, so different from those pertaining to the army, emphasize the value of peace-time preparation and readiness for war and mobilization.

The deficiencies existing, and which still exist, in our naval stations in the Gulf of Mexico were seriously evident when the war became imminent. In name, these stations consisted of New Orleans, Pensacola, and

Key West, with a scheme then in the air for the development of the Dry Tortugas as a coaling station. All of these places were deficient in resources of all kinds, including facilities for ready coaling, and the most exposed of all (Key West) was made the principal advanced base from the advantages of its geographical position, despite the weakness of its defences, its insular position and scanty resources. This was not the first time that the necessities of the case required the use of Key West as an advanced base and coaling station, nor will it be the last. The place is, however, entirely unsuitable to the purposes of the dock-yard and repair station which will naturally be developed at New Orleans for the Gulf. The Dry Tortugas has only the hydrographic advantages of a coaling station, and was promptly abandoned by the fleet when war became probable.

The ill health of Admiral Sicard, and the exigencies arising from the critical situation, placed upon the Navy Department the necessity of relieving Admiral Sicard from command and appointing a successor. The North Atlantic fleet is and always should be our most important naval force, being the active defence of our richest seaboard, and the fleet which can most readily reach the Caribbean Sea, so aptly called by Mahan our Mediterranean, as well as the waters of Europe or the East coast of South America. This fleet, in the war about to arise, was at the time confronting Havana and the north coast of Cuba, where the principal operations were likely to occur. The senior officer of the fleet, upon Admiral Sicard's detachment, was Capt. Sampson, then commanding the *Iowa*—a man who had with justice been considered the intellectual head of the profession. As a counsellor at the Navy Department, Secretary Long had found him possessed of rare judgment and conspicuous ability, and enjoying the confidence of the service. No wonder, then, that the Secretary, having the responsibility of the war upon his shoulders and the legal right to choose whom he might, cast aside the mere claims of seniority and self-seeking through political influence and appointed the man whom he most trusted. Self-seeking is no characteristic of Sampson, and the announcement of his appointment came to him as a surprise, and elicited an expression of regret for the feelings of his seniors to whose exclusion he had been chosen. The loyal support of his captains was given to him from the first. He who was a profound student and a safe counsellor, became in turn an able leader, and the nation, as time passes on, will come to recognize the soundness of the judgment which placed him in command, as well as the greatness of the work performed by the fleet under his direction. Manila shone more, perhaps, in personal leadership, and was more spectacular as the first great exhibition of the naval power of the United States in the Orient; but Santiago was so carefully planned beforehand that the enemy's defeat was inevitable without the necessity of personal presence or leadership.

The readiness of the navy to begin operations at the outbreak of the war, and the delays in the mobilization and preparation of the army, led to many propositions for immediate attacks upon Cuban and Spanish forts by the fleet alone. The mixed experience of the civil war led many officers and civilians alike to confuse the successful running past batteries and forts by means of unobstructed channels with a successful attack upon permanent fortifications guarding mined channels. The passage of the forts at New Orleans was remembered rather than the repulse at Charleston. Hence the proposition for the attack upon Havana, which was wisely not sanctioned by the Navy Department. Too much was involved in the loss of a battle-ship, not only in the prosecution of the war at hand, but as an element in our relations with European Powers. The earliest task of the navy, then, was that of a blockade. A complete blockade of the island of Cuba involves a blockade of more than two hundred ports, anchorages, and landings, and hence is a most difficult affair. To make such a blockade effective would have required more vessels than the navy at any one time possessed, if other more vital and aggressive operations were to be carried on. Fortunately for us, however, the railway system of Cuba was incomplete, and the blockade of ports not connected by rail with Havana was not considered essential. Still more fortunate was it for our land operations also in Cuba that Santiago was not connected by railway with Havana, or that Cervera did not seek refuge in Cienfuegos or Havana itself.

As it happened, the comparatively short duration of the war and the conditions existing in Cuba were such that the minimum of positive results was obtained from this blockade, and none of the towns, as the author truly remarks, were pinched for the want of food or for other necessaries of life. The inefficiency of the monitors as seagoing ships for battle and for sea-passages was shown at an early date, and their insufficient coal endurance, slow speed, and poor gun platform in a seaway made them a drag upon the fleet from the outset. It was fortunately at a very early day that the demerits of the monitors in comparison with the battle-ships was shown, so that when the critical times arrived, there were no encumbrances of the kind with Sampson. The scouting carried on in connection with the approach of Cervera was, to say the least, crude and elementary, and was complicated by the fact that these scouting vessels were directed from Washington instead of by the commander-in-chief in the West Indies. This mistake was afterwards rectified, and happily the unenterprising enemy did not sever the cables leading to the United States, which would have made the prevailing over-centralization of the war more keenly felt.

The narrative in the book before us gives upon the whole a fair description of events preceding and following the destruction of Cervera's squadron. The unhappy wording of the dispatch announcing the victory caused a prejudice against the commander-in-chief which time is slowly dissipating. To this prejudice was added a feeling caused by the inconsistent action of the Navy Department with respect to Admiral Schley, and the want of a treatment of the matter from a high plane by the principal naval advisers of the Secretary. It is not yet time to enter fully into all the matters connected with this controversy, and it is sufficient to say here that, though mistakes were made upon all sides in dealing with it, the fact remains that the plan of investment of the entrance to Santiago harbor finally put in force by Admiral Sampson made the escape of Cervera impossible; and whether the guns of the ship carrying the commander-in-chief reached the enemy or not was of little consequence, so long as the other ships placed by his orders and announced plans were there to accomplish the work so plainly before them. The naval campaign under the direction of Sampson, by the destruction of the best and most efficient naval force of the Spaniards—in fact, all of what was left of naval efficiency to Spain—caused the loss of Spain's sea power in the Atlantic and Caribbean Sea, and was the controlling cause of peace and the surrender of the possessions of Spain in the West Indies.

Mr. Goode's volume is fairly well illustrated, and has a sufficient number of maps and plans. Confusion is shown in the presentation of the portrait of Rear-Admiral John C. Howell for the younger admiral of the same name.

A History of New England Theology. By George Nye Boardman, Professor Emeritus of Systematic Theology in Chicago Theological Seminary. New York: A. D. F. Randolph Co. 1899.

The subject of this book is not one of the most delightful possible, and its writer has done little by the handling of his matter to invest it with an attraction which is not its own. The general theology of New England is not intended by the title, but the New England Theology, so called, which was developed, speaking roughly, in the course of a century extending from 1730 to 1830. Its greatest names were Edwards, father and son, Hopkins, Emmons, Bellamy, Dwight, and Taylor. Finney of Oberlin and Bushnell of Hartford, Conn., introduced varieties that constituted a new species. The movement was essentially a conservative reaction from the "Moderate Calvinism," sometimes called "Old Calvinism," which Jonathan Edwards found in possession of the field; and, in general, it was simply a logical carrying out of the principles of a "consistent Calvinism," rather than an attempt to construct a rationally and Scripturally coherent system of theology. According as the start was made from one set of propositions or another, the result was more or less inhuman or irrational. The whole story furnishes an important argument against the validity of Dr. Channing's "one sublime idea," the dignity of human nature, which is utterly at odds with such hair-splitting of theological subtleties as made up the whole body of thought. Those who have read Prof. A. V. G. Allen's 'Jonathan Edwards' will best appreciate the defects of Prof. Boardman's performance, but then Prof. Allen's 'Jonathan Edwards' is one of the best theological biographies ever written. Prof. Williston Walker's 'History of Congregationalism' also makes these dry bones live. Yet, but for a single reference to Prof. Allen's book in a concluding paragraph, we should not have imagined that Prof. Boardman had any acquaintance with either of these books. A preference for the unsullied fountain-heads may explain what seems strange at first thought.

Such succulent questions as the following were discussed by these grave and reverend seigniors: Whether it be the duty of all men to whom the Gospel is published to repent and believe in Christ; whether a man totally depraved is any worse for doing particular

wrong things or for trying to avail himself of any helps to righteousness. Hopkins answered the latter question in the affirmative; Finney the former in the negative. "Deeds prompted by pity, generosity, or gratitude," argued Hopkins, are of no account. The "love of being in general," Jonathan Edwards's formula, is the only motive that is really moral. Yet Prof. Boardman asserts that the most extensive and effective movements of religion followed the discussion of these subtleties. It must, it would seem, have been in spite of the discussion and not because of it.

As we near the end of the book, we have a few pages on "the later theology," and the inquiry, "Is it Edwardeanism?" The answer, we are pleased to say, is a decided negative. The "later theology" is characterized in the frankest manner.

"The new theology accepts the results of the higher criticism of the Bible, but makes little use of them. It rejects the traditional view of the Scriptures on other grounds, while it accepts portions of them as of highest value. It sees that the Bible teaches election, reprobation, vindicatory punishment, and is, so far, unchristian and to be rejected, but it sees also, that in many places it speaks the mind of Christ, and is so far to be accepted. . . . The doctrine of reprobation is blasphemous, the doctrine of conditional immortality is charging God with weakness and failure, salvation of a part is charging God with monstrous immorality and is what no honorable man would accept. Salvation by the suffering of another is absurd; it must be by the agony and bloody sweat of the one who needs salvation. . . . The new theology knows nothing of grace in the orthodox sense of the word, it knows nothing of the pardon of sin, remission of penalty, justification through the righteousness of another; its salvation is improvement through discipline. In spirit and doctrine this scheme is totally at war with Edwardeanism."

Clearly this is not a friendly criticism. The statement is meant to be a condemnation. But, as compared with the endeavor in some quarters to pass off the later theology as "The New Puritanism," this frankness on the part of Prof. Boardman is deserving of the warmest commendation. "The later theology" is certainly new, but it is not Puritan.

Les Anglais aux Indes et en Egypte. Par Eugène Aubin. Paris: A. Colin & Cie. 1899. Pp. x, 290, 16mo.

The colonial possessions of France are of great extent and prospective importance. They have proved, however, up to the present time, a source of weakness, not of strength. Instead of contributing to the nation's wealth, they have been a drain upon her resources. Commerce and industry have not sprung up in Asia and Africa with the coming of the tricolor. The official and the missionary, not the colonist and the planter, alone have followed the lead of generals and explorers. The reason of their failure Frenchmen do not seem able to recognize, and M. Aubin's loyal aim in the book cited above, which is a reproduction of letters to the *Journal des Débats*, is to show his countrymen how the English rule subject races, in the modest hope that "they will imitate and possibly equal them." His account of their methods in India is introduced by a description of the manner in which the Government fought the famine and the plague in 1897, of which he was an eye-witness. Then he briefly sketches the relations of the people to the soil, the landlord, and the moneylender; emphasizes the indifference of the Government to all questions arising from differences of race and religion, concerning itself only with the collection of taxes and the administration of justice. A summary of the history of the English occupation, and a reference to the dangers which threaten its permanency, are followed by a short account of the foreign policy of the Government in relation to Russia and Afghanistan.

This serves as an introduction to our author's main theme, the English in Egypt, of which he writes clearly and intelligently, having long been a resident in Cairo. He explains how they have availed themselves of their Indian experience in the somewhat similar conditions of the valley of the Nile. In some detail he tells of the steps by which they have "absorbed," to use his favorite word, the country, first laying hands upon the army, the customs, and the sanitary department, then upon the finances, public works, police, and finally the judiciary. A lucid account is given of the international complications resulting from the deposition of Ismail, of the mixed tribunals, the service of the debt, and the part which France has taken in defending the rights of Turkey and the European Powers against the encroachments of Great Britain.

Of course every topic cannot be touched upon in a book of this size, and we do not find fault with the author because he has failed to point out the increase of the country's wealth through scientific irrigation, the rescue of the fellah from the enslaving and crushing power of the Pashas, and his continually improving material condition. There is a rare but generous acknowledgment of a few reforms due to the English, and hearty praise for the admirable manner in which the Sudan campaign was planned and carried out. But we do seriously regret—on M. Aubin's own account and that of his countrymen whom he is endeavoring to enlighten—his apparent inability to credit the English with any disinterested service, with any the smallest desire to rule in the interests of the governed. In his judgment they are actuated in all that they do simply by greed of power. The secret of their success is to be found in their obedience to the maxim, *Divide et impera.* This is stated again and again, in so many words, as the policy of the Government. In India, for instance, "Anglo-Indian agents are continually employed in fomenting divisions and hatreds among the natives" (p. 74). "The crowning work" of the military education of the fellah is the cherishing his race hatred of his companion-in-arms, the Sudanese, "so that the two halves of the Egyptian army regard each other *comme des chiens de faïence*, to the very great satisfaction of their English officers" (p. 208). Or again:

"There is certainly no nation in the world more skilful than the English in isolating, dividing, enervating, frightening its opponent, and arousing in him dangerous impulses. Their skill is the more formidable, as they are more malignant and supple, under the guise of absolute firmness and perfect rectitude. We could not describe the variety of the resources which they have employed, especially to provoke in the valley of the Nile, between the different communities and the varied interests, the same conflicts which have been so favorable to the British rule in India. Christians and Mohammedans, Arab cultivators and Greek usurers, fellahs and great proprietors, Turks and Arabs, Arabs and Sudanese, without speaking of the Europeans of different nationalities, were incessantly urged to hurl themselves one against the other." (P. 244.)

This is the policy, evolved out of M. Aubin's jealous hatred of the English for their success where his own countrymen have failed, which he invites France to imitate in her possessions in Asia and Africa.

Genealogy of the Family of Sambourne or Sanborn in England and America, 1194-1898. By V. C. Sanborn of La Grange, Illinois, U. S. A. Privately printed for the Author (at the Rumford Press, Concord, N. H.). 1899. Large 8vo, pp. 692.

This is one of those stupendous volumes, peculiar to this country, which are without a parallel elsewhere. The book is beautifully printed, and represents a large expenditure of money as well as of time and labor in collecting statistics. It is invaluable to members of the Sanborn family, but its public interest is very slight. The index fails to reveal any great personage in any department. A glance at the latest contemporary biographic volume, 'Who's Who in America,' shows us only eight of the name —one brevet major-general of volunteers, one circuit judge, and six authors. On the other hand, we find the record of many prosperous farmers, lawyers, merchants, and other useful members of the community, showing the Sanborns to be a race worthy of recognition and of persistent vitality.

The record shows that this genealogy is not a spasmodic effort, but is the result of the labor of many hands. In 1853 a Sanborn Genealogical Association was formed, and work was begun by Dr. Nathan Sanborn. He died in 1858, and Dyer H. Sanborn took up the task. After the death of the latter in 1871, the present editor, Victor Channing Sanborn (born in Concord, N. H.) succeeded to the accumulations of his predecessors. We have already praised the good American work of our author, but the part of his labors which he seems most highly to prize, the record of English Sambournes, seems to us to be most unsatisfactory. No doubt there was and is a family, perhaps more than one, of English gentry named Sambourne. The line settled at Timsbury in Somersetshire dates back to the last half of the sixteenth century, and remains in possession of the ancestral estates. But this is by no means an exceptional case in England, nor do any of these Sambournes seem to have brought the name into prominence. Our author candidly writes (preface, p. xii): "In spite of a protracted search, since pursued by friendly genealogists abroad, I have been unable to find the connecting link between the two continents." In view of this statement it is to be regretted that the English Sambourne coat-of-arms was printed as a frontispiece. Of course no American Sanborn would assume it now. The references on pp. 72 and 73 to American coats are simply absurd and trivial. We all know these forgeries of the last century.

The real pedigree of the Sanborns begins with the immigrants hither, viz., John, William and Stephen Samborne of Hampton, N. H., in 1653, all brothers and mentioned by their grandfather, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, in 1647. Our author strives to clean up the record of the reverend firebrand of Hampton, but (we, even as a descendant, must confess) with very slight success. The one possible clue for the origin of the American Sanborns lies in the fact that Rev. Stephen Bachiler (born in 1560, at Oxford, 1581, B.A. 1586, vicar of Wherwell or Horrell, Co. Hants, 1587 to 1605), had for a neighbor Rev. James Sam-

bourne, rector of Groteley and Upper Clatford; "but it is a far cry to Lochow."

One last reflection we must make, as this book affords some material. The great facilities of photo-engraving bring into these grand family histories countless portraits of persons of the same blood, and yet how diverse are the faces! We cannot recall a family likeness in any genealogy. The Burgundian lip is notorious in the annals of royal families; the Stuart brow and eye are perpetuated in many lines even if they be the sad heritage of Rizzio; the peerage of Scotland and England has many examples of lords who might be the peers of two centuries ago. But in our middle-class families we seem to originate no family types. The long head of the Winthrops is one exception, the peculiar eyes of the Quincys are another, the beauty of the Mathers is hereditary; but why is there no family type in these offsprings of a common ancestor? Surely this is a question underlying the whole principle of genealogy. If features which can be seen are not transmissible, how can we suppose moral qualities to be; but if they are not transmitted, why brag of one's ancestors?

The growth of American genealogies recently has been immense, and we can conscientiously place the Sanborn book in the front rank.

Sketches and Studies in South Africa. By W. J. Knox Little. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1899.

South Africa is the centre of attention at present, and whoever can speak of it intelligently may command an audience. So far as descriptions of the country go, Canon Little's book is to be praised. He knows how to travel and to report what he observes, and a very good idea of the aspects of the Cape Colony and other English possessions and their peculiarities of scenery and climate may be obtained from his pages. We must say, however, that the impressions of this traveller are more favorable than those of most others. He had such a pleasant visit as to make his testimony a little untrustworthy. He was entertained by Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who appears to have arranged his itinerary, and who completely captivated him. Hence we must take his book as giving the views of the Rhodesian faction rather than those of an impartial observer. It is in every respect inferior to Mr. Bryce's book on the same subject, a book to which the attention of the public should be redirected.

Canon Little's notes of travel, however, while the best feature of his book, form but a small part of it. What he calls the history of the South African colonies, but which is really a furious Jingo appeal, fills two-thirds of the volume. There is, of course, a certain amount of undisputed fact set forth; but the author's prejudices are so strong and his feeling so intense as to color nearly all his statements. He is bitterly hostile to the Dutch, and has nothing but contempt for so much of the colonial policy of the past as was not directed to the extension of British sovereignty. The only fault he finds with Dr. Jameson's raid is its failure. The Boers were the real criminals, and the trial of the British "filibusters" was a disgrace to England. The raid was really "a noble blow struck for freedom," "a sincere effort for reform of abuses," and a "noble effort for liberty." These propositions indicate the value of Canon Little's contribution to history.

Logic and Argument. By James H. Hyslop. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

Prof. Hyslop has had an admirable idea in proposing to bind up with an elementary book on logic some chapters of directions for the practical application of logic in the writing of argumentative themes. One reason why logic, as it is presented to the student, is a peculiarly distasteful subject, is that it has seemed necessary to the makers of books to hand down as matter of illustration a lot of logical tricks and quirks which, no doubt, seemed very amusing to the schoolmen, but which cannot but be flat and unprofitable to the student of to-day. This gives the subject an air of triviality and of unreality which is by no means its necessary quality. To ask a person of such mature years as the college student to explain the ground for the non-convincingness of such a syllogism as this —seven and nine are odd numbers, sixteen is seven and nine, therefore sixteen is an odd number—is to descend below the level of the joke column of the daily newspaper. A book, therefore, which should exhibit real logic in its actual working would be a book of distinct value. The book before us is rather better than many in this respect, but it still leaves very much to be desired. The part which belongs to rhetoric, for which the preface raises expectation, turns out to be bald and empty to a degree. Instead of directions for writing themes, where the real work consists in the search for arguments, a better means for exhibiting to the student the reality of logical principles would probably be the analysis of trains of reasoning which have already been worked out by others.

Perhaps the very worst of the various untoward accidents that have happened in the progress of science is the putting up of two such names as induction and deduction for the logical processes which they represent. The processes have not in the least degree the correspondence in their nature which seems to be shadowed forth in the etymological correspondence between their names, and the effort to force them into such correspondence has resulted in a large amount of worse than wasted ink and paper. But it is safe to say that this mistaken analogy has never before given rise to so distinct a *bévue* as this: "Sometimes induction is said to be reasoning from the known to the unknown. This would be making deduction, by contrast, reasoning from the unknown to the known, which is absurd." The absurdity consists in thinking that "contrast" has any bearing whatever upon the nature of deduction. It is the nature of the thing which decides the character of the category, and not the reverse. But even if "contrast" were regulative in this case, it would not produce the above-described effect. Of the four classes which are possible—from the known to the unknown, from the known to the known, from the unknown to the known, and from the unknown to the unknown—it is not possible to fill more than two if there are only two sorts of reasoning, and it is perfectly easy to suppose that we may be living in a world in which it is the last two classes which are nothing but empty categories. If induction were called by its fitting name, probable reasoning, formal errors of this sort would be less tempting than they are now.

The whole treatment of induction in this book is very little illuminating. We are told on one page that we may reason by induction, and on another that we must not reason *post hoc ergo propter hoc;* but there is no successful effort to make us discover the difference between the two. There are, it is said, "certain conditions which regulate the legitimacy of this procedure, just as there are conditions determining deduction. They are [*sic*] that the conclusion shall represent the same general kind as the premises, with a possibility of accidental differences." It is to be feared that the student will be hard to find to whom such a rule as this will be of any assistance whatever. There are some marks in this book of a fresh working over of some of the dryest bones of logic, but the ideal book of introduction to the subject remains to be written.

The proof-reader has been very negligent in his task of seeing to it that sentences be constructed straight. We read: "If it is to be proved, its identity or inclusion in some other proposition must be seen." "The process assumes the distribution of the predicate when this is not the case" (meaning when the predicate is not distributed). "Rhetoric may also be considered as either or both a science and an art." "In usual discourse, however, it is the movement of the mind from one proposition to another in which the act discovers and asserts, and agreement or disagreement between relations noticed in judgments."

Social Phases of Education. By S. T. Dutton, Superintendent of Schools, Brookline, Mass. The Macmillan Co.

Edward Everett Hale, in his 'Friends of J. R. Lowell,' comments on the tendency of the teacher to shut himself up in his own cocoon, and forget his relations to the real world which his pupils must enter and for which he ought to prepare them. Mr. Dutton's volume aims to correct any such tendency. Several of the ten essays which compose it were delivered as lectures in Cambridge, Boston, or Chicago. Among the titles are: "Social Aspects of the Home and School," "The Modern School and What it Aims to Do," "The School and the Child," "Relation of Education to Vocation," "Education as a Cure for Crime."

It is, indeed, a broad field which Mr. Dutton would have the public school occupy. It must provide effective training for body, mind, and heart. By developing character it is to cure crime. Good order is to be maintained less by a discipline imposed from without than by a self-governing impulse developed in the pupils. Sympathy and mutual service are to be exalted as motives, while little use is made of emulation and competition. The scale of expenditure during recent years, in many of our most progressive cities, for new school buildings furnished with the special equipment required for manual training and domestic science, can be maintained only by impressing the public with the value and necessity of the work of the school. Just here, in fact, lies a most important part of the superintendent's labors, and for this office Mr. Dutton has shown great capaci-

ty. Probably no agency for this end could be more effective than the Brookline Education Society, whose organization and work are the subject of the last essay.

The style of Mr. Dutton's essays leaves something to be desired. There is often a lack of clearness in thought and of exactness in expression, and there are other faults which a careful revision might have removed.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Prof. A. C. Hygiene of Transmissible Diseases. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders. 2 vols. $2 each.
As You Like It. Cassell. 10c.
Atherton, E. H. Cæsar and Pompey in Greece. [School Classics.] Boston: Ginn & Co.
Bailey, Prof. T. P., Jr. Love and Law. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co.
Bergen, Fanny D., and Bergen, J. Y. Animal and Plant Lore. London: David Nutt; New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.50.
Berger, F. French Method. New York: F. Berger. 38c.
Besant, W., and Palmer, Prof. E. H. Jerusalem the City of Herod and Saladin. London: Chatto & Windus; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Brooks, E. S. Historic Americans. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Bruce, Prof. A. B. The Moral Order of the World. Scribners. $2.
Brun, S. J. Tales of Languedoc. Macmillan.
Buck, Gertrude, and Woodbridge, Elizabeth. Expository Writing. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Bullitt, W. G. Review of the Constitution of the United States. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co. $2.
Castle, E. "Young April." Macmillan. $1.50.
Clough, Arthur Hugh. Poems. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Conway, Moncure D. Solomon and Solomonic Literature. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. $1.50.
Cox, P. The Brownies Abroad. The Century Co. $1.50.
Descartes, René. Discourse on Method. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 25c.
Doubleday, R. Cattle-ranch to College. Doubleday & McClure. $1.50.
Du Bois, Prof. W. E. B. The Philadelphia Negro. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Feasey, H. J., and Micklethwaite, J. T. Westminster Abbey Historically Described. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $30.
Ford, P. L. The Many-Sided Franklin. The Century Co.
Foster, D. S. Prince Timoteo. F. Tennyson Neely.
Gayley, Prof. C. M., and Scott, Prof. F. N. An Introduction to the Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Harris, J. C. Plantation Pageants. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Harris, J. C. The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann. Scribners. $1.50.
Harris, Dr. E. E. Medical Directory of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut. Trow Directory Co.
Hazard, Caroline. The Narragansett Friends' Meeting. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Hemstreet, C. Nooks and Corners of Old New York. Scribners. $2.
Howard, Blanche W. Dionysius the Weaver's Heart's Dearest. Scribners. $1.50.
Hughes, R. The Dozen from Lakerim. The Century Co. $1.50.
Humbert, Mabel. Continental Chit-Chat. London: E. V. White & Co. 1s.
Important Events. Compiled by G. W. Powers. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50c.
Irving, Washington. Rip Van Winkle and Legend of Sleepy Hollow. The Century Co. $1.
Jarrold, E. Mickey Finn Idylls. Doubleday & McClure. $1.25.
Jordan, Prof. D. S. California and the Californians. San Francisco: The Whitaker & Ray Co.
Kroeh, C. F. Preparatory Course in French: Third Year. Macmillan. $1.
Laughton, Prof. J. K. From Howard to Nelson. London: Lawrence & Bullen; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Lee, Prof. G. C. Principles of Public Speaking. Putnams. $1.75.
Lynde, F. The Helpers. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Malot, H. Sans Famille. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 40c.
Mark, H. T. Outline of History of Educational Theories in England. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. $1.25.
Mathews, Frances A. A Married Man. Rand, McNally & Co.
Mead, L. The Bow-Legged Ghost, and Other Stories. The Werner Co. $1.25.
Mereshkovski, D. S. Julian the Apostate. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus.
Mitchell, S. W. Hugh Wynne. 2 Vols. [Continental Edition.] The Century Co. $5.
Moulton, Prof. R. G. The Literary Study of the Bible. [Revised Edition.] London: Isbister & Co.; Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $2.
Mrs. Gillette's Cook Book. The Werner Co.
Munroe, Kirk. "Forward, March." Harper & Bros.
Old South Leaflets. Vol. 4. Boston: Directors of the Old South Work: Old South Meeting House.
Pendered, Mary L. Michael Rolf, Englishman. Doubleday & McClure. $1.25.
Penfield, F. C. Present-Day Egypt. The Century Co. $2.50.
Pike, G. H. Oliver Cromwell and his Times. London: T. Fisher Unwin; Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Pinchot, G. A Primer of Forestry. Part 1. Washington: Government Printing-Office.
Ribot, Th. The Evolution of General Ideas. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.; Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. $1,25.
Richards, Laura E. Quicksilver Sue. The Century Co. $1.
Robertson, M. "Where Angels Fear to Tread." The Century Co. $1.25.
Rodkinson, M. L. New Edition of the Babylonian Talmud. Vol. 8. New York: New Talmud Publishing Co.
Round, J. H. The Commune of London, and Other Studies. London: Archibald Constable & Co. $2.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1899.

The Week.

Scoffers may question the President's dignity, or even his political wisdom, in campaigning through the Western wilds; but no one can deny that he is doing his canvassing in the highest style of the country politician. Only long experience at county fairs could give Mr. McKinley such easy and subtle grace of flattery. His speech at Hoopston, Ill. (Query, Whoopston?), on Wednesday week was a real model of its kind. He had seen many happy and intelligent people in the course of his travels, but really the Hoopstonians were a *leetle* the finest lot of folks he had yet met. Imagine the happy and intelligent Hoopstonian grin! Just think of it—the President said so; and he knew that our principal industry here is canning, and congratulated us on using American tin, and hoped we should all have employment at fair wages, and good crops at fair prices. It was a great day for Hoopston. And yet unlucky De Lome was sent out of the country for saying that Mr. McKinley was a good "mixer" *(populachero)!*

In the interval of waving the flag, blessing the home, and greeting the dear children, the President of the United States on Friday taunted Aguinaldo with having taken a "bribe" from the Spaniards. Now this same President sent to the Senate on January 4, 1899, a treaty of peace with Spain, and "accompanying papers." One of these was a report on the Philippines by Major-Gen. F. V. Greene, U. S. V., and in the course of it that officer referred to the alleged bribe-taking only to speak of "the very honorable position taken by Aguinaldo." He resisted, says Gen. Greene, an attempt to divide among the insurgents, according to rank, the sum paid by Spain, and "claimed that the money was a trust fund, and was to remain on deposit until it was seen whether the Spaniards would carry out their promised reforms, and, if they failed to do so, it was to be used to defray the expenses of a new insurrection." Thus we see that Mr. McKinley published in advance the exposure of the stale calumny which he has now seen fit to repeat.

While President McKinley was reciting to his audience at Minneapolis on Thursday a list of the acquisitions of territory made by the United States at various times since the foundation of the Government, and promising all sorts of blessings to the Filipinos in the fulness of time, certain citizens of Philadelphia, not a very great number, but of great importance by virtue of their character and services, met together to form an "American League." Ex-Senator Edmunds, Mr. Herbert Welsh, and Mr. George G. Mercer were foremost in the list. They set forth in a single paragraph the objects of their organization, which they declare to be:

> "To maintain the truths set forth in the Declaration of Independence and to oppose the expansion and establishment of the dominion of the United States by conquest or otherwise *over unwilling peoples* in any part of the globe, and at the present time to promote such measures by Congress as shall terminate hostile operations against the people of the Philippine Islands, who wish to govern themselves, and to aid in securing to them, through the friendly assistance of the United States, the peace, liberty, and order of just republican government."

Now observe the difference between this simple declaration of the truths of the Declaration of Independence and the long, rambling, and pointless speech of the President of the United States delivered on the same day at Minneapolis. Mr. McKinley was voluble in promises of doing good to such of the Filipinos as shall be alive at the end of the present war. He promised to promote their material interests and to advance them in the path of civilization. He said that they should not be governed as vassals, or serfs, or slaves, but on the contrary should have a government of liberty regulated by law, etc. He promised them everything except the one thing that Senator Edmunds, Herbert Welsh, and their colleagues ask for them—that is, the right to form their own government. He promised them a government "honestly administered." This, coming from the man who appointed Saylor consul at Matanzas at the bidding of Matt Quay, who debauched the civil service to enable Hanna to control the Ohio convention, is too painful to be even laughed at.

That gleaming knife of the trained diplomatist of the *Tribune* was plunged once more into the vitals of William McKinley on Tuesday, by way of Columbus. The readers of the *Tribune* were told that the President has "gone to the rescue" of his party in his home State; that good results are expected from his visit because "he is a wise and adroit leader, *particularly in his own behalf*"; that crowds always rush to hear a President speak, and "devour every word he utters," because "his exalted position endows his speeches with a deep meaning, no matter what their import." What a fine circumlocutory way that is of saying that William McKinley sometimes makes remarks that would not be considered worth listening to if he were not President. Then there is Hanna. The same knife that goes smoothly into McKinley passes into Hanna with a thrust truly venomous. The fight in the State "is practically an anti-McKinley-Hanna fight because the President loyally sustains Mr. Hanna at every turn," though Hanna is "an adroit politician and good organizer" whose "personal following in Ohio is of small proportions and infinitesimal weight," and who "in a popular election in his own county would simply be nowhere." In fact, he is the "obscure Hanna, an unknown political quantity," raised by the President to his present political altitude. Well, well! Who can be the correspondent in Ohio's modest capital to whom the editor of the party's chief organ allows such extraordinary freedom of expression?

There has been a good deal of discussion as to the right name for the military proceedings in the Philippines. The McKinley Administration has strongly opposed the use of the word "war." It has been earnestly insisted that it is only an "insurrection," or a "revolt," which is in progress. The Roosevelt Administration at Albany, however, has officially decided that it is war. A law was passed by the Legislature of 1898, which provided that, "whenever, in time of war," any qualified elector of this State is in the actual military service of the State or of the United States, and consequently absent from his election district, such absent elector shall be entitled to vote as fully as if he were present at his place of residence; and elaborate provisions were made for the registry by the Secretary of State of the electors so absent in the war, and for the receipt of their ballots in the field. A year ago, the United States was still technically at war with Spain, the treaty of peace not having then been ratified, and the right of such soldiers to vote was clear. But this fall they have no right to vote unless this is also a "time of war." The Roosevelt Administration has settled the question by making all the necessary arrangements for furnishing ballots to New York soldiers in the Philippines. So it is now officially correct to speak of the war in the Philippines.

The authorities at Washington permit the news to come out that the situation of affairs in Manila is very critical, that an outbreak among the poorer elements of the population on Sunday was prevented only by vigorous measures, taken in accordance with a warning which had been brought to the military authorities. Why are the poorer classes dissatisfied with the blessings of American rule that Gen. Otis is giving them? In his latest

contribution to the *Congregationalist* the Rev. Peter MacQueen says that the "Americans have kept the old Spanish taxes in all their wanton rigor"; that the "Filipinos of Manila pay higher taxes now than they did in the worst days of Weyler"; that the Americans "have revived many obsolete taxes, and are collecting them with terrific rigor," and that in the American army "there have been scoundrels who have gone into private houses dressed in soldiers' uniforms, and have demanded from the poor wretches a tax, which they spent in the neighboring saloon." This finds confirmation in a San Francisco dispatch to the *Tribune* of Monday, containing an account which a Manila correspondent has sent to the Hong Kong *Mail*. "Murders, robberies, and crimes of every description are greater than before." Yet it was only on Saturday that President McKinley told the people of North Dakota: "Our flag is there. Wherever that standard is raised, whether in the Eastern or Western Hemisphere, it stands for liberty, civilization, and humanity."

It is a curious fact that, while all the indications promise Bryan's renomination next year, his especial friends behave as though they were in much doubt about it, and are ready to disregard all precedents in order to insure the choice of delegates to the national convention who will support him. In Massachusetts George Fred Williams insisted that delegates should be chosen by the recent State convention months before the national convention is called, and in violation of the rule by which heretofore all of the delegates from the State, except those "at large," have been named by conventions in the various Congressional districts. Now it is announced that prominent Bryanites will urge the Democratic national committee to change the basis of representation in the convention so that, instead of two delegates being elected from each Congressional district, and four at large from each State, all the delegates will be elected at large, in proportion to the vote cast for Bryan at the last Presidential election, the ratio being one delegate for each 10,000 Bryan votes—provided that each Congressional district in a State get at least one delegate. Anybody can see at a glance that the effect of this would be to diminish the size of the delegations from those Eastern States in which Bryanism is weak, and proportionally to enlarge the power of those Southern and Western States in which Bryanism is strongest. The queerest thing about such a movement to force Bryan's renomination is, that there does not seem to be any need of it.

Speaker Henderson, as we shall be calling him so soon that the title may already be anticipated, is a shrewd politician, and a good many leaders in both parties who have been worried by the Trust issue will envy his skill in disposing of it. Of course, Mr. Henderson is "down on Trusts," and of course he holds that something ought to be done about them. He thinks that the best way would be to have Federal legislation, so that the treatment of these combinations might be uniform throughout the nation. But, in order to secure such Federal legislation, more power must be given to Congress than he is able to find in the Constitution of the United States, and consequently that instrument must be amended. Mr. Henderson admits that it would be "no easy task to frame such a constitutional amendment, and to legislate thereunder so as to reach the desired results, without too much centralization of power in the general government, and without encroaching upon the power of the States"; but he believes that a proper amendment can be drawn up and passed by Congress, and that the States would promptly ratify it. Incidentally this policy would remove the Trust issue from politics during the two or three years which would be the shortest time for carrying through the amendment programme, so that Mr. Henderson's scheme is the shrewdest way of getting it out of the next national campaign that anybody has yet suggested.

The Speaker of the next House, by the way, has no sympathy whatever with the idea which has been advocated by many prominent Republican politicians and newspapers of late, that something effective can be done to cripple the Trusts through Congressional legislation, by removing the protection of the tariff from those which profit by it. The notion of "tampering with the tariff" for any purpose is intolerable to Mr. Henderson. He cannot abide "free trade," even to check monopoly. He asks what would be the effect of free trade, even when applied to protected combinations in this country, and replies that "clearly the result will be to have the foreign Trusts and combinations of capital get the American market, instead of those of our own country." He therefore concludes that this is not the remedy. "Let us," he says, "absolutely control by law, firmly and wisely, the aggregated capital of our own country, but let our own capital, with our own labor, furnish what is needed by our own people." Ex-Senator Washburn of Minnesota, the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, the Hartford *Courant*, and the other Republican advocates of tariff legislation to check Trusts, thus have notice served upon them that their "free-trade" agitation will receive no favor in the next Congress.

The official statement of this Government's attitude in reference to the war in the Transvaal published on Thursday is most commendable. It puts an end to all thought of our meddling with a matter that does not concern us—meddling by word of mouth or otherwise. Our taking charge of British interests at Pretoria in a diplomatic way signifies nothing except a disposition to return an act of courtesy which Great Britain extended to us during our war with Spain. It will be remembered that our Minister to France, the Hon. E. B. Washburne, took charge of the German interests at Paris during the Franco-Prussian war. England seems to be much cheered by evidence that American opinion is on her side in this war. For this favor she must thank the Transvaal itself. If Great Britain had fired the first gun, the case would have been widely different, but even in that case we could not have meddled with the affair even by word of mouth without the request of both parties. The result of the war will be the loss by the Transvaal of the Johannesburg district, the gold-bearing range, if nothing more, and this will perhaps be a good thing for the world. What will happen to the Orange Free State will depend upon her own acts. She had no quarrel with Great Britain. If she seeks one without provocation, she must accept the consequences. Here again Mr. Chamberlain finds his enemies working for him.

Senator Jones of Arkansas, who returned from Europe last week, and reported that, during his travels on the other side of the ocean the last few months, he had "not been able to see that there is any great material prosperity among the agricultural and similar classes" in the United States, must be interested in the reports as to traffic on transportation lines throughout the country. Not only have the railroads been doing an enormous business for months, but there is now such a car-famine as never was before known. The leading companies cannot "beg, borrow, or steal" cars enough to carry the freight which is thrust upon them, and shippers are ready to pay higher rates if they can only have their freight moved. There is a like scarcity of boats on the great lakes, as the boom in iron has caused an unprecedented demand for the carriage of iron ore by water, and the steamers have little room left for grain and provisions. A prominent railroad man is quoted as saying that there is now enough business in sight to keep every railroad car busy for months to come. Mr. Jones will soon find that the country is prosperous, and that all classes are sharing in its prosperity. The only thing left for him and the rest of the Bryanites is to claim that the universal prosperity is due to the general belief that Bryan will be elected President in 1900. That would not be much

more ridiculous than the Republican claim that it is due to the Dingley tariff of 1897.

An enormous excess of merchandise exports over imports between 1896 and 1899 not only counterbalanced continuous return of American securities from abroad, and remittance of $141,000,000 gold within twelve months, but left, after this, a foreign credit balance in our favor, estimated at not less than $100,000,000. As 1899 opened, the American export trade fully maintained the unprecedented volume of the preceding year. It thus became a highly interesting question how the international settlements of the new year would be effected. An end must come, of course, to the supply of American shares and bonds for sale by Europe, and it was hardly probable that another wholesale draft on Europe's gold reserves would be willingly contemplated. The fact that, in 1880, a very similar period in American commerce and finance, Europe's settlement was effected through increase of $222,000,000 in merchandise imports for the year, following rapid advances in American commercial prices, suggested the possibility of similar results this season. As against this suggestion, it was objected that American commodity prices in 1899 had not, like those of 1880, gone above parity with foreign prices. Instead of that, our own prices had been slow to move, and were still at or below the foreign level. This fact, it was contended, would prevent a wholesale expansion of the import trade. Events have proved that although the premises of this argument were correct, the conclusion was mistaken. Saturday's Treasury report on last month's foreign commerce shows that in the nine first months of 1899 our import of foreign merchandise, as compared with 1898, increased $110,000,000. During the past two months alone there was an increase of nearly forty millions.

It is not, however, manufactured imports which have provided most of this increased trade. The last classified statement published by the Treasury—that for August—showed an increase in manufactured imports, for the year to that date, of barely seven million dollars. One great part of the increase has come, as is natural in the active state of domestic manufacture, from heavier receipts of foreign raw material for American mills; another very considerable part, from increased import of articles of luxury, for which the prosperity of our people assured a market. The net result is, that although our exports still substantially exceed our imports, the monthly credit balance on foreign trade account is much reduced, and Europe has managed to avoid heavy remittances of gold, even in the recent New York "money squeeze." The episode has theoretical as well as practical interest, in showing how international finance automatically adjusts itself. A lucky accident of nature creates for one country an unprecedented credit balance in exchange, and the same cause brings about great increase in that country's available capital. But such surplus capital is immediately used for investment in securities or for purchase of personal luxuries and necessities. The one process raises the price of stocks and bonds, the other raises the price of merchandise; the higher bid increases the flow of securities and merchandise from abroad, and in the end a balance is fairly struck again.

The adjournment of the Mazet committee till October 31, or till the close of the campaign, without calling Gen. Tracy, is a confession of partisan control which is fatal. The General should have been put on the stand at the earliest possible moment after his arrival in this country a week ago. Instead of summoning him, the committee has spent a week in inquiring into all sorts of matters except the Ramapo swindle, although that was the one subject which commanded popular interest and was the one which the committee had made the loudest promises to probe to the bottom. There can be only one explanation of their conduct, and that is that Platt would not permit them to compel Gen. Tracy's attendance. The General has been from the outset of the Ramapo inquiry the man above all others from whom the public wished to hear. He was in at the beginning of the job, he took it with him into the Platt Family Law Firm, and he stayed with it pretty closely till Lauterbach and Dutcher came in and induced Tammany to take it up. As the *Tribune* said on Friday, the committee "traced the Tammany deals into the offices of Gen. Tracy, Mr. Lauterbach, Mr. Dutcher, and indirectly into that of Mr. Platt himself. There they are, and there they will remain—unless Mr. Platt and the committee remove them. They cannot do it by running away." They have decided to run away rather than follow the trails any further, and upon that decision there can be only one verdict. The Old Man was afraid that the trail would pass the doorway of his private office, and so he gave orders to the committee to adjourn and leave Gen. Tracy uncalled. As he himself remarked a few days ago, the committee had become a "mighty dangerous" body, and the sooner they adjourned the better.

The result of the first, long-delayed yacht race between *Columbia* and *Shamrock* on Monday seems to settle two points conclusively: first, that the American boat is decidedly the faster of the two in ordinary light sailing conditions, and, secondly, that it is extremely dangerous to put much faith in the mass of what it is now the newspaper fashion to call expert nautical opinion. Certainly, thus far, all the speculations of the most confident prophets have been upset in a manner which would be rather ridiculous if it was not so eminently satisfactory. So far as can be judged, there were no flukes about the struggle, and it seems clear that in a moderately light and steady wind *Columbia* going to windward can outpoint her adversary rapidly and continuously, while in running before the wind she is at least her equal if not somewhat her superior. There were indications of both these facts in all the preliminary trials, but no attention was paid to them by the theorists who founded their conclusions solely upon imperfect observations of the contours of the yachts. Of course, *Shamrock* is a fast boat, and may yet do much better in such conditions of wind and water as may be best suited to her model, but obviously there has been no sufficient reason for the semi-panic recently established among the friends of *Columbia*. On Tuesday the *Shamrock* unfortunately lost a race by breaking her topmast.

The present French Minister of War, the Marquis de Galliffet, has done much during the short time that he has been in office that entitles him to the gratitude of his country, but his most important service, perhaps, is the promulgation of the decree taking the power of appointment of colonels and all superior army officers from the Superior Commission of Classification and the Supreme Council of War, and restoring it to the Minister of War, who always had held it until less than a year ago. It was M. de Freycinet who invested the military commissions with this dangerous authority, because he did not wish to incur the responsibility of making these important nominations, preferring to cast it upon the army itself, without reflecting, apparently, that he was depriving the civil authority of a most important privilege and safeguard, and subordinating public interest to that of a military clique. The natural result, of course, was that the higher officers, some of whom made such lamentable spectacles of themselves in the Dreyfus case, felt themselves to be practically independent of the Government and the War Minister of the moment, and devoted all their energies to winning the good will of the special committees which controlled promotion. These committees are now reduced to their original standing, as merely advisory bodies, and the Minister of War, who is primarily a member of the civil government, resumes his old functions, which include the power of promotion in the Legion of Honor as well as in the army.

WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

In possession of a strong and daily strengthening case, President Krüger has thrown it all away. His wild ultimatum put his country at the mercy of Great Britain. By one mad stroke he solidified all parties in England in support of the Government, stopped the mouths of the European friends of the Transvaal, alienated the sympathy which the Boer cause was winning in the United States, and made war inevitable where peace was possible. The proof of this is in the official dispatches. At the very beginning, on May 31, when Sir Alfred Milner met Krüger at Bloemfontein, it was made plain, in every way that words could make it plain, that England asked only a reasonable franchise and elementary political rights for her subjects resident in the Transvaal. "Ah, but the intention was to swamp the burghers with the new electorate!" Let us read Sir Alfred's exact words:

"I do not expect that in the South African Republic more than would be reasonable should be conceded. What I think and desire is that the immigrant population, which is occupied with its trade and industry, and to which the country owes its present position, wealth, and influence, ought to have an actual share in the government of the country—not to outvote the old burghers, but to share in the government, and to give the benefit, by their knowledge and experience, to the old burghers—which, in my opinion, is of more importance than that of the old burghers. The time will come when there will no longer be old and young burghers, but that these will be united as burghers of 'one' state. For that purpose, therefore, it is not sufficient that a few shall be admitted. But it would also be unfair to admit all the rag-tag, irrespective of their character. But such an admission is desired that the new industrial population shall be given reasonable concession by being allowed to vote for the Volksraad, which possesses all the power which they do not possess now. When a question of great interest comes before that Volksraad now, the strangers are always regarded as strangers, and although the best law, in the eyes of those who make it, is made for them, it is nevertheless the general opinion of the citizens of a progressive nation that the laws should be made as well as possible by those persons who have to pay, and not by others who exist outside the operation of the law. . . . I do not want the old population to be outvoted, but it is chiefly my object to give a vote to the new population, and to leave the old burghers in such a position that they cannot be outvoted."

If this settlement of the controversy was not one that insured peace with honor, why did President Krüger afterwards assent to it? Although he refused to do it at Bloemfontein, he did later make the offer of a five years' franchise, with a certain number of seats in the Volksraad assigned to the Rand. This was what Sir Alfred Milner had said would be satisfactory. Mr. Chamberlain said at the time that it would be satisfactory. Here is his dispatch of September 8:

"Her Majesty's Government are still prepared to accept the offer made in paragraphs 1, 2, and 3 of the note of the 19th August taken by themselves, provided that the inquiry which her Majesty's Government have proposed, whether joint—as her Majesty's Government originally suggested—or unilateral, shows that the new scheme of representation will not be encumbered by conditions which will nullify the intention to give substantial and immediate representation to the Uitlanders. In this connection her Majesty's Government assume that, as stated to the British Agent, the new members of the Raad will be permitted to use their own language.

"The acceptance of these terms by the Government of the South African Republic would at once remove the tension between the two Governments, and would in all probability render unnecessary any further intervention on the part of her Majesty's Government to secure the redress of grievances which the Uitlanders would themselves be able to bring to the notice of the Executive and the Raad."

Is there any war in that—any intention to "wipe out the Transvaal"? In fact, everybody thought this meant peace secured. An offer had been made by the Transvaal; England had said that it would satisfy all her demands; was not that peace with honor for both sides? But the Transvaal withdrew its offer—why, has never been explained, except that there was a verbal misunderstanding on the part of the British agent at Pretoria. But was that any reason for breaking off the whole negotiation and launching an ultimatum which infallibly meant war?

Critical as the negotiation was, there was bright promise of peace in it if England was sincere in what she said, and if the South African Republic was sincere in what it said. It may be asserted—of course, the Boers do assert it—that the English Government meant war. There have been many suspicious things in Mr. Chamberlain's Transvaal policy. It might plausibly be maintained that his profuse protestations in 1896, followed by the leisurely, not to say dilatory, negotiations of 1897 and 1898, were only a way of masking his real purpose, which was to lull Krüger to sleep until the Anglo-German agreement was made, until Delagoa Bay was secured, and then snap the trap. This may be argued, as any motive may be alleged, but no overt act by England has exceeded her undoubted right under international law. Every step she has taken has been lawfully taken, and words of peace, with recognition of the independence of the Transvaal, have been constantly used by her. To charge her with insincerity does not lie in the mouth of the man who breaks off everything and goes to fighting. That act throws grave suspicion upon his own sincerity. The tone and time of the Transvaal ultimatum will do more than anything else to convince Englishmen like Mr. Morley and Sir Edward Clarke and Leonard Courtney that there is no truth in Krüger, and that he never really intended to grant the franchise to the Outlanders.

It is a bad business as it stands, and the possibilities of a desolating war in all South Africa—race against race and the natives rising to glut their vengeance—certainly cannot be overlooked by any man who has studied the situation with any care. No more lurid picture of the horrors and disasters of a war between England and the Transvaal has been painted by anybody than by Mr. Chamberlain, speaking in the Commons. We do not reproduce his words, nor indulge in alarmist prophecies, because it is better to take the events as they come along day by day. When such an astonishing and utterly unaccountable thing as this Transvaal ultimatum can occur, anything may occur, and prophets had better lie low. We shall hear much of French or Russian or German backing for the Boers, but such stories should be received with caution. The English navy is not appreciably involved in the Transvaal war, and it is the English navy which has made Russia and France and Germany think twice. The two republics are practically surrounded. They have not a ship or port. They cannot buy a gun or borrow a dollar from the outside. They will have to live off their own fat. The British are already on the defensive, and must continue to be till they get their troops in hand. Then there will be a general advance, with ultimate results not to be questioned.

ARMAMENTS AND PEACE.

We invite the attention of our friends the military theorists to the light which this Boer war throws upon one of their favorite contentions. This is, that the true way to keep the peace is to go armed to the teeth. Make your guns big enough, your ships swift and destructive enough, and have your powder always dry and your finger on the trigger; be ready to fight at the drop of the handkerchief—and then you may be sure that you will never have to fight at all. This is the sort of talk which, put into elegant and diplomatic language, was heard at The Hague, and blocked all attempts to bring about general disarmament. Great armaments are the only guarantee of peace. No nation will dare to attack another which has an army and fleet up to date, or to resist the just demands of the stronger. The only way for a country to sleep of nights is for it never to sleep. That sounds paradoxical, but the whole argument we are considering is a paradox.

That it is so, let the Transvaal's rush into war testify. It is the pigmy defying the giant. The armament, the scientifically organized army, the fleet sweeping the seas, are all on one side. War on such terms was impossible, according to the Rooseveltian theory; but the fact has let the gas out of the theory. The Boers would never think of making war upon their mighty antagonist, but here they are doing it. Even Lord Salisbury appears to have been taken in this snare. He seems to have yielded to the opinion that the mobilization of an army corps in Natal would bring Krüger to his senses, and that it would be a real help to a peaceable settlement. Does not the ly-

ing old proverb say that if you wish peace you must prepare for war? Well, the English Government prepared for war, and, to their own amazement, found that preparing for war was a very good way to get war. That preponderant force will insure peace is only a modern variant of the big-battalion saying of Napoleon.

Of course, it may be said that the Boers are a set of conceited fools. We usually find people unutterably silly when they upset our theories. It was as crazy in the Boers to fight England as it was in the Filipinos to fight the United States. They should have known they had not the ghost of a chance. We can imagine the indignation of our high-priori military experts at being told that the mad action of ignorant Boers or half-savage Filipinos shows their view to be at fault. They refer only to reasonable people, of course! But that is just the root trouble with the whole theory. It supposes that the question of going to war is settled by any nation in cold blood; that the pros and cons are deliberately and dispassionately weighed; that the military advisers of nation A coolly go over the figures of nation B's armament and decide that the odds are too great, and that therefore there must be no war. All this, however, has not the remotest resemblance to the facts. War is generated in an atmosphere of passion and excitement, where reason cannot live. Probabilities, nice calculations, are thrown to the winds. The nation's brain, in the days immediately preceding war, is in a mad whirl, and no reckoning up of the dangers or the fatal consequences can get any consideration whatever.

It is by no means Boers alone, or Filipinos only, or merely Spaniards who fling themselves against an immensely superior enemy. Any people is subject to such lunacy when the war mania begins to spread. Every nation is boastful. In all languages the proverbs show that foreigners are puny and despicable; that one native is good for six of them. No demonstration but the actual one of overwhelming defeat will convince any country that it cannot whip any other—convince the common people, we mean, the rank and file of the army, and they are the ones who make wars, not the Dryasdust writers on military science. And how are these plain and simple folk to be made to know all the technical details of their adversary's armament? It is all Greek to them. The French beat the Prussians once, and they were sure in 1870 that they could do it again. Sadowa ought to have been an eye-opener to France, but was it? Was the lesson of a new and terrible armament taken to heart? Not at all. The French soldiers in Mexico under Bazaine only laughed when they heard of Sadowa. Remember Auerstädt and Jena. It was one thing to whip Austrians, but Frenchmen! And so they went to battle, *cœur léger*, little dreaming of Metz and Sedan. They were not Boers or Filipinos, but the superior armament of Germany did not, by impressing their superior intelligence, keep them from fighting.

There has always been, to our mind, an element of strange self-deception in writers like Capt. Mahan, who try to smother artillery with flowers. Their own fine humanity and even religious fervor are inconsistent with giving their days and nights to preparing instruments of destruction, and so they labor to argue themselves into believing that death-dealing armaments are not really for use, but only designed, in some occult way, to foster humanity and religion. But the way the thing is actually working in South Africa ought, we think, to give them food for sober reflection. We must clear our minds of cant, military as well as other. The German and Russian delegates at The Hague were franker than the English and American. Emperor William would not agree to arbitrate or disarm, because it would interfere with his divine right to govern wrong. Baron de Staal elegantly put it that no nation should be asked to disarm or arbitrate in any such way as to disappoint its "espérances ultérieures." Capt. Mahan calls it binding the nations' "conscience"; but they all mean the same thing in the end, and it would be better for them all to use the honester and more brutal word.

A PLAIN TALE FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. McKinley has, on his Western campaigning tour, hidden himself in such a forest of waving flags, and filled his speeches with so many hysterical protestations that he loves home and country, old and young, North and South, field and fireside, that it is difficult to find any definite statement of fact or policy to pin him to. A few assertions, however, issue intelligibly out of the confusion, and on them we mean to comment briefly, and as respectfully as possible.

The President announces, as if it were a constitutional principle just discovered by himself, that "the President cannot alienate territory if he would." No more can he acquire territory. But he can negotiate a treaty to do either, and get the Senate to ratify it if he is able. This is all there is to that.

Absolutely united in the war with Spain, Mr. McKinley asserted at Waterloo on Monday, the American people were "practically" united in the conclusion of peace—that is, in approving the treaty. But that "practically" betrays an uneasy consciousness in the orator that perhaps people have memories reaching back as far as last February. He himself knows with what difficulty the treaty was ratified. None knows better than he that if the Philippine clauses could have been separated from the others, they would have been voted down overwhelmingly. What is the record? Why, the Senate, shortly after ratifying the treaty, passed this resolution:

> "That by the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain it is not intended to incorporate the inhabitants of the Philippines into citizenship of the United States, nor is it intended to permanently annex said islands as an integral part of the territory of the United States."

This, of course, had no legal effect. But it had a great moral weight. It was the only formal declaration made by any authorized exponent of American public opinion as to what the people wanted done with the Philippines. If McKinley were really as anxious as he alleges to be a servant of the people, an instrument in the hands of Congress, he would have acted in the spirit of this resolution, and would not have gone about the country declaring, in the teeth of what the Senate voted, that the Philippines are as much an integral part of our territory as Louisiana is.

Mr. McKinley takes up the suggestion that "we could have peace if we would give them [the Filipinos] independence." He seems to regard this as a plan of the devil, or of some unnamed persons under diabolic influence. Perhaps in this way he helps himself to forget what was done in the Senate last winter. Only by the casting vote of the Vice-President was defeated a resolution granting the Filipinos independence—that is, the same terms as the Cubans. One-half the membership of the American Senate, including many Republicans, then stood ready to do what the President now has the effrontery to say that people and Congress are "practically" unanimous in commanding him not to do. Everybody knows that if he, the eager servant of the popular will, as he professes himself to be, had followed that plain indication of the popular will, there would have been no Philippine war. Everybody knows that if he were to follow it to-day, the war would end to-day. The fighting, he says, fills his heart with "anguish." Let him medicine his hurt as one-half the Senate advised, and ease his pain.

What to say of the President's citation of Gen. Wheeler as a conclusive authority on what would happen in the Philippines if we did not fight to the death, we scarcely know. Let us charitably suppose that he forgot his dates. Gen. Wheeler's letter was dated August 29. Now that was the very day he was assigned to duty in the Philippines. This weighty authority had then been in the islands about a week. Yet the President parades his view as if it were final. Lawton, King, Reeve, Anderson, all ignored; the naval officers brushed aside; Worcester and Schurman of no account, and the first snap-shot of an impetuous ca-

valryman taken as settling the whole case!

At Galena Mr. McKinley had, of course, to speak of Grant and "unconditional surrender." He seemed to think that this was somehow a justification of his demand that the Filipinos crawl to his feet before he will confer with them. But it is one thing for a General to demand unconditional surrender of a beaten enemy, and quite another for a President to try to make millions of people come humbly to him with halters about their necks. While Grant was demanding unconditional surrender, what was Lincoln doing? Trying in every way and at all times to bring about peace. Has Mr. McKinley forgotten the famous "To-Whom-It-May-Concern" letter of Lincoln? or his attitude towards the efforts to secure peace made by individuals in Richmond and by Greeley in Canada? Has he, above all, forgotten the indignation with which Lincoln repelled the intimation that he would not listen to peaceful advances from the rebels? The passage is in his letter to the Illinois Republicans, August 23, 1863:

> "Now, allow me to assure you that no word or intimation from that rebel army, or from any of the men controlling it, in relation to any peace compromise, has ever come to my knowledge or belief. All charges and insinuations to the contrary are deceptive and groundless. And I promise you that if any such proposition shall hereafter come, it *shall not be rejected and kept a secret from you.*"

There we have a President dealing with real rebels—men attacking a sovereignty which they had once owned, and attempting to disrupt a nation of which they had always formed a part. Yet Lincoln was ever willing and eager to discuss terms of peace with them. Compare this with McKinley's course. He is dealing with millions of men who are resisting a sovereignty which they have never admitted, and which he is attempting to impose upon them by force of arms. Yet he will not even confer with them. Aguinaldo asks for a conference, and McKinley's General refuses even to see him. Then the Filipino Congress proposes to send a civilian delegation, and the answer is that it "will not be received." The contrast sufficiently measures the distance from Lincoln to McKinley.

THE MORAL OF THE DEWEY RECEPTION.

Two years ago, when the Jingoes had recently begun to beat their tom-tom, we published a letter from a naval officer, assuring us that we need not be afrafd that President McKinley would ever declare war, inasmuch as he knew well that his successor would be the General or Admiral who had won the greatest victory in it. Never, since the early days of the republic, have we given wisdom much chance against valor. The statesman has usually gone to the wall before the soldier or sailor, in a competition for our highest office. We have never given much encouragement to the belief that this office can be won by special fitness. We bestow it very much as European sovereigns bestow decorations and orders. We rejoice, as Lord Melbourne did over the order of the Garter, "that there is no damned merit in it." We give it to a man for making himself conspicuous or popular, no matter how, but prefer that he shall distinguish himself by a military exploit. Whether he has any other title to the place we scorn to inquire.

This custom is now deeply embedded in our political manners, all the more deeply because it is to-day the custom of seventy or eighty millions, instead of the custom of five or ten. We had, in the reception given to Admiral Dewey, a striking illustration of the effect of military achievement on the popular imagination. There is nothing in our gift to which a successful general or admiral may not aspire. We give him the Presidency because it is the greatest thing we have to give. The triumph we accorded to Admiral Dewey was the greatest we have ever accorded to a successful soldier or sailor. He would have been a bold man who, in the tremendous crowd three weeks ago in this city, had proclaimed aloud his belief that Dewey's victory was not the greatest achieved since man began to fight on the water. And what was more important—there was probably not a man in that immense multitude who would not have voted for him for the Presidency with a whoop.

Does any one suppose that the revered McKinley was not taking note of these things, that in the recesses of his mansion Dewey did not appear to his affrighted imagination a "shape of dread," that he is not taking great comfort today in the belief that the Admiral will not accept the honor the people would like to bestow upon him? There can be little doubt that the alarm excited by this frightful spectacle has induced the President to double the doses of the unctuous Gospel-mixture which he is administering to the helpless people in the West.

Our object in calling attention to these things to-day is to impress more deeply than ever upon the public mind the fact that this insecurity of the President's tenure of his office is one of the strong reasons for believing that we are not a nation born or trained for conquest. In the first place, the plan of electing the chief executive officer of eighty millions every four years, by universal suffrage, is still in the experimental stage. It is still doubtful whether we have hit upon the right plan of nominating candidates for the offices of an immense democracy. Considering the abuses in the civil service, the determination of every President to use his service, more or less, either to secure his own reëlection or the election of some other member of his party, it is still doubtful whether the Constitution-makers were wise in leaving the patronage of the government in his hands. In addition to this, never before in the history of man has such a prize as the Presidency, which we are every day making more valuable, been offered quadrennially to such a mass of voters as ours, of all degrees of knowledge and of ignorance, of every kind of character, and of various races. It remains still to be seen whether our institutions will for ever bear the strain of such contests.

The effect of this strain is already visible upon our domestic affairs. The widespread corruption, the absorption of the public attention in the mere machinery of the Presidential election, to the neglect of questions of legislation and of administration, are already inspiring apprehensions among thoughtful men. Yet our Constitution has worked until now at our own doors, among men of our own race and religion, and under the eager curiosity of our own press. We see our errors and mistakes, and can redress them whenever we please. Our officials do their work under our eyes, and we have abundant opportunity to detect misbehavior and punish them for it. But we are now suddenly plunged into a new career. The Dewey reception reminds us more forcibly than ever that no President can count on more than four years if the victor in a foreign war, or even a distinguished civil servant, is willing to take his place, unless, indeed, the great man himself is ready to take the field and lead his "rough riders" up the "glory-crowned heights." One day's voting may break up the loftiest policy, frustrate the most pious plans, arrest the greatest work of civilization, and return one of the greatest conquerors and publicists of the day to the "practice of the law" in a Western village, at a moment when he may be engaged in the work of governing with almost superhuman sagacity millions of men of unknown tongues and races. And it must be remembered that of the four short years which are allotted to him for these *longs espoirs et vastes pensées*, at least two have to be spent in taking measures, mostly corrupt, to secure his renomination.

For a year and a half this McKinley war has been raging merrily, with little or no knowledge, on the part of the American people, as to what was going on. Their principal paid agent in the new provinces, almost as soon as he began his work, established a censorship so that nothing should be known about him at home which he did not wish to be known. And this is called "taking responsibility"! Worse than all—our pen almost refuses to write it—on the 5th of March, A. D. 1901, the great, the illustrious McKinley may be pursuing "the

practice of the law" in Canton, Ohio, with less consideration than is usually accorded to a discharged bookkeeper.

Now, will any rational Jingo tell us why he believes that this state of things will cease next year, or in four years, or in ten years? Can he deny that the great McKinley, who is conducting this mighty war, is at present occupied far more with "getting delegates" than with the war? And does he not know that in his second year McKinley's successor will be doing just the same thing? Tell us, Rational Jingo, without bursting into song, or into child-like boasting, whether such an enterprise as the great McKinley has entered upon, has ever been conducted with such machinery, and under such conditions, in any period of human history?

THE CAMPAIGN IN OHIO.

Senator Hanna has hoisted a signal of distress by making a speech denouncing the candidacy of Mayor Jones of Toledo for Governor of Ohio, saying that every Republican who votes for Jones virtually casts two votes for McLean and the Democratic ticket. Jones is running as an independent candidate on his record as Mayor of Toledo. He says that his platform is the Golden Rule. It was supposed, when he first announced his intention to run, that his supporters would be mostly drawn from the Democratic ranks. His candidacy was therefore looked upon rather favorably by the Republican leaders. Mr. Hanna's outburst of disapprobation must by the same token be taken as evidence that Jones is likely to draw more votes from the Republicans than from the Democrats. If this be true, the reason must be that more Republicans have been alienated by the war against the Filipinos than Democrats have been deterred by the badness of John R. McLean. The Republican party is ordinarily the majority of the State, and Judge Nash, the Republican nominee for Governor, is personally unobjectionable. If the party is really in danger of losing the State, the fact must be due to some very special cause of dissatisfaction. If more Republicans than Democrats are trooping after the banner of the Golden-Rule candidate, it must be because they think that McKinley's Philippine policy has violated the Golden Rule grossly and indefensibly.

The idea has gone abroad that if the Republican ticket is defeated in McKinley's State this fall, McKinley himself will fail of a renomination next year. The Republican party may drop him and take up some other candidate. This is the view of our esteemed contemporary the *Tribune*. "The crisis," says that acute observer, "might compel a complete readjustment of the Republican lines and plan of battle. Some new name like that of Admiral Dewey, representing our past military victories, might then take like wildfire in the Republican National Convention as a substitute for President McKinley, to whom there is now no opposition." The *Tribune* adverts also to the fact that the new House of Representatives is held by a very narrow Republican majority, and says that "this is always a menace to *an outgoing President seeking a renomination.*" Mr. McKinley will no doubt thank the senior Republican organ for advertising him as a seeker after renomination, but 'tis the plain truth, and it might as well be communicated to the Republicans of Ohio who are inclined to support Jones of Toledo and to follow the Golden Rule.

The *Tribune* plucks up courage, however, and says that there is yet plenty of time to close up the war in the Philippines with success—an event which, "if soon achieved, will brighten the Republican outlook as well as the President's." But the most sanguine Republican, even Senator Hanna himself, can hardly expect the war in the Philippines to be closed with success before the Ohio election takes place, the adverse result of which might "dish" Mr. McKinley in the Republican convention next year. The ill-starred campaign projected against the insurgents south of Manila has had very slender results. It has taken place in an ocean of mud in which all the draught animals collapsed, and the leader of the advance force, Capt. Woodbridge Geary, was killed. Even if successful in the object immediately sought, it has very little relation to the general conquest of the island of Luzon. All expectation of completing the conquest in the present month of October has been abandoned. If our esteemed contemporary cherishes any such expectation, it is relying on a broken reed.

The *Tribune* sees more than the defeat of McKinley as a result of the defeat of Nash in Ohio this fall. It thinks that Bryan's chances of renomination would be put in jeopardy also. The theory is that McLean would acquire sufficient prestige to dispute the Presidential nomination with Bryan in the next national Democratic convention. Although possible, this is not at all likely. If McLean were a man of character, so that, on his personal reputation, he could attract the votes of the Independents, the Gold Democrats, the anti-Imperialist Republicans; if he were a man of the type and standing of John M. Palmer, Senator Caffrey, or ex-Senator Vilas, then, with the prestige of a victory in a pivotal State (for such Ohio may be counted this year), he might even unhorse Bryan; but, being the sort of candidate he is, no temporary success in a single State can push him into the Presidency or into a Presidential nomination. He may get some Independent votes now which will be cast not for him but against McKinley and Hanna. These votes would not be given to him for any higher office, not even for the Vice-Presidency. So, too, the votes which are now drifting to Jones would return to the Republican party if this were a Presidential instead of a Gubernatorial contest. The situation in Ohio may be summed up in a word: The Democrats nominated their worst candidate, yet the Republican leaders are in a state of alarm lest he be elected. If he is elected, McKinley may be dropped by his party next year, and somebody else be nominated for President, and the Republican leaders in other States than Ohio would not be sorry.

THE FADING OUT OF AN ISSUE.

A striking feature of the platform adopted by the recent Republican State convention in Massachusetts has not attracted the attention which it merits. This is the attitude assumed toward the question of immigration. Some years ago a movement was started to establish new restrictions upon immigration by the application of an educational test. Laws had already been passed to keep out the criminal, the pauper, and the diseased classes. It was contended that the ignorant ought equally to be denied admission, even if sound in body, correct in morals, and industrious in habits. The propaganda was most earnestly pushed in Massachusetts, and the policy was warmly endorsed by the Republican party in that State, under the leadership of Senator Lodge. As far back as 1895 their convention declared against the policy of admitting any more immigrants who were not "intelligent." Later conventions decided that intelligence was to be discovered by statutes establishing an educational test, and the Massachusetts Republicans induced the national convention of their party in 1896 to take up the scheme as a part of its policy by securing the insertion in the St. Louis platform of the following plank:

> "For the protection of the quality of our American citizenship and of the wages of our workingmen against the fatal competition of low-priced labor, we demand that the immigration laws be thoroughly enforced, *and so extended as to exclude from entrance to the United States those who can neither read nor write.*"

Meanwhile, the issue had been urged in Congress, and during the last days of the session that followed the Republican victory in the national contest of 1896, a bill was sent to President Cleveland which would establish an educational test. The proposed law would limit immigration to those who could read and write twenty-five words of the Constitution of the United States, in either the English or any other language. Some exceptions to this general rule were to be allowed, as permission for a parent, grandparent, wife, or minor child of a qualified immigrant to accompany such immigrant, though unable to

read and write, or to be sent for to join such qualified immigrant, if the latter were capable of supporting the relative. But the intention was to make it the rule that grown-up people, especially those in the active period of life, should be forbidden entrance, without reference to physical, moral, or pecuniary fitness to become good citizens, if they could not read and write.

This most important change in national policy was submitted to Mr. Cleveland during the last week of his second administration. He had never given especial attention to the subject, and when the bill reached his desk, he was overwhelmed with business and not in the best of health. But he took up the question in the conscientious and painstaking fashion always characteristic of the man, and made a thorough study of the proposed statute. He soon found the most serious objections to some of its provisions. With the educational test had been joined a section making it a crime for an alien to come "regularly or habitually" into the United States to work, and return "from time to time" to his own country—in other words, for a Canadian to cross the border line into Detroit in the morning, work in the United States during the day, and go to his Canadian home in the evening, or to go over Monday mornings and return Saturday nights. Mr. Cleveland pointed out the difficulty of construing and enforcing such a rule as coming "regularly or habitually" into this country, and returning "from time to time" to a foreign country. He declared his conviction that such unfriendly legislation could hardly fail to provoke retaliatory measures, to the injury of many of our citizens who now find employment on adjoining foreign soil. He found in this section alone sufficient reason for a veto. But he also showed inconsistencies and impracticabilities in the exceptions allowed to the educational test, as that neither brother nor sister of a qualified immigrant could enter, and that a husband who could read and write, and who determined to abandon an illiterate wife abroad, would find an absolutely safe retreat here. He also took issue sharply with the claim that an educational test would guard the country against the evils feared, holding that the ability to read and write "supplies unsatisfactory evidence of desirable citizenship or a proper appreciation of the benefits of our institutions."

The veto blocked the scheme just as it was on the point of being fixed in our statutes. That was in March, 1897. It is now October, 1899, and the project is dead. The recent Republican convention in Massachusetts absolutely dropped the educational test for immigration, and asked only for "'such further restriction as shall exclude the criminals and paupers of other nations from competing with native and naturalized American labor." The Republican politicians throughout the country are sick of the idea, having received many plain warnings that the opposition to the educational test is strong enough with Republican voters of foreign extraction in many Congressional districts at the West to turn the scales against the party if it shall champion the policy. An issue of considerable importance has thus practically disappeared from our politics.

We have seldom had a more striking proof of the great part which the Presidential veto may play in national legislation. There is now general satisfaction with the defeat of the bill establishing the educational test for immigration. Yet the ill-considered measure would have become a law except for Mr. Cleveland's objection.

PHASES OF BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT.

The country is unusually prosperous. No intelligent person disputes the fact. Even the most stupid "calamity orators" have been forced to admit it. The change from the hard times which followed the panic of 1893 is marked in the field of manufacturing. As the President goes from one large city to another in the Central West, he celebrates the activity of shops and factories and mills of various sorts, and his auditors recognize the truth of what he says about their local industries. It is probably no exaggeration to affirm that a larger proportion of the people in the chief centres of the various sections are working at good wages now than ever before.

But it is an extraordinary fact that while everybody says that the country is prosperous, there are a good many places, in which manufacturing has flourished, where men are being thrown out of work, and the local outlook for the future is discouraging. The Massachusetts newspapers report great dissatisfaction with business conditions in Woburn, a city of about 15,000 inhabitants in the eastern part of the State, because a number of factories and shops engaged in the leather industry have shut down. The Woburn incident attracts considerable attention. But it is not so novel as some people think. The Boston *Advertiser* reports that for months past a number of manufacturing establishments in Massachusetts have been closed every month, and it says that the total number of persons thus thrown out of employment must be far larger than the public has come to understand, as most of the shutdowns hitherto have been in places much smaller than Woburn—little, almost isolated communities, whence news rarely gets to metropolitan journals.

The reason for the hard times in Woburn is that the Leather Trust finds it more to its advantage to have the work which has been done in that city heretofore done elsewhere in future. In some of the smaller places which have experienced similar adversity the action of a Trust is responsible. In other cases the result is due to the same primary cause, even if there is no Trust in the industry affected—the fact that the aggregation of capital in large places, and its superior efficiency there, have rendered it impossible for the manufacturer in the small town longer to carry on his business profitably.

A shoe-dealer in a Western city recently sold out his business. He had enjoyed an excellent trade, and a friend who knew that the business had been profitable expressed surprise at his action. "The reason is simple enough," was the reply. "It is three years since I have made any money. Last year I did not come out even. If I had kept on a few years, I should have lost all that I have saved. I had a chance to sell out to good advantage, and I jumped at it. Now I am going into the employ of a large wholesale house with which I have had dealings, and I shall get a pretty good salary." The competition of the big department-stores in selling shoes was the reason for this change.

A business man from a city east of the Mississippi who was going to San Francisco, was asked by three or four friends to look around and see if there was an opening for them to invest some spare capital in a promising industry—$15,000 to $25,000 apiece. They could not discover a good opening at home, and thought that probably conditions must be better on the Pacific Coast. The investigator brought back a most discouraging report. In California, as east of the Rockies, the tendency is strong towards the doing of business by great aggregations of capital, and a sum which once seemed quite large enough to establish a new industry seems now too small and weak for consideration.

"What are you going to do, now that you are through soldiering?" asked a Yale graduate of a classmate who left college thirty years ago, and who has been in the Philippines with a Western regiment the past year. "I don't know," he answered. "I am very much puzzled what to do. Fortunately, I don't need to go to work at once to support my family. Indeed, I have money enough, according to the standards of my early manhood, to start some enterprise of my own, and my health is so vigorous that I could put in a good many years of hard work. But there does not seem to be any chance for the small capitalist now to go in and make his capital larger by building up an industry. I can get a subordinate position with a fair salary in some great concern, but I would much rather be my own master."

The cotton manufacturers of New England have been much disturbed by the competition of Southern mills, particu-

larly in the coarser grades of goods. Their Southern rivals hired cheaper hands, who could be employed more hours a day, and who were not controlled by labor organizations. Some Northern manufacturers concluded that the only thing to do was to build mills in the South themselves, and such plants have been established by capital from this part of the country. But the movement has been checked, and a great corporation in Manchester, N. H., has just abandoned a scheme to begin operations in the South. The reason is the discovery that the conditions in the South regarding wages, hours of work, and labor-unions are steadily approaching those in the North; the strike for higher pay, shorter days, and the control of industry by the employee having already been domesticated even as far away as Texas.

We simply note these signs of the times as worthy the attention of thoughtful men. They show how radically things in the business world have changed during the last few years, how universally these changes prevail, and how sweeping is the influence of the tremendous forces which are at work.

Correspondence.

CONVEY THE WISE IT CALL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The character of our title to the Philippines, at least so far as Spain is concerned, receives further elucidation from the recent letter of Judge Day, President of the American Peace Commission, to ex-Congressman Watson of Columbus, Ohio. We are assured in this letter that, "by the cession, for a consideration, we obtained an indisputable title, which must be respected by all other nations." Judge Day says: "It was not claimed that the United States had a right to the Philippine Islands as a matter of conquest. *The United States has never undertaken, so far as I know, to wrest from a foreign country lands or possessions simply by right of conquest.*"

The Judge quotes approvingly the following remarks of Senator Gray:

"After four or five weeks of doubt and anxiety it became apparent that these negotiations must either be broken off and your commissioners return without a treaty at all, and that we would be relegated to the necessity of taking not only the Philippines, but Cuba and Porto Rico by the ruthless hand of conquest, or, by some concessions, . . . gain them by voluntary cession of a treaty of peace. And therefore we believe that it is better for this country . . . that it shall take from them by *voluntary cession and by purchase*, so to speak, those distant islands, rather than expose ourselves in the eyes of the world as playing *a rôle of barbaric conquest, and by military power tread the path of mediæval rapine and warfare.*"

The honorable and high-minded gentlemen who composed the commission scorned to "exhibit" other "than magnanimity" "to a beaten and prostrate foe," and, especially, scorned to expose themselves "in the eyes of the world as playing a rôle of barbaric conquest"; therefore they undertook to obtain the Philippines (for they were determined to have them), "by voluntary cession and by purchase." But, confronted with the awkward fact that Spain had already refused to cede the islands, and had shown no disposition to sell them, these gentlemen presented to the "eyes of the world" a new law of contract—new, though it smacks somewhat of ancient practices—a law under which the purchaser makes all the terms of the sale; a law under which cession and purchase effected under compulsion become valid, and, "so to speak," "voluntary"; a law which makes robbery respectable and its consequences "to be respected," if only the robber tender some compensation to the victim.

But we would have no mediæval rapine and warfare; oh, no! Nor would we "wrest from a foreign country lands or possessions simply by right of conquest." No, not at all, neither then nor now!

Yours respectfully,

Chas. R. Whitman.

Chicago, October 14, 1899.

LOOTING OF CHURCHES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The advocates of the spread of Christianity in the Philippines at the point of the bayonet have denied, with horror, that any of the Catholic churches in the islands had been looted by the American soldiery. Archbishop Ireland, in defence of the Administration, has strenuously denied such a sacrilegious occurrence.

In order to put the matter beyond all doubt, however, I desire to say that there are now on exhibition in the city of Denver, at the book-store of Pierce & Zahn, No. 633 Seventeenth Street, the vestments of a priest and some images taken from a cathedral at Iloilo by a soldier of the Fourth Regulars. He stated to me that he had taken a great many of these vestments, but that, being threatened with mildew, on account of the dampness there, he had spread them out on some lines near his tent, and his comrades had stolen the most of them. The images, some of them being heads of Christ, were evidently broken from the walls or brackets.

Any one who is at all familiar with the Catholic vestments can recognize the genuineness of these at a glance. These "souvenirs" are exposed in the window of the store mentioned for the purpose of attracting trade. I should like to know what Archbishop Ireland thinks of this.

Respectfully yours,

John S. Mosby, jr.

Denver, Col., October 13, 1899.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION IN RHODE ISLAND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial last week on the "Constitutional Imbroglio" we in Rhode Island are under, sets forth correctly the peculiar quandary we are in because of the advisory opinion of the members of the Supreme Court of this State that the General Assembly cannot call a constitutional convention. The pamphlet passed in review furnishes, as you say, abundant historical proof that the principle of the rule of the majority is one of the fundamentals of the Rhode Island polity. It was not, however, to maintain this position that the pamphlet dwelt upon the sovereign powers of the towns during the historical development of the State. The aim was to show how extensive these powers were, in order that what is left of them may be preserved by express reservation in a new Constitution. (See art. i., sec. 3, of draft of a new constitution submitted, p. 78 of the pamphlet: "The right of local self-government in the town or city is also a constitutional right that the State cannot infringe.")

No such theory is required in order to dispose of the Constitution of the United States. That Constitution is *sui generis*, and stands in a class by itself. It is not only made by the people and is their compact; it is also a compact between the States. It provides, among other things of the nature of contract between different parties, that no State shall ever be deprived of its equal representation in the Senate without its own consent (art. v.). No contractual relationship of this kind exists in a State Constitution, and therefore the limitation in the Constitution of the United States upon the power of the majority has no bearing upon the consideration of the same question in a State Constitution.

In his first inaugural address Abraham Lincoln uttered these profoundly philosophic words:

"The central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does of necessity fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left."

If the advisory opinion is to stand as the final word, then two-fifths and one of the electors of this State can for ever prevent any change in its Constitution.

This would be an oligarchic form of government, and in violation of art. iv., sec. 4, of the Constitution of the United States, guaranteeing to every State in the Union a republican form of government. That State has not a republican form of government where two-fifths and one can prevent three-fifths less one from making and altering their constitution of government. A republican form of government means one in which the majority governs.

A. M. E.

"WEALTH VERSUS COMMONWEALTH."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a recent editorial you say:

"There is a book called 'Wealth Against Commonwealth' which is directed against monopolies. It is filled with the most frightful accusations, and it has no doubt made a great impression on the public mind, but many of its charges are improbable, if not false, on their face, and none is established by sufficient evidence to sustain a verdict by a jury."

There are no "accusations" of mine in the book. It does not assume in the least to be a work of original research, nor to narrate things which I discovered. Except where its recital is of facts which are not in controversy, and some occurrences abroad, it is but a résumé of the official records, many of them court records.

You speak of a "verdict by a jury." The statements in the book—the book is mine,

but the statements are not—are based specifically on the verdicts of juries in civil and criminal cases, the decisions of State and Federal courts, special tribunals like the Interstate Commerce Commission, and on the findings of State and national legislative investigations. The book has been before the public for five years, but it has not yet been shown that its résumé of the "verdicts" has been incorrectly given or has gone beyond the attested record. In every case I have reported the versions of the facts given by those concerned, as well as those versions which these official findings entitle all students to accept as the authorized versions. There are by actual count over 200 quotations from the arguments and facts urged by the defence.

Of course, there is a mathematical possibility, in the doctrine of chances, that all our judges and investigators, from United States Judge Baxter and the Judges of the Supreme Court of Ohio to the Honorable T. M. Cooley and his associates of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and the Hon. A. B. Hepburn and his committee of the New York Legislature of 1879, and the Hon. Shelby M. Cullom and his fellow-members of the Senate special committee, and all the other members of all the other commissions and courts have been all wrong, and that not one of these "verdicts" which have been found by them after examination and cross-examination of witnesses under oath, is true, and that all the things done by men who, beginning penniless, have accumulated uncounted millions while they are yet in the prime of life, have been merely evangelical and "benevolent assimilation." If this be true, and these authorities fall, my book, I admit—but, under the circumstances, I admit it cheerfully—must fall with them, for it is built on them.

HENRY DEMAREST LLOYD.

[It must not be thought a precedent that we print Mr. Lloyd's protest against an *obiter dictum* roughly summing up our judgment of his book passed in due course in the *Nation*, No. 1532, November 8, 1894.—ED. NATION.]

THE MASSACHUSETTS SLAVE-BURNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of September 7, p. 187, appeared a communication from "J. D. B.," relating to the burning alive of a negro woman in 1681 in Boston. Those interested in the case will doubtless be glad to have the following further bit of information, obtained from a paper prepared in 1895 by Mr. John Noble:

"1681. Marja, Negro, servt of John Lambe. Arson. 'Pleaded & acknowledged herself to be Guilty of ye Fact.' 'Sentence of death, to be burnt at place of execution.'

"Cheffalier Jack, Negro, servant, &c. Arson. 'To be hanged & then taken down & burnt to ashes in the fier with Marja Negro.'"—(Publications of the Colonial Soc. of Mass., iii., 61-2.)

In spite of considerable search, I was unable to ascertain whether the sentence had actually been carried out until I saw the letter of your correspondent referred to above. From the passage quoted by him from Cotton Mather's diary, it appears that the crime was committed July 12 and that the woman was burned September 22.

A. M.

BOSTON, October 13, 1899.

GREAT BRITAIN'S DIMINISHING DEBT AND COAL SUPPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It seems to me that one of the most important events in recent financial history, and one that has not received as much attention as it deserves, is the extinction of a very large proportion of the national debt of Great Britain within the last few years. The following figures are taken from Whitaker's Almanack for the year 1899. They are most instructive:

For the year	Gross Total of National Debt of Great Britain.
1887	£738,779,176
1898	638,266,482
	£100,512,694

It thus appears that during the eleven years ending in 1898 the debt was reduced by more than one hundred millions of pounds sterling. At this rate it would be altogether extinguished within sixty years or so.

It is to be remembered that John Stuart Mill maintained that the debt ought to be paid off before the coal supplies of the United Kingdom should be exhausted. It is difficult to resist the conviction that this advice has been borne in mind and followed. The coal beds of Great Britain are nearer exhaustion than those of some other countries, and it is usual to speak of this exhaustion as a great calamity which cannot be avoided, but it seems to be forgotten that the national debt of Great Britain will in all likelihood disappear long before her coal, and that this gain will greatly reduce the loss.

DANIEL HOLSMAN.

PHILADELPHIA, 505 CHESTNUT ST., October 10, 1899.

Notes.

A sketch of the life of Elizur Wright of Massachusetts is being prepared by his daughter, Miss Ellen M. Wright. She would like to obtain copies of any letters of his and a file of his paper, the *Massachusetts Abolitionist*. Her address is Medford, Mass.

Swinburne's new tragedy, 'Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards,' will be published late in the autumn by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Doubleday & McClure Company have nearly ready 'Widdicombe Fair' and 'The Golden Vanity and the Green Bed,' old English ballads, illustrated by Miss Pamela Colman Smith; 'In Chimney Corner,' tales of giants and witches, by Seumas MacManus; and a 'Kipling Birthday Book,' compiled with authority by Joseph Finn.

'The World's Orators,' announced by the Messrs. Putnam, has for editor-in-chief Guy Carleton Lee, Ph.D., of Johns Hopkins University. It will embrace original translations of classical and Continental oratory. The ten volumes will be learnedly annotated.

The 'Life of Phillips Brooks,' edited successively by the late Rev. Arthur Brooks and Prof. A. V. G. Allen, is now in the printer's hands. It will be published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

'Moments with Art,' short selections in prose and verse by J. E. P. D., is in the press of A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

The accumulation of reprints on our table is already very large. Notable in fiction are Charles Lever's prolix 'Charles O'Malley,' in the Service & Paton (London) edition (New York: Putnams), rather tryingly condensed into one volume of 628 pages, relieved by sixteen clever pen-drawings by Arthur Rackham; "Mark Rutherford's" 'Revolution in Tanner's Lane' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), which goes straight to the mark; Anne Brontë's 'Agnes Grey,' in Downey & Co.'s (London) edition (New York: Scribners), containing Charlotte Brontë's biographical notice of her sisters, Anne and Emily; and F. J. Stimson's "Story of Old Virginia and the Massachusetts Bay," 'King Noanett' (Scribners). Of a mixed character are the third of five volumes of Carlyle's 'Critical and Miscellaneous Essays' in the generous Centenary edition (Scribners); four more volumes in the handy Dent-Scribner Temple Waverley, 'Castle Dangerous,' 'The Highland Widow,' 'The Fair Maid of Perth' (two); four slightly larger volumes of Shakspere in a Chiswick edition (Bell-Macmillan), which follows the Cambridge text and is edited by John Dennis, with full-page decorative illustrations by Byam Shaw; 'Ballads,' three in number, by Dante Rossetti, in a so-called Siddal edition (London: Ellis & Elvey), to which William Rossetti contributes a candid prefatory note, not in excess of praise; Robert Grant's 'Art of Living' (Scribners); Frederick Saunders's 'Salad for the Solitary' and 'Evenings with the Sacred Poets,' (Thomas Whittaker), richly bound and freely illustrated; and the fourth edition of Besant & Palmer's 'Jerusalem, the City of Herod and Saladin' (London: Chatto & Windus; Philadelphia: Lippincott).

The Century Co.'s luxurious edition of Dr. Weir Mitchell's 'Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker' can have few rivals this season in beauty of manufacture, and will be surpassed by none in appositeness of illustration. Here the taste displayed is faultless. The plates fall into four classes—old prints of buildings and scenes, mostly in and about Philadelphia; facsimiles of drawings and documents; portraits after engravings or after originals; and imaginative designs for the story proper, all by Howard Pyle, whose art is drenched in the history of the Revolutionary period. The harmony thus obtained is in perfect keeping with the typography. The two volumes are bound in buff and gold. Upon the merits of Dr. Mitchell's novel we have already expressed ourselves. It will appeal anew to admirers of 'Richard Carvel.'

The editors of the 'Records of the Clan and Name of Ferguson,' noticed in these columns on its appearance in 1895, have brought out a supplementary volume (Edinburgh: David Douglas), containing a considerable amount of data gathered since the original work appeared. Aside from the correction of errors and the filling up of numerous gaps in the genealogical lines, the important features of the supplementary volume are an extended account of Fergusons in the colonies and the United States, and lists of bearers of the name in the British Army and Navy Lists and on the records of the Scottish universities. Those who have the earlier volume will naturally wish this one; and the uniformity of arrangement makes reference and comparison easy.

A blossoming out of Dewey literature was to be expected. Ex-Minister John Barrett's 'Admiral George Dewey' (Harpers) has been put together so hastily that the biography proper stands last, and the opening sounds like an apologia of the author himself. Mr. Barrett notoriously underwent a change of mind about the Filipinos after we had be-

gun war upon them, and was saved from volunteering to help subjugate them by being employed as a syndicate press correspondent at Manila. A fellow-Vermonter, he saw Dewey often and familiarly for the better part of a year, and with much verbiage and repetition conveys, no doubt, a just idea of the Admiral's character, now tolerably familiar. He shows Dewey giving a large license to his trusted subordinates, in contrast with Otis (as lately criticised by Dewey); and dealing liberally with the correspondents, again in contrast with Otis. Mr. Barrett just falls short of being fulsome at times, and has a good word for everybody. He gravely mentions the claim that the Admiral is descended from Charlemagne. Numerous portraits and views lend value to the book.

A welcome is already prepared for Oliver Herford's 'Child's Primer of Natural History' (Charles Scribner's Sons), product of humor with pen and pencil which is at this moment noticeable in more than one rhymester-artist. It is hard to choose among these pictures and jingles, but we will specify "Some Geese," with the goose-girl reading to her charge "by the hour From the works of Scho-pen-hau-er"; "The Chimpanzee," sitting "on the an-ces-tral tree From which we sprung in a-ges gone. I'm glad we sprung"; and "A Penguin," who "tells this dai-ly to the bored fish, 'The *Pen*-guin's might-i-er than the *Sword*-fish.'" As will be seen, the jesting is not all for little heads. Mention should be made of the clever vignettes backing the letter-press, as of the elephant netting a butterfly.

The 'Kipling Primer' of Mr. Frederic Lawrence Knowles (Boston: Brown & Co.) approaches its subject in the light of "the most eminent of living poets"—a judgment perhaps to be interpreted by Mr. Howells's dictum on p. 33, that "Kipling's reputation is greater than that of any English-speaking poet who ever lived." But this also needs interpretation. Mr. Knowles, again, thinks Kipling has "created a new respect for poetry." Still, his admiration is not wholly blind nor his analysis slavish, though feeble. He provides a biography and an appreciation, followed by a descriptive index of books, topics, songs, etc., with liberal quotation of critical opinion, a bibliography, a list of reference articles, etc. The little work will be prized by many.

The "year-book of philanthropy and the hospital annual" known as 'Burdett's Hospitals and Charities,' and an unrivalled source of information and discussion regarding its field, appears somewhat tardily (London: The Scientific Press; New York: Scribners). But Sir H. Burdett promises the next issue by March, 1900, thus establishing a date which he hopes to maintain regularly. In his preface he expresses his gratification that the usefulness of his charitable conspectus is widely recognized in this country, and, referring to the charitable pamphlet "literature of the highest value" published on this side of the water, bespeaks the gift of every such pamphlet for his humane purpose.

While the work just named is in its tenth year, we receive from the Trow Directory, Printing and Bookbinding Co. of this city the first issue of 'The Medical Directory of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut,' edited by E. Eliot Harris, M.D., whose address is No. 33 West Ninety-third Street. Nearly 12,000 names of physicians are registered, nearly 3,000 of dentists, and nearly 4,000 of pharmacists. They are arranged in separate divisions, and geographically, but the physicians are summed up in alphabetic lists for the respective States. A street and avenue directory for Greater New York, by boroughs, is appended, answering to a previous street list of physicians. Valuable, also, are the constitutions of the several medical societies, with their officers. One need not look here for homœopathic or other "irregular" practitioners.

In the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography* for October are printed twelve letters from Washington to Smallwood and Harry Lee, none of which were included in the great collection of Sparks and only two in that of Ford. Those to Lee, of which there are ten, concern patrol service during the Revolution, for which the Light Horse were peculiarly adapted, and some bank stock. One of the military letters points to a hanging for plundering or desertion: "The example, should the man be found guilty and sentenced to death, is wanted more immediately for your own people than the army at large, and therefore the desired good effect would be lost should you march before the trial can be regularly gone thro', and the proceedings confirmed." He urged haste in the trial. The share transaction is characteristic. Lee settled a debt, as he thought, by transferring at par stock that was selling at eighteen per cent. discount, and then asked Washington to express an opinion. "I shall frankly declare that if a disinterested judge is to be found who will say that I ought, under the circumstances which prevailed at the time, to lose the difference between the nominal and the real price of the shares, I will never utter another word on the subject"—a severe but just opinion. This letter, written in September, 1797, is of interest as showing that Washington had left the Presidency pinched in purse. "More than once (without urging it ardently), I informed you that I was in want of money to clear me out of Philadelphia properly, and was obliged at last to leave the city without providing many articles of which my family stood in need."

The London *Speaker* is undergoing a change of direction, and passes under the control of a group of young Oxford Liberals. Hilaire Belloc, F. W. Hirst, and George Trevelyan the younger are well-known names among these promoters. Signed weekly articles by Mr. Bryce, Leslie Stephen, Frederic Harrison, J. M. Barrie, Bernard Shaw, and others are promised; and American affairs will receive exceptional attention.

The most suggestive article in the *National Geographic Magazine* (Washington) for October is by Gifford Pinchot, forester of the Department of Agriculture, on the relation of forests and forest fires. He estimates the direct annual loss to the nation by these fires at $20,000,000, and the indirect loss, from the damage to water supply, deterioration of soil, the destruction of the young growth and the loss of the increment of a forest, which may amount to several hundred board feet per acre each year, at a sum much in excess of $30,000,000. The tree which best resists the action of fire is the long-leaf pine, which is protected by its thick bark and long needles. Very singularly, the most valuable (commercially) of the trees on the Pacific Slope, the red fir, seems to take the place of other trees destroyed by fire, and their distribution "is governed, first of all, so far as we know at present, by fire." The statistical expert of the same department, H. Farquhar, shows that, by the law of natural increase, the population of this country at the time of taking the twelfth census will be probably between seventy-five and seventy-six millions. There is also an entertaining account, with illustrations, of a survey expedition of the All-Canadian route by the Stikine River to the Klondike. The author, A. P. Dennis, gives a high character for honesty to the Tahltan Indians. "Of the many tons of food supply left unguarded along the trail, we did not hear of a single case of theft by hungry Indians."

The bibliography of the geographical literature of 1898, published as the September number of the *Annales de Géographie*, is slightly larger than that of 1897, but the number of works noticed, 934, is less by fifty. In addition to the books in the different European languages described, there are references to the principal contents of seventy-four scientific and official serial publications. Forty-seven persons of different nationalities, many of whom are well-known geographers, have aided the editor, M. L. Raveneau, in the preparation of the bibliography. It is arranged according to subjects, and contains both an author and a subject-index.

The main part of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number eight, is devoted to a description, by Dr. Supan, of the ocean floor, in which he advocates naming the different parts after the neighboring lands, instead of after ships or explorers. "If I speak of a Buchan Basin," he says, "no one knows where to look for it, but every one knows where the Peruvian-Chilian Basin is." Minor articles are upon Nordenskiöld's facsimile reproduction of the most famous maps of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and the late Christian Garnier's method of transliterating geographical names. In an *Anzeiger*, the German ownership of Lake Kivu is maintained against the claims of the Congo Free State, and an account is given of the Krupp works, in which, on the 1st of January, 41,750 people were employed.

The last volume (June-September) of the *Rundschau*, which completes the twenty-fifth year of its career, is fully up to the usual excellent standard. Fiction is represented by such writers as Isolde Kurz, Paul Heyse, Karl E. Edler, Anselm Heine. There are more than thirty miscellaneous articles and reviews in the volume, to a few of which we would call especial attention. The venerable scholar, Prof. L. Friedlaender, writes in classical German about classical lands under the title "Griechenland unter den Römern," supplementing Mommsen's chapters on the subject. The logical and historical basis of Prof. L. Stein's "Philosophie des Friedens" is so sound that it will prove to many readers a comfort in their disappointment at contemporary events. The one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Goethe's birthday furnished the occasion for contributions from Herman Grimm, Friedrich Paulsen, and others. Prof. Paulsen's essay on Mephistopheles leads to the conception of "Faust" as, in one sense, a justification of the existence of evil in the world, and Goethe's creation of Mephistopheles appears as his "poetic catharsis from the element of fruitless negation which, in his youth, had threatened to become dangerous to him." Dr. Julius Lessing, the director of the Berlin Gewerbemuseum, writ-

ing on "Antiquitäten," has some useful suggestions for buyers of bric-à-brac and artistic old furniture; he addresses himself more especially to ladies concerned with the tasteful decoration of their homes, but unfamiliar with the methods of dealers and the true value of the objects they covet.

We have been requested to state that the pamphlet regarding the constitutional muddle in Rhode Island on which we lately commented, can be had of Preston & Rounds, Providence, or of the author, Amasa M. Eaton, in that city, for fifty cents.

—"Since some little time," writes a correspondent, "will elapse before the 'Dictionary of National Biography' reaches the letter Y, it may be as well to correct an erroneous statement regarding the family of Elihu Yale, the founder of Yale College, which lately appeared in a leading London journal. 'His wife and only child,' we are there told, 'lie in one grave at the Cape of Good Hope.' The fact, however, is that Yale married twice, and that it was his first wife and his son by her that were buried there. By his second wife he had two daughters. Catherine, the elder of them, married Dudley North, son of Sir Dudley North. She died April 12, 1715, in the thirty-third year of her age, at Little Glemham, Suffolk, where, in the parish church, St. Andrew, it is recorded on a mural tablet that she was interred in an adjacent vault, with two of her children, Catherine and Elihu, and that she was survived by three others, Dudley, Anne, and Mary. Anne, Yale's younger daughter by his second wife, married Lord James Cavendish, son of the first Duke of Devonshire. At Glemham Hall, one of the seats of the Earl of Guilford, who represents the senior branch of the North family, are two full-length portraits of Elihu Yale, a half-length of his daughter Catherine, and a half-length of Lord James Cavendish."

—The "Mediæval Towns" series (Macmillan), which has hitherto found its subjects among the provincial cities of northern Europe, now crosses the Pyrenees and fixes upon the ancient ecclesiastical capital of Castile. In spite of the havoc which Soult and Victor wrought, Toledo still rises majestic upon its rocky promontory, as though disdaining French marshals and despising its more recent enemies, the politicians of Madrid. A town which could once call itself "the crown of Spain, the light of the whole world, free from the time of the mighty Goths," dies hard. Surpassing even Ravenna in the number of its churches, Toledo resembles the Ostrogothic capital in having lost its former degree of importance and in remaining a perfect type of the fossil city. The author of this volume, Miss Hannah Lynch, however deeply she may be depressed by the spectacle of decay and neglect, does not let the sense of melancholy invade her style of writing, which is most sprightly and animated. She keeps history and art equally in the foreground, while frequent references to the poets and chroniclers of Spain show that she is not restricted to her Lafuente. A fondness for studied and highly adjectival description is a characteristic which she constantly displays, but the subjects of her vignettes are well chosen, and she often suggests a beautiful or a touching situation. Her art criticism seems to be grounded upon knowledge, and her account of Toledo's leading painter, El Greco (Domenico Theotocopulos), is notably good. Like its predecessors in the set, this book is illustrated by Miss Helen James, whose delicate drawings lose no part of their charm in passing from Norman or Bavarian to Castilian subjects. While her selection of scenes and buildings is always marked by judgment, we should have welcomed rather more glimpses of San Juan de los Reyes than are given. Remembering Haig's beautiful etching of the nave, we feel a little defrauded in getting only a detail of ornament from within the church and two glimpses of the cloister.

—Breaking entirely new ground, and yet evincing the widest research and also scientific nicety, very welcome is the 'Handbook of the Elements of Place Names in the Northwest Provinces of India,' by Paul Whalley, M.A., Retired Bengal Civil Service, published by David Nutt, London. The day has, to be sure, long gone by when the like of the Isle of Bats (said to be seen, in old official documents, for Allahabad—critically, Ilhâbâd, and formerly, Ilhâbâs) must have set ordinary Britons wondering how their language had established itself in India, just as they must have vainly explored baronetages and knightages for Sir Roger Dowler, as Sîrâjuddaulah became by metamorphosis. But, though correctly expressed, the designations of Indian towns, villages, etc., cannot but perpetually offer etymological enigmas even to professed Indianists, to whom indeed, let alone the wholly uninitiated, the guidance of Mr. Whalley regarding the matters he elucidates will prove most helpful. Much as there is a certain satisfaction in learning the name of a strange animal or flower, so there is in learning what is meant by the toponymal suffixes *ganj, gânw, har, mai, man, nâth, prayâg, pur, shahr, tal,* and *thal,* for instance. Corruptions of *nagar,* 'city,' "occur in nearly three thousand place names in the northwest provinces, chiefly in the Agra division." Again: "I have noted over three thousand village names in the N. W. P. derived from trees; and nearly half of these have no base, but frequently a simple vowel suffix. Nearly every well-known tree thus appears as a place name." Statements like these suffice to show how far the author has gone afield in quest of materials for his treatise. Oddly enough, as he informs us, there is, in the very heart of India, a swamp *(jhil)* named from Noah, Nohjhil, "Noah being a water-saint."

—The 'Catalogue of the Cyprus Museum,' by John L. Myres and Max Ohnefalsch-Richter (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde), will be a welcome handbook to all students of Cypriote antiquities, as it has been prepared in the modern scientific spirit. This is equivalent to saying that it is not only a description of the contents of the museum for which it is primarily intended, but a compact guide to the subject they illustrate. An added element of value is the summary it includes of the results of all the excavations which have been undertaken in the island since the beginning of the British occupation in 1878, "the close," as the preface says, "of what may be called the mythical age of Cypriote archæology." Both authors have the knowledge of their subject which can be acquired only from experience in the field of excavations, and careful scientific observation of the data which these have brought to light. Familiarity of this kind is peculiarly necessary in the case of Cypriote antiquities, owing to the confusion brought about by the unscientific methods of earlier excavators; and both Mr. Myres and Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter have done much towards the establishment of a scientific basis for the chronology of native Cypriote products, especially in the classification of the many local types of pottery, though they still speak of the "lamentably slight degree of accuracy which is at present attainable." The results of their work in this direction are stated, in the introduction to the Catalogue, in a clear and concise manner, which will save much turning-over of the pages of Perrot and Chipiez or Ohnefalsch-Richter's 'Kypros, the Bible and Homer,' and earn, we believe, the proportionate gratitude of those who are occupied with such matters. The Catalogue is carefully and thoroughly indexed, having no less than seven indices. One of these is of objects in other museums which are like those in the Cyprus collection—a most useful kind of reference to the specialist.

—Recent statistics show that, although nominally the conditions for promotion to the doctor's degree are practically the same at all the German universities, nevertheless the number of promotions is by no means in proportion to the relative attendance. During the twelve months covered by the report the total number of doctorates created by the twenty-one institutions was 2,371. The largest contingent was furnished by Erlangen, namely, 332, although in point of attendance Erlangen stands thirteenth on the list. Berlin, with an attendance of matriculated students nearly five times as large as Erlangen, reports only 237, followed closely by Munich with 220, and Würzburg with 181. Indeed, the three Bavarian universities alone furnished 733 doctors, while the ten Prussian universities furnished only 928. There is no formal agreement whatever between the universities of the various states composing the German Federation as to the conditions for promotion. Occasionally, as was the case some years ago with reference to Rostock, a protest is heard against the ease with which degrees are granted, and such protests, as a rule, result in a momentary improvement. In general, it is commonly conceded that the Prussian universities are stricter in their requirements than those of the smaller states. Of the 2,371 degrees granted, about one-half, or 1,187, were in the medical department, followed by the philosophical faculty with 829, the law faculties with 335, and the theological faculty with 20. In Germany, the theological doctorate is never given in course, but only *honoris causa,* and a D.D. is as rare a bird as he is multitudinous in America.

IRELAND'S TROPICAL COLONIZATION.

Tropical Colonization: An Introduction to the Study of the Subject. By Alleyne Ireland. Macmillan. 1899. Pp. xii, 282.

If we pass over, for the moment, the general question of the desirability of colonies and dependencies, and assume that, whether we like it or not, colonies and dependencies are to be thrust upon us, the colonial problem of the United States is mainly comprised in these two questions; first, What is the best way of governing colonies? and, second, Are colonies likely to be of any financial profit to us? On neither of these points can we gather as-

sistance from any experience of our own. That there must be a wrong way and a right way of setting about the business of colonial administration, may reasonably be supposed; but there is sore need of some one in authority to tell us what the right way is, and what are the dangers we need most particularly to avoid. On the other hand, the cost of conquering, holding, and developing the new possessions lately hung about our necks is already seen to be so great that the likelihood of getting back even nominal interest on our money has come to seem remote. Yet, if we are to have outlying territories dependent upon us, we are bound, for the sake of our good name and international standing, to do by them the best possible; while if the extension of American control to these regions holds any promise of commercial or financial return, the knowledge of that fact cannot fail to make strongly for our encouragement.

It is with the modest hope of informing and encouraging us that Mr. Ireland has written his book. He is an Englishman who has passed, he tells us, some dozen years in the British tropical possessions, seven of them in the West Indies and South America. If one may judge from the extended bibliography appended to the present volume, he has searched industriously the literature of his subject. Several articles of his, contributed to the magazines during the last few months, have been somewhat widely commented upon, and have paved the way to a favorable reception for the present work. What he has to say, accordingly, manifestly rests on extensive first-hand information, and is far removed from the hasty generalizations and prejudiced conclusions of which contemporary popular discussion has given us so much.

On the question of how best to govern a tropical colony, Mr. Ireland is disappointing. His sketch of English, French, and Dutch methods is slight, and contains nothing new, and little that has not been several times brought out in the public discussions of the last twelvemonth. In commending, as he does, the superior practical results of Dutch administration in Java, the author is in accord with the general opinion of others who have investigated the subject; but the autocratic character of the Dutch method, and its connection with the culture system, place it in strong opposition to any principles of control likely to find favor in this country. Of the French system, it is hardly too strong to say that the less we have of it in our own colonies, the better. The secret of England's success in colonial administration, as Mr. Ireland clearly shows, lies in the purity and efficiency of its civil service and the independence of that service of partisan political influence. The limitations and dangers of the crown-colony system, however, lately set forth with much vigor and acuteness in Miss Kingsley's 'West African Studies,' while suggesting a possible modification in the near future, do not appear to be regarded by Mr. Ireland as very serious; nor does he dwell on the interesting similarities between that system and the schemes from time to time outlined, on semi-official authority, for the government of our American dependencies.

The question of the profitableness, financially considered, of colonies to the mother country is treated by Mr. Ireland under the two heads of labor supply and the connection between trade and the flag. The author clearly does not wish his readers to cherish any delusions about the labor problem in the tropics. With no exceptions worth naming, climatic conditions under the tropics unfit Europeans for permanent residence, and make it impossible that European laborers should ever be extensively employed there. On the other hand, these same climatic conditions enable the natives to obtain, with but moderate effort, an abundant food supply; and with their simple wants met by the employment of but a relatively small portion of their time in productive labor, the incentive to greater or more continuous effort is lacking. But the development of the tropics, as generally considered, involves the application to them of industrial methods akin to those characteristic of Europe and America; and the problem of labor supply becomes, accordingly, of prime importance. Mr. Ireland describes somewhat in detail the culture system of Java, and the coolie, or indentured-servant, system of British Guiana; and while he is careful not to commit himself directly, the general impression one gathers from his pages is that, in regions in which the pressure of population does not afford a fairly constant supply of labor, some such system of compulsory or long-term service is inseparable from the exploitation of the tropics. The disastrous economic effects of the abolition of slavery, in a colony like Jamaica, are also strongly set out. Unquestionably, the matter is a very serious one, as recent parliamentary blue-books testify. To a country having the peculiar history of the United States, a labor system with the earmarks of servitude is instinctively repugnant. That the intelligent direction of the volume of native labor now employed, together with the introduction of improved methods and labor-saving machinery, would greatly increase the product over its present dimensions, is reasonably certain; but the mature development of tropical resources must evidently wait upon the solution of the problem of labor under physical conditions in which, beyond a certain small amount, Europeans cannot, and the natives will not, work.

The question, "Does trade follow the flag?" is examined by Mr. Ireland with the aid of elaborate statistics, conveniently presented in the form of valuable diagrams and tables. There is probably no more mistaken notion, among many who in our day are clamoring for "expansion," than the one which asserts that, if a particular region of the earth be once brought under American overlordship, the trade of the region will forthwith pass into American control. The larger number of people who want the United States to keep the Philippines, whether the Filipinos like it or not, undoubtedly do so, in great measure, because they think that the possession of the islands will increase American trade, open new markets for our goods, and give more profitable employment to our capital. To such, Mr. Ireland's study of the commercial situation of Great Britain is likely to seem depressing. He shows, among other things, that while the United Kingdom is as dependent now as at any time during the past forty years on the British colonies and dependencies as sources of supply and as markets for her goods, the colonies are nevertheless steadily establishing their commercial independence; that the United Kingdom, from year to year, is receiving a lesser proportion of their imports; and that, during the last twenty years, the United States has been a more important source of supply to the United Kingdom than all the British colonial possessions taken together. The United States is also a better customer of the United Kingdom than are all the remaining portions of the empire; the annual purchases of English goods averaging $1.50 for each American, against $1.02 for each colonial subject. As between the tropical and non-tropical colonies, the latter export to the United Kingdom yearly $23.18 worth of goods per capita, against 66 cents' worth per capita from the former; while the non-tropical colonies consume annually $12.32 worth of English goods per head of population, against 71 cents' worth for the non-tropical colonies.

The lessons for this country which Mr. Ireland permits himself to draw are modestly and briefly put. He does not question our ultimate success in the field of colonial administration; but he warns us of the difficulties in our way, and of the foolishness of thinking that, because we are Americans, we can at once succeed in anything we choose to turn our hand to. Commercially, it is a question of labor supply; and, while he thinks that, in Porto Rico, the pressure of population will before many years bring a fairly adequate and steady supply, he is not hopeful regarding the solution of the problem in Hawaii and the Philippines. As to government, he is inclined to think that, "with a judicious limitation of the franchise," Hawaii might immediately be granted a degree of self-government such as is enjoyed by those British tropical colonies, *e. g.*, Barbados, which have representative institutions without responsible government; while, for Porto Rico, the crown-colony system, or some modification of it, seems, on the whole, the best. As to the Philippines, he is unable, apparently, to offer any suggestion, beyond confessing that the governmental problem there is "infinitely complex," and warning us that "to predict any immediate success would be to close one's eyes to the grave difficulties to be faced, and to credit the American system of government with an elasticity and adaptability which it does not possess."

We have said enough to show that Mr. Ireland's book is worthy of careful reading. It is not, we must admit, a very profound contribution to the subject, nor is it of such a definitive character as to deter any one else from entering the same field. What he has given us is a brief and pleasantly written sketch, on heavy paper and in large type, of a few phases of colonial administration in the tropics with which he is especially familiar, and an account of which he has thought would be of interest in this country. His book will, we fancy, be much read, and deservedly so, but its importance lies less in its permanent value than in the fact that every serious discussion of colonial problems is just now worth attentive consideration.

RECENT FICTION.

Tiverton Tales. By Alice Brown. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Windy Creek. By Helen Stuart Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Jesus Delaney. By Joseph Gordon Donnelly. Macmillan.

The Barrys. By Shan F. Bullock. Doubleday & McClure.

A Mountain Europa. By John Fox, jr. Harper & Bros.

The White Mail. By Cy Warman. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Well, After All—. By F. Frankfort Moore. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Drives and Puts. By Walter Camp and Lilian Brooks. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

A Bundle of Yarns. By Fred W. Shibley. Providence, R. I.: H. Gregory.

The Lion and the Unicorn. By Richard Harding Davis. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In Guiana Wilds. By James Rodway. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Sand and Cactus. By Walcott le Clear Beard. Scribners.

From the strenuous life waged by most of us less from conviction than necessity, no calmer refuge need be sought than 'Tiverton Tales'—they are so dreamily remote, these New England idylls, from the burning questions of the day. Their quiet charm enwraps the mind as gratefully as autumn haze steeps eyes tired with the summer's glare. A delicate fancy plays through these pages; intimate knowledge has not prevented the idealizing touch. Here and there, it is true, the author has given us mere wraiths, mist shapes, for flesh and blood; but an unfailing grace of style makes attractive even these pallid creations. "A March Wind" has the genuine tang. Amelia, with her gusty sharpness, her drench of penitence and its sunny sequence, is more comprehensible than the maids and widows who reject living and loved lovers to tend the deserted dwellings of the dead; who pass their day in an ancestor worship as devout as that which animates the Shinto devotee, and only less definite. This passion for the past of which the book is full, is not without its appeal, its beauty. Perhaps New England has no better heritage to bestow on a people prone to forget. Nothing in the volume is more pleasing than the little essays "Dooryards" and "The End of All Living," which fitly begin and end it. They have a flavor almost Elian; a mellowness which is rarely found in these days of raw vintages.

Nature is hard and humanity unlovely in the Colorado rain belt as we read of them in 'Windy Creek.' Steely mountains, dry, wind-harried gulches, shut in human lives more bare. Blown thither like the tumbleweed of the prairies from all quarters, the settlers have merged their unlikenesses in a vulgarity which knows no distinctions. The women are hoydens or slatterns, the men boors or brutes; not a gleam of beauty irradiates the picture. There is a certain dry truthfulness as of a stenographic report in the relation of all this—especially do the discourses of the Rev. Mr. Crisp, the Campbellite preacher, seem to have been noted down as they fell from his lips; but it is not pleasant reading. A masterly technique might have justified the exploitation of such sheer ugliness, but we cannot think the world richer for this book.

'Jesus Delaney' is the partial history of a "boy brand snatched from the maw of the Scarlet Woman," to quote the words of the Rev. Mr. Lamb, his rescuer; less figuratively described, a Mexican lad taken from Romish influences and educated by Protestant missionaries. Jesus does not altogether fulfil his benefactor's expectations. We see him the central figure of bull-fights, duels, and political intrigue; the last glimpse revealing him just reprieved from a death sentence. The book is not without brightness, but it is sadly overweighted by its *Tendenz*—the contention of its author that Protestant missionaries in Mexico are harmless frauds, deceiving themselves rather more than their deluded supporters. Without concerning ourselves as to the truth of this thesis, there can be no doubt that its continued iteration in a work of fiction is a serious artistic blemish. It may possibly offend those who care for missions, but it is very certain to bore those who do not. Readers who, anticipating the sweets of fiction, find themselves tasting the bitter pill of controversialism, will be likely, in their irritation, to accuse the author himself of practising a fraud not justifiable by any plea of pious intentions.

Shan Bullock gives us, in 'The Barrys,' not only the fresh, vivid picture of Irish country life which we are accustomed to associate with his name, but an uncommonly good study in temperament as well. Frank Barry unites the rôles of hero and villain in one person—an arrangement to be commended not only for its economy of space, but for the naturalness of its product. He would have dearly loved to be honorable and upright, but circumstances, largely of his own creating, were too much for him. He cuts a poor figure, but his plea is the universal one of us all who sin, "because we must, and not because we will." The convincing Hibernianism of the author never relaxes even when the scene shifts to London and the British Philistine is in question.

It might be said of 'A Mountain Europa,' as of Shakspere's "Cymbeline," that it is neither a comedy nor a tragedy, since it has not a comic scene, yet ends happily; for the slaying of the heroine on her bridal night, which the last chapter records, cannot properly be considered a catastrophe. Author and hero must have drawn a freer breath, as does the reader, when released from the perplexing problem of her presence. A young university man doing a bit of practical work in the Tennessee mountains is attracted by the beauty of a wild mountain girl, and sets himself to civilize her, with the not unnatural result of winning her heart. She manifests this with great frankness, and her passion inspires something of a return in him, so long as the Jellico Mountains hide the incongruities of the situation. But a recall to his city home opens his eyes to the full measure of his folly. Nevertheless, he returns to Easter Hicks, the marriage is performed, and he is saved from its life-long consequences only by the bad temper of the murderous old outlaw, his father-in-law, who is taking unsteady aim at his new relative when his own daughter rushes upon the bullet. It is to be hoped that Clayton carried away from this experience something more than a sublime assurance that Providence could always be relied upon to help him out of his scrapes. More praiseworthy than the plot are the renderings of mountain dialect and the descriptive touches, in both of which Mr. Fox excels.

Cy Warman can always impart a living interest to a story through his close intimacy with locomotives, yard-masters, signals, switches—with all that pertains to railroading, in a word—from a manager's meeting to a frog. The tender enthusiasm he feels for the denizens of his iron jungle is contagious. With personal concern the reader follows the fortunes of the White Mail, the West Silver Creek Bridge, McGuire's Section, Jack Connor's Water-Tank, the lonely wolf-and-Indian haunted station on the plains. In elevating the freckled Tommy, step by step, from "onry," mischief-working imp to President of the Inter-Mountain Air Line, the author has contrived to escape the obvious risks of twaddle. "A man who is always hugging a grievance will forget to flag," says Tommy. Yet, considered as a maker of a book and not as Pygmalion to the Galatea of the railroad yard, Mr. Warman has more completely captivated the imagination in his short stories than in this latest work, where the demands of a continued narrative have made against his peculiar talent for episode. If, however, as a story it is for boys, its engines throb with life for boys of both sexes and any age.

The author of 'Well, After All—' has brought to the making of the novel a curiously raw group of materials, as, first, a run on a bank, converted to confidence by a dummy bag of gold and a deposited check; second, the eight years' constancy of a woman to a South African traveller who, on his part, regards seven years as the period of "Nature's Statute of Limitations" in love as in physics; third, a satire on the ways of publishers and their humanities in wishing Arctic explorers to freeze till the new African book has appeared; fourth, singing as taught by an Italian enthusiast unscrupulous as to all save dramatic results. To bring these bumping materials into any relation, there is needed a powerful solvent which is offered, but hardly furnished, in a midnight murder. Even of this the charm is greatly lessened by the crystal clearness of the mystery—a singular hodge-podge, the whole! The taking title is the best of the work; a bush plainly justified by the quality of the wine.

'Drives and Puts' may pleasantly fill those otherwise wasted moments when adverse weather, or the unwelcome night, or the misfortune of the fireside shall detain the golf-players from his and her links of duty. The bad top, the foozle, the heart-disease put, the nasty hazard, dormie two, the well laid-back club, the flub-dub, the Burton special, bad slicing, the score fiend, the medal-play sharp, the gallery, the place lie, the follow through, one off two—are words to conjure with. To read them is to the true golf-lover like the smell of the gravy to the gamin at the railing, or the first hint of dawn to him who watches for the morning. Around the mashies and mid-irons are wreathed sketches of love and honor, bright sentences and clever studies of the primitive village communities whose pastures, when they are good, enter into glory and become golf links. Upon the literary aspect of the book, however, we touch lightly, leaving that to the golf editor.

'A Bundle of Yarns' is made up of many threads of boy, man, girl, and horse nature and dialect on a Canadian farm. The aspects of life are not always the most edifying, but a note of shrewd observation makes itself heard, and compels acquiescence in the fidelity of the descriptions.

Of Mr. Davis's five stories the best three deal with recent war episodes. Whatever may be said of their author's historic imagination, they show a gallant and generous enthusiasm for uncomplaining heroism,

whether in the case of the sick lieutenant returning from Santiago in the fever ship, or of the civil engineer pleading for Cuba in the North, or of the young English subaltern sentenced to eight months' imprisonment for riding with Jameson. At times the style is artistically unstudied; at others there are touches of a fine skill—the fever picture, for example, is enough to send up the temperature. Again, at certain points are gleams of the disfiguring tinsel in the golden fabric of the legend, usually quite needless, therefore to be excised as easily as lamented.

The identical equipment, by certain reading and colonial residence, which did not wholly justify James Rodway's launching into a history of 'The West Indies and the Spanish Main,' a year or two ago, suffices rather handsomely for his romance, 'In Guiana Wilds.' A wakeful plot; commendable tolerance, in general, for ethnologic possibility; the utilizing, without undue violence, of the historic myths of the Orinoco region (Raleigh's contributions inclusive); abounding local color, which seems reasonably authoritative, and an unpretentious medium—all combine to make an interesting and often convincing story of the matrimonial and other mishaps of a none too heroic Scotch clerk, adrift among Boviander and Arawak. Perhaps the weakest link in the chain is "Samarang." The Indian Shaman, whose eminence derives wholly from his superior shrewdness, is not wont to entangle himself so stupidly. But this is a detail. So also are Mr. Rodway's rather lingering and iterant analyses of the comparative "passion" of women Caucasian, Mulatto, and Indian; but here the discreet critic, howsoever travelled, may well pass on with no more than an "experto credite."

There are "Sand and Cactus" in New Mexico and Arizona, as well as many features larger and better worth seeing. There have been also, in times mostly remote, sporadic gentlemen "from the head-waters of Bitter Creek"; and with their ensanguined effigies we are already reasonably familiar by grace of a certain literature, though they themselves long ago met persons from still further up stream. That these idiosyncrasies, however, were never wholly typical, is perhaps suggested by the fact that both Territories still cumber the map. Were they all desert, or did so much as 10 per cent. of their denizens make good their traditional "man for breakfast," no civil engineer of literary tastes would by now be needed to build them irrigation reservoirs, which was Walcott le Clear Beard's vocation to the lower Southwest. His book, of title quoted, indicates, however, that these things are what he saw of New Mexico and Arizona—or at least what he deemed typical enough to be set down. Of anything structural, generic or inseeing, there is no recognition in these ten really clever and dramatic short stories; no hint, for instance, of the vast forests which overlook the desert and regulate the waters he was called to impound; nor of the tremendous sceneries of the "Mesa country," unique in physical geography, which is six-tenths of the two Territories, as the desert is but its detritus; nor of the almost matchless antiquarian interest, "with the ruins of full fifteen hundred prehistoric towns in either Territory"; nor yet of the overwhelming majority of sober, hard-working, law-abiding lives (but none the less picturesque for being humanly possible) except for which the Territories were a self-evident absurdity. It really seems that by this time the market should be slack for lands peopled exclusively with freaks, a six-shooter in their one hand, their life in the other. Mr. Beard's Southwest never was, nor ever could be, except in the spectacular conventions of melodrama and a now more, now less, sublimated dime-novelling; of both of which we should have had nearly enough. It is true, he handles and redresses the familiar puppets with clear constructive skill and vitality of personation; but they are, after all, stage people, not live ones.

Present-Day Egypt. By Frederic Courtland Penfield, United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to Egypt, 1893-'97. The Century Co. Pp. xiii, 372.

There is much interest in this book of a fine, confused kind. In spite of a style far over the line into journalism, Mr. Penfield sets before us clearly and vividly his sensations and ideas, impressions and judgments, on Egypt, land, people, and rulers as they now are. He has put into the book a wealth of experience in Egyptian ways and life, a store of the anecdotage and semi-historical gossip that his official position made easy to him, and much of the full history that has been making during his stay in Egypt. Perhaps there is even more in the book than he thought he was putting there. That he says some things is more significant than the things that he says.

For this is not an ordinary book with descriptions of bazaars and mosques and sunsets on the Nile. It is true that the first three chapters (pp. 1-103) are taken up with Cairo and Alexandria, dealt with much as in other books, only more incisively and picturesquely than in most. We may miss the exact clarity of Lane or the point and vivacity of Burton, yet the Cairene life and color stand out in these pages as in few others. But the book really begins with the fourth chapter and its lucid description of a "paradoxical but effective administration." In it we learn how Egypt is governed; about the English army of occupation, which has no business there, but is necessary just the same; about Lord Cromer, who *de jure* is only the diplomatic representative of England, but *de facto* rules the country; about the International Debt Commission and the International Court; about what all this means for Egypt, and what Egypt has gained from it and thinks about it. We do not remember to have seen anywhere else so clear a statement of the whole tangle. Whether Lord Cromer will like to hear that he has neither humor nor imagination, evidently does not matter to Mr. Penfield; his book is confessedly journalistic in aim and plan.

The next chapter is on expansion by irrigation, and describes the gigantic engineering works by which the Nile is to be put in bondage and the harvests of the country increased by one quarter. The dam at Assuan, which Ibn Haytham planned nearly nine hundred years ago, but feared to attempt, is to be completed in 1903, and, with the smaller barrage of Assiut, will add to Egypt some twenty-five hundred square miles of fertility. Mr. Penfield is excellent when he deals with present conditions and future probabilities, but the Bahr Yūsuf for him was planned and carried out by Joseph of Israel; and the Arab mathematician of real history who had to feign madness to get out of his contract with the mad Khalifa al-Hākim, he has never heard of. As he says himself, he writes "neither for the Egyptologist, antiquarian, nor historian," and it is well for everybody that he does not. He has a place of his own to fill, and he fills it. Then the story of the Suez Canal is plainly told, and we learn how Egypt entered through it into the house of bondage. That record of usury, duplicity, and greed explains other things as well; the difference between the canals at Suez and at Panama is that the one was carried through and all the scandal covered up. On only one point is Mr. Penfield inadequate: he makes no mention of the Austrian Negrelli, who examined the ground in 1847 and again in 1855-'56, and worked out an elaborate plan. In 1858 he was appointed by Saïd Inspector-General of the works at Suez, but died the same year, and his plans were bought by De Lesseps. The next two chapters continue the story of Egypt, through the viceroyships of Ismail and Tewfik and the Arabi rebellion, down to the accession of the present Khedive. It is not a history in the ordinary sense that is given—rather a series of sketches, sometimes, it may be, on the verge of gossip, but touched throughout with the freshness of the first-hand. The estimate of Arabi, though severe, seems to be true. The moral of the whole is lavish expenditure, debt, administrative folly, ruin.

But it is in the two chapters which follow—on the present Khedive and the British position in Egypt—that Mr. Penfield makes his most personal and interesting contribution to the problem. He is of two minds at once, and it may be doubted how far his own position is clear to himself. He acknowledges frankly that England has pulled Egypt out of a terrible hole; that the condition of the people has been very greatly improved by the English rule; that the results are marvellous, and that England only could have achieved them; but he has a warm personal regard for the present Khedive Abbas, and, with permission for the slang, he wants him to have a show. How this could be reconciled with the prosperity of the country, Mr. Penfield does not make plain. He admits that Egypt is not capable of self-government, and that the benefits of the English occupation would be obliterated six months after it ended. His dilemma is evident, and if it were between British imperialism and the right of a people to govern itself at any cost in the experiment, it would be to his credit. But so much cannot be said of a dilemma between an imperialism such as that of England and a shaky autocracy such as independent rule by Abbas would mean. Neither gives self-government; one would probably be ruin.

The last chapter deals with wintering in Egypt for health. It gives much useful information and advice.

The illustrations deserve mention. They are fifty-two in number, from drawings by Paul Philippoteux and R. Talbot Kelly, and from photographs. There are also two maps.

The Autobiography and Letters of Mrs. Oliphant. Edited by Mrs. Harry Coghill. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899.

At the end of forty years in the wilder-

ness of the literary profession. Mrs. Oliphant declared that, on the whole, she had had a happy life. She had seen her husband die in his youth, and the three children for whom she toiled fade one by one and leave her a lonely old woman. It is only the wonderful elasticity of her temperament that saves her autobiography and letters from being a gloomy memorial of failure. As it is, they are a record of a most plucky and pathetic struggle, in which her sorrows, and trials that were harder than sorrows, make it seem natural that, like Johnson, she should dismiss with frigid indifference the question of ultimate literary success. "I am no more interested in my own characters than I am in Jeanie Deans, and do not remember them half so well." She was too acute not to realize that there is small hope of immortality for offspring so promptly disowned. Writing novels was her "natural way of occupying herself"; she wrote books as happier women do plain sewing—the work once done and the rent and school-bills paid with the proceeds, there was an end. Mrs. Oliphant would have been the last to claim the name of artist; in her homely Scotch fashion, she would have flouted the notion that she had ever been fired with the conception of literary form. For all that, she was human enough to cherish the fancy that, given four square walls in the New Jerusalem for another trial, and no Lucrezia, she too might have scaled the heights that George Eliot mounted with so little material hindrance. "No one will even mention me in the same breath with George Eliot," she moans, with naïve chagrin, adding, with much shrewdness and a grain of malice: "I think she must have been a dull woman with a great genius distinct from herself, something like the gift of the old prophets, which they sometimes exercised with only a dim sort of perception what it meant" (p. 7). Mrs. Oliphant was emphatically not dull, but her Life does not suggest the woman of letters. In the forty years in which she wrote for *Blackwood's Magazine* she produced some eighty novels, countless articles and short stories, some very respectable biographies, and, last of all, her annals of the house of Blackwood. Carlyle once said that a good history of booksellers would be much more valuable than most histories of kings, and it is likely that Mrs. Oliphant's two last volumes of literary history will secure her readers when the public, following her example, will have forgotten the very titles of her novels.

The autobiography was not written systematically. It was intended for her boys, but they died without seeing it. Mrs. Oliphant wrote the last part of it in 1894, when her youngest son lay dead in the next room. She lived a life so secluded that the details of it are little known. Her first proofs from *Blackwood* reached her on her wedding morning, and from that hour she supported first her own family, later her brother's also. When her husband died of consumption in 1859, she was £1,000 in debt, and had only her faculties and her furniture to rely on for herself and her three children. The Blackwoods were her main support, and she was never in actual want. She complains of having been ill-paid, but managed to make enough to educate her boys at Eton and Oxford, and to maintain a comfortable home at Windsor. The "Carlingford Series" was her first real success, and almost made her "one of the popularities of literature—*almost*, never quite." Mrs. Carlyle became intimate with Mrs. Oliphant when the latter was collecting material for the life of Edward Irving, and there are pleasant glimpses of both the Carlyles. In 1866 she writes:

"I have had a little visit from Mrs. Carlyle, who is looking very feeble and picturesque, and as amusing as ever, and naturally has been taking away everybody's character, or, perhaps I ought to say, throwing light on the domestic relations of the distinguished people of the period. I was remarking on the eccentricity of the said relations, and could not but say that Mr. Carlyle seemed the only virtuous philosopher we had. Upon which his wife answered: 'My dear, if Mr. Carlyle's digestion had been stronger, there is no saying what he might have been!' "

Mrs. Oliphant was intensely reserved, with a Scotch pride and shyness that kept her circle of acquaintance limited. To all but a few intimate friends her autobiography will be a revelation of a truly pathetic fortitude under distresses so endured that to many she gave the impression of callousness. There are two good portraits in the volume, which in its general get-up is very pleasing.

Croquis Architectureaux. Par F. Boutron et M. Moisand. Paris: Ch. Schmid; New York: Bruno Hessling. 1899. 40 plates, 12 in. x 18 in.

To the facile draughtsman, the making of sketches of imaginary architecture has so potent a fascination that no great length of time goes past nowadays without some addition to the list of sketch-books devoted to this form of art. Nor is it by any means a newly discovered form of artistic expression. The painters of the Renaissance, half architects as most of them were, could not refrain from filling their backgrounds with delightful buildings, for the most part quite impossible of execution in any more substantial medium than fresco or oil colors. What pleasant glimpses of that charmingly impossible thing called painter's architecture are brought up by the mere names of Botticelli, Carpaccio, and Dürer.

At a later time the impetuous Piranesi, trained both as an architect and scene painter, and deriving from that training his knowledge of constructional realities as well as his splendid freedom of conception and execution, made those remarkable imaginative compositions, the "Carcere d'Invenzione," which stand to-day, as they have for a hundred and fifty years, as the highest result of the creative power of the painter-architect designing without a thought of the realization of his ideas in stone. As Théophile Gautier says: "Piranesi se plait à bâtir avec sa pointe d'aqua-fortiste des constructions chimériques, mais douées d'une réalité puissante et mystérieuse." To Piranesi's work all must go who would see with Michelet those vast subterranean prisons, those bottomless pits devoid of air, those stairs which mount to the infinite, those bridges that plunge into the abyss. And to Piranesi all do go who essay the art of the imaginative architectural designer. From him they all learn something more than the mere tricks of their art.

Within the last few years a group of men making no pretence to general pictorial ability have so arrested their day-dreams that we may see them by merely opening the leaves of their sketch-books. In Germany the inspiring designs of Halmhuber and of Otto Rieth have made known to us that there are at least some architects in the Fatherland who care for other things than correctly Palladian Reichsgerichtsbauten and grandiose Reichstagsgebäude. At home here we have watched the growth of Kirby's delightful collection of sketches, mediæval strongholds put to modern uses, towers, exquisite as those of Chartres and tall as the Giralda, sufficient in their own grace and serving no end but that of beauty, arches spanning roads as ample as Broadway and filled with the leisure of Sleepy Hollow. Now it is France that adds her volume to the collection. The sketches of Messrs. Boutron and Moisand, more akin to those of Rieth and Halmhuber than to Kirby's, have nevertheless that individuality which all such work must have if it is to be of any value. Not only does one get the personal touch of the authors in their sketches, but the touch of the nation whence they come. Such things done just in this way are quite impossible of execution in Germany, in England, or even here, where so many of our younger architects have been trained in Paris, in the very École the influence of which is seen in the sketches of Boutron and Moisand. Very slight and unelaborated some of them are, indeed scarcely workmanlike. Old Piranesi would have defaced his plate sooner than have such work appear to taunt him with its meagreness. Still, with their many defects and their distinct inferiority to the work not only of one who, like Piranesi, was *facile princeps*, but to that of their contemporaries in the same field, the sketches are at least entertaining, and some of them have qualities that raise them far above that level.

One of the best of them is a simple, dignified entrance to a railroad tunnel—prosaic subject enough, but treated in such a ponderous way as befits a mass of masonry against the side of a mountain, expressive of its own purpose and structurally sane, which cannot be said of all the things in the book. Another sketch gives us the grand *escalier* of some vast ornate hall of justice, where the human figures ascending the stairs seem mere pigmies under the great vault. The authors have not deigned to attach descriptive titles to their compositions, but it is not difficult to provide them. In one, a great platform, surrounded by massive mortuary chapels, supports a sturdy obelisk from the top of which the Gallic cock, some twenty feet of stature, crows exultantly. One recognizes in this a monument to the defenders of the nation. Other monuments there are, planned as curved colonnades or as gigantic exedræ led up to by long flights of steps; bridges; casinos; pantheons mounted on unscalable heights—in brief, and without meaning any disparagement to the work of the collaborators, ideas enough to furnish forth the scenery of Christmas spectacles for the entire twentieth century.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days. By E. Blantyre Simpson. London: Hodder & Stoughton; New York: Scribners. 1899.

It is ungracious to criticise a labor of love that not only harms no one, but may give pleasure; and it is in the spirit of semi-idolatry which the brave spirit and wayward charm of Stevenson the man roused in many who knew him, that this book is written. For those to whom no relation, however trivial, concerning him is unimportant, it

will have value; but to those who content themselves with a more temperate admiration of Stevenson the writer, it will have little. So much of it is either speculation as to what the boy, Lewis, might have seen or heard or read, or description of his baby tea-set and his poplin dress—trimmed, was it, with red or green velvet?—that it is neither good biography nor good fiction. The author has been unfortunately influenced, too, by Stevenson's love of apt words, to imitate him where he most baffled imitation; and this leads her to vary her text by alluding to him by first one and then another nickname, from the *Lew*, *Smout*, and *Smoutie* of his Edinburgh days, to the *Tusitala* bestowed on him by the Samoans. As a result, we have the simple statement, "Stevenson wrote much of boats," dressed in this affected fashion: "Ships bulk largely in Tusitala's tales." The book surfeits with such fine writing.

In spite of all this, it gives a pleasant notion of Stevenson's parents, his nurse, to whom his life-long devotion was most creditable, and himself. Many people will learn here for the first time that he was bred a lawyer, and doubtless with equal surprise that his family pronounced his name "Lewis," and that its Gallicized spelling arose from this odd circumstance:

"Robert Lewis Balfour, our hero was baptized. Perhaps he thought there was a superabundance of letters in R. L. B. S. The Balfour soon dropped out of his name, and early he became R. L. S. . . . He also, like his grandsire [Lewis Balfour], started in life with his name spelt Lewis. The story of the change to Louis is remarkable. Mr. Stevenson was a strong Conservative. Now in Robert Louis Stevenson's youthful years there was a Radical Town Councillor yclept Lewis. So strong was Mr. Stevenson's aversion to the man that he ordered that in future his son's name should be spelt differently, even with a Frenchified turn in it, for fear the two families should be thought in any way connected."

Intimate China; The Chinese as I Have Seen Them. By Mrs. Archibald Little. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Mrs. Little's handsome book is something more than a parlor-table ornament. While her husband writes on the Yangtse gorges and gives us philosophy and history, she professes modestly to tell only of things on the surface. In reality, by informing us, from long personal experience, of the home life of the Chinese, she adds greatly to our knowledge of this people, showing especially how nature powerfully influences man, both native and alien. For example, in her chapter on *fung-shui*, or the belief in climatic influences controlled by spirits, she shows how this belief in the agency of evil spirits gains upon the foreigners living among the Chinese. She cites the case of "Dr. Nevius, one of the most high-minded and noblest missionaries" in her circle of acquaintance, whose book on 'Demon Possession' is as full of Chinese influence as of second-rate testimony. On the other hand, she shows that the Chinaman, by looking well to wind, water, sunshine, and other details that affect bodily health, is, at least, no more of a fool than the average real-estate agent or house-renter in other lands, who often ignores these things.

In very delightful style, the author crowds her readable pages with pleasant anecdotes and episodes. In "the romantic East" she found unromantic refuge in the cellar when the thermometer was at 120 degrees. She discusses without prejudices consuls, missionaries, and public functionaries, native and foreign. As a rule, while at the hong, tea-table, and clubroom the missionary fraternity is despised, the general praise of the individual healer or converter is warm and long. In her chapter on foot-binding, she makes it clear that this peculiarly Chinese custom does not connote rank, and that the idea of its being done to prevent females from gadding about is a purely foreign notion. She never ceases to praise the Chinese women for their modesty, dignity, business ability, and helpfulness to their husbands. Her testimony is but one of hundreds that in personal delicacy and hesitancy to expose the person, the Chinese man, as well as woman, is immeasurably superior to the Japanese.

Mrs. Little's travels in the empire took her into many provinces and enabled her to enjoy a wide range of observation. She is a hearty believer in the doctrine that the best interests of China and of mankind at large will be subserved by maintaining the political integrity of the empire. She is not blind to the shadows in the picture, frankly acknowledging that corruption is widespread. The most honest men in high office seem to be those who have least to do with Peking. Her remarks about the recent failure of the reform movement are suggestive and illuminating, Not much is to be hoped for China while the "ring," of which the Empress-Dowager is the centre, controls the destinies of the land. Our author's clear and wise arguments against the impossibility of making over the Chinese by any new or external means, and in favor of renewing country and people by the slow but sure methods of morality and religion, seem unanswerable.

Pickett and his Men. By LaSalle Corbell Pickett (Mrs. G. E. Pickett). Published by Mrs. Pickett, Washington, D. C. Printed and bound by The Foote & Davies Co., Atlanta, Ga. 8vo, pp. 439.

In this handsome volume the widow of the Confederate General who led his division in the historic and desperate charge at Gettysburg, relates the facts of his military career. She does more: she tells parts of the romantic story of her own married life in the closing year of the civil war, and the strange experiences of the interval between the wreck of the Confederacy and the full establishment of peace, when the survivors of the Southern army could settle themselves to industrious bread-winning with assurance of unmolested safety. These passages have a value that no other chapters of the book can possess. Her outline of her hero's life is authentic, and her praise of him and his devoted followers is eloquent, yet this deals with history that others could write, if not in such glowing terms. But her personal experience is unique and all her own. Here was a young thing, hardly more than a child, courted and won by a soldier already distinguished, just before he marched with Lee to invade the North in 1863, and in the first weeks of their betrothal came the great battle of Gettysburg which made his division and himself known to the whole world. Their marriage followed close on the end of the campaign, and his duties in and about Petersburg permitted her to share a good deal of his camp life. She was in Richmond when it fell into our hands, half destroyed by the fires set by the retreating Confederates, and the perils of the great conflagration were mingled with the terrors of capture by an enemy. With dramatic instinct the story is begun here, and she lets us share the emotion of a young mother with her babe in her arms witnessing such scenes, and in the midst of them hearing the newsboys shouting the battle of Five-Forks and the death of her husband! Fortunately, the crowning calamity proved untrue, and, after a week of terrible suspense till the surrender at Appomattox, Pickett himself returned to disprove the harrowing story.

Before the full protection given by Grant's issue of paroles was understood, Pickett, on advice from friends on the national side, took refuge in Canada for some months. His wife's journey to join him there was filled with adventures stranger than any fiction. Their later return to build a cabin on the ruins of the old home on the James is told with genuine feeling and power. A great deal of faithful labor and skill has been expended upon the history of Pickett's military life from his West-Point graduation in 1846, in the Mexican war, on the Northwest frontier, when the boundary at Puget's Sound was nearly the cause of strife, as well as in the Confederacy; but we repeat the judgment that the chapters of the life of the young wife and mother in that turmoil of war will give the book a value to the historian, as well as a charm to the sympathetic reader, which will far exceed that of the military narrative, carefully as it has been prepared.

The Boy's Book of Inventions: Stories of the Wonders of Modern Science. By Ray Stannard Baker. Doubleday & McClure Company. 1899. 8vo, pp. 354.

Here is a fairly good book for boys, telling about automobiles, tall buildings, Lake's submarine boat, the new kites, the phonograph, Langley's aerodrome, wireless telegraphy, liquid air, and the Roentgen rays—subjects ranging from those whose principles are obvious for every boy, to those which must remain mysteries in his mind; from those which solve practical problems whose chief factors a boy can profitably consider, to those whose practical side is not yet understood; from those which depend upon no new knowledge, but only upon new economic conditions, to those which have startled the scientific world. Mr. Baker has made his book entertaining. He has not loaded it down with information. On the contrary, it must be an inactive-minded boy who is satisfied with what he finds here. The question of dollars and cents is, in most of the chapters, brought to the focus of attention. The purpose seems to be to turn the boy's love of the marvellous to account in order to impress him with conceptions of the great science of economy. Mechanical contrivances, his natural delight, are kept scrupulously out of view. Purely scientific matters are apparently not deemed important enough to call for any great accuracy of statement. Thus, to give one example out of many, the boy is told that heat, light, and electricity are all vibrations of the ether (p. 83); although, in fact, heat is the energy of relative motion of the minute parts of ordinary matter, and is not necessarily vibratory, while a charge of electricity, whatever it is, is certainly not a vibration. It

would have been perfectly possible without making the book any the less entertaining, to have given it a high value for the boy's growing understanding of the scientific points involved in the different inventions, so that he should treasure and cherish it more and more with advancing years. Its thick, glossy paper, almost like Bristol board, suggests that it was intended to be read many times and pondered deeply; but such an expectation will be disappointed. A book after a boy's own heart, therefore, it is not quite, though a boy will be glad enough to get and read it. The illustrations are interesting and not extravagant.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Bangs, J. K. The Enchanted Type-writer. Harpers & Bros.
Benning, H. At Opening Doors. American Tract Society. $1.
Black, A. Modern Daughters. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.50.
Blok, Prof. P. J. History of the People of the Netherlands. Part 2. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.
Booth, Maud B. Sleepy-Time Stories. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Capes, B. Our Lady of Darkness. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Carter, J. H. The Impression Club. Carter & Bro. $1.25.
Castegnier, G. Contes de la Vie Rustique. Wm. R. Jenkins. 45c.
Castlemon, H. The White Beaver. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.
Catherwood, Mary H. Mackinac and Lake Stories. Harper & Bros.
Clark, F. H. Outlines of Civics. Macmillan.
Clark, Kate U. Bringing Up Boys. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 50c.
Clark, Mrs. H. A. Father Jerome. American Tract Society. $1.25.
Clarke, Rev. W. N. Can I Believe in God the Father? Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.
Crane, S. Active Service. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Darling, Mary G. We Four Girls. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Davis, Capt. C. H. Life of Rear-Admiral Charles Henry Davis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.
Davis, R. H. Soldiers of Fortune, 2 vols., Gallegher, The King's Jackal, Cinderella, The Lion and the Unicorn. Chas. Scribner's Sons. 6 vols. $6.
Drummond, Prof. H. The City without a Church. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Drummond, Prof. H. The Programme of Christianity. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Earle, Mrs. C. W. More Pot-Pourri. Macmillan. $2.
El Capitan Veneno. Edited by J. D. M. Ford. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 65c.
Eliot, George. Silas Marner. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
Ellinwood, Rev. F. F. Questions and Phases of Modern Missions. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Finley, Martha. Elsie in the South. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Ford, G. Postle Farm. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Freitag, J. K. Fireproofing of Steel Buildings. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: John Wiley & Sons.
Galdemar, Ange. Robespierre. From Sardou's Play. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Genung, J. F. The Passing of Self. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Guiney, Louise I. The Martyr's Idyl. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Hall, A. D. Cuba: Its Past, Present and Future. Street & Smith. $1.
Hall, T. Fun and Fighting of the Rough-Riders. Frederick A. Stokes Co. 50c.
Hamp, S. F. The Treasure of Mushroom Rock. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Hanson, C. L. Representative Poems of Burns, and Carlyle's Essay on Burns. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Harland, Marion. William Cowper and Charlotte Brontë. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols. $3.
Hawthorne, N. The Marble Faun. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2 vols. $3.
Henty, G. A. Yule-Tide Yarns. Longmans, Green & Co.
Hocking, J. The Scarlet Woman. George Routledge & Sons.
Holbrook, Florence. Deutscher Hiawatha Primer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50c.
Home Study Circle. Edited by Seymour Eaton. Doubleday & McClure. $1.
Irving, Washington. Rip Van Winkle, and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols. $1.75.
Kellogg, Margaret A. Leo Dayne. Boston: J. H. West Co.
Korschelt, Prof. E., and Heider, Prof. K. Text-Book of the Embryology of Invertebrates. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. Vol. 2, $3; Vol. 3, $3.25.
Krout, Mary H. A Looker-on in London. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. Mrs. Leicester's School. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan.
Lee, Sidney. Dictionary of National Biography. Vol. LX. Macmillan. $3.75.
Le Feuvre, Amy. The Carved Cupboard. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Legouis, E. Pages Choisies des Grands Ecrivains. Shakespeare. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie.
Lenane, J. H. The Hill of Visions, and Other Poems. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.
Letters of Sidney Lanier, 1866-1881. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.
Lillie, Lucy D. Margaret Thorpe's Trial. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Longfellow, H. W. Evangeline. [Cambridge Literature Series.] Boston: Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.
Lowell, J. R. Vision of Sir Launfal, and Other Poems. [Cambridge Literature Series.] Boston: Benj. H. Sanborn & Co.
Magnay, Sir W. The Heiress of the Season. D. Appleton & Co.
Mason, A. E. W., and Lang, A. Parson Kelly. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50.
Matthews, F. The New-Born Cuba. Harper & Bros.
McCaskey, J. P. Favorite Songs and Hymns. Harper & Bros.
McTin, R. O. The Trust Family. Kansas City. 50c.
Meakin, B. The Moorish Empire. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $5.
Merriman, Helen B. Religio Pictoris. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Meyer, F. B. Friendly Councils. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Meyer, F. B. Take Heart Again. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Miller, Rev. J. R. Unto the Hills. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Miller, Rev. J. R. Strength and Beauty. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 75c.
Murray, Dr. J. A. H. The Oxford English Dictionary. I—In. Vol. 5. Henry Frowde. 5s.
Neuman, Dr. G. Bacteria. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
Newbolt, Henry. Stories from Froissart. Macmillan.
Newton, A. A Dictionary of Birds. New ed. London: Adam & Charles Black. $5.
Palmer, Rev. A. S. Jacob at Bethel. London: David Nutt.
Parker, W. G. Grant Burton, the Runaway. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Phelps, Elizabeth S. Loveliness. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Rhodes, J. F. History of United States from 1850. Vol. IV. Harper & Bros.
Rogers, F. A Manual of Coaching. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Schmid, M. Klinger. Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Schoenfeld, Prof. H. Schiller's Maria Stuart. Macmillan. 60c.
Seawell, Molly E. The Lively Adventures of Gavin Hamilton. Harper & Bros.
Selections from the Table-Talk of Martin Luther. Edited by Prof. H. Morley. Cassell & Co. 10c.
Seneca on Benefits. [Temple Classics.] London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan.
Seton-Thompson, E. The Trail of the Sandhill Stag. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Sharp, Prof. D. Cambridge Natural History. Vol. 6. Insects. Macmillan.
Sharpless, Prof. I. A History of Quaker Government in Pennsylvania. Vol. 2. Philadelphia: T. S. Leach & Co. $1.50.
Shoemaker, M. M. Quaint Corners of Ancient Empires. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.25.
Steevens, G. W. The Tragedy of Dreyfus. Harper & Bros.
Stephens, Prof. H. M. Lectures on Modern European History. Macmillan. $1.60.
Swift, B. Siren City. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Tarkington, B. The Gentleman from Indiana. Doubleday & McClure. $1.50.
Waldstein, C. The Expansion of Western Ideals. John Lane.
Walker, Francis A. Discussions in Economics and Statistics. Henry Holt & Co. 2 vols. $6.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1899.

The Week.

Having insisted for months that he was going to leave the settlement of all perplexing questions about "our new possessions" to the wisdom of Congress, and having in the meantime refused to convene Congress for that purpose, the next step for the President is to advise Congress to take plenty of time to think it over, and not to do anything about these matters at its approaching regular session. The Washington correspondent of that strong party organ and earnest supporter of the expansion policy, the Boston *Journal*, is authority for the statement that Mr. McKinley now contemplates taking this stand. "The President sees," says this correspondent, "that it would be a mistake to remove Cuba and the Philippines from executive control at present," and he "feels that in existing circumstances they can best be handled by the executive alone without legislative coöperation." For these reasons it is reported that he will refrain from making specific recommendations to Congress in regard to civil administration, "leaving the inference to be drawn that Congress should not meddle with the business until there has been opportunity for political discussion and until public sentiment has ripened." The time has been when such an attitude on the part of the executive would have provoked indignant protests from the American people. But so large a number of prominent Republicans have taken the position that Mr. McKinley ought to be implicitly trusted from the 4th of March until the first Monday of December, that there probably will not be much opposition if the President shall insist upon being trusted as implicitly after the meeting of Congress.

From time to time the chorus of praise for the wisdom with which the McKinley Administration governs the nation is disturbed by a cry of indignation against the treatment of the army-canteen question. Temperance organizations and clerical assemblies occasionally give frank expression to the bitterness which is felt on account of the nullification of the law passed by Congress last winter which was intended to break up the sale of liquor in camp. Sometimes an attempt is made to excuse a good President as the victim of a bad Attorney-General's advice, but the Methodist Conference of California, at its recent session, refused to let off Mr. McKinley, adopting resolutions which not only condemn the dilatory policy of the Administration in reference to the anti-canteen law, but also "insist that the commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States has the power to destroy the canteen," and further insist upon the early vindication of the law of Congress by the rightful exercise of the power of the President in compliance with the demands of a righteously indignant people. Meanwhile, the discussion as to the wisdom of the legislation in question continues, and the defenders of the canteen, as well as its assailants, are collecting evidence to sustain their respective positions. Much is being made by the latter of the fact that the sale of liquor in Canadian camps was prohibited some time ago, and that there does not seem to be any movement towards a return to the old system.

Brother McKinley will have the whole bench of Methodist Bishops full tilt after him with a no-popery cry if he doesn't look out. Here is a clergyman writing in the *Independent* of the awful doings of the Scarlet Woman in the Philippines. It seems that this good man, the Rev. N. H. Harriman, went to the Philippines as a would-be Protestant missionary, and was practically thrown down and out by the American military authorities. At Cebu "the military governor sent for the writer and peremptorily *ordered* him not to sell any more tracts and Testaments." That was bad enough, but the reason given was worse: the Spanish priests were "complaining." That is the stone of stumbling for Mr. Harriman. "The Catholic church has the field." Otis is hand in glove with the Archbishop. All responsible positions are, when possible, filled with Catholics. Otis is as meek as a lamb before Catholic insults. The editor of the Archbishop's personal organ became so violently abusive of all things American that he was sentenced to imprisonment and a fine of $5,000. Otis cut the fine down to $250 and remitted the imprisonment; moral (according to Mr. Harriman), our Government was afraid of the Archbishop. There is even a "well-defined rumor," nearly a "confident assertion," in official circles in Manila that the Archbishop receives from the public treasury $12,000 a year. Yet Aguinaldo, cries Mr. Harriman, might far more suitably have a salary, as he is at least a friend of the natives, while the Archbishop is "neither that nor a friend to America." These are awful tales for the *Independent* to print without rebuke.

It was made very clear by the message which the *Herald* published on Tuesday week, from its Philippine correspondent via Hong Kong, that the censorship has not been removed. If it were not in force still, why should the correspondent be compelled to send this news to Hong Kong in order to get it through to this country? That Gen. Otis should not be willing to have it sent is obvious from its character, for it reveals a state of affairs which confirms all that has come from various sources heretofore about his blundering management. He is going ahead on the same old line of taking towns only to abandon them immediately, and then retake and reabandon them again whenever he considers that such futile operations, involving needless loss of life, are necessary to enable him to help the McKinley Administration to reëlect itself by means of news of "victories" in the war. What the *Herald* correspondent says of the policy that Otis is pursuing, coincides exactly with what all competent authorities, including naval and army officers on the scene, have said. How long is the McKinley Administration going to uphold him in it? Is his retention necessary in order to carry Ohio? Is the carrying of Ohio so important that the lives of American soldiers must be sacrificed to accomplish it?

The *Sun* publishes an interview with Secretary Gage on the present tightness of money, a regularly recurring phenomenon of the autumn season, and more or less severe according as the traffic of the country is more or less heavy and congested. He said, according to this authority, that

> "The needs of the interior of the country each autumn on account of agricultural expenditures will be conveniently met by the power of the banks to issue circulating notes, and the needs of industry will coincide with the desire of the bankers to make their profits, and the value of the power to issue notes will be felt in the interior where the farm industries are going on, and not in the usual centres of money activity, where the bank currency is not needed and will not circulate."

Secretary Gage, the correspondent says, will develop this argument in considerable detail in his forthcoming report, and urge Congress to take the action which he advocates. If he is convinced that a banknote currency can be made safe to the public without bond security deposited in the national treasury, and if he can bring his party friends to the same belief, the vexed problem will be solved very soon. The plan proposed by the Indianapolis Currency Commission, or the one known as the McCrary bill of the last House, will in that case become a fresh issue in our home politics, following directly after the proposed measure to strengthen the gold standard by law.

When the question of the standard

is once settled, the question of currency amendment will be the next thing in order. It may not be taken up at the coming session of Congress, but it will be on the carpet and will be reached just as soon as more pressing matters are cleared off, such as the Philippine question. One fact is looming up which may tend to hasten the currency debate—that is, the payment of the national debt. As soon as our war expenditures are cut down, and, perhaps, even before, the accumulations of revenue will be applied to the payment of the Government bonds and the extinguishment of the interest thereon. The maturity of the 4 per cents of 1907 is not far distant. They can be bought now at 112. The 5 per cents issued by the Cleveland Administration mature in 1904, and these are selling at 110 to 111. The purchase or payment of these or of any bonds will disturb the basis of the present national banknote currency and hasten its retirement. There is no escape from this conclusion unless we keep the national debt alive purposely and perpetually, in order to keep the present national banknotes alive. This is not possible under our form of government, and ought not to be. A change is inevitable, and it is very probable that Secretary Gage has been prompted by it to cast about for something to take the place of the existing system.

Some gratifyingly frank testimony regarding the financial methods of "industrial" promoters was laid before the Industrial Commission last week. Ex-Judge Moore of Chicago, whose title to authority, as the personal promoter of six Trusts with the modest total capitalization of $236,000,000, is undisputed, was asked to explain how such capitalization is arranged. He answered that the company, when seeking to absorb a rival mill or corporation, offers the owner either cash down or $100 in preferred stock and $100 in common stock for every $100 cash valuation. Inasmuch as the Trust is almost invariably the bidder on such occasions, it is evident, from Judge Moore's statement, that the capital of the Trust itself will eventually be very much more than double the actual value of its plant. It is hardly to be supposed that the mill-owner, with an urgent and open bid for his property in the market, will sell except at a large advance over his own estimate of its value, and, as a matter of fact, none of them has sold except on such a basis. Nor, indeed, is this all the "water" in the stock. Judge Moore admitted that the common stock of his industrial combinations was usually $10,000,000 larger than the amount of the preferred stock. Asked as to what became of this extra ten millions, Judge Moore's memory suddenly became uncertain. A good many people in Wall Street, where such operations are "financed," could have given more definite information. The ten million dollars is the price paid for the services of the promoter who pleads with competing mill-owners, and of the banking syndicate which looks after the Stock Exchange end of the operation.

Other witnesses of the day, comprising chiefly presidents of the large "industrial" concerns, set forth the financial advantages of such combinations. Saving in cost of management by single corporate control, saving in cost of raw material by purchasing in quantity, saving in cost of marketing by use of a smaller staff of agents, saving in freight charges by shipping to or from the nearest plants—these various economies were cited with considerable force. That such economies have been and are achieved is not denied, we suppose, by any one, nor is there any good reason to believe that, taking the Trusts as a whole, they have artificially advanced the price of their products. If they had done this on any considerable scale, great expansion in import of competing foreign manufactures must have followed; whereas the fact is, that, in the eight first months of 1899, import of finished manufactures into the United States ran only $7,000,000 beyond the same period in 1898, and was $17,000,000 less than in 1897. Such a showing may reassure people who buy the merchandise of the Trusts, but whether it will help out the people who buy their shares is another question. Not long ago, the stock of one of the companies organized by Judge Moore was quoted on an excited market at $99 per share for the preferred stock and $52 per share for the common. Here, then, was a total of $151 asked for the $100 preferred and $100 common, which, by the testimony of the organizer himself, were allotted for every $100 cash valuation, on the basis which we have described already. On the whole, it is not remarkable that when Wall Street and the "outside public" began to think, the Stock Exchange valuation of these very shares should have been cut down abruptly 20 to 40 per cent.

The address which the Republican county committee has put forth in advocacy of the fusion ticket is a notable document in several respects. Whatever may be the result of the election in November, this document commits the party to the principle of non-partisanship in city affairs so squarely that nothing except open repudiation of its own official utterances will enable it to resume its former "straight-ticket" position. "As Republicans," say the writers of the address, "we have subordinated every purely partisan interest in the construction of this ticket, in the belief that the government of a great municipality should be conducted upon purely business principles. In coöperating for the election of this ticket, we ask no man to surrender his convictions upon State or national politics." That is the platform of the Citizens' Union and of all other advocates of good municipal government, and, in placing itself upon it, the Republican organization severs itself from its past as completely as possible. Scarcely less of a departure is its pledging the influence of the Republican organization in the next Legislature for the support of the bill enabling the Governor to appoint a commission, composed of eminent and experienced citizens of Greater New York, to revise the city charter. These two declarations constitute of themselves sufficient reason for the hearty support of the fusion ticket by all independents, but the ticket itself is worthy of such support without the address.

Mr. Mazet's announcement that Gen. Tracy will be summoned as a witness before his committee, when it resumes its inquiry on October 31, calls forth interesting observations from several quarters. The *Tribune*, with that calm impartiality which marks nowadays all its comments upon Platt Republican politics, says this action is "belated and inadequate," that it will not give the party the assistance it requires in the campaign, and that Tracy without Platt, no matter what Tracy may say, "will not take the reproach of the whole dishonest plot from the leader." Curiously enough, Mr. Croker takes a similar view. He predicts that the committee will whitewash Tracy in the Ramapo matter, but adds: "If they'd go ahead and ask the proper questions, they'd get some interesting facts. I could supply a lot of questions." So he could, without doubt, not only on Ramapo but other matters, and what an invaluable public service it would be were the committee to allow him to do so. If he were to be permitted to examine Platt, and if subsequently he were to take the stand and Platt were allowed to examine him, this public would learn more about modern government than it has ever been permitted to know before, provided each boss were to examine the other as to the jobs and deals they had been engaged in, either together or separately.

Why is it that Gov. Roosevelt cannot tell the full truth about the canal scandal and his own disposition of it? He has had three opportunities to do so now and has failed each time. In his famous Hornellsville speech, in response to an inquirer who was "not quite sober," he said that his special counsel, Fox and Macfarlane, had "found that the charges made by you and your type were infamous lies and slanders." Later, he said in a speech at Watertown that these

gentlemen had found that "nothing had been done which would justify bringing an action against any public official, or would afford the slightest chance of securing a conviction," adding: "In short, the whole charge that there had been criminal misconduct on the part of any of the high canal officials fell to the ground." Speaking at Cincinnati on Saturday night, he said in answer to a newspaper inquiry on the subject: "After a full and careful investigation, these lawyers, whose conclusion would not be and cannot be questioned by any reputable member of the bar in New York State, reported that there would be no justification for their indictment; no justification for the prosecution of any public official." Did they say that, and that only? The Governor, whose perpetual boast is that he is a "square man," knows that what they said was quite different from that. They said it would be useless to prosecute the canal officials because the statute of limitations covered a large part of the contracts which were said to be fraudulent, and because a Republican Legislature had been induced to pass a supplementary act giving them such unusual "discretionary powers" that they could do about what they pleased without danger of criminal prosecution. They not only said this, but they also said:

"Our decision to institute no criminal prosecutions on this evidence does not mean that in our opinion the officials charged with carrying out the great work of improving the canals have done their duty. The discretionary powers vested in the Superintendent of Public Works and the engineers by the contracts and statutes, pursuant to which the work was done, were unduly great and have been abused."

The American designer has proved his capacity to turn out a craft capable of defeating the best that can be produced by British ingenuity in all ordinary conditions of weather and practically all conditions of sailing. It is true that the only triangular race between Shamrock and Columbia was ended prematurely by an unfortunate accident, but there is no reason to suppose that Sir Thomas Lipton's boat could have won on that occasion, while a race of that particular description was not necessary to prove that Columbia could outfoot as well as outpoint her rival. She has, in fact, demonstrated her superiority both on and off the wind, and, curiously enough, seems to be quite as able a seaboat as her antagonist, in spite of the formidable bilge from which the latter, according to the experts, was to develop such power in a sea way. The poor "experts," indeed, are in a condition which must excite the sympathy of all charitably minded persons. Almost every prediction that they have made has been falsified. As for Sir Thomas Lipton, all admirers of a true sportsman will be sorry that he could not have one victory to lessen the sting of final defeat, but even he probably will be ready to admit that it is much better that the victory should be conclusive than that any room should be left for quibbles or excuses.

The immense service which President Krüger did his dearest foe, Mr. Chamberlain, by going to war unnecessarily, is put beyond all question by the debate and the vote in the House of Commons on Thursday. In the presence of actual war, in the face of Mr. Balfour's appeals to present a "solid front," no less than 135 members—at least 60 of them exclusive of the irreconcilable Irish—voted for an amendment disapproving the Government's conduct of negotiations with the Transvaal. Suppose Krüger had waited, suppose he had appealed to the justice of the English people, instead of to the sword—is it not clear that the Commons would surely have prevented Mr. Chamberlain from forcing an unjust war upon the Boers? The truth is, that the Colonial Secretary was in a very awkward situation. He had to draft an ultimatum of his own, which he was not at all sure the country would back up, when suddenly the Boers came along with *their* ultimatum, and swept away all his difficulties at once. He could simply laugh at Harcourt when that gentleman pressed to know what the English ultimatum would have been. That was buried now in the grave which Krüger dug, and would never be resurrected. There never was such a great deliverance for a diplomatist in straits. "Oh, that mine enemy would go to war with me!" was Chamberlain's version of the Scripture saying; and lo! the enemy did it.

The riots in Bohemia are the first fruit of the endeavor of Count Clary, the new Austrian Premier, to undo the work of his predecessors regarding the official status of the German and Czech languages in that kingdom. For twenty years the struggle for lingual supremacy between the two nationalities has been going on, and there is little likelihood of its being ended by the new ministry. It began under Count Taaffe, the head of the famous "reconciliation" ministry; and after Prince Windischgrätz had tried somewhat more conciliatory measures, the advances made by Taaffe to the Czechs were followed by a complete surrender of German interests under Count Badeni. He decreed the compulsory use of both German and Czech in Bohemia, regardless of the numerical strength of the German element in any given locality, and it was this measure which led to the many disgraceful scenes in the Austrian Reichsrath. The short-lived ministry of Baron Gautsch substituted for the bilingual ordinance a law making German the official language in German districts and Czech that in Czech districts; but the constitutionality of this law was questioned by both parties, and in the end both were equally dissatisfied. Count Thun, who has just retired, also tried to grapple with the troublesome problem, but as his policy was in the main as reactionary and pro-Slavic as that of Taaffe and Badeni, and as, moreover, he was compelled to surrender completely to the Hungarians in the matter of the Compromise, the customs regulations, and the renewal of the bank privilege, the Germans remained as hostile as ever. Count Clary, who professes to belong to no party, will now doubtless repeal the ordinance so obnoxious to the Germans, and submit to the Reichsrath a draft of some new law, which, if at all favorable to the Germans, is certain to be fiercely attacked by the Opposition. As in the past, the reactionary elements that will range themselves on the side of the Czechs will contain, besides Poles, Slovens, etc., the German Ultramontanes, who subordinate race questions to Romish preferences. Judging from the disturbances reported, the Czechs will probably resort to the policy of obstruction with which they threatened Count Clary as soon as he took office. As for the German Liberals and Nationalists, they are certain to continue in that attitude of uncompromising hostility to Slavic aspirations which causes so many of them, patriotic Austrians though they profess to be, to look to Berlin rather than Vienna for the eventual solution of their problems.

The unconcealed nervousness of the French Government over the great strike at Creusot has puzzled some people. Why the alarm? Why should the Prime Minister himself undertake to arbitrate the dispute? The reason is to be found in the evidence brought out before the High Court, implicating the royalists in a plot to overthrow the republic. In that it was made clear that no form of agitation, no organization whatever, was too petty or base to be despised as an instrument by the plotters. Anti-Semites, Anti-Dreyfusards, Socialists, revolutionists, labor agitators—all were welcomed, all were subsidized. The scheme seems to have been to make the Government appear so feeble, social order so disturbed, class so fiercely set against class, and the whole nation so contemptible, that royal Philippe would be welcomed as the saviour of society. He would save it, that is, from the results of his own methods of conspiracy. But he will have to try again. The tall chimneys at Creusot are smoking once more, the workingmen having cheerfully accepted M. Waldeck-Rousseau's arbitral decision. This, by the way, while recognizing the labor union as a lawful and desirable organization, distinctly determined that men should be taken back to work quite irrespective of the fact whether they belonged to it or not.

NEW FICTIONS IN GOVERNMENT.

The President returns to Washington confident that "his sworn brother, the people," is with him. He may have been doubtful before his stump-speaking tour whether he had a popular mandate to subjugate the Filipinos, but now he is certain of it. Did not "1. Citizen" in Chicago yell to "2. Cit.," in the fine and conclusive manner of a Roman populace, that McKinley is all right? When he declared his purpose to make the flag in the Philippines a symbol of liberty and humanity to all the men in those islands who, for their part, simply know that they are being enslaved and slaughtered by his orders, did not the cheers of the crowd come to his pleased ears like the sound of many waters? Do not ask if the same people did not afterwards go to hear Mr. Cockran, and cheer just the opposite sentiment just as madly. They shouted at McKinley's eloquence, and that is enough for him.

"And the poor Pope was sure that it was so,
Else wherefore should the people kiss his toe?"

We shall not deny that Mr. McKinely is quite right. For all we know, the people may be with him, but what we insist upon to-day is, that, for all he knows, the people may be against him. What we do deny is, that the gathering of shouting thousands about the special car containing the President is any trustworthy proof that they approve the President's course. Uncle Sam, despite his reputation for reticence and impassivity, dearly loves notabilities. Notable for what, does not make much difference. It may be a President, or simply a man who wants to oust that President; it may be a great hero or a great villain; a champion prize-fighter or a noted saint —after either the crowd will run with noble impartiality. We need not remind Mr. McKinley of the fallaciousness or a cheering mob as a test of real sentiment. He himself had the crowds in 1892, but somebody else had the votes. In 1896, Mr. Bryan had the crowds, but a far greater than he the votes. At the very moment when Mr. McKinley was in the West thanking God and taking courage at the sight of his applauding audiences, Mr. Bryan was also there and also uplifted and made confident by the hoarse cheers which greeted him. Which is right in thinking himself the darling of the people?

Nobody knows. Nobody will know until the people leave off yelling and begin voting. It is only a pleasant little fiction of Mr. McKinley's that he knows any more now about what the people want done in the Philippines than he did before the star of his empire took its way westward. A boy, flinging his ball against a dead wall, and delightedly getting it back again as a proof that the wall wanted to take a hand in the game, would be fully as much of a philosopher as a President uttering some banal sentiment about the flag, then waiting for cheers, and then seeing in the cheers a sure token of popular approval of all that he was doing. No, there are too many traps and disappointments about this way of testing public feeling. The "cheap numerosity of a stage army" is nothing to the way a vast crowd sometimes melts away into a beggarly array of votes. A man with his ear to the ground may swear he hears the tread of a million feet, though all the while it may be only two boys in the next street, skilled in the art of making a noise. There is one way, and one way only, of finding out what the people think and wish; and that is the way laid down in the Constitution and marked out by common sense—namely, counting their votes.

Gov. Roosevelt gave us on Saturday another illustration of this easy way of taking fiction for fact in matters of government. He scouted the notion that this Philippine war is of the President's own making. Congress declared it, snapped Mr. Roosevelt. How did he know that? Why, the army bill which Congress passed called for 100,000 men, didn't it? And everybody knew that no such number of men was needed except for the Philippines, didn't he? And what better proof do you want that Congress declared war on the Filipinos? Here we have the doctrine of "intention" —not the legal one, but the Jesuitic, the one which Pascal exposed so wittily. Because Gov. Roosevelt intended to use the army against the Filipinos, because Hanna flitted back and forth between the White House and the Capitol in reference to the bill, because it was well understood among the knowing, therefore Congress meant it just as they did. But this way of interpreting a statute brings it down to a trial of shouting power. If we could outroar Gov. Roosevelt — which Heaven forefend — we should maintain, and should, by his methods, prove, that the troops were never intended for use against the Filipinos. And we should have on our side the distinct legal advantage of the fact that, in the clause of the army bill fixing the size of the army, the word Philippines is not so much as mentioned.

But the whole thing is absurd. If we can get out of crowds along the railway any sort of popular endorsement we desire; if we can read into statutes of Congress any purpose that we should like to see expressed there, we have come into the region of bouffe government. The courts will scarcely hold that what Hanna and the President and Roosevelt and Platt *intended* to be law is, in fact, the law. To know what the people think of us, ask them to express their opinions by their ballots. To determine the meaning of a Congressional statute, read its language. The rest is vanity and vexation. As the poet protested, evidently with his eye on McKinley and Roosevelt,

"Why should I say I see the things I see not?"

HOW TO REVERSE M'KINLEY.

It is no secret that the thoughts of many Republican leaders, not in the Hanna syndicate, are troubled upon their beds. The Philippine spectre affrights them in the night watches. The little of their anxiety which they reveal shows how deep is the perturbation to which they give no expression. At present they are only restlessly asking how it is possible to get out of the awful mess into which the President has plunged himself and his party by his Philippine policy. If Ohio goes Democratic, they will be asking how to get rid of the President himself. Just now, however, they are looking only for a change of methods, not of men. Is there any way for good and loyal Republicans to bring the needed party pressure upon Mr. McKinley to make him reverse and undo his fatal policy of waging war upon the Filipinos?

This is the question to which Mr. Schurz referred in his speech at Chicago on Tuesday of last week, when he said it would not do simply to assert that we are in the Philippine pickle and must get out; we must get out the best way. Is McKinley's way the best way? It is not, say the Massachusetts Republicans in their platform. It is not, says Mr. Moorfield Storey, willing as an anti-imperialist to stand upon that platform. It is not, says ex-Senator Edmunds, in that skilfully and patriotically framed petition which he drew for consideration at Chicago. Mr. Edmunds would go over the President's head to Congress. Recognizing the folly and failure of Mr. McKinley's plan, he would go straight to the legislative power, to the only constitutional war-making power, and petition it to stop by legislation the war which the President has started on his own account.

That this can be done with perfect consistency by loyal Republicans is not generally perceived. It would be only going back to the position which the Republicans in the Senate took, almost unanimously, on the 14th of last February. On that day a resolution was passed by 26 ayes to 22 noes—all but four or five of the 26 being Republican Senators—declaring, first, that it was not the intention of the United States "to permanently annex said islands as an integral part of the territory of the United States." That, then, is good party doctrine, and McKinley, who has recently asserted that the Philippines are as much a part of our territory as is Alaska or any one of the Territories, shows himself thereby a party bolter. Who is he that he should set himself up against the nearly unanimous voice of a Republican Senate?

But the resolution passed by Republican Senators on February 14 went much further. It set a plain seal of condemnation on McKinley's constant cry that the treaty settled everything; that it is idle to talk of doing anything with the islands except subjugate and keep them. On the contrary, the ultimate disposition of the islands was left an open question by the Republican Senate. After ratifying the treaty, which the President now says is a finality on all points, twenty-two Republican Senators voted that the ratification meant only an intention to "establish on said islands a government suitable to the wants and conditions of the inhabitants," and then "in due time make *such disposition of said islands* as will best promote the interests of the citizens of the United States and the inhabitants of said islands." What, in the light of this, is Mr. McKinley's "accomplished fact"? It is a bold invention of his own. He has fallen from the Republican faith, as it was expressed by a Republican Senate, and is no better than a party rebel. It is all *chose jugée*, he proclaims from every stump, though it is as clear as daylight that the Republican Senators meant to leave the whole question of the Philippines an open one, to be settled, not by ratifying the treaty, not by letting the President take a line of his own, but as wisdom and justice and our historic doctrines should, "in due time," direct us to settle it.

Here, then, is a feasible way of reforming McKinley "within the party." Luckily, the party is not committed to his policy of conquest and annexation of the Philippines. All the State platforms have been gingerly and cautious in the extreme in resolving upon this question. Even in Ohio the convention went no further than to assert that a "wise" solution of the Philippine problem was much to be desired. The party could go back to where the Senate stood last February without a particle of difficulty, and determine to give the Filipinos independence, or to establish a protectorate over them, or to cede the islands to another Power. But is not the President too far committed? Could he, after his unyielding front on the Western stump, after his loud assertions that the steps taken are irrevocable, reverse himself? Everybody knows that he could do it without the flicker of an eyelash. His ineradicable convictions can be altered while you wait, and he would be just as true to flag and home afterwards. Let the troubled Republicans but get their party and Congress to advocate healing measures in the Philippines, in place of McKinley's war without parley, and they need not worry about the President's attitude. One good rub on the Aladdin's ring of party and popular disapproval will discover the jinn of the White House humbly asking what is wanted.

MILITARY AND WARLIKE NATIONS.

There was a distinction made in 1870, by a military writer, between the Germans and the French, the correctness of which was abundantly proved by subsequent events. The Germans, he said, were a military nation, while the French were only a warlike nation. What he meant by a military nation was a nation which had capacity for war as simple business, and used it solely as an instrument for having its own way in the settlement of disputes. A military nation, therefore, is a nation that keeps its army in a constant readiness for action, and carefully eliminates from its administration everything that may interfere with its efficiency.

The maintenance of discipline, the thoroughness of drill, the constant familiarity of every officer and man with all the details of their duties, the crushing out of all aspirations for individual distinction of any sort which does not spring from the regular working of the machine, the perfection of the commissariat, of the medical department, and of the transportation, are the things on which a military nation sets its heart and by which it judges of its preparedness for war. It is from these things, rather than from patriotism or love of glory, that it expects success in the field. In the German army, improvised displays of individual bravery are sternly repressed. An officer is not allowed to "rush on the foe" in order to enliven the home newspapers, unless he has been ordered to do so, and unless rushing on the foe contributes to the general success of the movement in which he is engaged. Nor is he allowed to publish accounts afterwards of his own exploits. We are not sure that literary efforts of this kind are formally forbidden, but they would injure an officer's standing among his fellows in his regiment and impede his promotion.

Gen. von Moltke was the creator of the present German staff, and the process was interesting and significant. An officer who had attracted his attention was summoned from his regiment to Berlin, and was retained for six months at headquarters, learning and practising the duties of the general staff. He reconnoitred and made sketch-maps of the neighboring country; he watched, catalogued, and located foreign armies; he made calculations as to the provisioning, marching, and transportation of troops, and made plans of what is called their "dislocation"—that is, their distribution for purposes of actual war. During this period it was not his capacity only which was under the close observation of his superiors. His character also was the subject of careful scrutiny. At the end of six months he returned, as a matter of course, to his regiment, in complete ignorance of the impression he had made, to be called on subsequently, if that impression was favorable; to be forgotten, if not. It can be easily seen that a frivolous man, or a man eager for notoriety, or a conceited man, or a man with an eye to politics, would not have a chance of retention. The Prussian staff was and is probably the best school of military character the world has seen. Its influence and example are felt in every regiment and battery. It was no wonder that the French military attaché in Berlin kept writing to the Tuileries, "Méfiez-vous de l'état-major prussien." He, and, unhappily for the French, he alone, perceived clearly what was coming. A nation which has the patience, the foresight, the submission to authority necessary for the creation and maintenance of such a body, is what is called a military nation.

In striking contrast to this is what we may call the "warlike system" as displayed by the South in 1860, by the French in 1870, by us during the last two years, and now by the Boers. In all these cases we speak of wars begun by the warriors themselves at their own time, not of wars forced upon them. Under such a system, preparation for war, being rather irksome, is but little attended to. The main interest of the army and of the people lies not in getting ready to fight, but in fighting. The secret expectation of the public is the mediæval one, that the struggle will consist, in the main, of a series of personal encounters, as in the days when combats were the chief end of man. Insistence on preparation is looked on as a sign of reluctance to face the foe or of a lukewarm love of country. Patriotism, detestation of the enemy, a low opinion of his religion, reliance on the goodness of the cause, belief in the educating influence of war, confidence in the use of prayer, largely take the place of drills and discipline and collection of stores in getting ready for the battle-field.

Upon the warlike system friends of peace can make comparatively small impression, and it is probably in full operation in the Transvaal to-day. The population is generally drunk or crazy when war is declared. The peace-preacher finds himself in the midst of a crowd over which the considerations that usually govern human conduct have lost all influence. The most lucid demonstration of unreadiness is treated as the wailing of a coward. Any crack-brained youth who proposes to charge the foe, sword in hand, and cleave him to the waist, becomes an object of great hope and interest. The exploits of individuals are eagerly looked for. Yellow journals, girls, and monthly magazines complete the confusion.

The British are by no means exempt from the defects of the warlike system, but they are saved by a certain shyness and phlegm of temperament from the "miles gloriosus" with whom we are so

familiar, and who has, ever since Terence's time, been the shame and scandal of real soldiers. The hero of Rorke's Drift, a conflict which, under the warlike system, deserves an epic poem, never opened his lips or took pen in hand to speak of it in after years, and would have died of shame if the girls had rushed on him to kiss him. He died recently, in silence, from natural causes, without having received other reward than a very moderate promotion. On such men, those who hope to see disputes between civilized nations as well as between individuals settled by reason, naturally think it easier to make an impression than on men engaged in "holy wars."

THE NEGRO PROBLEM IN THE NORTH.

A very exhaustive study of "The Philadelphia Negro" has recently been completed by Prof. Du Bois of Atlanta University. The inquiry was suggested and aided by members of the College Settlement, and was supported by the University of Pennsylvania, which now publishes its results. At first sight these results seem disproportionate to the labor expended; but a closer examination reveals some tendencies that may have importance. Nor can we forbear to notice the rapidity with which modern civilization advances, as suggesting the need of patience in dealing with the negro problem in the South.

It was not until after the civil war was over, and the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted, that the right of suffrage was formally conferred upon, or rather restored to, the negro citizens of Pennsylvania. The laws framed for Pennsylvania in 1682 specifically declared that freed servants or bondsmen were qualified electors, and it is probable that some negroes were included. The Constitution of 1790 mentioned no restriction of color; but in 1837 the Supreme Court held that a negro, although free, could not be a freeman in the constitutional sense. This construction was confirmed by the action of the Constitutional Convention of 1838, which, by a vote of 77 to 45, limited the suffrage to white freemen. It was not until 1874 that the restriction was finally done away with.

Turning from legal restriction to social repression, we find that race hatred has prevailed down to a very recent period. The geographical location of Philadelphia made it a refuge for such negroes as could escape from the South, and by 1820 this movement had assumed political importance. As against efforts to recover fugitives, acts had to be passed by Pennsylvania to prevent the kidnapping of free negroes. Then came the wave of Irish immigration, which reinforced the pro-slavery element, and made the condition of the Philadelphia negro much worse than it had been. Between 1830 and 1840 a series of riots took place, in which the negroes were the chief sufferers. They were beaten, their houses and their churches were attacked, and their orphan asylum was burned. They were kept out of the street-cars until 1867, they were excluded from the theatres, and they were obliged to provide their own schools for their children. They were accused of all sorts of offences on the slightest grounds, and were then charged with furnishing an excessive percentage of criminals. The fact that, as the prejudice against them became less violent, this percentage rapidly decreased, indicates that the charge was exaggerated. It may well be asked if the negroes could be expected to advance faster than they have done, in view of the obstacles laid in their path by the whites.

While color prejudice is not responsible for all of the disabilities under which the negroes labor, it is a far more powerful force than is commonly believed. According to Prof. Du Bois, the only employment really open to negroes in Philadelphia is domestic service. They are not wanted as clerks, or as teachers, or as shopkeepers, or as citizens. They are excluded from the trade unions and from public offices. They are to a great extent confined to a "Ghetto." No doubt they have made large gains in personal liberty; they are no longer actively persecuted. But no future opens before those who aspire to a better social position. The negro caterers of Philadelphia were once deservedly famous; but the demands of luxury have surpassed their abilities, and they have become of secondary importance. Some small shops and manufactories are conducted by negroes, but nothing on a large scale. "Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be," still holds true. To rise in the social scale implies superiority; and few white men are willing to confess their inferiority to any negro.

Yet there are some grounds for thinking that too gloomy a view of the situation is taken by these investigators. In the first place, there is a constant influx of negroes from the South, and not from the disturbed regions, but from Virginia, where their condition is better than elsewhere. These immigrants number nearly a thousand a year, principally young men, and there must be some inducement at work to bring them North. Then, in regard to domestic service, it is a mistake to hold that it is a degrading pursuit. It is an occupation in which there is room for the display of all the virtues and of every kind of talent. Its grades are infinite in number and its rewards are substantial. No sensible person despises a good servant, and that good colored servants are appreciated in Philadelphia, the figures here collected prove. Their pay is in most cases equal to that of white servants, and it is on a liberal scale. What is even more significant, the length of time during which colored servants retain their places is much greater than is true of the whites. So far as the statistics have been collected, the average service-period among them is nearly five years, while the average for the whole country is less than a year and a half.

While there is little hope at present that the colored people will become socially and industrially the equals of the whites, and while this may be demonstrably unjust, yet they are not worse off than many of the more-favored races. The struggle to rise in social rank involves so much unhappiness and so many failures that it is not altogether undesirable to be exempted from it; and there is no reason why colored people should not have doctors and lawyers of their own blood if they want them. However this may be, the lesson taught by this investigation is one of patience and sympathy towards the South, whose difficulties have been far greater than those of the North.

THE CLERGYMAN OF TO-DAY.

In the readjustment of social opinion which has been going on during the last generation or two, few changes are more striking than that in the popular feeling towards the ministry. Taking American society as a whole, there can be no question but that popular regard for the ministry has much declined. Among educated people, none of the so-called learned professions is held in so slight esteem, or made the target for so hot a fire of criticism. It has not always been so. Within the memory of men now living, the position of the minister was one of peculiar social distinction, while the respect and reverence in which he was held were practically universal. Of sound learning and scrupulous morality, and with a profound sense of duty and obligation, he led, by sheer intellectual and spiritual force, the thought of the community, and largely directed its activities. In public affairs no one's word carried more weight, no one's opinion was more eagerly looked for or more deferentially received. None thought of questioning his right to be heard in any matter of public concern; on the contrary, he was expected to speak, and to bring to the solution of political or economic problems his wealth of knowledge, judgment, and experience. In the deference accorded him there was, no doubt, a large element of tradition, and, at times, even a spectacular unreality; but the fact remained that he stood, in the public estimation, for the best thought and aspiration of his people, and lived largely to serve the state.

To the youth of the present day such a description may well savor of romance. With few exceptions, the civic functions of the minister have been reduced to near the vanishing point. His counsel is

now rarely sought on important public questions. His sermons and addresses on political subjects seldom make much of an impression, while his suggestions of reform are apt to be of the visionary and impracticable character which provokes contempt. If there be a particularly specious political or economic fad rampant in the community, he is very likely to get entangled in it. He rarely attends a caucus, never appears in a party convention save to open the proceedings with prayer, and often neglects to vote until personally solicited to do so. He is commonly not a welcome member of social clubs, or altogether at ease in a circle of business men. A titular leader of men and a professional instructor in righteousness, the average minister of to-day is much inclined to keep aloof from every-day affairs, and to hold out for emulation a type of character which few healthy human beings can find attractive or even tolerable. In short, he is out of touch with life, aside from the stream of daily struggle and need, in the world but not of it.

In a vigorous and pungent address before the International Congregational Council, at Boston, President Hyde of Bowdoin pointed out, with merciless candor, one of the chief causes of this decay of ministerial influence. Taking the field as a whole, no educational curriculum now in force is so admirably devised to fit men for life as it is not, as the curriculum of most theological schools. Upon young men, most of whom have little more than the rudiments of education, and who are systematically pauperized by free scholarships and free tuition, there is imposed, as sufficient equipment for religious leadership, a course of study mainly compounded of Greek, Hebrew, dogmatic theology, church history, and homiletics, conducted chiefly through the medium of formal lectures, and strewn with preaching exercises, missionary exhortations, and prayer meetings. If, perchance, the student have convictions when he enters, the chances are many that he will come out either a hopeless bigot or a dreary sceptic, or, at best, with a theory of things which, however valuable for some other time or place, is of no practical consequence here and now. No wonder that the victims of such a mistaken process go forth to their work destitute of sound intellectual equipment and trained habit of thought, but with exaggerated notions of their professional importance and an almost ineradicable obliquity of social vision.

It is the modern church, with its widening social relations and multiple activities, that is slowly but surely changing all this. There can be no doubt that, whether for good or for ill, what would once have been recognized as the distinctively religious side of church work is taking a less and less important place. The modern minister deems it his duty to fit his parishioners for the life that now is as well as for that which is to come; and he looks upon his church as a centre and source of social regeneration and inspiration, in which the bodies and minds of men receive attention as well as their souls. To one trained under the old order of things, a bare enumeration of the operations and interests of a great city parish, with its social, educational, industrial, recreative, medical, and business sides, seems almost incredible, while few indeed of those who share the benefits realize what demands such an organization makes upon the man at the head of it. Only a minister of large administrative capacity, social presence, and tact and skill in dealing with men, can guide successfully so great an undertaking.

And it is because the qualities which fit a man to preside over the modern church are the same qualities which, in every department of life, give to their possessor distinction and power, that the minister of such a church is finding his way back to a place of honor and influence in the community akin to that which his predecessors of long ago enjoyed. Wherever one finds a minister with a firm and intelligent grasp of the social mission of the church, and a persistent purpose of bringing the church into vital and helpful relation with common concerns, there is also found a man whose profession is respected, whose companionship is sought, and whose opinion on public questions is welcomed and heeded. Nor is it in the great centres of population alone that this is true—the same condition prevails, and often in greater degree, in an increasing number of our smaller cities and towns, and even in the country districts. The theological education of generations ago fitted the minister for his work because it was in accord with the spirit and demand of the time. The theological education of the present day, with few exceptions, leaves the minister stranded, a helpless mass in a dreary waste, because it has given him nothing that he can use. It is the church that now points the way—for itself, to a position of indispensable social usefulness; for its ministers, to a place of influence and regard as great as at any earlier time. It remains to be seen how theological education will contribute to such a result, or whether it will continue to debar the minister from his rightful due.

THE MODERN UNIVERSITY.

Yale College was established by a few Congregational clergymen at the beginning of the eighteenth century as a school to train young men for the ministry. The thirteenth president of the institution was inaugurated on October 18 in the person of Arthur Twining Hadley, a layman, who delivered an address which said not one word regarding the ministry as a profession, which recognized the possibility that compulsory attendance on religious exercises may be abolished, and which treated athletics as a most important element in student life. The development of the modern university could not be more vividly illustrated than by this sharp contrast between 1701 and 1899.

The early college in this country was simply a preparatory school for entrance upon one of the learned professions—particularly that of the clergyman—for which the majority of its small graduating classes were trained. Yale now turns out from its academic department every summer a body of some 300 young men, of whom not a dozen on the average expect to become ministers. A large and an increasing proportion of those who take this course will not finally enter any of the learned professions, but will engage in one or another form of those diverse activities which are lumped together under the head of a business life. Then, too, there is an entire department of the university devoted to scientific study, with the special view of fitting young men to be experts in civil engineering and various other allied fields, not to speak of a school for art, another for law, still another for medicine, and one for the study of theology after the ordinary college course.

The college graduate, at the beginning of this century, was a man apart from the community; at its close he is becoming an element in that community's busiest life. Once he could almost be told by the cut of his clothes; at least, by his occupancy of a parsonage, his law office, or his doctor's sign. Now he is as likely to be a banker, merchant, or mining engineer. The new conditions demand a new type of executive and a new type of administration. Those who knew Prof. Hadley recognized that this need had been met when the Yale corporation, a body still composed in its majority of Connecticut Congregational ministers, elected him as the successor of a long line of clergymen. Ample vindication of all that his champions have urged is furnished those who are not personally acquainted with the man, in the address with which he assumed his important office.

The keynote of this address is to be found in the frank recognition that the modern university must aim to make the well-trained citizen. It is this that fundamentally differentiates the Yale over which President Hadley, the layman, will preside (it may be hoped) for the first quarter of the twentieth century, from the Yale of the Rev. Abraham Pierson in the early years of the eighteenth. Dr. Pierson aimed to produce clergymen, and thought little of other classes as needing a college training. Dr. Hadley will aim to produce men—whether ministers or not—who are grounded in the fundamental principles

of democracy, and who are fitted to be leaders in whatever sphere of activity they enter. Upon this point he said:

"The Yale of the future must count for even more than the Yale of the past in the work of city, State, and nation. It must come into closer touch with our political life and be a larger part of that life. To this end it is not enough for her to train experts competent to deal with the financial and legal problems which are before us. Side by side with this training, she must evoke in the whole body of her students and alumni that wider sense of their obligation as members of a free commonwealth which the America of the twentieth century requires."

President Hadley showed a comprehensive recognition of the many and the perplexing problems of administration which confront the new executive, and developed in a most interesting way various lines of policy, some of which concern the class of educators more closely than they do the general public, and can be better judged by the few than the many. But the broad features which he outlined could be understood by the workingman who would like to "send his boy to college" as quickly as by President Eliot, and they are the features which must be maintained if the son of the workingman is to enjoy in the future the opportunity which has been open in the past. Dr. Hadley sees that "the increase of wealth in the outside world is a perpetual menace to old-fashioned democratic equality," and he would have the university set its face against this dangerous tendency, in outward form as well as in spirit, so that the dormitories, for example, shall be constructed "on a standard set by our homes rather than by our clubs," and that his institution shall never be known "either as a rich man's college, or, worse yet, as a college where rich and poor meet on different footings."

Essentially similar in motive is the platform which the new head of Yale lays down regarding athletics. Like every sane educator, he sees the value of such sports when practised in the right spirit, as clearly as their perniciousness when practised in the wrong spirit. He says that "they deserve cordial and enthusiastic support," but he denounces in the most vigorous terms that spirit which "regards athletic achievement as a sort of advertisement of one's prowess," or as "a sort of competitive means for pushing the university ahead of some rival."

The obligation of the educated citizen in a democracy—that was the central idea which underlay the inaugural address delivered at New Haven. It is a great thing, not merely for an ancient institution, nor for American universities alone, but for the country, that the man who comes, fully equipped, and in the maturity of his powers, into so wide a field of usefulness as the Presidency of Yale, exemplifies, as well as enunciates, this great principle of all training for youth in the United States.

TWO POINTS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF TEXAS.

Los Angeles, Cal., October, 1899.

The interesting *Quarterly* of the Texas State Historical Association, now entered upon its third volume of earnest researches in Texiana, gives us in its April number not only the translation, by Lilia M. Casis, but a very successful half-tone facsimile of its best original thus far, a Coahuila MS. of 1690. This is Fray (not "Don") Damian Manzanet's letter to Don Carlos de Siguënza y Góngora, giving a partisan but reasonably clear account of Capt. Alonso de Leon's significant trip to the long-discovered Bay of Espíritu Santo, an incident of which was the founding of the Mission of San Francisco de los Tejas, the first in Texas. The MS. (from the Ramirez collection) is so perfect that even the reproduction can be read to the last letter—albeit, in its "half reduction" (nearly) and the muddy grays of "process," at no trifling cost to strong eyes; as the reviewer can vouch, having read every word.

The immediate criticism of this presentation of a fairly important "source" is its nakedness of historical and bibliographic annotation. There is no hint that collateral authorities exist; no word of Capt. Alonso de Leon's official report, nor of Cavo's version, nor of Espinosa's very full account, nor of the many other documents of light and leading in this affair. The devout if jealous fraile may be held blameless for giving an undue proportion to his place on the programme; as Capt. Leon, for "seeing small" the missionary incident in an expedition to chase out French trespassers. Unto neither was given prophecy. We could hardly expect them to record that they had stepped unawares into the thick of a chapter far larger in history than the fraile's building of a frontier log church which did not survive to make a mark, or than the stiff-necked Captain's rivalry of the noble Duke of York. But the like excuses have expired by the statute of limitations.

Of the twenty-one slender footnotes here, one is essential (though a matter of the dictionary), none are historical, a full third are devoted to the gratuitous office of explaining, "Here the narrative digresses"—or returns. Surely it had been as well worth while to indicate that the wretched French captives ransomed by Leon from the Texas Indians were castaway companions of the Sieur de La Salle; that three of them were accomplices in his murder—Juan de Archibeque (Jean L'Archévêque), Santiago Groli (Jacques Grollet); and Pedro Muñi (Pierre Meusnier; the translation steadily misspells him "Muni," though the MS. is perfectly clear). It would also have been pertinent to identify Pedro Talo (Pierre Talon) and his sister Madeleine. Archévêque and Grollet were transported to Spain, but returned to Mexico in 1691; and, with Meusnier, accompanied Diego de Vargas to the reconquest of New Mexico, where all three achieved some prominence, Archévêque (whose descendants are still living in the territory) in particular. He fell with his leader, Don Pedro de Villazur, and forty-one other New Mexicans, in that historic *matanza* by the Pawnees on the south fork of the Platte, August 16, 1720—the first considerable killing of Caucasians by Plains Indians. Curiously enough, the betrayer of La Salle left the world by an expedition almost precisely similar to that which brought him back to it, thirty years earlier, a lad of nineteen; for Villazur's mission, like Leon's, was to check French interloping. This romantic story was brought to light years ago by Bandelier's discovery of unsuspected documents in the pueblo of Santa Clara.

The translation of Fray Damian's letter is fluent, modern, and in general a fair paraphrase. Miss Casis promises at the outset "to keep in view not only the faithful rendering into English, . . . but also, as far as practicable, the preserving of the naïve and simple style of the Spanish letter." Unhappily, it cannot be pretended that either attempt has been broadly successful. An historical "source" may not be handled as if it were a novel to adapt from the French. We need not give our chronicler of the seventeenth century a modern, liberal education (only its *benefits*), nor multiply his vocabulary fourfold, nor make his garrulousness a model of the concise. Science is concerned with what he said, not with what we wish he had been so cultured as to say.

Miss Casis has given us clear and comfortable English. More than once she shows an excellent aptitude in reading these old chirographies, whose "short-hand" abbreviations puzzle the modern Spanish scholar unprepared by a special practice. She blushes, however, for Fray Damian's stupid repetition of *dho.*, and remedies him by sedulously varying his "said" with "the same," "aforesaid," "this same," "the," "that," "referred to," and scores of times omitting all recognition of the word. On a single page the chronicler uses the idiomatic *compadre* six times, in cumulative sarcasm; the translator "preserves his naïve and simple spirit" by giving us "chum," "friend," "protector," "this same fellow," "this fellow," "that fellow." The like politenesses smirk in every paragraph; *e. g.*, *dos franceses*, "two persons of French nationality"; *ha mentido*, "has proved himself untruthful"; *en ella no vivia gente*, "in which no inmates could be seen." This, and the injection of great numbers of explanatory clauses without brackets or other warning of a patch, may be matters of taste rather than of science; but science is yet more seriously disregarded—by inaccurate, wobbling, and downright false renderings. *Escopetas* is a specific word; but here "guns" or "firearms" seem "near enough." *Rayado* is a specific word in Southwestern ethnology, here translated "painted," and without comment. *Ropa*, "articles"; *algunos*, "other," "many," "some few"; *muchos*, "some," "a number"—these are fair examples of this looseness.

Worse blunders are not merely of degree. *Çapateros* is not "carpenters," but shoemakers. *A mano yzquierda* is not exactly "to the right." A Spanish *sargento-maior* is of rather different rank from a "sergeant-major." *Un manto de fraile recoleto* is something more than "a monk's cloak." *Gallos de la thierra* are not "wild fowls," but wild turkeys exclusively. *Doce arrobas* is not "twelve hundred-weight," but just one-fourth as much; and this blunder is repeated. A very serious "out" on p. 294 has been detected by a reader and corrected in the July *Quarterly*, but still with no hint that *cargas* means anything less vague than "loads." Distinct perversions of the text are none too rare (*e. g.*, p. 292, l. 17-22; p.

306, l. 34; p. 308, l. 22). It is doubly to be regretted that the laudable enterprise of publishing documents by no means unimportant should be marred by incompetent translation; since here the visual hardship of reading the facsimile will tempt even scholars to lean upon the English version.

A commendable local attention within the twelvemonth, aroused to discuss "The Route of Cabeza de Vaca in Texas," brings Mr. O. W. Williams to this pursuit in the July *Quarterly*. What with the human interest which attaches to this first overland traveller in North America, the tragedy of his enormous wanderings (which, for length and horror, have but one known parallel in history), and the fact that his grisly journey brought about the immediate discovery and exploration of our Southwest, Vaca will always remain a striking figure, not to the historian and ethnologist alone, but as well to the romantic and speculative. The only serious scientific question as to Vaca (for it has never been denied that he trudged from the Gulf of Mexico to about the Gulf of California, and that his story led to the explorations of Fray Marcos and Coronado) was, Did Vaca discover New Mexico and Arizona? That there should have been such question at all shows merely how easy it is to get a temporary footing for folly in distinguished company. There never was a shred of evidence, documentary, ethnologic, or topographic, to support this extraordinary example of a theory out of whole cloth. The Vaca-New Mexico myth is of parentage well known—the uninspired guesses of political pioneers at a language they could not read, enlarged by the unselfish fictions of curio-dealers and "boom literature." Critical knowledge has invariably recognized the impossibility of fetching Vaca up into New Mexico, even to make a tertio-millennial holiday. It was conclusively established more than a dozen years ago—by so masterly a cross-examination of the evidence, documentary, ethnologic, and geographic, as no one else has attempted, even if some one else may be carrying concealed a like capacity—that Vaca and his companions started their journey (after six years' blind wandering) from somewhere on the Gulf coast in southeastern Texas; that they crossed Southern Texas, Chihuahua, and Sonora, and found their countrymen at last in Sinaloa; and that they never got within a hundred miles of the southernmost verge of New Mexico. It is no longer critical to argue the larger facts of Vaca's involuntary exploration, but it is always worth while to see if we may constrict his trail a little more closely by detail, provided we do it without pretext of being discoverers.

The hope that Mr. Williams is to give us some definite if minor side-light is not reassured by finding on his first page that he locates "the present town of Culiacan in Sonora, Old Mexico." It has been commonly supposed, for three and a half centuries, to lie in the waist of Sinaloa, some hundreds of miles south of Sonora. If this new geography be a slip of the pen (and it is reiterated), we cannot say as much for the novel "explanation" on the next page. Vaca's clues to locality are vague, Mr. Williams tells us, because "the report was made to their royal master, and, as every Spaniard knew, all his interest in new countries centred in two things, the finding of gold and the conversion of savages to the Catholic faith." Clearly it would be bootless to ask the writer why, then, so great a majority of the Spanish chroniclers wrote so vast a mass of the details (so notoriously sure to bore their "royal master") that scholars to-day have incomparably fuller documentary information as to the aborigines of Spanish America, for more tribes and more years, than anywhere else in history. But it is pertinent to remark that if he gets his knowledge of Vaca from any "report made to a royal master," he can do no greater service to science than to divulge its whereabouts. Certainly the 'Naufragios' is no such report. Nor is Oviedo's transcript of the joint reminiscences of the wanderers. The lapse of nineteen and twelve years, respectively, between act and record; the monotony of the Southwestern landscapes; the distractions of nine years of unspeakable suffering without the chance to make a single note—these explain, and have been proved by science to explain, Vaca's failure to make an unmapped wilderness legible at sight to any one—or legible at all to the inept. One has only to take our own Lewis and Clark, or Pike, traversing the unknown; to note how "blind" their indications are to the untaught, how many hundreds (literally) of pleasant local myths have played kitten-and-yarn with them, yet how decisively one competent man's labors have established their itinerary, so far as it concerns history, to realize that the vastly more recondite question of Vaca's route is a matter for the expert.

Without any intimation whatever that this theory is other than a recent local invention—and, indeed, with a strong intimation to the contrary—Mr. Williams holds that in studying Vaca's route we should seriously incline to the geographic range of the buffalo and the prickly pear. Even so. But Bandelier established this "invention" fifteen years ago, and with adequate data. It is true, of course, that neither animal migrations nor vegetal ranges bind themselves to section-stakes. Both are elastic and of worth only in generalization. They delimit Vaca to southern Texas, as Bandelier showed in 1885-'86. Yet it is entirely conceivable that the droughts of one exceptional decade might shrink the normal annual frontier of bison and tuna both (for the economic measurements of aboriginal need) by more than the north and south variance between the generic line so long and so finally established and the line sought to be established now.

There is no need of argument—certainly no need to distort the Spanish text—to get Vaca across the Rio Grande at Presidio del Norte. We have no reasonable hope that any one will ever shake the long-accepted conclusion that he did cross there. For this also was established by Bandelier. Yet to support this as a theory of his own, Mr. Williams tells us that his "chief reason" for pitching on this locality is, that here the Indians seem to have "planted their corn in *temporales;* that is, in sandy stretches near the river"; and that this "is the only place in all this country where I can learn of corn being planted in this way." Now, *temporales* are not "sandy stretches," near or remote. As their very name tells, they are crops dependent upon the season's storms. Notoriously this is, and immemorially has been, the typical aboriginal method of corn-planting all across the vast Southwest. Even with the Caucasian farmers of the Territories and California, corn and wheat are to this day *temporales* seven times out of ten. Other crops are irrigated; these two are intrusted to the weather. That is precisely why a dry year means a short grain-crop, while the fruit output (by irrigation) may be enormous.

Were it needful at this date to build hypotheses for the Pecos (as if Vaca's discrimination between it and the "River of the Cows" were not inevitable in Spanish, and embalmed in English by his only serious commentator), it would at least be as well not to translate *aquel rio arriba mas de cincuenta leguas, "along* up the river *for* more than fifty leagues" (italics mine). What the text says plainly is that the buffalo were "more than fifty leagues up that river"—while usage adds, "and not necessarily *on* it." *Rio arriba* means, in almost universal acceptation, "Up in the direction the river comes from." It means so here. The identification of the most crucial—and the most certain—point in the whole ten months' journey merits critical treatment if it is now to be meddled with at all.

In a tramp of two thousand miles of pain and terror, sage-brush and cactus may easily blur; but the crossing of big and unknown rivers is not so easily forgotten or confounded. It chances that our one serious authority on Vaca has had not only the widest bibliographic and ethnologic training, but more of Vaca's own physical education in the like hardships (and the same field) than any other man whatsoever—Parkman and Cushing not excepted—who has studied American ethnology and history. And from this has come safety. First—and still foremost—to weigh the evidence of fauna and flora, Bandelier made the rivers his crucial test; and no one of comparable schooling will deny his logic. The original sources prove beyond peradventure that the wanderers crossed four large rivers between the Gulf coast and the Yaqui of Sonora. Mr. Williams does not see any virtue in these rivers, nor make any serious attempt to account for them. By this labor-saving device, it is easy to remove the starting-point of the journey from the Sabine to the Nueces—a slide unwarranted by the text, unsympathetic to the "time-card," and wholly unnecessary to Mr. Williams's own sub-theory. We are in no danger to have too much original research; but originality and weight alike may be enhanced by some knowledge of the labors and equipment of one's predecessors.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

WILLIAM MORRIS AND THE ARTS AND CRAFTS IN LONDON.

LONDON, October 11, 1899.

In the *Nation's* recent review of the 'Life of William Morris,' the reviewer regretted the absence of any illustrations that could give an idea of Morris's achievement in the decorative arts which monopolized so large a part of his time and energy and exerted so vast an influence upon modern designers and printers. But in London, at the present moment, there is the chance to make up for this defect in the biography by the study, not of reproductions, but of the original designs that were the stock-in-trade of the Oxford Street shop and the actual books from the Kelmscott Press, now fetching such

big prices in the auction-room. For, very wisely, in the show of the Society of Arts and Craftsmen just opened in the New Gallery, a room has been set apart for the exhibition of you might almost say Morris's life work. His silk and woollen and cotton hangings, his carpets and tapestries are here, and, better still, his working drawings for them, with his written directions often to be read on the margin; a valuable lesson, these, to the student. His less often seen cartoons for stained glass are also included, and that curious early painting of "La Belle Iseult," hung with the Rossettis a year or two ago in the same gallery; while the drawings, the blocks, even the proofs, are placed in the cases with the Kelmscott books, the best explanation we could have of his methods of work.

Interesting as this collection is, it tells one little of Morris that is not already well known. The designer of wall-papers and carpets, or the printer of books, counts his patrons by the hundred where, sometimes, the painter of pictures counts them on the fingers of one hand. An artist like Rossetti (to whom Morris owed his artistic creed), since he never exhibited, and since he sold his paintings and water-colors to probably not more than a dozen people, was, when he died, virtually unknown, except as a name, even to the limited public caring about art. On the other hand, Morris's exhibition-room, always open, was in his own shop as well as in all the larger booksellers', and everything he did was displayed at once before a comparatively large audience. After Rossetti's death the first exhibition of his pictures came as a revelation. But now, after Morris's death, the first show of his designs and fabrics and books but confirms the estimate already held of him as artist and craftsman. To see his hangings and draperies in a gallery is simply to realize, as has been already realized in their Oxford Street headquarters or in a Morris-decorated house, that only a man with a fine sense of color and a right feeling for pattern could have designed them. They may not be strictly original in motive and treatment; no doubt, it would be easy to trace many to the mediæval models from which Morris borrowed his ideas (by way, it must be remembered, of Rossetti); and, at times, they may be so over-elaborated that, in their restlessness, they defeat the chief aim and object of decorative art. But still he never, at his worst, tumbled into vulgarity or commonplace; he erred only because, in his eagerness to create the beautiful, he lost sight of the value of simplicity; while, at his best, he put the necessary restraint upon the fertility of his invention, and his design became sober and dignified in color and pattern both, and full of charm.

It is the same with the books from his press. To see them here is to feel again, perhaps, their deliberate archaism, but it is also to discern in them the desire for beauty that sent Morris back for inspiration to the early printers. You may think he was mistaken, but there is no denying the genuineness of his intention. He fancied the one hope of salvation for the printing-press was in the revival of the methods of a dead past, though, later, he admitted practically that the modern innovations he despised were not without their advantages. His first books are often poorly enough printed, but eventually he began to make use of overlays and other modern appliances—and tricks, you seem to hear him calling them; he went so far, I believe, as to rely at times upon photography to reduce illustrations and decorations to the necessary size on the block; and certainly his printing improved. But in one respect there was no improvement. He never ceased to give his chief consideration to the appearance of the page, often at the expense of the reader's eyes, and he was apt to overload it with ornaments. In the decoration of books, as in the decoration of walls and floors, he failed from his curious distaste for simplicity. In the "Chaucer," his last and most ambitious performance, ornament on the decorated pages simply runs riot, with anything but loveliness as the result; on the undecorated pages, the beauty of fine type and fine spacing is not allowed to speak for itself, but the effect must be marred by a succession of heavy black stops, suggesting nothing so much as the emptying of an ant-hill upon the paper.

All these merits and defects have long been familiar to every admirer of Morris—save the hopelessly fanatical. I myself have pointed them out before now in the *Nation*. But it is worth while to note that his books and designs collected together do not modify the impression they made when seen separately, and it is interesting to profit by the opportunity for so comprehensive a study of his art in the exhibition of a society that would not have existed had there never been a William Morris. I do not think any one can question Morris's honesty, his sincerity, his enthusiasm, even his individuality as an imitator, in his own work. But what of his influence upon the work of others, of which so much has been heard? Negatively, it is true, it accomplished great things. It delivered us from a great deal that was vulgar and trivial when decorative art was at its lowest ebb in the early Victorian age. So much must be granted. But what of his positive influence upon the artists and craftsmen who have accepted him as master? The houses Morris decorated were often very beautiful, but I have just come back from Belgium, where I saw houses decorated according to the Continental adaptation of his theories that made me wonder if, even with the beautiful things he produced, we are not paying a heavy price for the new fashion he inaugurated in domestic decoration, really more insufferable than Victorian horsehair and shams, because of its greater artistic pretensions. Belgium and the other Continental countries, now Morris-mad, have derived their ideas of Morris chiefly from the Arts and Crafts Society; and the exhibition of its members helps to explain why, as a channel for the Morris influence, they have led to such disaster. You look round the rooms almost in vain for any evidence of originality in conception or execution. Of course, there are exceptions. If I were writing a detailed description, I might have much to say of the rich, dignified designs for panel screens by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, who has escaped the snare of mediævalism; of the colored plaster reliefs by Mr. Anning Bell, who also does not think the art of decoration perished with the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; of the jewelry by Mr. Henry Wilson, a master jeweller; of the glass by Messrs. Powell; and so on. But it is in the effect of the collection as a whole, in its most salient features, that the clue is to be had to present standards and tendencies, and there is no question that in almost every form of art represented the influence of Morris is paramount. Where he has not suggested the actual design or method, he has most certainly been the guide to the sources from which it has been obtained. Morris himself was but the imitator of an imitator; his followers get their mediævalism at third hand, and, as a rule, play the mediæval game without his sincerity and enthusiasm. Their self-conscious archaism, their aggressive affectations, weary and discourage. How can you look upon this deliberate pose, this strained endeavor to appropriate worn-out methods and manners of expression, as a Renaissance, in the right sense of the word? Everywhere you see, not new life infused, but the struggle to infuse it by close adherence to Morris and his example. The books, with their old type, their old ornament, their over-elaboration, exaggerate Morris's defects; and, for all the endeavor, it is really the commercial firms of printers who do the good printing—the Chiswick Press, whose managers have not lost all sense of the beauty of a simple, dignified page; or Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson & Co., to whom Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Shannon—despite Mr. Ricketts's apparent belief in himself as one of the world's rare great printers—have had to intrust the work of the "Vale Press."

Again, it is Morris's mistaken archaism, not the beauty of his design, that marks the drawings for book illustration and decoration. How tiresome is the parade of primitiveness, the forced naïveté, the benumbing fidelity to a line—no matter how ugly—that is supposed to harmonize with the type! Character, beauty, charm, all sacrificed to what is now but a superfluous convention, inevitable a method as it was in the earlier days of the printing-press and the arts of reproduction. Only here and there did I come upon a drawing, signed by a still obscure name, in which I could discover the least freshness, the least touch of personality.

Archaism is as rampant in the book-bindings. Book-binders once could impress their own individuality upon their designs. But what do their modern successors offer but a repetition of these old designs, executed, it may be, with irreproachable technical perfection? Not a suggestion of originality is anywhere, save in two or three bindings carried out by Miss MacCall after the designs of Mr. D. S. MacCall, a little too tiny and scratchy at times, and too overladen with meaning for so entirely conventional a medium as the book-binder's tool, but still striking the personal note that makes up for so much else.

It is the same with the wall-papers and hangings of all kinds; so it is with the carpets; so it is with the poor, unfortunate furniture, twisted and tortured into a semblance of archaic form. Instead of development, there is the going back not to mediævalism, but to make-believe mediævalism according to Morris, based upon Rossetti. And not only this. It would seem almost as if the power or ability to think independently, to venture upon new experiments, to try new methods of expression, were destroyed in the greater number of craftsmen. They go on in the one groove until an artist, more adventurous, happens to discover the possibilities for him in a medium perhaps long neglected, and then, at once, like sheep, they

follow him. A few years ago, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Dawson and Mr. Alexander Fisher turned their attention to enamel; of late, Mr. Wilson, one of the few original decorative artists now in England, interested himself in jewelry. To-day, enamels and jewels, all more or less recalling the work of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson and Mr. Wilson, fill many cases in the New Gallery, and, no doubt, the designers wait to be complimented upon their originality.

It must be understood, I repeat, that I am speaking of the general standard and the general tendencies of the exhibition. Individual exceptions may be—and are—very delightful, but they remain exceptions. If there is any one strong influence revealed in the collection, it is that of William Morris, and it has imposed so heavy a burden upon his immediate followers, and led to such folly in their foreign disciples, that the necessity begins to be felt for a strong influence to counteract it, if the second half of the Victorian era is not to end in a more serious downfall of decorative art than the first. Our very self-complacency over the advances made during the last forty or fifty years does not, however, promise much for the future. N. N.

Correspondence.

A PAPYRUS ABOUT THE OLYMPIAN VICTORS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt of the Egypt Exploration Fund have completed their critical study of another papyrus from Behnesa, and it has gone to the printer for our next volume of the "Græco-Roman Branch" department, which, it is now expected, will be published about January 1.

This papyrus contains a detailed list of the winners in all the thirteen events which formed the Olympian games for a series of about seven years. We know how carefully such a list was kept at Olympia for reference and to perpetuate the names of the victorious athletes. Even an Aristotle valued such data. We have various dates of the victors through the scholiasts of Pindar and of Pausanias, the topographer, to the latter of whom the excavators at the site of Olympia owe much for his exact details. But the chief value or interest in the papyrus is that no complete list of all the events for even a single Olympiad has hitherto turned up.

This papyrus, too, covers the time when Pindar and Bacchylides were composing odes, yet extant, in honor of the Olympian victors. Thus we have independent testimony for assigning accurate dates to these famous compositions. To illustrate this point: Odes ix., x., xi. of Pindar are now shown to have had, commonly, wrong dates. As for Bacchylides, some twenty of whose poems from a unique papyrus were edited in 1897 by Dr. Kenyon, Mr. Cotton writes that "the poetical activity of Bacchylides is given an extension of no less than sixteen years" by this papyrus. On the whole, however, our list in question confirms the record of the scholiasts.

This papyrus affords a bit of evidence for the history of Greek plastic art of that period. Near the end of our second century, according to Pausanias, many statues at Olympia bore the names of victors and *sculptors;* and the German explorers at that site confirmed his statement. Our papyrus fixes the year of a victory and consequently of the sculptor whose plastic art commemorated it. Thus, Polycleitus, the Argive, is now shown to have been living in the middle of the fifth century B. C., and to have flourished only a little later than Phidias. Pythagoras, a celebrated statuary, can be shown to have continued his work down to about the same period in that century.

Aside from the signal discoveries in our broad and varied field of research are the many lesser ones which, as in the present case, are of special interest. Largely on such details is our knowledge of old Greece, older Egypt, and of the history of civilization being gradually developed.

William Copley Winslow.

Boston, October 23, 1899.

THE BOER GOVERNMENT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is a widespread belief among us that the Boers are a simple, God-fearing people, much after the stamp of our Puritan forefathers, and that, in opposition to the insistent demands of mere gold-seekers for a share in the government, they are fighting manfully to maintain their well-earned independence. Perhaps the following facts may throw some light on the character of the Boer Government which will make this estimate of the purity of its motives in the present war questionable. The white population of the Transvaal is about 250,000, or half that of Boston, with two important towns, one of more than 50,000, the other of less than 10,000 inhabitants. I purposely leave out of consideration the natives. The annual revenue is $20,000,000 in round numbers, of which there is paid in salaries a little over $6,000,000. In 1886, the year of the discovery of the Rand goldfields, the salaries amounted to $250,000. No wonder that the officials and public men (mostly imported Hollanders, for the native-born Boers, with some notable exceptions, are not intelligent enough to hold office), are willing to have this simple-minded people fight to maintain this lucrative form of government!

James Mascarene Hubbard.

Boston, October 21, 1899.

PROSPERITY IN THE AGRICULTURAL SOUTH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: While the iron, cattle, and timber districts of the South have been enjoying for some time the wave of prosperity sweeping over the country, it has been only within six or eight weeks that the great cotton-producing section has had the full benefit of the good times. On the 1st of August it looked as if a third gigantic crop was to be grown. A large surplus had been carried over, and, in spite of the wonderful increase in consumption, it appeared as if low prices must rule. During August, weather conditions changed the yield to what a few years ago would have been considered a very large crop, though it is now looked on as a moderate one. As a result, prices advanced rapidly. Cottonseed, which not many years since was of no commercial value, but is now a very considerable item, appreciated much, aided by the shortage in the olive crop. This advance in cotton and seed, coming at the beginning of the season, gives to the planter the full benefit. The crop was the cheapest ever produced, grown with the expectation of selling about five cents per pound, and more nearly a surplus crop than ever before made. As a consequence, business throughout the South increased at once to enormous proportions, and was never heavier than at present.

This crop means to the South what the wheat crop two years ago meant to the West. The mass of surplus cotton that has weighted down the price will be removed, and remunerative prices for another year are assured. The midwinter statements of Southern banks will reflect the prosperity of the section, and next year the banks will move the crop with little if any assistance from New York. The sudden decline in the condition of cotton during August not only gave the South much more money for the crop, but was also fortunate because of the scarcity of labor. It would have been almost impossible to pick out a "bumper" crop because of the large absorption of labor by the iron fields, timber camps, levee works, and manufacturing enterprises. The agricultural South has reason to be thankful.

A. Collier Estes.

Memphis, October 20, 1899.

Notes.

The Macmillan Co. will publish immediately 'Scotland's Ruined Abbeys,' by Howard Crosby Butler, handsomely illustrated, and in November a pamphlet supplement to the 'American Art Annual,' bringing last year's belated issue up to date.

Shortly to appear with Messrs. Harper's imprint are 'Monopolies and Trusts,' by Prof. Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin; 'Expedition to the Philippines,' by Frank D. Millet; 'Historic Sidelights,' by Howard Payson Arnold; 'Jane Eyre,' the first volume in the "Haworth Brontë," edited by Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Clement Shorter; 'A Confident To-morrow,' by Professor Brander Matthews; and a series of dainty Christmas books, in silver and blue, containing each the best "long short story" of some well-known American author.

Early next month a new novel by Mrs. Burnett, 'The Great DeWilloughby Claim,' will be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Brentano's announces 'The Standard Opera-Glass,' by Charles Annesley, detailing the plots of 123 celebrated operas, with historical, critical, and biographical data.

Following two recent works on kindred topics, E. P. Dutton & Co. promise 'Point and Pillow Lace,' by A. M. S., with many facsimiles of specimens.

'Illustrations of Logic,' by Prof. Paul T. Lafleur, of McGill University, is soon to be issued by Ginn & Co.

Subscriptions are invited to be sent to Laurence C. Woodworth, Gouverneur, N. Y., for a new rendering of the 'Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám,' by Elizabeth Alden Curtis, undertaken by the Brothers of the Book.

Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, will bring out at once 'Omega et Alpha,' a volume of verse by Greville d'Arville, and 'Hawaii Fair,' poems by Philip Henry Dodge.

Any author might be gratified to see his

works in such a pretty, uniform array as that just given to Mr. Richard Harding Davis's fiction by Charles Scribner's Sons. The six little volumes, in an olive-green flexible binding, each with its etched vignette, are most inviting to the hand and eye. The print is also both clear and handsome. 'Gallegher' is here, and 'Soldiers of Fortune,' 'The King's Jackal,' 'The Lion and the Unicorn,' and 'Cinderella.'

In Mr. Gollancz's Dent-Macmillan Temple Classics—volumes still for the pocket, but a shade longer than the foregoing—we have once more 'The Compleat Angler,' based on the fifth edition of 1676, and cared for with marginalia and notes by Mr. Austin Dobson, who has selected Huysman's portrait of Walton in the National Gallery for a frontispiece. Along with this goes Lodge's translation of Seneca 'On Benefits,' edited by W. H. D. Rouse, and with the spelling modernized.

While still among the dainty reprints we must mention Mr. Benjamin E. Smith's 'Selections from the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius,' in his own translation from the Greek, with due observance of the author's abruptness; and Washington Irving's 'Rip van Winkle and Legend of Sleepy Hollow.' Both these elegantly tiny volumes, with brown embossed binding, are issued by the Century Co.

Just these two Irving classics have been selected for embellishment by G. P. Putnam's Sons, we can but think in excess. Every page of text has its ornamented border and its vignette on the back of the leaf; there are, besides, full-page wash-drawings. One feels that this is a case where the wood cannot be seen for the trees.

Mr. Reginald Birch's pen-drawings in illustration of 'Silas Marner' help somewhat to decorate the edition of this novel attractively brought out by Dodd, Mead & Co. In themselves they hardly call for criticism.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. essay another edition of Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun,' its cream and gold cover protected by a crimson wrapper. It is more comfortable for reading than the larger illustrated one which it simulates, but its beauty within is not equal to that of the exterior.

The baker's dozen of embellishments by Henry Ospovat, which give an excuse for being to John Lane's edition of Shakspere's Sonnets, are plums very irregularly disposed in the pudding, mostly at top and bottom. They add something to the comeliness of the square little book, in honest bold type, thick paper, and buff and gold binding; but as designs they do not challenge remark unless for choice of subjects chosen and opportunities neglected. They seem like part of a series begun but never completed.

We have had from the Upton sisters their jointed-doll epic of the Golliwogg at the shore, and now, taking their cue from the belligerent time upon which we have fallen, they give children a sight of 'The Golliwogg in War' (Longmans). The merry vein is well sustained, in colored picture and rhymed accompaniment.

Six years ago we testified to the exceptional utility of Prof. Alfred Newton's illustrated 'Dictionary of Birds' (London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan). It is a matter of congratulation to students and bird-lovers that a new, popular but unabridged edition has just been put forth. It is in every particular as serviceable as the first, and has not been scamped in the presswork.

'Maximilian in Mexico' (Century Co.), by Sara Y. Stevenson, is a blend of history and personal reminiscence. The author will perhaps not be displeased if we say we could wish there were more of the latter, even if at the cost of the sacrifice of a good deal of the former. An American woman, on good terms with the French in Mexico, plainly has an interesting chapter to contribute to the history of the Intervention from the inside; the political and military record she might well have left to others. What she writes of the gay *insouciance* of French officers, of the fêtes and balls and amateur theatricals given on the very verge of the abyss, and of the attitude of the natives towards army and Emperor, has its obvious value and interest. We lay down the book wanting more of such pages. We also find ourselves wanting more care given to the Spanish of the volume, which is almost uniformly incorrect.

In this year of Goethe festivals, perhaps the chief comment to make on Hermann Mueller's 'Deutsche Gedichte for High Schools' (Ginn & Co.)—"poems which are memorized in the higher schools of Germany, and which are well known in every German home"—is that Schiller leads with six pieces to Goethe's four; Heine, too, having four, and Uhland five.

Volume 4 of 'Old South Leaflets' (Boston) covers Nos. 76-100, and is remarkable for a liberal injection of historic documents pertaining to slavery, such as a summary of the first number of the *Liberator*, Phillips's address at Garrison's funeral, Whittier's account of the founding of the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1833, Mrs. Stowe's story of how 'Uncle Tom' came to be written, the first Lincoln-Douglas debate, and John Brown's words. But Amerigo Vespucci's account of his third voyage; Cotton Mather's lives of Bradford and Winthrop, from the 'Magnalia'; Pastorius's description of Pennsylvania, and much other matter handy to have in this form occur with the foregoing.

To his other well-known works on Roman institutions J. B. Mispoulet has added an extended study of parliamentary procedure in the Roman Senate ('La vie parlementaire à Rome sous la République'; Paris: Albert Fontemoing). Gathering his material from all available sources, art, literature, epigraphy, etc., he has attempted a reconstruction of such famous sessions of that body as those in which the conspiracy of Catiline, the exile of Cicero, the case of Clodius, and the restoration of Ptolemy Auletes were considered. How successful these restorations are must be largely a matter of opinion, as we have not now, and are never likely to have, the information by which to check them, save in isolated details. In reading Mispoulet's account of the alleged breaking up of a session of the Senate by the disorder of a crowd around the doors, due to the extreme cold, Prof. Tyrrell will find no trace of his ingenious conjecture that the frost in question was of an entirely different nature—namely, the unpopularity of the Consul, Appius Claudius. The author's studies tend toward a higher opinion of the dignity and effectiveness of the Senate as a deliberative body, during the latter years of the Republic, than is usually held. He shows that only a few tumultuous sessions are chronicled by Cicero, our chief witness, and that these are censured in such a way as to indicate that they were unusual. Senators generally spoke directly to the point, filibustering was uncommon, and the matter under consideration could as a rule be disposed of at a single day's sitting. The work is to be followed soon by a similar study covering the imperial period.

The Publishing Section of the American Library Association (Boston) has just completed the first year of 'Annotated Titles of Books on English History published in 1898,' which we owe to Mr. W. Dawson Johnston, one of the instructors in Brown University. Fifty-seven works have here been described bibliographically and critically, with references to the opinions of recognized reviews on both sides of the water. Mr. Johnston is excellently equipped, both as to learning and temperament, to characterize and summarize this class of works, and the notes are the result of his independent and careful examination. The Association hopes that the titles will prove useful, not primarily as suggesting books for purchase, but mainly as furnishing in a library's card-catalogue a note in regard to the value and scope of the books—just where all card-catalogues fail to give what they ought. If this expectation be justified, the Association is prepared to try the same plan in other fields. Mr. Johnston also has well along toward readiness for publication an annotated bibliography of English history, which will try to render the same discriminating service in regard to the older books. It will be, we understand, about the size of a volume of the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' We should add that the titles above noticed are printed on one side of the leaf, and are also printed on cards—each title to a card—ready for use in cataloguing. The books of 1899 will be published in four quarterly instalments at the same price as those for 1898.

Oceanography is the principal topic of the *Geographical Journal* for October, since it contains, besides the presidential address on this subject before the geographical section of the British Association, a striking résumé of the phenomena proving the existence of submarine gullies, river outlets, and fresh-water escapes beneath the sea-level. The object of Sir John Murray's address was to point out what the samples of marine deposits collected during the past thirty years taught with respect to the present condition of the floor of the ocean, and their bearing "on speculations as to the evolution of the existing surface features of our planet." With this end in view, he gave the main ascertained facts in regard to the depth of the ocean, the temperature, deposits and life of the ocean-floor, closing with a sketch of the progress of oceanic research and an appeal for aid to the proposed Antarctic expedition. Other articles are upon the Chinese Shan States, and the conclusion of Dr. Moreno's remarkable account of the little-known physical features of Patagonia, which he believes to have been once a part of the Antarctic continent.

The progress of civilization in Central Africa is strikingly illustrated in a communication to the London *Times* from a person who, on Christmas day, 1898 (when penny postage to the colonies was put in force), posted a letter with a penny stamp in Lon-

don to a friend living in Uganda. It was sent to Mombasa on the east coast, whence it went inland, first by railway and then by post-runner, to Port Alice on the Victoria Nyanza, where it received a postmark dated March 2, 1899. From thence it was dispatched to Toro, postmark March 29, on the extreme western frontier of the British Protectorate. From this place it was forwarded to the nearest outpost of the Free State on Lake Albert Edward, where it was received April 3 and dispatched April 6 to Stanley Falls, and from thence to Boma, near the mouth of the Congo. Here it was readdressed and returned to the writer in London in September.

The article of most timely interest in the Consular Reports for October, an unusually suggestive number, is upon the commercial development of South Africa, with special reference to the trade with this country, from observations made during a recent tour by Mr. Stowe, our Consul-General at Cape Town. Referring to the great mining company of Kimberley, he says: "No corporation in the world does more for its employees." In its village of Kenilworth, "water and light are supplied free, and there is a club-house, a library, reading rooms, athletic grounds, a park, and vegetable gardens, with vines and fruits of all kinds in profusion." Nothing is said of the political troubles of the Transvaal, but significant facts are given to show how its industries are hampered by the Government concessions and the almost prohibitive freight charges of the railways. Useful hints are given as to methods by which our trade with Northern China might be substantially increased, and there is a detailed account of the cultivation of cacao in Ecuador, a field for enterprise whose possibilities are great. Consumption is "increasing at the rate of 5 or 6 per cent. annually, and inside of eight or ten years the demand will be greater than the supply." Attempts to introduce cultivation of this plant in other countries on a large scale have not been very successful, but in Ecuador vast tracts of land suitable for new and productive estates are still unoccupied. Interesting figures are given, showing the increase of the Russian flax, hemp, and cotton crops, and the general prosperity of Germany; the gain in the deposits in the Prussian savings-banks for 1898 having been $75,000,000. A description of the electric street-car system of Hamburg, with its commutation tickets and cheap fares for school-children, is also especially noteworthy.

The *Rundschau* for October, being the first number of the one hundred and first volume, opens with a retrospect in which the founder and present editor, Dr. Julius Rodenberg, speaks with gratitude, modesty, and much good taste of the beginnings of this first German review of a high order. Among the contributors to the first number (October, 1874) were Auerbach, Anastasius Grün (Auersperg), H. von Sybel, Dr. Ferd. Cohn, Th. Storm; in the second, E. Geibel, P. Heyse, G. zu Putlitz, Lasker, Virchow, K. Hillebrand, Spielhagen, etc., appeared. A number of letters from literary and scientific celebrities who promised the enterprising editor his support are now published by him in facsimile. It is interesting to learn that a conditional cable order for several hundred copies from a New York bookseller turned the balance in favor of the German title *Rundschau* instead of the proposed *Revue*.

The first calendar of the approaching year to reach us is the fourth issue of "Meyers Historisch-Geographischer Kalender" (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). Each sheet of the pad has, as heretofore, its upper half pictorial and the lower space economized for varied information. We open at April 24, which shows us a good engraved view of Port Durban, in Natal, from a photograph; and we learn that this port and capital has 12,317 inhabitants, and is connected by rail with Pietermaritzburg and other interior places, soon to become familiar to us by name. The harbor of Honolulu, effects of a typhoon in Manila, and the Caroline Islands are the timely subjects of other illustrations; but the most interesting series of all is that of the ponderous new military monuments of the Fatherland, viz., to Emperor William I., to Frederick Charles, and to Bismarck.

Excavations on the site of the ancient pile-dwellings at Hedsor, in the Thames Valley, have brought to light some interesting prehistoric remains. These include a few flint arrow-heads, the skeleton of a horse, and specimens of pottery of Roman, mediæval, and British origin. Osseous remains of sheep, goats, cows, and pigs, whose carcasses are supposed to have provided food for the colony, have also been found, the bones bearing distinct knife-marks, even after the lapse of centuries. No human remains have thus far been discovered. Some of the piles unearthed are of large dimensions, one of them having been accurately squared before insertion.

—To the accounts recently contributed to these columns of the burning of a slave woman in 1691 at Boston it may be added that, for more than a century afterwards, even till the thirtieth year of George III., that sort of execution for women continued legal in England, and seemed to Blackstone good form—owing to "the decency due to her sex," as he says (iv., p. 93). But strangulation through smoke and fire was sometimes aided by a halter; though when this mitigation of misery crept in, it may be hard to ascertain. May it have been left to the discretion of the executioner? This point is left in doubt by the following details of a burning at the stake seventeen years before such an execution ceased to be legal in England. We read in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. 43, p. 461: "On Sept. 13, 1773, Elizabeth Herring who had killed her husband was burnt [in London] in the presence of 20,000 spectators, many of whom were much hurt and some trodden to death in gratifying a barbarous curiosity. The method of executing Mrs. Herring was as follows: she was placed on a stool something more than two feet high, and, a chain being placed under her arms, the rope round her neck was made fast to two spikes, which being [*sic*] driven through a post against which she stood, when her devotions were ended, the stool was taken away from under her and she was soon strangled. When she had hung about fifteen minutes the rope was burnt, and she sunk till the chain supported her, forcing her hands up to a level with her face, and the flame being furious she was soon consumed. The crowd was so immensely great that it was a long time before faggots could be placed for the execution."

—By a curious coincidence, Prof. Max Müller has dated the prefaces of his two last books on the same day. Of these twins one is virile and scholarly; the other is gossipy and weak. The slighter of the two, 'Auld Lang Syne: Second Series' (Charles Scribner's Sons), contains recollections of Indian friends, among whom the author, with natural affectation, includes the seers of the Rig-Veda and the religious teachers of the sixteenth century. A certain naïve self-conceit adds an unusual charm to the author's repeated stories about himself. He even prints the exaggerated tributes to his worth written by Hindus in private letters, although he says of one that he is "ashamed of copying it," which is more than the reader would suspect. But, despite the ingenuous megalorremonia displayed, some of the sketches of the lives of prominent modern Hindus will be read with attention. Here and there occurs a grave lapsus, as when the author suggests that the system of child-marriages "may have originated at the time of the Mohammedan conquest" (p. 125), which is like saying that the Olympian games may have been an imitation of the games in the Roman Coliseum. We observe that the aged philologist characterizes "higher criticism" (by which he means modern views) as "cheap scepticism." Comment is needless. Here is struck the keynote of the tone adopted by Müller towards the scholarship of the last decade.

—More important is the volume entitled 'The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy' (Longmans). Although there is no lack of general résumés of Hindu philosophy, it is interesting to see how they are treated by one who has made an especial study of European philosophy also. Prof. Müller's opinions, too, in regard to the relative age of the six systems, are of value, though they are far from convincing. Instead of regarding the dualistic system as older by two or three centuries than the monistic, Prof. Müller adopts a thoroughly agnostic attitude, and is content to say "don't know" in regard to every proposed chronological adjustment. This negative view is not very satisfactory, nor is it altogether justified. It appears to be due partly to the author's preconceived notion of the anterior origin of the monistic system, which notion he is loath to abandon. But a closer acquaintance with extra-philosophic literature in India would have shown Prof. Müller that there can be no doubt that the dualistic system as a system preceded the monistic, although monistic ideas were current before any system was formulated. The six systems treated in this work are the six orthodox systems, but of these only three are really philosophical systems, the other three not deserving a place in an account of separate philosophies. On the other hand, three systems not included in the orthodox six are practically omitted or only alluded to casually. To those familiar with recent German books on Hindu philosophy, the chapters on the Vedânta and Sânkhya systems will appear to be mainly borrowed, and not always from the best sources, while the other systems are treated very superficially. But this volume will satisfy the needs of those who do not care for authorities, and merely wish to get the last popular summary of the whole subject. It is to be hoped that some one competent to handle the subject will before long write a work on Hindu philosophy *qua* philosophy, ignoring the native test of or-

thodoxy. Until now, one of the most important systems, that of Buddha, is either ignored altogether because it is not orthodox, or must be sought for out of connection with its orthodox counterpart, the Sânkhya. There is, in fact, as yet no real history of Hindu philosophy.

—Among the many semi-popular books about Rome which have appeared in recent years, one of the most interesting is 'Rome sous l'Empire,' by Prof. Émile Thomas of Lille, published in 1897. 'Roman Life under the Cæsars' (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a translation of the book, though the fact is not mentioned on the title-page or in the preface. Some curious inconsistencies in it confirm one's suspicion that M. Thomas had no hand in the reproduction; for example, in the chapter on the Roman Forum, he expresses the hope that the annexed plan, "reproduced from that of M. Dutert, will enable the reader to form a general idea" of the place. But the "annexed plan" in this edition is not Dutert's at all, and is somebody's idea of the Forum in the first years of the Republic, while the text deals with the Forum of the Empire. Again, M. Thomas knew better than to call the rows of tombs outside the Herculaneum Gate "a street in Pompeii"; and he would hardly have referred to Overbeck-Mau for the fresco of the battle in the amphitheatre and then have given a full-page illustration of it in his own book, some eighty pages further on. The fact is, that out of the twenty-one illustrations here published, only two (and these in twice the size) appeared in the original work; the rest (including the frontispiece called "View of the Excavations in Pompeii," but apparently taken from some cork or other model) are the generous, if somewhat casual, additions of the American compiler. But aside from this matter no injustice has been done to the French scholar's work. The translation represents his pleasant style fairly well; it is correct and in the main spirited and idiomatic. And we are to thank the translator for the addition of an index. Readers of the original will recall in what an attractive and sympathetic manner M. Thomas deals with his subjects, and how thoroughly at home he is in the Rome of the Empire. In particular, his chapters on the Pompeiian *graffiti*, on the baths and the extraordinary bathing habits of the Romans, on wills and legacy-hunters, on the general attitude of Romans towards the Emperor and the precarious and often grotesque daily life of that unhappy functionary, and finally his witty study of the younger Pliny as the typical Roman of the time—all these will be found entertaining and enlightening by the general reader.

—Miss Wormeley, already known through her translations of Balzac, now completes the series with a volume (Hardy, Pratt & Co.) giving the great novelist's opinions chiefly on historical, political, and literary questions, as expressed in his correspondence and miscellaneous writings. They are here set before the public in translated extracts disposed in tolerably regular chronological order. It will readily be understood that the omission to lay under exhaustive contribution the numerous volumes of the 'Comédie Humaine' was determined by reasons of convenience; but, as a consequence, readers of the book will necessarily receive a one-sided impression of the man and his views. We can hardly be said, for instance, to grasp the full significance of Balzac's historical and political leanings without taking account of his social ideas unmistakably delivered in 'Eugénie Grandet,' 'Le Médecin de Campagne,' and 'Le Curé de Village.' In all three of these novels well-known characters obviously act as mouthpieces for the author. Likewise, the singular mysticism of Balzac's intellect remains incomplete without at least passing reference to his avowed belief in occultism and the black art contained in a famous paragraph of 'Le Cousin Pons,' which might have been written by M. Joséphin Péladan. Of the translation all we can say is that it is for the most part accurately interpretative, as well as representative, of Balzac's labored style; but traces of haste and inaccuracy are not wanting. "The Lily of the Valley" is but an ambiguous equivalent to offer for 'Le Lys dans la Vallée"; while "le pêcheur à la ligne," though willing enough to acknowledge himself an *angler*, would hardly recognize himself as "a fisherman on the line." And it would surely have been possible to convey in another form the contents of such a sentence as the following (p. 130): "As for the third school, which derives from the two others, it has not as many chances as they to impassion the masses, which never like middle paths or composite things, and which regard eclecticism as an arrangement contrary to their passions, inasmuch as it tends to calm them."

MUNGER'S BUSHNELL.

Horace Bushnell, Preacher and Theologian. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899.

If one who had never heard of Dr. Bushnell were to come upon the two admirable portraits of him presented in this volume—one of his middle age, the other of his ripest years—he would wish to know something of the man who looked like these. Two pages of chronology at the outset give the principal facts of his life from his birth, in 1802, till his death, in 1876; a list of his published writings, including some sixty titles, following. These helps are more fully appreciated because Dr. Munger is rather shy of naked facts and dates in the main body of his book. Another help that deserves honorable mention is the admirable index.

The less mechanical parts of Dr. Munger's work fulfil the promise of these external features. He brings to Dr. Bushnell a reverent admiration, but his attitude towards his thought is never that of the advocate or the apologist. It is calmly and kindly judicial. Particular courses of action are frankly blamed; particular lines of thought are marked as aberrations from the line of Bushnell's real advance on the "improvements" of the New Haven School. There is no attempt to represent Bushnell as a theological finality. His was a work of liberation, breaking up the "cake of custom" which had thickened and hardened on the New England orthodox mind. It was provisional, but not without elements of enduring spiritual value. It means much to Dr. Munger that Bushnell was a pre-evolutionist, but some will find Dr. Munger over-confident that the doctrine of evolution would have enabled Bushnell to work out a more consistent and abiding scheme of thought. Like Cardinal Newman and Emerson, he was an evolutionist before Darwin. The Darwinian doctrine has not had for everybody those genial theological implications which it has for Dr. Munger. Living for sixteen years after the publication of the 'Origin of Species,' Bushnell had time enough to square his thought with that epoch-making book, but he made no attempt to do so. We are told in a single sentence that he was interested in his last years in the new discoveries of science, especially in the correlation of forces. But they did not make any impression on the general substance of his thought.

The fact is that, though much interested in science at all times, he was preëminently theological and scholastic in the general working of his mind. He belonged to the same intellectual family as Coleridge and Schleiermacher. He was much indebted to these, especially to the former's 'Aids to Reflection.' Speculative theology was the field of his activity, and he cultivated it with great originality. But if we expect from him the workings of the free intellect, we shall expect too much. Dr. Munger is pleased to find in him a new species, but he would be more truly represented as a new variety of the same species to which Edwards and Bellamy, and Hopkins and Dwight, and Taylor and Tyler belonged. Their schemes were all "improvements" upon Calvinism, and Bushnell's was another. There was little Calvinism left in it, but no free thinking, except such as was incidental. Jonathan Edwards was a daring rationalist; to rationalize Calvinism was his main intent. Bushnell was another, very much like Edwards in the delicacy of his spiritual insight and the poetic quality of his mind. Bushnell's great anxiety, equally with Edwards, was to find some *modus vivendi* for the traditional theology in a rational scheme of thought. Dr. Munger says: "It is pathetic to think of him as standing on the border-land of evolution and not entering it." It is more pathetic to think how little he helped himself from the critical investigations of the Bible which had proceeded so far in his time. He is continually wasting his energy upon problems which would not have existed for him if he could boldly have laid hold of that critical understanding of the Bible which was easily within his reach.

The general formation of Dr. Bushnell's thought cropped through the surface of his work of every kind, but in some places much more conspicuously than in others. We have only to consider the titles of his sermons and addresses to see that he was very much the poet, and had many large imaginative thoughts. It is interesting to trace the affinities of these with those of other thinkers. His theory of language was fatal to creed-subscription as implying uniform belief. Here he anticipated Matthew Arnold's 'Literature and Dogma' and Balfour's 'Foundations of Belief.' His splendid Cambridge address on "Work and Play," if not suggested by Schiller's doctrine of æsthetics, is a remarkable coincidence. Dr. Munger has himself indicated Dr. Bushnell's partial anticipation of Prof. Royce's doctrine of a suffering deity.

It would be difficult to say whether Dr. Bushnell did more for the rehabilitation of orthodoxy than for its disintegration. It is certain that he gave it a new lease of life as "a form of sound doctrine," but with intellectual and ethical contents quite different from any before known. Dr. Munger,

forgetting for the moment Bushnell's great service in his conception of theological language as necessarily symbolical and devoid of scientific precision, writes under four heads his principal contributions to religious progress. One of these was his book on 'Christian Nurture,' which went strongly counter to the traditional systems of conversion and revivalism and to Edwards's opinion that little children are "vipers and infinitely worse than vipers." Another was his 'God in Christ,' which relieved orthodoxy, provisionally, from the taint of tritheism which had made it obnoxious to the Unitarian mind. It did this, however, by swamping the humanity of Jesus absolutely in his deity. The method of the newest orthodoxy is very different from this—the direct opposite; it makes the perfect humanity of Jesus answerable for his deity—a device incomparably inferior to Bushnell's in its logical coherency. His third contribution was his 'Nature and the Supernatural,' which set aside the traditional view of miracles as suspensions of natural law. At this point, fortunately for his orthodoxy, Dr. Bushnell followed the lead of Coleridge in a matter of definition, had Theodore Parker adopted which he would have been the greatest supernaturalist of his time, without any change in the substance of his doctrine. The fourth contribution was 'The Vicarious Sacrifice,' in which Dr. Bushnell made a sharp break with the scheme of Grotius, the "governmental theory" of the atonement, and substituted for that the new and startling view of God as actually suffering with and for men. Many will think, with Dr. Munger, that here was a great contribution, but others will find it only a waste of daring ingenuity in the attempt to rationalize a doctrine which has no foothold in the simplicity of Jesus' teachings, nor in a rational conception of the world.

Whatever value we may set upon these several contributions, they do not exhaust the significance of Dr. Bushnell for theological thinkers, and much less for religious souls. Dr. Munger's book contains so many appetizing bits from his writings that many who read it will be buying Bushnell's works or hunting up their ancient copies. Every one of his principal works was charged with heresy, and various attempts were made to convict him on the charges made. They failed because the particular group of churches in which his own belonged would not take the initial steps. Even after the withdrawal of his church from the general Consociation, his opponents only very gradually gave up the hope of setting upon him the mark of Cain. All these things seem far remote as we read Dr. Munger's own heresies, and think how safe he is from any ecclesiastical molestation. His rejection of Calvinism is as flat as Channing's or Parker's. He has much favorable comment on the Unitarian protest, and finds it amply justified by the tritheism, and still more by the pessimistic anthropology, of the New England Calvinists. He considers Bushnell's relations to the Unitarians, and inquires so coolly why he did not join their ranks that the more orthodox of the Congregationalists will be little pleased with his remarks.

Dr. Bushnell was not much given to writing letters, but of his few correspondents Dr. Bartol, the Boston Unitarian, now eighty-six years old, was one of the most favored. Dr. Bushnell wrote to him in 1847, "I think I can state my orthodox faith in such a way that no serious Unitarian will conflict with me, or feel that I am beyond the terms of reason." "This," says Dr. Munger, "was before Theodore Parker had preached the sermon at West Roxbury on the Transient and Permanent in Religion." There are three mistakes in this sentence. The sermon was preached six years before—in 1841; it was preached at South Boston; and its subject was "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity." Dr. Munger fancies that "this would have led Bushnell to speak less hopefully"; but certainly there was more in common between the modern Unitarians and Bushnell than between him and the older Arians. Could he have universalized what he specialized, the agreement between him and the modern Unitarians would have been very close. In his chapter called "Estimates" Dr. Munger quotes a letter from Dr. Bartol, written after Dr. Bushnell's death. He would have done better if he had quoted Dr. Bartol's estimate of Bushnell from his 'Principles and Portraits.'

Dr. Bushnell's personality as revealed in these pages is profoundly interesting and engaging. His character abounded in the most sweet and wholesome traits. The homelier aspects of New England life had for him great attraction. His domestic life was rarely beautiful. It was reflected in his 'Christian Nurture,' as much else of his experience was reflected in what he wrote. In his civic consciousness he maintained the best traditions of the New England pulpit. It is an interesting fact that his first printed sermon was upon the mobbing of Garrison in 1835. His detestation of slavery found expression in many notable sermons and addresses; opposition to woman's suffrage, in 'The Reform against Nature,' on which the course of time has made a comment which is generally adverse.

FINNISH POPULAR POETRY.

The Traditional Poetry of the Finns. By Domenico Comparetti. Translated by Isabella M. Anderton, with Introduction by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. xxvii + 359.

The substance of the present book originally appeared under the title 'Il "Kalewala" o la poesia tradizionale dei Finni; Studio storico-critico sulle origini delle grandi epopee nazionali,' in the proceedings, for 1893, of the Italian Accademia dei Lincei, of which the writer, the well-known author of 'Virgil in the Middle Ages,' is a fellow. The occasion of the essay is the bearing of the traditional poetry of the Finns, and in particular of the Finnish national epic, the 'Kalevala,' upon the so-called Homeric question. The book, in point of fact, as Mr. Lang reminds us, is the prelude to a work on the Homeric poems. If this be its chief value in the mind of its author, it certainly is not its only value to the reader, for this is altogether the most comprehensive, the most lucid, and generally most valuable presentation of the subject of Finnish popular poetry that has thus far been put forward. The whole question of origin of manner and matter is at last intelligibly presented, and though some do and others will deny the book a definitive character in not a few of its conclusions, it will stand for many a day as the first and best treatise on a subject that has been singularly misunderstood, not only by the laity, but by the learned.

Professor Comparetti's exposition is that of one who has thoroughly gone over the ground himself, and, unlike our old friend in the story who evolved his facts from the depths of his inner consciousness, he has seen his camel face to face. He has made, he tells us in his short preface, four visits to the North, thus curing a common defect of criticism at long range, however astute it may be. Comparetti's method, finally, to use Mr. Lang's term, is preëminently sane. It gives us, as far as possible, a record of cause and effect. Whether the conclusions to be drawn from Finnish poetry with regard to the origins of the great national epics, as contained in the final chapter, shall be left to stand in detail or not, the book for ever eliminates a number of assumed parallelisms, and thus undoubtedly contributes to the final diagnosis of the question.

Finnish popular poetry is by no means contained in its entirety in the 'Kalevala,' the national epic. Of whatever kind it is, however, it is song. Comparetti describes it as "a fluctuating mass of verse in a perennial state of transformation, of decomposition and of recomposition." The singer, the *laulaja*, repeats and creates at the same time, using, according to his needs, words, phrases, and formulas out of the mass of songs he has in mind, but putting them together in continually varying combination. In kind these songs are epic, magic, and lyric, all written in one metre, and all amenable to one rule of composition. The characteristic form of Finnish poetry—its one, unvarying form—is the "rune," of different length and without strophic division, but inevitably made up of lines of eight syllables forming four trochaic feet, with alliteration and frequent, although not necessary, rhyme. It is the metre that Longfellow, taking the 'Kalevala' as his model, successfully used in 'Hiawatha':

> "Veli kulta veikkoseni
> Kaunis kasvin kumpallini."

The popular singers of the "runes" know no large poem, and do not, says the author, seem able to imagine one. The first "rune" collectors, too, considered and published only detached songs, without even an attempt at classification. Lönnrot, who ultimately put together the 'Kalevala,' at the outset—in his first collection, 'Kantele,' 1829-31—has himself no thought of "a poem latent in the mass of songs." The idea of combining the "runes" according to a common subject goes back to Reinhold von Bekker, who published in 1820 a number relating to Väinämöinen. Lönnrot's first attempt at combination, which, however, he did not publish, was made in 1833. He speedily set to work on a longer poem, which, as the 'Kalevala,' a title evolved by himself, he presented in 1835 to the Society of Finnish Literature, who published it that same year. The form of the 'Kalevala' in this first arrangement was thirty-two "runes" and more than 12,000 lines. Lönnrot subsequently reordered the whole, with the addition of new material, so that its final shape, as it appeared in 1849, is fifty "runes" and 22,800 lines.

The 'Kalevala' is a synthesis of traditional Finnish poetry, a selection of separate epic, epic-lyric, and magic songs, which Lönnrot had brought together and ordered into a poetic whole. It is not only interesting, but important, to notice his method of

composition. He has, it is first to be noted, not made use in the poem of all the material at hand, since not only do countless variants exist, but a mass of similar material is either not included or not fully incorporated. Comparetti further points out that there is no single song really and unvaryingly sung by the people as Lönnrot has published it; he puts together that which is best, and amends one variant at the expense of others. The order of the "runes" is Lönnrot's own. The *laulaja*, it has already been said, knows no large poem. He does understand, however, a long song and the combination of the "runes" in various manners, and with this in mind Lönnrot himself asserts that he has done nothing but what the popular singers themselves do. The author explains, on the other hand, that while, as a concomitant of the lack of definiteness and consistency in the rune itself—"always old and always new, always the same and always different"—whole songs are combined in a hundred ways at the arbitrary will of the singer, they never converge toward one determined, clearly defined subject. In the ordering of the songs Lönnrot found it necessary, from time to time, to supply a connecting link of his own; he put them together, however, without essentially important inventions or additions.

The 'Kalevala,' then, as a poem is a personal work of Lönnrot's. The chapter on the composition of the 'Kalevala,' in which Comparetti follows Krohn, goes carefully and in detail into the question as to what songs have been taken to form the poem; to the relation between Lönnrot's combinations and those of the popular singers; and to the way in which he, "extending this manner of combining far beyond the boundaries of popular usage, sometimes even changing, with a certain amount of liberty, names of persons and places, has strung together various groups, has added to each one of them, and has built them up into a great poem." In the second edition of the poem, particularly, he, furthermore, retouched the language and the metre with the intention of producing a homogeneous whole, and in doing this, it is pointed out, was not always able to conceal the marks of his own work.

On the basis of all these facts, it is evident that the 'Kalevala' is not a reconstruction, as Lönnrot himself claimed and plainly believed, but a new creation. In other words, it is not, as it has been considered, an ancient national epos, orally preserved by tradition, and collected from the mouths of the people. Its material is undoubtedly national, but as a poem it cannot be considered at all a national product, since it goes back to Lönnrot and to him alone. The poem is unlike any real national epos whatever. It has a marked poetic unity, but, according to Comparetti, only that amount of unity of subject, of continuity between song and song, that is necessary to connect it together externally—that is, no real organic unity at all. He asks what is the central idea of the poem, and fails to find it. The question has been answered variously by different scholars. Lönnrot himself made the episode of the Sampo the connecting thread of the story. Comparetti with right denies that it actually is; the plot in that case is full of inconsistencies, of action without motive, and of motive, as fruitful as any, without action. The 'Kalevala,' too, unlike any other national epos, has no historical background. "He who seeks an historical kernel will find the nut empty," the author sententiously asserts. The only idea concerning the historical meaning of the 'Kalevala' that can be seriously maintained is, that it is an echo of the ancient conflict between the advancing Finns and the Lapps. So able an authority as Retzius, however, denies that the Lapps have ever had a more southern abode than at present. The dominant idea of Finnish poetry, according to Comparetti's exposition, is Shamanic. The poetry at the outset was the work of the Shamans, who were also poets, and was, therefore, essentially magic. Alquist, too, considers the primitive poetry of the "rune" the poetry of the magic songs, many of which are exemplified in the 'Kalevala.' The epic "rune," with its heroic types, is nothing but an offshoot from the magic "rune," the mother of the demonic myth. All this is quite outside the province of history or of even remote historical prototype, and in this dictum we must agree with Comparetti, however much we may disagree with the details of his treatment of the heroic myth, in the chapter thus headed.

The 'Kalevala,' as a national epos in essential conditions, is unique. Just as little is it, according to Comparetti's conclusions, in its genesis as a poem like the great national epics of other nations. It has been frequently cited as a positive exemplification of the origin of the greater epics in minor songs. Steinthal, in this way, places the 'Kalevala' beside the two Homeric poems, the 'Nibelungenlied' and the 'Chanson de Roland.' Lönnrot, accordingly, is the "Homer of Finland"—not the Homer poet of old literary tradition, but the Homer collector, of the Wolfian and Lachmann theory. All this, however, says the author, is merely an hallucination, and the study of the poem at close quarters shows "the vanity of the theory that would explain in this way the origins of the great national epic cycles." Lönnrot, he points out, is a modern scholar, conscientious and careful of details, who collects songs and variants by the hundred, combines them, and composes a poem, which, nevertheless, as has been said, in spite of all his efforts, still plainly shows, in its lack of continuity and consistency of action, that it was made up of scattered elements. It is absurd, he insists, to think that a Greek of the times of Peisistratos, a *jongleur*, or a monk of the Middle Ages, could have conceived, undertaken, and effected such a work. "The 'Kalevala,'" he concludes, "is not, as it would seem to be, an actual example of the passage from minor songs to the large poem; it is not, as has been supposed, illustrative of a similar passage in the Homeric poems and in the 'Nibelungen'; it is not an example of a poem that has really been formed out of the songs of the people."

'Kalevala' criticism is, of course, by no manner of means virgin soil. Its scientific aspect, however, goes back only to Julius Krohn, whose consideration of the poem in his 'History of Finnish Literature' (Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Historia; Helsingfors, 1885) was epoch-making. Since then a considerable literature has arisen in Finland and out of it, particularly in Sweden and Germany, of which Comparetti has made abundant use. The present book is a noteworthy, indeed even a brilliant, addition to this material, and it was a happy idea to give it a wider public than it possibly could have had in its original place of appearance. As an exposition the book is comprehensive, although, as Mr. Lang rather regretfully remarks, the author has not dwelt much on the literary charm of the poem. The chapters on the Divine and the Heroic Myth are, from the nature of the case, the least satisfactory part of the book, and serve in many ways to show how much is yet to be done in the field of Finnish mythology. Not a few of Comparetti's own explanations and etymologies contained in this part of the work, though astute, are surely untenable; but that is a matter of detail into which it is here impossible to go.

The English translation of the book is admirably idiomatic. It unfortunately lacks an index. Curiously enough, from cover to cover there is no mention of the source of the original, which is all the more necessary since it has never before appeared separately in book form.

Oom Paul's People. By Howard C. Hillegas. D. Appleton & Co. 1899.

On many accounts this book will be very acceptable to American readers. Nearly everything that has been written about South Africa is the work of English hands, and is not likely to be altogether impartial. Mr. Bryce's admirable book, it is true, is marked by fairness, but it does not cover the critical period since the Jameson raid. Were it brought down to date, it would be the standard authority, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Bryce may some time continue it; but meanwhile we must be content with the contemporary reports. Mr. Hillegas writes as a citizen of the United States, familiar with the commercial interests of his country in South Africa, and personally acquainted with the leading men there, both Boers and Englishmen. In spite of the fact that our trade with the Transvaal has become very considerable, he does not regard the rule of the Boers as oppressive, and evidently considers that the complaints which we hear of it are exaggerated.

In his view, the present troubles are entirely due to the root of all evil—the *auri sacra fames*. "The population of South Africa," he says, "may be divided into three great classes of individuals: first, those who are only waiting for the time when they will be able to leave the country—the Uitlanders; second, those who hope that that time may speedily come—the native-born whites; and, third, those who have no hope at all—the negroes." The second class, the Afrikanders, are an agricultural and pastoral people, while the Uitlanders are almost exclusively engaged in mining and the industries connected therewith. Most of the Afrikanders are Boers, while the Uitlanders are of all races. Every possible cause of discord is thus present; race, religion, occupation, tradition, and ideal are all conflicting. Since the mines are not likely to be exhausted for generations, there is no hope that the invaders will depart; and the only rational solution, the separation of the mining region from the Transvaal Republic, is blocked by the dreams of universal empire in which Mr.

Rhodes has persuaded the English people to indulge.

The sudden outbreak of hostilities confirms the account given by Mr. Hillegas of the bitter hatred of the English by the Boers. Rightly or wrongly, the Boers are convinced that no faith is to be given to English promises. They believe that the English mean to rule over them, and that sooner or later the issue must be fought out. We do not need to repeat the story of past troubles, but Mr. Hillegas shows how the Boers feel concerning them. He makes out a strong case against the English, and if he leans to the Boers' side, it must be said that we are likely to have abundant testimony in behalf of the English. He makes it clear that when it comes to guerrilla warfare, the Boers will be formidable antagonists. They are trained marksmen; they know the country, and they can endure the severest privations. Physically, they are a race of giants, the average height of full-grown men being not less than six feet and two inches. Altogether, the description of this people given by Mr. Hillegas is one of the fullest and most interesting that have appeared, and it deserves to be generally read. His account of his interview with President Krüger is especially instructive.

Interesting on other grounds are the particulars concerning the exports from this country to South Africa. Five years ago this trade was insignificant, now it exceeds that of every other country except England. Almost all the gold mines on the Rand are furnished with American machinery, and the same is true of the Kimberley diamond mines. The street railways are operated by electric appliances made in New York and Pennsylvania, and the apparatus for electric lighting has the same origin. Nearly all the lumber used in the mining districts comes from Puget Sound, and coal, petroleum, provisions, and live stock from this country figure largely in the commercial returns. Nor do these returns tell the whole story, for many orders for American goods are filled by English houses, the goods being sent by way of England. Our imports from South Africa are apparently insignificant, vessels going to South Africa being obliged to proceed to India or Australia for return cargoes. We really take our pay in diamonds and gold. One-fourth of the product of the Kimberley mines is supposed to reach America, and part of the gold from Johannesburg is put to our credit in London. The effect of the war on this trade must be very marked, but we can at present only conjecture its extent. Concerning Johannesburg Mr. Hillegas has an interesting chapter, although his picture is not an attractive one. As a rule his descriptions are graphic and concise, and his book is in general well worth reading.

Tramping with Tramps: Studies and Sketches of Vagabond Life. By Josiah Flynt. With a Prefatory Note by Andrew D. White. The Century Company. 1899. Pp. xiv, 398.

The author of 'Tramping with Tramps' has discovered the under-world and travelled—it would be no exaggeration to say, lived—in it. He has had a gift for vagabondage like another man's gift for music. He began his investigations at the age of three by running away from home; for twenty-eight years he has, at intervals, continued them. He has taken side-streets and by-ways as seriously as explorers of another turn of mind have taken the Arctic circle and Darkest Africa; he has explored Darkest Germany, Darkest Russia and Siberia, Darkest England and United States, and undergone hardships, danger, and hunger sufficiently appalling to the average candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy: there is an element of colossal humor in the fact that he undertook no small part of his wanderings to obtain material for a doctor's thesis at Berlin. He has "beaten" his way in box-cars—"side-door Pullmans"—and ridden hundreds of miles "on the trucks"; he has begged and been clubbed, and thrust into jail, and taken his chances with his companions of the road in haystacks, and in lodgings among vermin, human and otherwise. He knows the outcast as his comrades know him, and speaks his language; he knows his pride and his ambition, his judgment on life and what he talks about in moments of expansion, what he eats and wears, and how he gets what he eats and wears, and is expert in the class-distinctions among pariahs. He has seen wonderful things in alleys, and found the amenities of life in low pot-houses and at back doors, and sets down the record of his experience with a manly directness and simplicity. Some of the "sketches," notably "Old Boston Mary" and "Jamie the Kid," are almost too good to be true; but the author has so mastered the accent of veracity that it is impossible not to suppose the details, if not literally, yet substantially, an accurate description of things seen.

'Tramping with Tramps' belongs to the class of books that are light reading for indolent readers, but it belongs also to the class of books that become recognized authorities to students. The literature of criminology has in recent years become voluminous, but it would be difficult to name another book on the subject that is based on so intimate and extensive a knowledge as is 'Tramping with Tramps.' The writer whose nom de plume is Josiah Flynt is, in all probability, easily the head of his profession. Other criminologists have known the outcast almost exclusively as a foreigner; he has known the outcast as a friend and familiar. They have known him "under domestication" in confinement; Mr. Flynt has known him "in the open." They have been obliged to rely in no small part on the accounts the outcast has chosen to give of himself—accounts given always in a mood of essential hostility to the investigator, and often with a direct purpose of obtaining some personal advantage; in particular, some mitigation of prison discipline; Mr. Flynt has been obliged to rely on nothing more open to suspicion than the outcast's unreserved speech and conduct among his fellows. Other criminologists have weighed and measured the outcast, photographed his facial angle, and recorded his "ghost stories"; Mr. Flynt has shared his fortunes, his gains and losses, and is full of the wisdom of special cases and knowledge at first hand. In opposition to the general opinion, Mr. Flynt is convinced that the outcast is usually, considering his birth and opportunities, a person of far more than ordinary reading, intelligence, diligence, and sheer rude power of will. The outcast, whether "hobo" or thief, is in all essentials the male harlot; the harlot is the female "hobo" or thief; and both, in a higher grade of society, would belong to the *entrepreneurs* in the business, social, and political world—to the exceptional people who have the natural leadership, the audacity and pluck, to assume great risks in the expectation of great returns.

It must in fairness be added that the most eminent criminologists, from Lombroso to Nordau, have been "loose" in their reasoning and "sensational" in their conclusions. It is wholly to Mr. Flynt's honor that he states his dissent from the more celebrated of his fellow-investigators in an accent of cautious common sense. He has not written his doctor's thesis; but this is only because he has chosen to present the material for it in a more attractive and a more widely useful form.

American Lands and Letters: Leather-stocking to Poe's Raven. By Donald G. Mitchell. Scribners. 1899.

This book affords a good example of the growing tendency of the times to convert all literature into a department of illustrated journalism. The solid and imposing volume presents, when once opened, all the familiar features of the editorial-room: headlines, colloquialisms, omniscience, and inaccuracies. Covering with his too comprehensive title all contemporary knowledge, the author's aim seems to be merely to gather in the eminent American names of the last fifty years, usually with the least possible reference to personal acquaintance, and often with the merest guessing at the actual character of the man or woman discussed. The narrative is a curious mixture of the past and present tenses, and the style has unexpected transitions from the familiar to the high-flown—from "don't" and "'twas" and "isn't it" to such sentences as this about Hawthorne: "No such aureole belongs to the chinking gold coin which soon after has a little intermittent outpour from the till of the Salem Custom-house upon his domestic paths" (p. 226); or where Mr. Mitchell describes the plain schoolboys of the Round Hill School, who habitually sawed their own wood and made their own fires, as having "in lustrous toilettes filed away" to church (p. 40). The book is full of repetitions, each chapter telling over again at the outset what the previous chapter has told, and the preface adding a summary of the whole. The author's epithets are often curiously inappropriate, as when he describes the shy Thoreau as a "swart, bumptious man" (p. 278), or says of Parker's preaching that he "thundered and glittered" (p. 201), or burlesques him as "a man in careless or disordered toilette" (p. 171) simply because, like most of the younger Unitarian clergy then and now, he preached without a surplice. Even when Mr. Mitchell wishes to be complimentary he is apt to land in some infelicitous epithet, as when he describes James Freeman Clarke as "learned" (p. 357), which certainly does not describe the strongest point of that excellent man; or praises Bancroft for a "painstaking, conscientious balancing of authorities" (p. 48), which later historians do not always find in his books.

When we come to personal characterizations, we find mention of "Dr. Andrews Norton" (pp. 32, 404) and his "doctoral" pen,

although a glance at the Harvard Quinquennial Catalogue would have shown the author that this eminent theologian never received the doctorate and was not even a clergyman. Nor was the "Rev. Henry James" entitled to the prefix bestowed upon him (pp. 150, 403), although he spent a year or two in a theological school. The Rev. William Henry Channing was not the son of Dr. Walter Channing (p. 166), but his nephew, being the son of Francis Dana Channing; nor was he at all out of place, as implied, among the Brook Farm gayeties, he being a man with a keen sense of humor and an admirable mimic. Poe's "Ligeia" is transformed to "Leigeia" (p. 393), and that author's middle name becomes Allen, instead of Allan, in the running-title of page 373. The faun-tips attributed by Hawthorne to Donatello's ears become "fawn-tips" (p. 272) in Mr. Mitchell's hands; and the motto, "There is no joy but calm," placed by Julian Hawthorne's boyish hands on the study walls of the Wayside at Concord, is mentioned (p. 265) as having been inscribed by his father.

Nothing, finally, in the book is more essentially journalistic than the want of all reverence for the sacredness of a quotation-mark. Where the author quotes a phrase, he does not hesitate to translate it into his own very colloquial English, still retaining the signs of quotation. Thus, he cites Holmes as saying in a letter of 1835: "They talk about Henry VII. Chapel of Westminster: 'twould make a very pretty pigeon-house for Milan Cathedral" (p. 340); whereas Holmes really says: "They talk of Henry the 7th's chapel in Westminster Abbey; it would make a very pretty pigeon-house for the Milan cathedral" ('Life and Letters,' i., p. 154). In a similar way, Mr. Mitchell mentions "the so-called 'Slavery Poems' " of Longfellow (p. 290), whereas the title of the book was simply 'Poems on Slavery,' and it is difficult to see how it could have been more simply or appropriately christened. It is fair to say that, with all these defects, the book will be found readable, for it has a kind of slipshod vivacity. But it seems a pity that a series of illustrations so good should be combined with letter-press so mediocre.

George Sand, sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par Wladimir Karénine. Vols. I., II. Paris: Ollendorff. 1899.

Of the nine hundred pages composing these two volumes, which deal with no more than the first thirty-four years (1804-1838) of George Sand's life, a very generous portion has been reserved by the biographer for explanation, commentary, and digression. The announcement of this work had doubtless led other readers as well as ourselves to expect something of a different character. The pseudonym, it was said, but half concealed a foreign writer of distinction especially qualified for the task of treating the great novelist's life and work with fulness and impartiality. Of want of fulness no complaint is likely to be urged; few recent biographies on a large scale show an equal minuteness in the verification of even unimportant details, and many of the footnotes to this work are occupied with the correction of small errors of other writers on the same subject. But, unfortunately, strict impartiality is not attainable by mere patient application alone; neither is it achieved by waiving all discussion of the moral problems presented by any life that is worth the telling. The present biographer of George Sand enters an initial protest against judging great artists by standards of conduct intended for common mortals. Our readers will probably remember under what circumstances a similar plea was once applied to Cellini. Yet, from a rigorously psychological point of view, it may very reasonably be held that any treatment of the sentimental complications in which George Sand was involved by her temperament, should at least be free from attempts to shift the onus of situations from shoulders fully entitled to bear some share of it.

A specific instance of such attempt appears in connection with the notorious Sand-Musset (or Musset-Sand) escapade to Italy. Without seeking to fix the blame of the severed liaison on either of the persons concerned, may we not draw attention to the fact (prudently shelved in a foot-note by the biographer) that George Sand was twenty-nine years of age and six years older than Musset? And as the author of 'Indiana' claimed absolute equality for the sexes under similar conditions, one is also tempted to ask what conclusion would generally have been reached had the ages been reversed. Again, though M. Dudevant was by no means a sympathetic character, it is reasonable to suppose that the painful relations which ended in judicial separation were not in this case more than in any other exclusively of his making. Likewise, with Michel de Bourges, who played for some years a leading part in the drama of George Sand's life, we are given to understand that his tyranny and intolerance were alone responsible for the rupture. Neither here nor elsewhere is there any clear admission of the defects in a feminine nature to which other biographers had drawn attention long ere this.

"Wladimir Karénine" contends that the three conventional divisions of George Sand's literary life appear altogether arbitrary when confronted with her work, in which, from the earliest period, all three elements are readily discernible. This is, after all, a question of *nuance*. While admitting that we find peasants in 'Indiana' and social theorizing in 'François le Champi,' we may yet decline to place the two novels in one category.

The newest, and consequently most interesting, feature in this work is the information it gives regarding the wide-reaching influence of George Sand's writings on Russian ideas, opinions, and sentiments from her day even down to our own. Her passionate pleading for individualism and the ethically justifiable supremacy of emotion seems to have found a ready response in the Slavic heart. Nothing can be more significant than the words of Turgeneff, describing George Sand as "une de nos saintes." Whether there is exaggeration or not in this, it is hardly for us to say; but, at all events, it appears that George Sand still retains a larger share of popularity in Russia than among her own compatriots.

On the other hand, strenuous efforts are made by the biographer to establish the fundamental originality of the dominant ideas in the whole of George Sand's fiction, and thus to dispel the general opinion that the various love episodes of her life mark the periods of intellectual development. Without disputing what bears the appearance of feministic paradox, we nevertheless fail to see why such discussion implies in every case the elaborate setting forth of the detailed life of lovers or friends concerned. In this respect, however, the present life of George Sand has at least the merit of giving its readers a great deal more than the promise of its title-page.

As there is much stickling for accuracy in matters of detail throughout this work, it may be remarked that Monckton Milnes did not become "Lord Hougton," and that Anglo-Saxons never, even for humorous purposes, refer to Shakspere as "Sir William" (p. 61).

The European Tour. By Grant Allen, author of 'Florence,' 'Paris,' 'Belgium,' etc. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899. Pp. 297.

To the man of doubts and scruples there is a curious attraction in the man who is always cocksure. Those airs of infallibility give him a refreshing sense of conscious strength, not always durable, but pleasant so long as it lasts.

We do not mean to apply this reflection too closely to the writing of Mr. Grant Allen. He really has something to say as true as it is downright in expression; but the sort of fascination mentioned is mingled with a manner of exaggeration which, according to the reader's disposition, will brighten his attention with a laugh, or try his patience. It is the first thing that strikes one on opening the 'European Tour'; the dogmatism is tempered by an enthusiasm —one might call it gush—that, for our part, we find truly diverting. A few examples will illustrate our meaning, besides being more entertaining than any amount of dissertation:

"Those frescoes [at Saronno] are among the loveliest things of their sort in Italy; but if you turn aside to see them, there will be no end to it. You will spend the rest of your life between here and Florence, and totter in, at last, a gray-haired man, to die of old age at Siena" (p. 178).

"I can only say, that one church of St. Ambrose is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see. Nothing of interest in Milan! Why, the old stone outside the church where the Lombard Kings took the coronation oath in the ancient fashion, is in itself a wonder. As for the early Christian remains, they are worth five ordinary northern minsters" (p. 181).

"But Cologne has other saints scarcely less important. . . . Each has his or her own church, very interesting churches, too, which you must by no means neglect; worth six weeks apiece of London or modern Paris" (p. 152).

"The Certosa of Pavia alone, *of which I dare say you never read till to-day* [the italics are ours], far outweighs any two average northern cathedrals. . . . Fancy wasting your time over Winchester or Salisbury with the Certosa unvisited!" (p. 191).

"To chronicle everything in Florence would need a book six times as big as would be required for Paris, and about forty times the size that would be needed, scale for scale, for London" (p. 212).

"Therefore I do not ask you to stop long enough in Venice *to see St. Mark's.* Human life extends on the average to only threescore years and ten—which of course are inadequate" (p. 250).

These samples, whether they please you or not, are doubtless sufficient to show that the book is not exactly dull reading. We stopped in the easy selection only because the last citation reminded us of an English girl who once said that "It were better that Venice were sunk beneath the sea, rather than that St. Mark's should be restored!" This little anecdote will not suffer if we re-

veal that it was told by Robert Browning as of his personal experience.

We have already hinted that when one has had one's laugh over the peculiarities of Mr. Grant Allen's manner, one has to own that the book has its serious side, and that its purpose is excellent. Given the author's temperament, it goes without saying that, even in the matter, you have to put aside as undigested or insufficient many of his utterances. One may smile at the pages occupied in urging the European tour as a substitute for a university education. The raw lad, guiltless of classic reading, and necessarily with little of any other, is hardly the material out of which is made an intelligent student of early Tuscan art. There is frequent occasion to question the justice of Mr. Allen's appreciations, as, *e. g.*, in slighting Holland, or in calling Belgian architecture "sublime," when he has had next to nothing to say about the vastly superior architecture from which the best things in Belgium are derived. It may be a fault that the book makes little provision for the needs of any student other than of art in general and painting in particular, but that means merely that it is not for the specialist.

We have done with limitations, errors, and eccentricities of form; it remains to be owned that, for the tourist who wishes to get the highest possible enjoyment and teaching out of his year in Europe, it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find another guide so stimulating and suggestive. It transforms the usual aimless and unintelligent scramble into a well-ordered curriculum. We cannot praise too highly Mr. Grant Allen's system which, excluding everything that does not make for his purpose, arranges what is best worth study in a sequence with beginning, middle, and end. He assumes that Italian art is the highest that has been produced by our modern civilization; that to understand it properly you should begin by studying it in its birthplace, where all its surroundings help to explain its meaning to you; that the ordinary fashion of endeavoring to see everything one has ever heard of, or everything recommended in the guide-books, on the way to Italy, implies the absorption of a heterogeneous mass of stuff for which the mind is unprepared, and results in intellectual indigestion; that therefore what you see in going towards Italy should frankly be by way of preparation, and that you should leave the rest unseen until Italy shall have enabled you to get from it all the good it is capable of giving.

How this great and definite purpose is to be followed up is convincingly shown in Mr. Allen's pages; the antics of the showman serve, on the whole, to make the process amusing and keep the interest awake. We are sure that few who allow themselves to be guided by his advice will regret having made Florence the centre, the key to their tour. "Get there as fast as you reasonably can; stop there for ever; and go back again afterwards at frequent intervals," appeals to every one who really knows that queen among cities; but for the beginner the advice is made more understandable: "*Spend as large a proportion of your visit as you can possibly spare in Florence.* Whatever else you see or leave unseen, do not dock for time the most important thing in Europe." But even in this form the counsel may seem to savor of excess when unsupported by all the capital reasons that the author adduces in its favor. We would cordially invite any intelligent and earnest young person contemplating the European tour, to buy and carefully read this little book, and if, afterward, he or she fail to abide by its wisdom, the fault will assuredly not be in the presentation of it by Mr. Grant Allen.

The Growth of the Constitution in the Federal Convention of 1787: An Effort to trace the Origin and Development of each separate Clause, from its first Suggestion in that Body to the Form finally approved. Containing also a Facsimile of a heretofore unpublished Manuscript of the First Draft of the Instrument, made for use in the Committee of Detail. By William M. Meigs, author of the Life of Charles Jared Ingersoll. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. [1899.] 1900.

This is a long title of a good book, and it saves labor to a reviewer. Mr. Meigs is one in whose hands a reader may feel safe—a scholar learned, accurate, thorough, and candid. He has done excellent work before now, on subjects connected with constitutional law and the history and literature of that subject. The present book is a most useful and convenient one. Its object is sufficiently indicated in its title. It will turn out, we suspect, to be an indispensable handbook for all careful students of the Federal constitution. Not only has the author done well the simple main task that he set himself, but he has added the touch that only a learned writer could give, by an occasional reference to sources of information rare or hitherto unknown. He reproduces in facsimile a highly interesting document, the draft of a constitution prepared by Edmund Randolph, and used by the Committee of Detail, and makes instructive comments upon this paper, the true character of which Mr. Meigs seems to have been the first to perceive.

Wild Life in Hampshire Highlands. By George A. B. Dewar. [The Haddon Hall Library, Edited by the Marquess of Granby and Mr. George A. B. Dewar.] London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 8vo, pp. 304.

This is an uncommonly attractive book. It is written not only by a lover of nature, but of White's immortal 'History of Selborne'; and while it lacks the artlessness which made that work great, it is none the less worthy. The author is a close and original observer, a good naturalist, and a student of his local history. So we not only follow him into the haunts of the shy warblers, but into obscure local histories which tell how, as late as the last century, "the finest of extinct British birds, the great bustard," was at home in Hampshire; and how, in 1751, a flock of them frightened a huntsman's horse so that he was overset. In another place Mr. Dewar adds his word to the protest (which he thinks growing stronger in England) against the destruction of scarce and beautiful wild things. For his own part, although a collector, he has learned to "name all the birds without a gun"—their song, their plumage, their migration, their habits of nesting; and he notes—through the clear waters of the Hampshire chalk-streams—the antics of the trout for which he is angling. Among birds, he places the nightingale highest, for its song, its dignity, and a sober beauty that even distinguishes its eggs.

"Very many people," he says, "are convinced that the nightingale is a very plain, undistinguished-looking bird. In point of fact, the nightingale is about the most distinguished-looking bird of all our smaller summer visitors, whether to wood, field, or mountain. He seems quite what he is—a king among small birds. Look at his large, bright—I was almost going to say gazelle-like—eye, at his nobility of mien and carriage, at the way in which he stands well up off his perch on those long brown legs of his; and you will never afterwards believe the stories about this marvellous singer being a little humble-looking brown bird."

A colored lithograph of the nightingale confirms this remark, suggesting, in gracefulness of outline, our vireo, also a bird of dignity, and a most spiritual songster.

The book contains another excellent plate of two warblers, five landscapes after drawings by Mr. Ralph Hodgson, and a number of vignettes of uncommon merit, by Mr. A. Rackham. Large print and good paper add to its merits.

A Primer of Forestry. Part I. The Forest. By Gifford Pinchot. [Bulletin No. 24, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Division of Forestry.] Washington: Government Printing Office. 1899.

This little book of perhaps not twenty thousand words, with 130 illustrations, will be thankfully received by those whom it concerns, and will doubtless contribute to the weal and wealth of the nation. Though arboriculture is one thing and silviculture another, yet an introductory chapter is judiciously devoted to the life of the tree, its parts, its food, its chemical composition, how it breathes by leaves and lenticels, how it grows at the different seasons, and the consequent structure of the wood, its annual rings, its medullary rays, its heartwood, etc. The second chapter treats of the differences in the silvatic characters of trees, especially between "tolerant" trees, which flourish under more or less heavy shade in early youth, and "intolerant" trees, which demand a comparatively light cover, or even unrestricted light. This capital distinction is the secret of much that seems incomprehensible in lucarian history, and may be called the key to forestry. Various other characters, such as the nature of the seeds, the tendency to sprout, the requirement of moisture, and resistance to heat, cold, and injuries, are here considered. The next chapter—a deeply interesting one—describes the course of events in the life of a forest. Although in an ancient forest trees differing in age by centuries grow side by side, yet, in order to show how this ultimate stationary state of things is brought about, the author follows the progress of a forest-crop of uniform age from the seed through all the successive phases of life until it reaches maturity, bears seed in its turn, and finally declines in fertility and strength, until at last it passes away and its place is filled by a new generation. The last chapter treats of the enemies of the forest, especially fire, "reckless" lumbering, and sheep-grazing. We do not know that we can agree that stripping off a forest can properly be called "reckless" lumbering. Is it not often a method forced upon the owner by the State, which taxes this kind of pro-

perty at such a ruinous rate that no other course is open to him?

In its clear presentation of the rationale of its subject, in the force of its reasons enhanced by entire moderation, this tract is quite a little masterpiece. In reading it the book itself has seemed to us like a forest, first, in the simplicity of its style, and, second, in that it tempts us to go on and on by the calm refreshment of its sturdy, solemn truths. But it turns out altogether unlike a forest in coming to an end too soon, as well as by the circumstance that the reader is never for a moment at a loss to know at just what point of the argument he is or whither it is leading him. There is no literature in it, as moderns understand literature, yet the writer cannot conceal from us that he has been penetrated and baptized with the spirit of the woods.

"The forest," he says, "is as beautiful as it is useful. The old fairy tales which spoke of it as a terrible place are wrong. No one can really know the forest without feeling the gentle influence of one of the kindliest and strongest parts of nature. Perhaps no other natural agent has done so much for the human race, and has been so recklessly used and so little understood."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, W. I. L. Amateur Photography. The Baker & Taylor Co.
Annesley, Charles. The Standard Opera Glass. Brentanos. $1.50.
Baker, C. W. Monopolies and the People. New ed. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.
Baum, F. L. Father Goose. Chicago: Geo. M. Hill Co.
Brontë, Charlotte. Jane Eyre. [Haworth Edition.] Harpers.
Browne, Sir T. Religio Medici. Cassell & Co. 10c.
Brunetière, F. Art and Morality. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Carroll, Stella W., and Jerome, Harriet L. Boys and Girls of the Philippines. The Morse Co.
Chaillu, P. du. The Land of the Long Night. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.
Closet and Altar. Boston: W. L. Greene & Co. $1.
Coman, Prof. Katherine, and Kimball, Elizabeth. A History of England. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Cook, Prof. A. S. The Artistic Ordering of Life. 35c.
Deming, E. W. Indian Child Life. F. A. Stokes Co. $2.
Eliot, George. Middlemarch. 2 vols. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $2.50.
Elton, O. The Augustan Ages. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Fisher, Mary. A General Survey of American Literature. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Ford, J. L. Cupid and the Footlights. F. A. Stokes Co.
France, Anatole. Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard. Henry Holt & Co. 80c.
Fredericq, Prof. P. L'Enseignement Supérieur de l'Histoire. Paris: Félix Alcan.
Gibson, C. D. The Education of Mr. Pipp. R. H. Russell.
Gilbert, Rev. G. H. The Revelation of Jesus. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Gissing, G. The Crown of Life. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Hardesty, J. The Mother of Trusts. Kansas City: Hudson-Kimberly Pub. Co.
Hesse-Wartegg, E. von. Siam, das Reich des weissen Elefanten. Leipzig: J. J. Weber.
Higginson, T. W. Contemporaries. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Holland, F. M. Liberty in the Nineteenth Century. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
Holmes, O. W. The Professor at the Breakfast-table. New ed. Hurst & Co.
Humphrey, Maud and Mabel. Gallant Little Patriots. F. A. Stokes Co. $2.
Johnston, Annie F. Two Little Knights of Kentucky. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 50c.
Jordan, W. G. The Kingship of Self-Control. F. H. Revell Co. 30c.
Kotelman, L. School Hygiene. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. $1.50.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. Tales from Shakespeare. Truslove, Hanson & Comba. $1.50.
L'Estrange, Sir R. A Hundred Fables of Æsop. John Lane.
Macfall, H. The House of the Sorcerer. Boston: R. G. Badger & Co. $1.25.
Marden, O. S. Character. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Marden, O. S. Cheerfulness as a Life Power. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Marsh, C. T. A Gentleman Juror. Rand, McNally & Co.
Matthews, Brander. A Confident To-morrow. Harpers.
Maupassant, G. de. Strong as Death. Drexel Biddle.
Miller, J. R. The Secret of Gladness. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 60c.
McConnell, Rev. S. D. History of the American Episcopal Church. Thomas Whittaker. $2.
Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Newcomer, Prof. A. G. Selections from Imaginary Conversations of Walter Savage Landor. Henry Holt & Co. 50c.
Oman, C. The Reign of George VI. London: Rivingtons: 2s.
Paget, R. L. The Poetry of American Wit and Humor. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.
Paine, A. B. The Beacon Prize Medals. The Baker & Taylor Co.
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Pollard, P. Cape of Storms. Boston: R. G. Badger & Co. $1.25.
Pool, Maria L. Little Bermuda. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.
Quiller-Couch, A. T. The Ship of Stars. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Rands, W. B. Lilliput Lyrics. John Lane. $2.
Reed, Myrtle. Love Letters of a Musician. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
Robinson, Edith. A Little Daughter of Liberty. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 50c.
Rossetti, D. G. The White Ship. London: Ellis & Elvey. 6d.
Rouse, W. H. D. Demonstrations in Greek Iambic Verse. Cambridge: The University Press. $1.50.
Ryan, Marah E. The Bondwoman. Rand, McNally & Co.
Seaman, H. J. The Expert Cleaner. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
Sheldon, C. M. John King's Question Class. Chicago: The Advance Publishing Co. 75c.
Sherman, Prof. L. A. Shakespeare's Tragedy of Macbeth. Henry Holt & Co. 60c.
Smart, Prof. W. The Distribution of Income. The Macmillan Co. $1.60.
Smith, E. J. New Trades Combination Movement. London: Rivingtons. 2s.
Smith, J. E. The Scarlet Stigma. A Drama in four acts. Washington: J. J. Chapman. 75c.
Stevenson, R. A. M. Velasquez. London: George Bell & Sons. $1.75.
St. John, H. The Voyage of the Avenger. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Stowe, Harriet B. The Minister's Wooing. New ed. Hurst & Co.
Strang, L. C. Famous Actresses of the Day. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Sudermann, H. Der Katzensteg. Edited by Prof. B. W. Wells. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 40c.
Taylor, M. J. The House of the Wizard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.
Temple, O. P. East Tennessee and the Civil War. Cincinnati: The Robert Clarke Co. $3.50.
Terry, Prof. M. S. The Sibylline Oracles. New ed. Eaton & Mains. $2.
Thacher, Lucy W. The Listening Child. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Van Dyke, H. Fisherman's Luck. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.
White, H. Differences. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Whitelock, L. C. How Hindsight met Provincialatis. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Windelband, Dr. W. History of Ancient Philosophy. Chas. Scribner's Sons. $2.
Wise, J. S. The End of an Era. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Wood, H. The Political Economy of Natural Law and Ideal Suggestion through Mental Photography. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Wormeley, Katherine P. The Correspondence of Princess Palatine, Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, and Madame de Maintenon. Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co.
Wright, Julia McN. A Bonnie Boy. American Tract Society. $1.
Zart, G. The Charm of Jesus. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 35c.
Zola, E. Fécondité. Paris: Charpentier.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1899.

The Week.

It is now evident that Secretary Root will be able to make good his prophecy that all the reinforcements for Gen. Otis will eat their Christmas dinner in Manila, with the exception of three or four regiments which should arrive early in January. Gen. Otis will then have about 65,000 men of all branches of the service in the Philippines, of which number about 6,000 will be in the Southern Islands, and about 2,000 will be non-combatants. Deducting the Manila garrison and a low percentage of sick and wounded, there will be left at the most about 48,000 men for duty on the firing line and to garrison the interior towns. This is by no means an extravagantly large force for the task in hand, and it is not at all remarkable that, in the face of it, Secretary Root should appeal to Congress, in his annual report, for a standing army of 100,000 men, particularly as the term of service of the newly raised regiments will expire by act of Congress in the short time of sixteen months. Meanwhile the War Department is bending all its energies to keeping the forces now in Luzon at their full strength. To fill the vacancies caused by deaths and discharges for expiration of enlistment, and particularly because of the large item of physical disability, the recruiting offices are kept busy indeed, as is evidenced by Monday's order for 1,000 more regular army recruits to be sent to the islands from this port on January 1. Were one-fifth of the number of those soldiers who have perished in the Philippines to die by some sudden calamity, there would be a keen outcry of sorrow and lamenting from all over the country. We are glad to see an awakening sense of injury about these needlessly lost and needlessly wasted American lives manifesting itself in many quarters.

Beyond the fact that the newspapers contain frequent paragraphs about Samoa and the dissatisfaction caused by the latest arrangement of its affairs by the United States, Germany, and Great Britain, the public know nothing and care nothing about those islands. They constitute an intrusion on our breakfast tables. Nine-tenths of the American people, we think, would be glad if they should never hear Samoa mentioned again. What the last cause of dissatisfaction may be few will have taken pains to find out, but the remedy proposed for it is a division of the islands between the three Powers. This would be obviously preferable to joint control over them by the three, but a still better arrangement would be a donation outright of our share, except our old coaling-station at Pago-Pago, to the other two. True, we have never used the coaling-station, but we might wish to do so at some future time. So we had best keep it for what it may be worth. The report comes from Germany that she would be glad to withdraw also, provided she is released from all the embarrassments that have grown out of the previous and existing joint control. Now, is it not true that the sole reason on our part for not withdrawing is the belief that Germany wants us to do so? If this is an entire mistake, if Germany is herself ready to withdraw, what reason have we for staying and bothering our heads about Mataafa and Malikao, or whatever may be the names of the rival native chiefs? Have we not perplexities enough in the Philippines and race troubles enough at home to take all of our time and to employ all of our statesmanship?

The new proposal from Canada for a settlement of the Alaska boundary dispute seems not to meet with much favor at Washington. In our judgment it is not entitled to much. We could very well afford to give Canada a free port on the Lynn Canal for commercial purposes. But we cannot consider Canada's waiver of claim to Dyea and Skaguay as any compensation for Pyramid Harbor or for anything else, because she has no rights in that quarter to relinquish, and she would never have imagined that she had any but for the discovery of gold in the Klondike. It was not until a considerable time after this discovery that the claim to the Lynn Canal was trumped up. As matters now stand, Canada has the advantage in the matter of trade with the Klondike. She can and does impose duties at the Klondike border in favor of her own merchants, and, however opposed this may be to the principles of Adam Smith, we are not the ones who can rightfully complain. Notwithstanding all these facts, notwithstanding the absurdity of the claim to the Lynn Canal or any part of it, we should be glad to see the whole batch of differences between the two countries referred to the Hague court of arbitration. That court would never give an inch of territory on the Lynn Canal to Canada as a matter of law or without the free consent of the United States.

It seems probable that the first case to be arbitrated since the adjournment of the Hague Conference will be the claim of the United States against Russia for the seizure of American sealing-vessels in Bering Sea in the neighborhood of the Commander Islands. Three such vessels were seized in about the same way that we seized British vessels accused of poaching on our side of the line which in our treaty with Russia divides Bering Sea in two parts. There is this difference, however, between the two cases. We contended that the seal herd was ours wherever found, regardless of the territorial limit of three miles, and on this ground we seized the British ships as poachers. The Paris tribunal of arbitration decided this case against us, and we paid the damages ascertained by a subsequent tribunal. Russia never set up any such claim, but she maintained that her rights under international law extended to seven miles from the shore line because that was the range of modern artillery, and that the captured vessels were within this distance from the shore and engaged in taking seals when captured. The point of dispute between the two countries seems to be wholly on the question whether three miles or seven miles is the territorial limit under international law. Although the Paris tribunal did not have this precise point under consideration, it held that three miles from shore was the limit of maritime jurisdiction. However that may be, our claim against Russia is to be submitted to an arbitrator sitting at The Hague, the Dutch jurist, Dr. Asser, acting in that capacity. This is not, strictly speaking, the Hague court of arbitration. That tribunal has not yet been constituted. It cannot be until the Powers concerned ratify the Hague treaty, but the proposed arbitration with Russia is as near an approach to it as it is possible to come at present, and is a virtual assent to its terms by both Russia and the United States.

Gov. Roosevelt's Thanksgiving proclamation gives very much the impression of firing a revolver in the middle of a prayer, or of making the responses with three cheers and a tiger. To stuff a stump speech, as Mr. Roosevelt has done, into a call to prayer and praise is in wretched taste, to say the least, and will jar upon the ears of the devout in a way that our slap-dash Governor probably little suspects. A Thanksgiving proclamation is a quasi-religious document. Time-honored platitudes inevitably find their place in it, and can be pardoned; but it is a shocking thing to draw one up in the spirit of Arizona Pete. If we are to have Rough Riding in the churches, the plight of the piously inclined will be truly sad. And there is impudence approaching the sublime in the Governor's thinking it necessary to remind the people of this State that they are Americans as well as New Yorkers, and in his calm assumption that the na-

tion now for the first time feels "the flush of its mighty manhood." There *is* a flush which it might well experience on reading the Governor's silly proclamation, and that is the flush of shame that an American in high place should intrude his noisy hectoring upon assemblies met for divine worship.

A most absurd spectacle in campaigning was presented in Maryland last week. An election for State officials is to take place next week. The Republican Governor is a candidate for re-election upon his merits as executive during the past four years. His letter of acceptance was devoted exclusively to State issues. He seeks the support of voters without the slightest reference to their attitude regarding national questions like the silver issue and imperialism. In the midst of his canvass there jumps into the State the Governor of New York, who knows nothing about the local questions that are under discussion by both parties, and who proceeds to urge support of Gov. Lowndes on the ground of "standing by the men who take the view that where the flag has been hoisted it shall not go back in the face of an armed foe," etc., etc. Nothing could be imagined better calculated to drive off from the Republican ticket those Democratic voters whose support is essential to Republican success in a State which is normally Democratic, than this ridiculous performance of an outsider in changing the issue from the consideration of State affairs to national politics.

In accordance with the provisions of the act of 1897, Mr. Gage invited a certain number of architects in different parts of the country to enter a competition for the custom-house building in this city. The law of 1899 contained a special clause which provided that the Secretary "may, in his discretion, invite not less than five architects to compete for the preparation and furnishing of plans, drawings, and specifications, and the local supervision of the construction of said new custom-house building, under the direction and general supervision of the Secretary of the Treasury." Mr. Gage invited a large number, and his invitation was accepted. The plans of twenty competitors were submitted to a jury, formed under the provisions of the Tarsney act, consisting of Mr. Taylor, Supervising Architect of the Treasury, Mr. Thomas Kimball of Omaha, and Mr. Frank Miles Day, President of the Philadelphia chapter of the American Institute of Architects. The first decision resulted in a tie between the designs supplied by Mr. Cass Gilbert and those of Messrs. Carrère & Hastings, and these competitors were requested to make certain modifications. The final decision gave the award to Mr. Gilbert.

Nothing was said while the competition was in progress about confining it to New York architects. None of the competitors lodged a complaint against their rivals on this ground. Yet scarcely was the award made when a great outcry, proceeding in the first instance from an express office in lower Broadway, was started against the injustice to New York architects of taking so important a work out of their hands. It was said that "certain architects" were feeling very much incensed about this treatment, but their names have never been revealed, and are not likely to be. It was said also that the plans were inadequate artistically, that Mr. Gilbert belonged really in St. Paul, and had come to this city only six months ago, presumably to get a chance to grab this job, and much more to the same effect; but the only authority willing to give his name to such views of the case was Mr. Platt's Quigg. Nobody supposes for an instant that there is anything except politics in this effort to have the finding of the jury set aside. Of course Mr. Platt's assumption that the new custom-house building is to be a New York structure is false. It is to be a Federal building, paid for by the whole country. That he should want to make of this great public work a private job for the benefit of himself and his machine is natural, for his power is built upon patronage, and his chief ambition in life is to "handle" it.

The Indiana Bankers' Association held their annual session at Indianapolis on Wednesday of last week, and adopted resolutions in favor of reducing the tax on national banknote circulation one-half; permitting the issue of circulating notes to the par value of the United States bonds deposited for circulation; permitting the organization of national banks, with a capital of $25,000, in towns having 1,000 people or less; and granting to national banks, excepting in reserve or central reserve cities, permission to invest 50 per cent. of their capital stock and surplus in first mortgages on real estate, that may run not longer than five years. All of these proposed changes except the last have been discussed more or less in recent years, and have been generally approved. The national banking act prohibits the lending of any part of a bank's money on real-estate security. This provision of law is grounded upon right principles. As the bank's liabilities are all payable on demand, it ought to keep its resources invested in "quick assets." Loans on real estate do not come under this category, and no prudent banker would make many such loans even if the law put no restrictions on him. There are plenty of State banks and private banks (other than savings banks and trust companies) which are under no such restriction, yet, being commercial banks chiefly, the amount of money which they lend on real estate is insignificant. The national banking law is, therefore, rather perfunctory than useful in this particular. Probably the slight change which the Indiana Bankers' Association ask for would not be productive of harm, and it might do away with some prejudice which exists among the farmers of the country against the national banking system.

By an act passed by the last Legislature which became a law on July 1 of this year, the State of Illinois has opened a free employment agency in each city of more than 50,000 inhabitants and three such in the city of Chicago. According to the law, these offices are to assist each applicant for work to obtain it without any charge, and every applicant seeking help in any legitimate enterprise whatever is entitled to the State's aid. Each office is managed by a superintendent, a woman assistant superintendent, and a clerk, recommended by the State Board of Labor Commissioners and appointed by the Governor. The Chicago offices have been crowded with applicants ever since their doors were opened, in August. Employers of labor have from the start looked favorably upon the enterprise. Most of the large railroads asked for the assistance of the offices in getting them the laborers needed, and many large enterprises followed suit. It must not be thought, however, that the State's taking up such an enterprise enables it to find places for every seeker after employment. The South Side office in Chicago during the two months from August 2 to October 7 placed only 1,959 of the 4,625 male applicants, and was unable to fill 1,015 of the 2,974 requests of employers. Of 1,503 women seeking positions, mostly as house servants, 1,346 were given places, while 665 employers out of 2,011 failed to find the workers desired. It is probable, however, that when these offices become better known, the State's efforts will be proportionately more successful. There have been very few protests against this State competition made by the private agencies, which are forced to pay a license tax of $200 each, and the new enterprise has thus far received the approval of some of the leading students of Chicago's social conditions. The results of the experiment will doubtless be watched by other States. It must be noted, however, that the Illinois law contains one provision inserted as an evident concession to the labor organizations, which forbids the furnishing of workmen to an employer whose employees are either striking or locked out. This does not add to the strength of the law or commend itself to the public at large.

Two developments of the past week in the railway industry—the very wide-

spread advance in freight transportation charges and the placing of enormously heavy contracts for new rails and rolling stock—have an interest wider than the railroad business. In regard to the rise in freight rates, it is a familiar fact that within the past twelve months the average of such charges has touched the lowest level in American commercial history. Going back as far as 1882, the record shows an average rate of nearly 1¼ cent per ton per mile; in 1898 the same average barely exceeded ¾ cent. The numerous reasons for this fall in charges are sufficiently well known. It has followed natural causes. These causes were doubtless emphasized, sometimes unduly and unreasonably, by compulsory legislation, but in the main the continuous decline in rates reflected, first, increasing economy in operation and decreasing cost of materials, and, second, the vast increase of railway competition, through which supply of freight-room constantly ran far beyond demand. These very factors, however, go far to warrant a rise in freight rates at the present juncture.

Demand for freight room by interior shippers is so notoriously in excess of ready supply that the "car famine" in the West has become one of the most familiar phenomena of the period. This is a fair prima-facie argument for higher charges; but it is not the only argument. The cost of railway labor has advanced on the average at least 10 per cent. during the recent prosperous times. The cost of railway supplies, the greater part of which naturally comes from the advancing iron market, has very nearly doubled within twelve months. It was announced, some days ago, that orders for a million and a half tons of steel rails had been placed by the companies on the basis of $33 per ton, and this was declared to be a concession from the ruling price. Yet the railways, twelve months ago, might have filled their needs, so far as market quotations went, at no more than $18 per ton. Here is a difference of more than twenty million dollars in a single block of orders. Similar striking differences may be figured out in the large contracts for new cars and locomotives, which are now being placed by every important railway in the country. Such a position of affairs certainly gives warrant for reasonable advance in carrying rates, and shippers need not fear that the rise will be more than reasonable. Excessive and extortionate charges are a notorious impossibility in the present situation of the industry. Indeed, the greater probability is that whatever advances are now attained cannot in any case be more than temporary. These very additions to rolling-stock which are now running up the railway expense account will serve, when the new equipment has been delivered, to prevent return of the "car famine" which to-day makes the railways masters of the situation. Nor can we count indefinitely on the huge volume of agricultural shipments which, this year, has taxed the full resources for transportation.

There is a controversy in Chattanooga, Tenn., over the use of Mrs. Lee's 'History of the United States' in the public schools. Mrs. Lee is a daughter of General Pemberton. Naturally she takes the Southern view of the civil war. Yet, strange to say, the School Board of Chattanooga decided to exclude her book, and the newspaper accounts say that every Southern-born man on the board voted for it, while every Northern-born man voted against it. This would imply that Northern-born men are in the majority at Chattanooga, or at all events are a majority of the School Board. The Southern men do not intend to rest satisfied with one vote. They are "rallying their forces." It has come out in the course of the controversy that one of the teachers in the public schools, who has been using Barnes's History, thinks that the Federal army was victorious at Chickamauga. This has added some bitterness to the dispute, and has aroused Colonel Garrett Andrews to "demand our rights in the history of our country." So say we all of us. The Northern people, at the time of the battle of Chickamauga, thought that they had the worst of it, and it took nearly a quarter of a century to change their minds. They are now prepared to admit that perhaps their first impressions were wrong and that General Rosecrans was a greater man than they had taken him to be. If this change of opinion is due to Barnes's History, we shall vote for it on every favorable opportunity.

The defeat of the Yale and Princeton football teams by those of Columbia and Cornell, hitherto entirely outclassed by the older colleges, is an event of great importance to the future of intercollegiate athletics. It marks the end of the "championship" idea in that branch of sport, just as the baseball teams of Dartmouth, Georgetown, and Brown and other colleges have made it impossible in past years to decide which nine was superior to all the others throughout the country. With the rise to the front rank in football of Columbia, Brown, Cornell, Wisconsin, and Chicago, it is now similarly impossible for any one to claim superiority in that sport. The value of the resulting state of affairs can be estimated only by those familiar with the false and utterly disproportionate place athletics have had in the college curriculum and the minds of the undergraduates hitherto. This overestimation has been largely due to the desire to become "champion" over all other important teams, and the impracticability of accomplishing this now paves the way for contests between neighbors and natural rivals, in which less emphasis will be laid upon success than upon playing games in a manly, honest, straightforward, and gentlemanly way, for the sake of the sport and the exercise. We shall hear very little of charges of professionalism and unfair play the minute the undergraduate begins to take this attitude toward intercollegiate contests. The defeats of Saturday, furthermore, have not been unexpected, as both Yale and Princeton narrowly escaped similar ones last year. They are the result of better methods of training in the smaller colleges, taught by graduates of the teams of Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, and are not due to any sudden attendance of physically superior students. So far as these methods make for a better game, under better rules and under less dangerous conditions, and bring more players in each college to take healthful outdoor contests, they are to be heartily welcomed.

It was undoubtedly a severe reverse which befell the British in the first day's fighting at Ladysmith. Gen. White's shouldering of all responsibility for the loss of two regiments is a manly thing, and reminds one of Gen. Lee's clear honesty in explaining his loss at Gettysburg. The rash movement which entailed the disaster bears out, by so much, the contention of Continental military critics, that the British officers, by long and almost exclusive experience in fighting savages and semi-savages—Afridis and Zulus and Dervishes—have acquired the habit of daring too much. It is one thing to charge at Dargai or Tel el-Kebir upon warriors who never turned in their flight when once broken, and quite another to press too audaciously upon soldiers who have the stomach to rally and retrieve an apparently lost field. Yet the British loss, severe and galling as it is, does not radically alter the military situation, which remains, even at Ladysmith, one of formidable difficulty for the Boers to face. The place must now be in splendid posture of defence; the British artillery seems quite to outclass the Boer; and every day will bring reinforcements nearer. Meantime, the strain upon the manifestly inefficient transport and commissariat service of the Boers will be the greater the longer they are kept on the stretch and the farther they march from their base. But they have certainly shown themselves to be made of the stern old stuff of their fathers. On their western border they have completely invested Mafeking and Kimberley, whose relief must be as much of a concern to the newly arrived commander-in-chief, Sir Redvers Buller, as that of Ladysmith and Natal generally.

A CRIMINAL BACKWARD STEP.

The Civil-Service Commission has acted with promptness and effect upon the soliciting circulars which the Ohio Republican State Committee has sent out to all the employees in the Federal service throughout the country, asking their financial aid in carrying Ohio this year because of the "important bearing the result will have upon the greater contest of 1900." The President of the Commission referred the subject to ex-Senator Edmunds for an opinion as to whether the circulars of the Committee constitute a violation of the law. In his reply, dated October 25, Mr. Edmunds says:

"I think it is clear that the soliciting of such political aids by means of the post-office is distinctly within the prohibition of section 12 of the act to which I refer. The language of the section is: 'That no person shall in any room or building,' etc., 'solicit in any manner whatever,' etc. It is not that no person being in a room or building shall solicit, but it is that no solicitation shall be made in any such place, no matter where the person making the solicitation may be. If, for instance, a person on the street outside the Treasury Department should send a written offer to some person employed in the building to pay a price for robbing the vaults or committing any other wrong, it would be clear that his offence was committed within the building, for the writing of the offer would be entirely incomplete until delivered to the person to whom it was addressed."

In giving out this opinion for publication, the Commission accompany it with a long argument tending to establish the fact that the Ohio Committee violated both the spirit and the letter of the law. This was perfectly plain in the Committee's circular, for they confessed judgment when they entered into an argument to show that they had taken especial pains to get around the law, and believed that they had succeeded. They based their assurance altogether upon the point that they had placed the work of solicitation in charge of a committee "made up of persons in no wise connected with the Federal service." Mr. Edmunds makes short work, as above, of this pettifogging interpretation of the law. The Ohio committee were "soliciting" in a manner forbidden by law, and, even on their own confession, endeavoring to collect money from persons whom the law has been enacted especially to protect. There is no room for dispute on these points. It follows, therefore, that the Republican campaign committee, in McKinley's own State, committed a double offence in the eye of the law, for, as the Commission points out, "it has long been determined that if an offer to bribe is made through the post-office, the writer commits an offence at the place where he deposits the letter as well as at the place where it is received."

There will be no difficulty in fixing responsibility for the mailing of the circulars. Each circular was signed by W. F. Burdell, Treasurer, and bore at its head the names of the five members of the "Finance Committee of the Ohio Republican Executive Committee, Board of Trade Building, Columbus." The five names are "J. B. Zerbe, Chairman; W. F. Burdell, Treasurer; Julius Whiting, jr., Charles P. Taft, Noah H. Swayne." The circular itself is evidence that they did this work, for it states that they were especially selected to perform it. Their offence is defined in the fifteenth section of the law as follows:

"Any one who shall be guilty of violating any provision of the four foregoing sections shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall, on conviction thereof, be punished by a fine not exceeding $5,000, or by imprisonment for a term not exceeding three years, or by such fine and imprisonment both, in the discretion of the court."

Whose duty is it to enforce the law? Why, the President's. He is the man who should direct the Attorney-General to institute proceedings, and he should do it without delay. He must be able to perceive that the commission of the offence in his own State and in the interest of his own party, in a campaign which is avowedly conducted for the purpose of making his own renomination sure, renders it imperative for him to act with unusual vigor and alacrity in the matter. The Commission has not called upon him *pro forma* to act, but in laying the case before the public it has shown the necessity for action and left with him the responsibility of taking it.

Is the President equal to this emergency? Can Attorney-General Griggs remove his eyes from the "glory-crowned heights" long enough to see this duty which lies so near at hand? Nothing approaching this circular, as an open and brazen violation of the civil-service law, has been committed by any party in this country since the law went into effect. We have had violations in one form or another in abundance, but this is the first time that a campaign committee of a great political party has written down and sent broadcast over the land its avowed intention to violate the law. It did not do this on a small scale, but sent the avowal to the entire force of Federal employees throughout the country. The fact that this was done in the President's own political household, in a campaign conducted in person by the man who is in charge of his political interests and fortunes, made it especially harmful and portentous. Then, too, it came on the heels of an act of the President himself which had greatly weakened the force of the civil-service laws, and had shown on his part a clear determination to hand the service over, sooner or later, entirely to the spoilsmen. It was, in fact, the second "backward step," as ominous as the first had been, and was calculated to make all employees feel that if they did not contribute as requested, their hold upon their places would be insecure. There is only one way by which the President can rid himself of the responsibility for this shameful and criminal business, and that is to see to it that the persons who have committed the crime are punished to the full extent of the law.

TRANSVAAL AND PHILIPPINE DIPLOMACY.

One of the grounds of complaint of the English Liberals in Parliament, regarding Mr. Chamberlain's conduct of diplomatic negotiations with the Transvaal, was his policy of excessive and ill-judged publicity. Dispatches were published before the ink on them was dry. The demands of England were given out before Krüger's reply was received; and his rejoinders were handed over to the press before the counter-proposals of the cabinet were formulated. By this means, it was charged by the Earl of Kimberley, public opinion was unnecessarily excited and inflamed, and the old and honorable tradition of English diplomacy completely broken with. This "new diplomacy," doing everything in the light of day, and making a clean breast of official secrets which in other years would have been jealously locked up, was responsible, complained the Liberal leader, for the atmosphere of irritation and suspicion on both sides that finally came to enwrap the whole affair and to make a peaceful settlement more and more difficult and unlikely. If this was the new diplomacy, it must be said of it, as of wine, that the old is better.

Lord Salisbury made an answer which has a great deal of force. He frankly confessed his preference for the older method. The noble lord could not be a more devout believer in the virtue of silence than he himself, and he would have been glad to cultivate it "even on the present occasion." But much was to be said on the other side. An English Minister is not a despotic power. He has to look about him, in great crises, for "that popular support which is the breath of life to all political movements in this age." He therefore cannot afford, by secrecy, by "neglecting the feelings of those to whom he has to look for support," to fail to "conciliate, to retain, to encourage, to push forward" whatever of confidence and loyalty he can command.

"He is bound," declared Lord Salisbury, "to give them such information as will place at his disposal and range behind him all the power, all the physical force of those who are devoted to his cause. If that is necessary—and he could not afford to allow British interests in the Cape by apathy or by ignorance to fall away from the Crown—how is it possible that he should proceed with the carefully secret methods of the older diplomacy? I am not doubting the merits of the older system, but if you have to appeal for popular support, the old diplomacy will not give it you. That seems to me to sum up the essence of the policy which has been undoubtedly pursued."

This particular controversy is no affair of ours, and we refer to it only to point out the remarkable contrast between England's Transvaal diplomacy

and our own Philippine diplomacy. All the arguments for frankness and publicity would seem to have double force as applied to a President. Instead of a seven-year Parliament behind him, he has but a two-year Congress. If popular support is the breath of life to an English Minister, what is it to the chief of an American Administration? He must consult it at every turn. He must use every art in instructing and directing it. Nobody is more keenly aware of this than Mr. McKinley. He fairly flings himself into the people's arms. And he does it with such an air of engaging openness, as one who vows that he can have no secrets from the sole object of his affections, that we are apt to forget how little he really tells us, how far he is from having taken us into his confidence. This man, we say, wears his heart on his sleeve. It may be true; but let us ask what he has all the while kept *up* his sleeve.

Compared with the unreserve of Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy, President McKinley's is the furled wings of the Sphinx herself. A simple enumeration of the things we should like to know about his diplomatic decisions and communications would make an appalling list. We will not go back to the correspondence with Spain; that there is humiliating reading in store for us when those dispatches come to be published, is clear to any one who has seen the fragments given out at Madrid. As far as the President is concerned, he has double-locked the whole of them. But all that is not strictly a part of the Philippine diplomacy. Purely in that province, however, think of all the important documents which Mr. McKinley has kept from the knowledge of Congress and the country. What were his instructions to Gen. Otis? They have never seen the light. What were his instructions to the Philippine Commission? The people do not know. What were the terms proposed by Aguinaldo before the war? We are left in ignorance. What were the offers made to the Filipinos by our army officers before the fighting began? We can only guess. What is the arrangement made with the Sultan of Sulu? The President refuses to tell. What was the information received from Gen. Otis before the war? Mr. McKinley has locked it up. What were the contents of the dispatch sent by Admiral Dewey last December, or thereabouts? The President has suppressed it. So we might go on. Never have we had a President so considerate of the dear people, yet never one so reluctant to give them material upon which to base a judgment. Compared with the light which Englishmen had upon all the phases of the Transvaal question, we are left, as regards our Philippine question, groping in the dark.

We by no means advocate the doctrine of every man his own diplomat. The new diplomacy, if it means promptly making capital out of every phase of an international quarrel which might be composed by patience and tact, is not at all to our taste. But it does not lie in an American's mouth to contradict Lord Salisbury when he affirms that, if you go to the people on a question of diplomacy, you must tell them the whole story. Mr. McKinley has gone to the people, but he does not tell them the whole story. What he keeps back may be, for all we know, the most important part of the entire business. Nor can he plead the necessity of being close-mouthed, on the ground that the whole affair must be kept in his skilful hands. He ostentatiously says it is our affair. Then it is not a case for diplomatic reserve. Give us the documents as freely as Mr. Chamberlain gave England the Transvaal documents.

ISOLATING WAR.

The war in South Africa illustrates a truth which was also exemplified in the Spanish-American war, the war between Greece and Turkey, the Franco-German war, and, in fact, nearly every war since Napoleon—the growing tendency, namely, to isolate an armed struggle between two nations. Instead of dragging in other Powers, a war now only incites them to keep their hands off more carefully than ever. We hear less of the duty of an ally to pitch in than of the obligation of a friendly state to observe a strict neutrality. This is an enormous change wrought in the habits of nations within the past century, and a change wholly for the better. We have only to remember how all Europe was set ablaze by Frederick or Napoleon; how a quarrel between the French and English a hundred and fifty years ago meant the hand of every nation against its fellow, and drove red men to scalp each other on the Mississippi and dark-skinned men to kill each other in the Carnatic; how the invasion of Russia by France necessarily involved Prussia, Poland, Austria, and Italy—and we see at once that we have changed all that. "A general European war" remains a kind of mental refuge, or millennial hope, for a certain order of American journalists, but we are little likely to live to see it, despite Dreibund and Franco-Russian alliance.

The distinct drift is toward isolation of war. If two nations must get into the prize-ring, the others tell them to fight it out, but to expect no aid or comfort from those who stand outside the ropes. The old tendency to rush in and take sides and precipitate a general mêlée persists, of course, but it persists mainly in the form of rumor. Other nations are always going to take part, but never quite do it. Able newspaper correspondents are promptly at the telegraph instrument with knowing hints about "inner circles of diplomacy," and with an air of "I could an' I would" tell all about the secret purposes of Russia or Germany. But, since Thackeray's day, we have grown less alarmed at these "machinations of a great Power that must be nameless," which so trouble the repose of journalists, and we generously discount them in advance. Spain was perfectly certain that Europe would never allow the rude republic of the West to humiliate her. There was France with her large Spanish investments, there was Emperor William with his friendly messages—why, the thing was absolutely sure. But the intervention did not come off. So now the advertised eagerness of France and Germany and Russia to interfere in the Boer war shows every day less sign of "materializing." The *Figaro* tells the Boers that they were fools to declare war, and that France, while sympathizing with them, is really too busy about her Exposition. The German Emperor is likewise excessively occupied, and even Russia is sorely disappointing the correspondents by her inactivity.

We have no disposition to proclaim rival prophecies of our own. It is all we can do to record the failure of other people's predictions. Here, for example, is a German military critic writing in the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, and even his comparatively reasonable forecast of the South African war is proved to be, as yet, far from accurate. He expected no interference from the outside, but he looked for a terrible state of things in South Africa itself. Every Dutchman in Cape Colony and Natal was to fly at once to arms, so that it would not be an army, but a nation, which England would have to fight. Both sides, moreover, were to put native auxiliaries in the field, and the resulting horrors of war would be almost unthinkable. England would require at least 150,000 of her best troops to succeed. None of these predictions, it is needless to say, has been fulfilled or now promises to be; and their failure, so far, simply helps us to see that even interested non-combatants on the spot are acting very much like neutral nations at a distance—that is, they are saying to the armies afoot, "Settle it between you, and don't expect *us* to take a hand in the fight."

Every man may have his own philosophy in speculating about the causes of this great change in the civilized way of regarding and treating war. It may be only enlightened self-interest, a slow dawning in national consciousness of the folly of interfering in another's quarrel. It may be due to the increased destructiveness of modern armaments, and the heightened cost of modern war, leading even "strenuous" rulers to count the cost before rushing into the fray. It may even be that men are not so fond of fighting as they used to be; that they are too much absorbed in business and in education and art and science to care

greatly about the military glory of killing and being killed—particularly in a quarrel which they have gone out of their way to pick. We cheerfully leave our readers to dogmatize on this subject at their ease. But the fact, whatever its explanation, is as we say. Instead of war now meaning a general conflagration, as it used to, it is treated as a fire which all neutral nations are interested in confining to as small a space as possible, and in which they have no notion of burning their own fingers unnecessarily. Thus war more clearly than ever takes its place among the nuisances, the dangers, the calamities of mankind. We think of it as a deadly disease which must, indeed, run its course in its unhappy victims, but which is to be isolated and prevented from spreading and so stamped out.

THE CITY CAMPAIGN.

We betray no confidence in saying that there is very little popular interest in the present campaign in this city. This melancholy fact stood revealed in the diminished figures of the registration, and every man who goes about among his fellows is confronted with it in the conversation which he hears and in which he takes part. What is the meaning of this indifference or "apathy"? The fusion ticket, especially in its nominees for judicial positions, is one of the best that the voters of the city have ever had an opportunity to support. Its election would be a distinct public benefit. All that the City Club and Citizens' Union have said in its favor is strictly true. The election of ex-Justice Daly to the Supreme Bench would of itself be an incalculable moral gain to the political tone of the community. Why can we not accomplish this? Why can we not have such general and enthusiastic support of the fusion ticket as will carry it to success by a handsome majority?

The answer to these questions is revealed in the columns of the newspapers daily. The campaign has become mainly a "slanging match" between Quigg and Croker as to which stands for the more corrupt politics. Quigg, speaking always for Platt, says that Croker runs the city government for his personal advantage and profit, that he levies blackmail on everybody who does business with the city government, and that he collects large revenues from the vice and crime of the community, encouraging its growth in order to increase his income therefrom. Croker says of Platt, whom Quigg represents, that he runs the Legislature and the State government for his personal profit; that the Republican party in this State is nothing more nor less than the firm of Tracy, Boardman & Platt; that Platt was behind the Ramapo job and the Astoria gas grab, and that the Mazet committee did not dare to put him on the stand for fear of showing what a corrupt old politician he is. The public reads what both these "great leaders" say of each other, and has not a particle of doubt that both are telling the truth. Each is doing and has been doing for a long time precisely what the other says he has, but Croker is the more brazen of the two.

A perfect example of the Platt system is furnished in the campaign for Mazet's reëlection in the Nineteenth Assembly District. In the first place, the chairman of Mazet's campaign committee is the Collector of the Port, Mr. Bidwell, who leaves his duties in the custom-house to help Mr. Platt in his effort to continue one of his agents on duty at Albany. Mazet said in a speech last week that there was only one issue in this campaign; that "on one side you have Croker and bossism, and on the other honesty and decency"; that "a man cannot do business with certain Tammany heads of departments without being subject to blackmail," and that he charged this "boldly and without fear." Why do such charges, when made boldly and without fear, excite no indignation? Simply because Mazet presided over an inquiry in which it was shown that while Croker used his power as boss to help his two sons get into "business" on a blackmailing basis, Platt had done the same thing for his two sons through law and surety business. Croker's friends and associates tried to foist the Ramapo job on the city, but Platt's friends and associates originated it and induced Tammany to take it up, and Platt's Family Law Firm got $250 for merely asking a Republican Governor to make the job possible. Mazet himself acted in the Legislature as the champion of the Astoria gas grab, which the Platt Family Law Firm got fees for advocating. Small wonder that when a boss's agent denounces the blackmailing methods of a rival boss, honest people take little interest in the proceedings.

So, too, in regard to the nomination by the Platt machine of ex-Justice Daly for the Supreme bench. People with memories have not forgotten that when a vacancy was imminent on this bench after Gov. Roosevelt came into office, and the Governor had declared his intention of appointing Mr. Daly to it, Boss Platt united with Boss Croker in such bitter opposition to it that the vacancy did not occur. If he was anxious to rebuke Croker for his interference with the freedom of the judiciary, Platt had an opportunity to do so effectively then, but he was not at all eager to improve it. And what brass it requires in one of Platt's legislative agents to denounce Tammany blackmailing operations when he knows for what purposes Platt has always used his majority in the Legislature.

So long as we have our two parties in the hands of two men so identical in methods and morals as Platt and Croker are, it will be useless to hope for popular enthusiasm in support of an anti-Tammany campaign in which Platt takes the lead. He has given us a good judicial ticket, however, and all good citizens should hail with joy the opportunity to vote for it.

THE LAW OF TRADE COMBINATIONS.

The general question of industrial combinations was lately discussed by a large convention of economists and politicians at Chicago, and now the Supreme Court of Illinois has added its contribution to the subject. The laws of Illinois against combinations in restraint of trade are particularly stringent, and they have been vigorously sustained by judicial decisions. Notably in the case of the "Whiskey Trust," it was held that property acquired by a corporation for illegal purposes could not be held by it, but must be restored to its original owners, or sold for the benefit of whom it might concern. To be sure, in that case, another corporation was at once formed, which bought the property of its predecessor, so that the practical effect of the appeal to the courts was not very great. But, theoretically at least, the majesty of the law was vindicated.

The decision against the Glucose Sugar Refining Company, which has just now been rendered, is apparently even more sweeping and severe than the former rulings. The Glucose Company is a New Jersey corporation, and it seems to have done nothing more than its charter and the corporation law of New Jersey permitted. That fact, however, the Illinois Supreme Court held, was immaterial. The question was whether the Glucose Company had violated the law of Illinois by purchasing the property of several corporations engaged in making glucose. The court held that such a violation had taken place, and expressed very pronounced views on the subject of monopoly. It laid it down that no sale of its property by one corporation to another is valid if the transaction has the effect of regulating prices, of limiting competition, or of controlling production. Glucose, it seems, can be succesfully manufactured only within what is known as the "corn belt," which consists of an ellipse about 950 miles in length from east to west and 700 miles in width. All of this belt is within 1,000 miles of Chicago, and, by the terms of sale, the parties conveying their property agreed not to manufacture glucose within 1,500 miles of that city. Hence their agreement was in effect a total or general restraint of trade, void not only by statute but at common law.

Moreover, the evidence showed that the Glucose Refining Company intended to acquire all the concerns engaged in the manufacture of glucose. Such a purpose vitiated all purchases embodying it.

On this point the court said: "The material consideration in the case of such a combination is, as a general thing, not that prices are raised, but that it rests in the power and discretion of the Trust or corporation taking all the plants of the several corporations to raise prices at any time if it sees fit to do so. It does not relieve the Trust of its objectionable features that it may reduce the price of the articles which it manufactures, because such reduction may be brought about for the express purpose of crushing out some competitor or competitors. . . . It makes no difference whether the combination is effected through the instrumentality of trustees and trust certificates, or whether it is effected by creating a new corporation and conveying to it all the property of the competing corporations. The test is whether the necessary consequence of the combination is the controlling of prices, or limiting of production or suppressing of competition, in such a way as thereby to create a monopoly. Necessarily, when corporations thus situated unite together all their properties in one new organization, and permit the latter to operate their properties, competition will be suppressed, and the new corporation will possess the power to limit production and control prices."

In this case the plaintiff was a minority stockholder, who objected to having his property disposed of without his consent, and the decision might perhaps have been based on that ground alone. But the language of the court makes it clear that, even if all the stockholders of the minor corporations had consented to the sale of their property, it would have made no difference. The transaction would still have been a fraud on the public, and the State could have had it annulled. The opinion of the court perhaps goes no farther than was done in the case of the Standard Oil Trust in Ohio and that of the Trans-Missouri Freight Association, which came before the United States Supreme Court. But the Illinois court indulges in some *obiter dicta* which are significant. It declares that attorneys engaged in the organization of such industrial combinations as the Glucose Company are not engaged in the legitimate practice of their profession. It asserts that corporations can dispose of such property only as they do not require in carrying on their business, and that the power of the Glucose Company to acquire property was limited to the acquisition of such property only as its business required; the property of competing concerns not being included. Furthermore, the Illinois Trust Company, it was intimated, had no power under its charter to act as the agent of the Glucose Company in effecting its purchases.

In view of this decision it is difficult to see why there should be any further agitation against Trusts, at least in the State of Illinois. The laws are ample, and they are enforced by the courts. The Glucose Company may be obliged to reconvey the property it purchased to its original owners, just as the property acquired by the Standard Oil Trust was restored to the corporations that had sold it. But in some mysterious way the persons interested in the Standard Oil Trust appear to control the oil business, and it is not improbable that a similar result will take place in the business of making glucose sugar. Unless some way can be devised to prevent rich men from owning controlling interests in corporations engaged in the same business, it might be as well to let them openly combine. To prevent them may cause them a good deal of trouble and expense; but they may contrive to reimburse themselves at the charge of the public.

IMPRESSIONS OF HONOLULU.

HONOLULU, September, 1899.

Mountainous islands lying in the path of the trade winds have two climates. As the steady breeze strikes the highlands, its burden of moisture is condensed into clouds and rain. On the leeward slope the breeze pours down, dragging with it lovely fleecy cloudlets which vanish as the temperature rises, and, while they persist, bring with them only a remnant of moisture. Thus all the islands have a wet, or windward, and a dry side, in accordance with which their native vegetation is distributed. As one approaches the Hawaiian Islands from the northeast, which is the quarter from which their trade winds blow, steep mountainsides are seen, clothed with dense vegetation, often descending almost vertically to the sea. Above is a flocculent mist, obscuring the peaks, in a state of perpetual unrest. The island of Oahu comprises two ranges of mountains, reaching a height of about 4,000 feet, with a wide intervening valley, all trending in a generally northwest and southeast direction, at right angles to the trade wind. The short, steep, windward slope is continually drenched; the leeward heights, where the wind and mist press through between the peaks, are showery, while the broad low region beyond has so little surface moisture that, without irrigation, it would be, and originally was, an arid plain. A few streams traverse it, fed from the heights, and opposite their mouths the fringing coral reefs are interrupted. Such an opening constitutes the entrance to the harbor of Honolulu. A few miles further west, Pearl Harbor enters the lowland axis of the island, and, by its vertical shores of coral rock mixed with thin sheets of lava, testifies to an origin geologically different.

The outer roadstead leads by a narrow channel, carefully buoyed, to the small but excellent harbor of Honolulu. As one looks landward before entering, a mass of arboreal vegetation largely conceals the town, which stretches for ten or twelve miles along the shore. To the east the crater of Diamond Head rises to the height of 700 feet, and, seen in profile, from some points of view, singularly resembles a couchant lion. Behind the middle of the town rises a more circular crater known as the Punchbowl. To the northwest lie Pearl Harbor and several great sugar plantations, which clothe with vivid green the ruddy soil of decomposed lava. Behind all this, to the northeast, rises a nearly continuous mountain ridge, slashed with narrow valleys which run up into the perennial and ever-changing belt of clouds. Down these valleys comes the vivifying breath of the trade wind, frequently accompanied by very gentle showers. Without this wind, the place would be uninhabitable or very disagreeable. With it, for those who like warm weather tempered by cool nights, it is delightful. For some weeks the thermometer has fluctuated between 75 degrees at midnight and 85 degrees at noon, and these conditions, I am told, are typical. The direct rays of the sun are very hot; in the shade one can read or work quietly without noticeable perspiration and no discomfort. The climate is one in which white men can do manual labor with about the same discomfort as in the valley of California or in eastern Oregon; in neither place is the temptation to muscular activity great.

Honolulu is a town where, outside the business quarter, the houses stand in their own gardens, shaded by magnificent trees and adorned by a multitude of flowering or decorative shrubs. It seems almost incredible that, of all this beauty, next to none is native to the island. When Cook and Vancouver visited the group, the native settlement on Oahu was at Waikiki, between the slopes of Diamond Head and the sea. More than thirty years later the settlement of Honolulu was begun, determined by the presence of the harbor. Contemporary prints show a bare slope without shrubbery, and supporting only a few cocoanut trees. Here the missionaries started their schools and churches, and here the government, following commerce, was finally established. Later, chiefly through the intelligent efforts of the late Dr. Hillebrand, the tropics of the world were searched for useful and ornamental trees and shrubs. Hundreds were imported, and the result is what we see. The botanist who knew them all would have a tolerable idea of the best part of the arboreal flora of the tropics, and it is perhaps not wonderful that I have found few of the residents who could supply the name and origin of the greater number. The most conspicuous and finest shade tree is the so-called "monkey-pod" (Pithecolobium), which resembles in its form the grand oaks of California, but bears an exquisite fringed blossom of delicate pink and white. Its leaves are deciduous in winter. By far the most striking tree is the Royal Ponciana, with magnificent dense bunches of most brilliant scarlet flowers, which remain for months in all their glory. The stately Barringtonia is also here, and anything more delicate than its blossoms—which exhibit a crown, four inches across, of fine white stamens with golden anthers—is difficult to imagine. Its curious octohedral fruit is covered with a polished cortex, and the grated kernel is used by the Micronesian natives to bring to the surface, stupefied, the fish of ponds into which it is thrown. The royal palm is very common, and the coco, date, and sago palms abundant. Towards the suburbs the algaroba finds a means of living in the rockiest and most arid stretches, and the gloomy needles of the ironwood (Casuarina) are not uncommon. The banana is everywhere, the breadfruit, tamarind, papaya, and alligator pear not rare. Of smaller

growth are the Thevetia, with its golden trumpets and fruity perfume; a multitude of varieties of canna, croton, and caladium, with beautifully varied leaves; and hedges of resplendent hibiscus, scarlet, crimson, and white, or pink and white phyllanthus and oleander. Few herbaceous flowering plants are seen, but the pretty native custom of stringing the petals of the tree-flowers into garlands, which are commonly worn, makes up in part for the absence of the others. One must not omit to notice various sources of perfume better known to most of us by the names on perfumers' bottles than as actual flowers. The night-blooming cereus grows in thickets along some of the stone walls; frangipani, ylang-ylang, and gardenia appear in half the gardens.

All this beauty is dependent upon irrigation; a six months' drought would wreck almost the whole of it. The water is derived from artesian wells, streams, or upland reservoirs, all of which depend on the mountain rainfall. The dryness of the earth is surprising. There seems to be hardly any capillary circulation of moisture, and I am told plants will wilt and die within two feet of a trench full of water; the irrigation must be applied directly to the ground about the roots.

Sir Joseph Banks, in his journal of Cook's first voyage, lately published after resting in manuscript for more than a century, writing at Batavia (renowned for its fruits), gives a chapter to estimation of tropical fruits. As far as my experience has gone, Banks's estimate of their quality seems to me admirably just. In temperate climes we now receive tropical fruit in great perfection, of most of the kinds which are worth having at all. But most tropical fruit—leaving out the orange, lemon, grape-fruit, cocoanut, pineapple, and banana, all of which are readily obtainable in all civilized regions—is far inferior to the fruit of the temperate zone. There is nothing in the tropics to take the place of the luscious berries of the North or the peaches, pears, and apples of temperate climes. Owing to the ignorance of the cultivators, the fruit here, besides being extremely dear, is very poor. The only fruit found in the markets which I thought better than that obtainable in the States is the pineapple. The oranges are very poor and acid, the cocoanuts small, and the grape-fruit wretched compared with the same fruits from California or the West Indies. Better things may be had from private gardens, and there is no reason why the fruit should not be as good as anywhere, except the ignorance or indifference of the growers. The Chinese are the chief farmers, and with vegetables and cereals they seem to do well. The poi, the national dish of Hawaii, is now nearly all made by Chinamen, who grow the taro from which it is made. The market-gardeners are all Chinese, and their success with rice is so good that they can afford to pay forty dollars a year rent per acre for well-situated rice lands. These they make produce two, or somewhat more than two, crops a year.

If the flora is almost wholly exotic, the fauna, limited as it is, is not less so. In the weeks I have passed here I have not seen a native bird. The impudent English sparrow has arrived from Australia, and a Javanese brown and white bird, like a robin, erroneously known here as the mynah, is quite common. The common dove is abundant, but to see a native bird of any kind one must climb the mountains. A very shy little lizard occasionally darts from one covert to another, and is the only indigenous land-vertebrate strangers are likely to see. There is a fish market where very beautiful sea-fish may often be seen, and the ancient native fish-ponds still exist as valuable property, but the fish are common to other tropical regions. To cap the climax, the mosquitoes are said to have been imported, and a circumstantial story is told of some Nantucket whaleman who, to revenge himself for some slight, emptied barrels of water from Mexico, containing mosquito-larvæ, into one of the fresh-water basins. The probability of this story being true is somewhat diminished by the fact that, in the '40s, an analogous story was told Herman Melville, to account for the mosquitoes at Tahiti.

The imported plants and animals, as usual in such cases, have not proved an unmixed blessing. The lantana, well known in old-fashioned gardens, was introduced here as a flowering plant, and created no damage until the mynah bird came and distributed the seeds far and wide in its droppings. Now the lantana forms an almost impenetrable thorny chaparral over the uncultivated mountain-sides, and has greatly added to the natural difficulties of mountain exploration. Much in the same way the "golden drop" acacia, often cultivated in greenhouses for its perfumed yellow flower-balls, has here become a pest by growing in thickets on the dry lowlands. A big black carpenter bee which has been accidentally introduced from China, bores into posts, etc., of soft wood with the fury of a teredo. The experience of the cane-planters with the mongoose is similar to that of Jamaican sugar-growers, but fortunately less serious. These experiences have led to various precautions against undesirable immigrants, which may in future prove efficacious.

The population of Honolulu is truly cosmopolitan; Chinese, Japanese, Hawaiians, Portuguese, and most other nations contributing to it. It was with a feeling of unwonted satisfaction that I have watched the passers-by on the crowded street. The brown people move about with a cheerful self-confidence, whatever their race, accosting each other and the whites with an easy bearing indicative of reciprocal respect. And hitherto there has been no color-line here. Conduct, not complexion, has governed the standing of individuals. If a man was able, honest, well-bred, his fellow-citizens have not questioned his tint. The last valedictorian of Oahu College was a young Chinese student who stood at the head of his class. Coeducation has brought mutual appreciation and respect among the different races. I speak, of course, of the public and business sides of life; in private, as everywhere else in the world, birds of a feather flock together. The reluctance with which the native Hawaiian has accepted annexation is undoubtedly due chiefly to his fear that the brutal race prejudices which have disgraced the United States so often before the world, may find a lodgment here.

To a temporary sojourner the Hawaiians present much of interest. Some of their virtues and graces appeal to all the world; the mixture of blood so common here has produced types of unusual beauty, and fine athletic figures abound. But a certain inconsequence of thought, a tropical indolence and sexual laxity have handicapped the race too heavily. It is well known that, in the first days of civilized intercourse, there were practically two castes among the natives, the nobility and the common people, who differed in complexion and physique as well as social status. The noble blood no longer exists in purity; the last chief of the caste was Lunalilo; those who have followed him are of mixed descent. Sensual indulgence and disease have wiped out the ruling caste. The common people, who were the unresisting subjects of an absolute ruler, and were accustomed to be directed in the simplest matters by their chiefs, do not offer much prospect of becoming practical, business-like citizens, though occasional exceptions to this general rule may be noted. Physically, the race is decadent, and will perish from the earth, or become absorbed in other nationalities.

The Japanese hereabouts are the best looking of the brown races, but they are far from realizing the ideals of Sir Edwin Arnold or Lafcadio Hearn. The class brought here as plantation laborers are, on the whole, dull-witted rustics, with little of the courtesy or refinement which we have been taught to expect from people of their race. Morally, they are worse than the Hawaiians, who sin through abounding passion, while these Japanese buy, sell, and exchange their women on a purely commercial basis. They are great gamblers, and on all grounds the least desirable inhabitants of these islands. They appear to bear to the better classes of Japanese such a relation as the Chinese of California bear to the better classes of China. Probably every country has the kind of Chinaman it deserves. Coming with some dislike of the Chinese, due to observation of those in California, I have been obliged by my experience here to revise my opinion. Here the Chinese exhibit their usual virtues of temperance, persistent industry, and orderly disposition. To these they have added good morals, family life, and a great desire to learn. Their children go to school, they come with their parents, in flocks, to look at the specimens in the Bishop Museum, they make all small industries their own. They are, in short, good citizens who would be a benefit to any community in the tropics.

The Portuguese are numerous here and mostly well employed at good wages. Many are stone-cutters, and, after the expiration of their labor-contracts, have settled down as mechanics or skilled laborers. It is a delight to see the little Portuguese girls, in clean white dresses with bright trimmings, satchel in hand, trooping daily to school past my lodgings. That race is not especially comely, but, when lightened with a few drops of Hawaiian blood, the result is often something dazzling.

As a town Honolulu is peculiar in its numerous charities, schools, institutions, and churches, in which, among towns of equal population, it would be hard to find its equal. It has never forgotten its missionary origin, and, besides its local missions to the Chinese and Japanese, maintains missions of its own in the Orient. Many of the local establishments are due to the generosity of the old Hawaiian nobility, and will preserve their memories in respect when their frailties are forgotten. The houses are for the most part plain, suited to the climate, without cellars or chimneys, but with generous verandas. It is not a

place where the housewife will take much comfort. Notwithstanding the fertility of the soil when irrigated, fruit, vegetables—in fact, all local products—are surprisingly high; meats are very poor, and the cost of imported articles is of course not low. With intelligence and a garden much can be done, but the town-dweller's lot here is difficult. The servants are chiefly Orientals. Unfortunately, the hotels and restaurants are very inferior, and the sojourner must put up with poor food and service, at prices which at first seem quite unreasonable. American enterprise will soon remedy the worst of these annoyances, and the self-interest of the local population will in time take care of the rest. W. H. D.

ENGLISH OCTOBER.

FRIMLEY GREEN, October 11, 1899.

I have been wondering, ever since I began my experiment of life in the English country, whether the climate had been slandered or changed. I gave you some time since my experience of a winter on the South Coast—experience which had to be concluded with the summer, as the heat, not so great as that of an Italian summer, but more humid and oppressive, made Bournemouth unfit for a permanent residence, and compelled me to look farther north for a medium climate where neither the heat of summer nor the cold of winter would be an obstacle to a settlement. It was like going into a new country, and led to explorations, for a home cannot be chosen by others' experience. I wandered over large part of Surrey, Sussex, and a part of Hampshire, finding many charming and picturesque places, but nothing that gave the *quantum suff.* of solitude and the soil and vegetation I desired. A chance led me to look at the house (Deepdene) from which I write, in the "Farnborough pine woods," and I was struck by the resemblance of the face of the country to that about Bournemouth, and later found that it was on the same formation as that of the Bournemouth district, viz., the "Bagshot sand." Here, like an island, in a country mainly of clay which stretches to London, crops out an expanse of land which we should call in America pine barrens—a poor, thin soil, almost worthless for agriculture, and consisting of a few inches of pine mould on many of gravel, under which, but too far down to be of any utility to the farmer, is a deep bed of loam; nowhere any clay. Under the superficial stratum of the soil is a singular layer of indurated gravel, heavily charged with iron-rust and known as the "rust," which has apparently, and according to the local belief, the power of preventing the roots of the trees from penetrating to the under soil. At all events, until it is broken up, nothing but firs are to be got from the land. When this "rust" is broken by trenching, oaks, chestnuts, and birches grow abundantly with some other trees. The soil drains rapidly—too much so for good gardening, but it gives as recompense an entire freedom from standing water on the surface, and easy drainage, so that an hour after a rain there remains nothing of it on the surface. The result is that dryness of the atmosphere which I found at Bournemouth, accompanied, in the pine lands, by the same absence of insect and insect-catching bird-life I noticed there. As a penalty, the flora of the district is not interesting, though the rhododendrons flourish as at Bournemouth. The same salubrity obtains here as in the southern district, but, as we are not yet in winter, I have to depend on my neighbors of longer residence for information on this subject. They tell me that, during the last eight years at least, there has no snow fallen to lie. We have wanted more rain all the summer, and even now there is not too much, and the soil drains so rapidly that we need always some water-storage where we pretend to do any gardening. But we have excellent water laid on from a local water-works.

We find at intervals of half-a-mile a few neighbors who have drifted here to profit by the salubrity of the situation, retired officers and business men who prefer to live at a certain distance from London (an hour by rail), and invalids who are aware of the advantages of the position. The Government has profited, too, and has established here the depots and camps of Aldershot; and the *little* manœuvres are carried on over the heaths which form the greater part of the surface. Here is Wellington College, the military school, and Sandhurst; and Tommy Atkins abounds, to the great detriment of the domestic service, for the worst feature of life in the district is the difficulty of getting female domestics. Our particular corner is like a bit of the margin of the Adirondacks. On three sides of Deepdene stretch vast pine woods, and all the military establishments are from eight to ten miles from us. From my windows no other house can be seen, though the high road runs in front of the door. My grounds are woodland, as nearly primitive as anything in England that I know, and the squirrels come into my back yard to forage. A hundred yards from my front yard runs the Basingstoke canal, an enterprise of the last century intended to furnish water communication between London and Southampton, but which had crawled only as far as Basingstoke when railways were projected and believed in. This arrested the enterprise, and since the railways have gone into operation the canal has been abandoned, except by holiday boatmen and an occasional barge loaded with bricks. Consequent on the breaking up of the earth, the canal is lined in many parts by a dense deciduous forest, and on this is my southern outlook. One could hardly imagine that, within an hour from London, a place so solitary and remote from agriculture could be found. We hear the rumble of the trains on two of the great railway systems, and the post and telegraph office is fifteen minutes' walk, and now and then a carriage passes our door, but for all else we might be in almost any woodland district of New York State. And yet they talk of England's being crowded!

I suppose the weather this year has been in some respects exceptional, but more glorious autumn days I have never lived through in any country. The sober autumn tints of this climate are stealing into the dense veil of leafage which walls us in, more golden and less brilliant than our own, but also more glowing; and the gold of the brackens carpets the woodland. The chestnuts are ripening in our little wood, and the squirrels are darting about among the dead leaves as busy as the bees, that do not visit us, though the ground is honey-combed with the pits in which the squirrels hide their store for a later day. The jays are screaming through the trees, and the dear little robins which abound here, and are so friendly that they sometimes take the crumbs from our hands, are still singing until nightfall as cheerfully as in summer. Their notes, like a somewhat husky imitation of those of their congener, our Arctic bluebird, come to me with a pathos no other European note ever has, not only because of its being the note of "robin red-breast," but because of its recalling the sweetest note of our home voices, the first sweet singer of our spring, the "blue robin," remembrance of which always breeds nostalgia in me. We have in the woods around fifty species of birds, and in the early summer the nightingale abounds; the sweet-voiced and cheery blackbird comes for his crumbs to the door, and the thrush, the linnet, the green-finch, and many others come to draw on our bank in anticipation of the payments they will make us in the songs of the coming summer. They are welcome, and as long as bread holds out, no feathered fellow of them all shall go from our doors hungry while the winter lasts.

W. J. STILLMAN.

Correspondence.

INDIAN SLAVE-TRADE IN LOUISIANA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A memoir on Louisiana in 1717 has just been printed at New Orleans in French in *L'Athénée Louisianais*, from the original manuscript in the hands of Dr. Devron, who describes its provenance. The author, Le Maire, a priest already long a colonist, was one of those agents who often told the French Government wholesome truths they could learn from no other source. No other correspondents were so well informed or so independent of colonial officials. Accordingly, the Jesuit Relations from Canada have become world-famous and incline us to hearken to similar reports from other regions.

The whole relation of Le Maire deserves translation and a wider circulation than the New Orleans magazine can give it. His criticisms on the French policy and administration were justified by the subsequent history of Louisiana. His account of the Indian slave-trade reads like a chapter from the annals of Guinea, and will be a revelation to those of us who have believed that we had seen all phases of Southern slavery in the copious details of Gayarré and Martin. In the lowest deep a lower deep still opens.

Treating of a reform which seemed vital to colonial success, Father Le Maire thus wrote:

"It is of great importance to prevent traders and *coureurs de bois* from buying and selling for slaves the savages, even of distant nations, who have never done us any harm, as the Paducahs and other tribes of the Missouri and Red River, from whom we have received only good offices; but we ought above all to punish severely those traders who, for the profit of their trade in slaves, entice the tribes to war against each other, and make them wage it with unheard-of cruelties, although the unfortunates who are thus destroyed have never struck a blow at us or our allies. These hostilities, carried on by us or by our allies at our instigation, must fearfully set the savages against the French, and hinder the discoveries to be made in the West. These traders, in order to screen themselves from the just chastisement which

their criminal business deserves, are accustomed, like the wolf in the fable, to blame the poor savages for hostilities which, on their part, are usually only a just defence against the brutality of those traders themselves. It would therefore be best to interdict entirely the trade in Indian slaves.

"From this interdict many advantages would result, the principal of which, besides those which I have already touched, would be: (1.) We shall cut off at the root many wars which the savages now keep up with each other solely on account of the lucrative sale they make of their captives to traders, who afterward resell them, as well in this colony as to Spaniards, and on vessels which come to our port, so that they are sold for a third time on the islands. (2.) We shall thus correct one of the greatest disorders, which comes from the youths of the country, even soldiers, almost all buying slaves, girls or women, to serve them as concubines. This practice prevents their establishing themselves in legitimate marriage, and hence checks the growth of the colony. Most children conceived in illicit unions perish before birth, through diabolical abortions to which there is too much reason to fear their masters are accessory for concealing their own guilt. A third advantage to be derived from this interdiction of Indian slaves is that the young colonists sent hither from France would find situations in which they could be employed until able by themselves to carry on some little business. This opportunity they do not find, because savage slaves are used as domestics, although they are very bad."

Gayarré and Martin remark that about 500 hostile Indians (made prisoners by treachery) were shipped to Hispaniola and sold as slaves in 1732. Only this do we find in their pages concerning the Indian slave-trade. The sin, however, was not accidental, but had become a trade fifteen years before, as is shown by Father Le Maire. J. D. B.

Notes.

The family of the late Dr. Daniel Garrison Brinton have requested Mr. Stewart Culin of the University of Pennsylvania to prepare a memoir of this distinguished Americanist. Mr. Culin is desirous of obtaining copies of Dr. Brinton's letters and other literary materials, which may be sent him at the University of Pennsylvania.

Cassell & Co. announce a Complete Illustrated Catalogue of the Paintings in the National Gallery, London, edited by Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy and Director of the National Gallery. It will be issued in three volumes containing about 1,060 pages of text and between 1,300 and 1,400 illustrations. Every picture has been specially photographed for this work by Edwin Bale, R.I. Volumes i. and ii. will deal with the Old Masters (Foreign Schools), and will be published in December; the third, in the autumn of 1900. 250 of the 1,000 numbered copies are assigned to the United States. The size will be convenient (12¼x8¾ in. for the paper).

This enterprise coincides in time with the independent issue, by the Berlin Photographic Co. (New York, No. 14 East Twenty-third Street), of the masterpieces of the National Gallery, of which a sample has been sent us—No. 672, Rembrandt's portrait of himself. This is an excellent photogravure, of which the plate is 14x18. The series will parallel that from the Hermitage and the Prado, by the same firm.

From E. P. Dutton & Co. we are to have directly 'Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century,' with biographical notices by Max Rooses, six etchings by Ph. Zilchen, as many photogravure plates, and more than 200 other illustrations.

Truslove, Hanson & Comba have nearly ready 'Studies in Some Famous Letters,' by J. C. Bailey; 'Tales from Boccaccio,' done into English by Joseph Jacobs, and illustrated by Byam Shaw; and 'The Popular Hand-book of the British Constitution,' by J. Johnston.

Dodd, Mead & Co., who will publish in this country Tolstoi's new story, 'The Resurrection,' announce a necessary delay on account of the author's pause in composition because of the strain experienced in producing a serial.

The Shakspere Press of New York city, whose place of business is in Westfield, N. J., will publish during the coming winter the first of two volumes on the 'Allusive Poesy of William Shakspere,' by Frederick C. Hunt of the Oklahoma bar.

A philosophical poem, 'Christus Victor,' by Dr. Henry M. Dodge, is in the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, are to issue a moderate-priced edition of Dean Plumptre's translation of Dante, and 'French Modal Auxiliaries,' by Dr. Alfred Hennequin.

The forthcoming volume ii. of the *Annals* of the Lowell Observatory, established and maintained at Flagstaff, Arizona, by Mr. Percival Lowell of Boston, embraces two distinct lines of investigation: first, the observations of Mars during the two most recent oppositions by Mr. Lowell himself, assisted by Miss Leonard, Mr. Douglass, and Mr. Drew, in 1896, and in 1899, when the canals were well seen, although Mars was at his farthest; and second, researches on Jupiter and his satellites by Mr. Douglass and Prof. W. H. Pickering. In the main the observational work has been done with a 24-inch telescope, the last product of the late Alvan G. Clark; and from November, 1896, to March, 1897, it was employed at Tacubaya, a suburb of Mexico, in the hope of finding superior atmospheric conditions there. This well-equipped observatory is specifically occupied with the subject of planetary physics, a department of astronomical research hitherto sadly neglected, in so far as systematic endeavor is concerned; and the exceptionally fine and steady atmosphere requisite for this sort of work has been for years an especial quest of Mr. Lowell and Mr. Douglass, who have added greatly to our knowledge of the particular conditions affecting the atmosphere as an optical medium. The elusive *Gegenschein*, too, and the filmy zodiacal light have not escaped their notice, though not strictly planetary phenomena; and a later volume upon these subjects is in preparation.

If any one likes Gibson pictures, he will like Mr. C. D. Gibson's 'Sketches in Egypt' (Doubleday & McClure Co.). It consists mostly of Gibson girls and attendant young men posed against a background of pyramids and donkeys. A Gibson girl on p. 27 is disguised as "A Daughter of the Nile," and is carrying a water-pot to help her hold up her chin. On p. 37 a retiring lion-headed figure is shrinking before the gaze of two others of the same sisterhood, and turning in his toes in his nervousness. Sometimes there isn't even the disguise of the background; a few of the pictures might be anywhere—in New York or the Philippines. Others, again, are different. There is a view of Beni Hassan that is absolutely good; it reminds strongly of the manner of Daniel Vierge. Another on p. 74 is also good; it is quite like a Pennell. But generally there is nothing characteristically Egyptian about this book. It has a certain amount of Oriental furniture and decoration; nothing that stands out as Egyptian spirit and atmosphere. It will, however, find approval among the lovers of its kind; many of the pictures are very pretty.

'A Hundred Fables of Æsop, from the English Version of Sir Roger L'Estrange, with Pictures by Percy J. Billinghurst and an Introduction by Kenneth Grahame' is the title of a very pretty book issued by John Lane of the Bodley Head. Mr. Grahame's part will be unintelligible to the young reader and will not overmuch delight the elder, and could well be spared. The illustrations are all full-page and occasionally attain a decorative success, but they are really amateurish delineations on a scale too large for the artist's powers, and the beasts are quite expressionless. Being pen-drawings, these designs have the monotony of the black line, and afford an instructive contrast to a like series of woodcuts, such as Bewick's offer in this particular, to say nothing of that master's skill as a draughtsman of "natural history" and as a humorist. Of humor Mr. Billinghurst shows no trace. L'Estrange's version is not to be banished wholly from the modern nursery, perhaps, though it needs an interpreter, and is really the best thing in the book.

Mr. G. H. Pike's 'Oliver Cromwell and his Times' (Lippincott) may not unfairly be termed a volume of the centenary type. "It therefore behoves Protestants of all denominations and of all political parties to celebrate the 300th anniversary of Oliver Cromwell's birth on April 25, 1899, as a red-letter day in the annals of Free and Protestant England." Such is the sentence with which the book closes, and it faithfully reflects the author's general tone. As a contribution to the literature of a given year, Mr. Pike's sketch may perhaps be called "timely," but we cannot believe that it will enjoy an enduring fame. Even apart from its extreme one-sidedness, it is not well enough put together to be a good tract on behalf of the "Protestantism of the Protestant Religion." In illustration of this statement we would point to what Mr. Pike says about Strafford, and to what he does not say about Cromwell in Ireland.

Mr. Frank H. Severance's 'Old Trails on the Niagara Frontier' (Buffalo: The Author) is a very entertaining series of papers indeed. Each essay centres about a separate topic in border history—sometimes an exploit, sometimes a piece of biography, and sometimes an extended episode. There are, besides the strictly historical sketches, a little piece of romance called "The Paschal of the Great Pinch," and an account of what the poets have written concerning Niagara. Mr. Severance is more than a local antiquary. He has, in addition to a large amount of information, the truly sympathetic spirit which finds its solace in the glories and the pathos of a former age. He writes with animation, and his subjects are well chosen. Chronologically, his range extends from the Recollet missionaries to the Underground Railway. We commend

this book to all who take an interest in the Great Lakes and in the picturesque aspects of American history.

The vitality of historical studies at Somerville College, Oxford, is vouched for by Miss K. D. Ewart's 'Cosimo de' Medici' ("Foreign Statesmen"; Macmillan) and Miss Eva Scott's 'Rupert, Prince Palatine' (Putnams). Both writers have been "scholars" of Somerville College, and their works attest the quality of their nurture. Miss Scott's life of Prince Rupert is unconnected with any series, and, as an independent piece of biography, can marshal in large numbers its footnotes and other signs of erudition. With Miss Ewart the case is different. She conforms to the laws which have been fixed by an editor, and can cite her main authorities only in a brief appendix of two pages. Yet, while the "Foreign Statesmen" series maintains a rigorous censorship of footnotes, Miss Ewart is given ample opportunity in the text to display her large stock of first-hand knowledge. So much more has been published about Lorenzo than about Cosimo that we should gladly criticise this volume at some length were there an indefinite amount of space at our command. As it is, we can only commend the book at large. This we do without hesitation, adding that Miss Ewart has not retouched the lines of Cosimo's character at many points. She depicts him as the moving force of Florence, and, "in spite of his cold manner and cynical wit," her favorite. "Cosimo's wisdom taught him how to identify himself with all her interests, to make himself appear to his fellow-citizens as the Florentine among Florentines, the 'pillar, fountain, and banner' of the State, the 'father of his country.'"

Miss Scott's 'Rupert' makes a larger volume than the other product of Somerville College which we have just noticed, and it examines a career which has been rather neglected by recent historians. Cavalier sentiment is not wholly extinct even yet, if we can judge from such sumptuous books as Allan Fea's 'Flight of the King' and Edward Almack's edition of the 'Eikon Basilike.' Accordingly, one feels some degree of surprise that Stuart devotees should have passed over Rupert and left him for a sober historian like Miss Scott. She does not shut an eye to his violent temper, nor to his conduct after Marston Moor, when "despair seized on his soul, and he sought to drown the bitterness of memory in sensual indulgences." Political history hardly enters into this work "except so far as it concerns the Prince." "Nevertheless," Miss Scott adds, "the study of Prince Rupert's personal career throws valuable side-lights on the history of the war, and especially upon the internal dissensions which tore the Royalist party to pieces and were a principal cause of its ultimate collapse." The traits of Rupert's character do not admit of novel interpretation, and the best feature of Miss Scott's book is, it seems to us, the by-product described in the sentence which we have just quoted. She has discovered a great deal about Royalist quarrels, and skilfully portrays the different feuds in which Rupert was involved with members of his own party. The least satisfactory part is chapter xix., where a meagre notice of the Prince's laboratory work and inventions is given. We should like to know all that can be ascertained of his scientific habits. Barring this limitation, Miss Scott's Life of the Prince Palatine may be called very satisfactory.

The Bishop of London's 'Queen Elizabeth,' first published in 1896, has just been reissued in a different guise (Longmans). The numerous illustrations which accompanied the original edition have been omitted, and in their stead appears a single plate of the Queen. The volume, too, is published in small size. At the head of a new preface, Dr. Creighton declares that his purpose has been "to illustrate a character rather than to write the history of a time," but he adds no list of fresh authorities. Altogether, the book deserves republication in its present neat and cheap form.

We have already noticed at some length the first part of Prof. Blok's 'Geschiednis van het Nederlandsche Volk,' which is being translated in successive instalments by Miss Ruth Putnam (Putnams). This standard history of the Netherlands (and it is one which should satisfy all ordinary requirements) now moves forward from the beginning of the fifteenth century to the death of Charles V. The second volume, therefore, covers the period of Burgundian ascendancy, and closes on the threshold of distinctively Spanish rule. Prof. Blok did not intend, when he began his *opus*, to write of this epoch at such great length as he has done. But, on second thoughts, it seemed to him "more and more desirable to give a complete exposition, first, of the reasons which contributed to the rapid rise of Burgundian power in the Netherlands, and, secondly, of the organization of the Burgundian monarchy itself in the days of Charles V. and Philip." We watch the rapid disappearance of petty feudal units in one strong and wealthy state, and then the fortunes of this state in its artificial relations with alien, widely scattered lands. Probably, however, Prof. Blok would have dismissed the Burgundian era in less than 400 pages but for the bearing of its social aspects upon the development of the republic. Political history with him is never disconnected from social history, nor is it made to stand upon a higher plane of importance. Among the topics which are specially treated in detail we may mention a clear account of the Vehmgericht. Ever since Scott in 'Anne of Geierstein' rendered the English world familiar with this Westphalian institution, a considerable degree of curiosity has been felt regarding it. Prof. Blok also writes well of the Flemish guilds. The translation seems adequate, and we shall await with interest the appearance of the concluding volumes.

Prof. F. M. Colby's 'Outlines of General History' (New York: American Book Company) is a compact, well-considered, and well-written book. Starting out with a recognition of three main periods—ancient, to 476 A. D.; mediæval, from 476 to 1453; and modern, from 1453 forward—it allots a little less than two-fifths of its space to the first, one-fifth to the second, and a little more than two-fifths to the third. The chapters are short, averaging about eight pages in length. Each paragraph discusses a separate topic, and heavy leaded type is used to advantage by not being used too much. Prof. Colby apparently does not think that bibliographies are a necessary adjunct of such a manual as he has prepared, since he gives none, but at the end of every chapter he has placed a succinct list of subjects for review. His best constituency he will find, we think, in the freshman class of colleges where the requirements for entrance are rather exiguous. His style is clear and not dry, he employs dates very judiciously, and his general method is characterized by a good mixture of narrative and explanation. The book is profusely illustrated, and the cuts maintain a fair standard of excellence. There is no superfluous lumber about it whatever, and we can see no reason why, in spite of two or three strong competitors already in the field, it should not do extremely well. One excellent feature is the index. We have never seen one so full in this or any other kind of historical publication. Ninety columns of entries, closely printed, accompany 563 pages of text.

We have received a volume of a new English translation of the Babylonian Talmud by Michael L. Rodkinson (New York: New Talmud Publishing Company). It is volume viii., and completes one of the six *Seders* or principal divisions of that gigantic thesaurus—the one entitled *Mo'ed*, or Festival. The volume contains three tracts, *Ta'anith*, or Fasting, *Megilla*, on the reading of "Esther," and *Ebel Rabbathi*, or Great Mourning. The first two are among the twelve commonly reckoned to the *Seder Mo'ed;* the third is commonly printed towards the end of an edition of the Talmud, as it is regarded as of later origin and lesser authority. Still, it is the only source for Jewish usages and laws dealing with death and mourning, and Mr. Rodkinson is probably justified in introducing it in this place. The *Seder* completed with this part occupies volumes ii., iii., and iv. in the Talmud as usually bound, and as the whole Talmud extends to twelve volumes and Mr. Rodkinson's version of this *Seder* to eight (the present volume is a good-sized 8vo of 269 pages), it will easily be seen how huge an undertaking we have here. There can be little doubt of the great value of such a translation as this. All students of primitive law and custom, of folk-lore and the transmission of stories, will find in it rich material. Thus the book may be commended not only to those interested in things specifically Jewish, but also to the wider public. It is hard to say what it may not contain, from reflections of the Roman codes to the origin of tales in 'The 1,001 Nights.' We trust that Mr. Rodkinson will receive encouragement to continue in the long task on which he has entered. He is a competent Talmudist, and his views and renderings must be received with respect.

The sixth half-volume of the new edition of Pauly's 'Real-Encyclopädie der Classischen Alterthumswissenschaft' (Stuttgart: (Metzler), treats of subjects in classical history, geography, mythology, literature, art and general antiquities included by the titles *Campanus Ager—Claudius*. This work, which will be well-nigh indispensable to the classicist, although bearing the name of Pauly, has little else, unless it be the general plan, in common with his work, which was finished as long ago as 1852. The quality of this new edition, begun in 1894, is assured by a glance at the list of contributors, while its extent is sufficiently shown by the fact that the three large volumes—2,908 columns in all—thus far issued have not done with the letter C.

The strife for equal recognition between the old and the new in modern civilization has broken out in earnest on the

high plane of the university and the technical Hochschule in Germany. The contention is not confined to the question of conferring the doctor's degree; but the proper aim of the two kinds of institutions, and their legitimate spheres of activity in the realms of theoretical or applied science, of professional instruction or scientific investigation, are being discussed with much warmth. Prof. Riedler's inaugural address as rector of the technical Hochschule at Berlin (Leipzig: Veit & Co.), is one of the most noteworthy recent contributions to the subject, and the opinions of other academical teachers are to be found in several articles in *Hochschul-Nachrichten* for the four months June-September. Dr. Riedler gives the following interesting statistics concerning the preparation of students in the technical Hochschule and in the philosophical faculty of the University of Berlin. In the former institution, 87 per cent. of the 1999 German students (in 1897-98) were holders of a graduating certificate from some higher secondary school, 54 per cent. came from gymnasia, 39 per cent. from *real* gymnasia, and 7 per cent. from *oberreal* schools; in the University only 70 per cent. of the 1,503 Prussian students held such certificates (66 per cent., 30 per cent., 4 per cent., respectively from the three classes of preparatory schools). In other words, in the philosophical faculty of the University 30 per cent., in the Hochschule only 13 per cent., of the students were without diplomas from secondary schools.

The *Association Review* (Philadelphia), the first number of which has just appeared, is published under the auspices of the American Association to promote the teaching of speech to the deaf. Though the organ of an association having for its end what may be termed technical work, "it will aim to be an educational magazine upon broad lines, and with a scope to embrace the whole field of educational effort." Among its contents are a suggestive paper by Prof. J. M. Tyler of Amherst, on the "Teacher and the State," in which he pleads for a scientific system of education "based on the history of man's development, on the grand foundation of biological history." Of unique interest is the description of his university experiences by Mr. A. L. Fechheimer, a deaf student, who has just completed the architectural course at Columbia, in which he says: "It is my firm belief that any deaf person who can, and desires to do so, should by all means go to a hearing school, and to a college, if possible." Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, the President of the Association, sketches its history, and gives statistics which abundantly justify his prediction that the time is not far distant "when speech and speech-reading will be taught to every deaf child in America." To be mentioned also is a memorial notice, with portrait, of the late Gardiner G. Hubbard. The *Review* is to appear bi-monthly from October to June, under the editorship of Mr. F. W. Booth.

M. Alfred Fouillée, in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for October 1, counts the Spanish among the peoples which, having risen to national greatness and fallen, are possessed of sufficient intellectual and moral resources to rise again. He protests against the "anti-scientific commonplaces concerning the Latin races," on the ground that these diverse races are Latin in nothing except in civilization; "nothing is as unlike a Frenchman as is an Italian or a Spaniard, who, on their part, do not resemble each other." The French, he insists and reiterates, are not really Latin. M. Fouillée is too serious a thinker to pursue his reasoning on too slight a foundation, and his estimate of Spanish character and destiny is well supported by ethnological and historical facts. But it puzzles one to find him referring to the people of our Western States as a society in process of formation, "composed of European emigrants and Chinese."

We read in the *Library Journal* for October of an effort to form a list of children's books "with children's annotations." Miss Hewins, of the Hartford Public Library, is, very fitly, to edit it, with the aid of Miss A. C. Moore of the Pratt Institute Free Library, who will receive contributions up to June, 1900. They should be written on slips of "shelf-list" size, and convey, in brief, title and author; age, sex, and nationality of child critic; and comment.

The leaflet on Cheap Baths to which attention was called in the *Nation* some weeks since in a letter by Mr. A. J. Bloor, has, since the publication of that letter, been in such demand that the first edition of 250 copies printed for distribution gratis to those applying for it at the office of the Newport *Mercury* is entirely exhausted. A new and somewhat extended edition is being prepared, also for distribution gratis, to those applying for it to the author, E. T. Potter, No. 25 Catharine Street, Newport, R. I. Copies will be sent to those who have applied for them, but have not yet received them.

The publishers of 'Roman Life under the Cæsars,' noticed in our last issue, inform us that Prof. Émile Thomas directly authorized the publication of this translation. We had no intention of suggesting the contrary when we surmised that the author "had no hand in the reproduction," in view of the specific incongruities enumerated.

The correspondent who reported that Webster's Dictionary had nothing to say of the use of "and" for "if," desires to qualify the statement. It was true of the "Unabridged' as recently as 1881; it is no longer true of the 'International Dictionary.'

—The *Nation* loses one of its earliest friends and a most valued contributor in the person of John Codman Ropes, who died in Boston on October 27, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Our readers are familiar with his several works as reviewed in these columns from time to time. But he came comparatively late to authorship. He graduated from Harvard College in 1857, and from its Law School in 1861, on the outbreak of the rebellion. Physically debarred from entering the volunteer service, he pursued the operations of the war with a closeness and thoroughness unsurpassed by any civilian, and came to be regarded as one of the first authorities on the conduct of the several campaigns. The cessation of hostilities did not determine his interest in the war, of which he remained an indefatigable student. He first wrote about it, in book form, in 'The Army under Pope,' one of the Scribner series of "Campaigns of the Civil War," in 1881. He returned to the subject in his own episodical 'Story of the Civil War,' of which two volumes, disposing of the first two years, were published in 1894 and 1899 respectively, and which is now interrupted by his untimely death. Meanwhile, as the fruit of an ardent, long-cherished admiration of Bonaparte, beginning as collector, he issued his notable apologia, 'The First Napoleon,' in 1885 (a second edition in 1895), followed by 'The Campaign of Waterloo' in 1892, and his Atlas of the battle in 1893. These works have everywhere commanded the respect of critics. It is a pleasure to add that neither his Napoleonic bias nor his absorption in the study of the national uprising of 1861 made Mr. Ropes a Jingo or an imperialist. He was absolutely in accord with the *Nation* in deeming the war with Spain needless, and as making no draft on true patriotism—all Harvard College memorials to the contrary notwithstanding. The drift of the country towards military despotism gave him unconcealed concern. As a citizen Mr. Ropes was generous and public-spirited, and most loyal to his friends. With deep regret we pen this imperfect tribute to his memory.

—Vols. li.-liv. of the 'Jesuit Relations' (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.) are almost wholly dominated by a single subject, the progress of missions in the Iroquois country. Under the protection of the French name which Courcelles had clothed with dread, the Jesuits, during the five years 1666-'71, went freely among the Five Nations, preaching their Gospel not only to the Onondagas and Senecas, but to the vindictive Mohawks. "Friendliness" with the Indians was always a very relative word, and when the Oneidas, after trading at the Dutch settlements, brought home sixty kegs of brandy, a scene followed which not even the optimism of a Jesuit could call encouraging. In other ways, too, the Dutch proved bad neighbors to the Iroquois. The missionary Pierron reports that they oppose the spread of Catholic truth. Heretics themselves, they discourage the conversion of the savages. But sometimes they are put to shame by the faith and arguments of these barbarous Christians. For instance, a Mohawk woman so touched their hearts that they forthwith besought her to teach them her way of prayer. One of Pierron's great inventions was a game which he called "From Point to Point." "This game speaks to good effect through its paintings, and gives sound instruction through the emblems with which it is filled. It is composed of emblems which represent all that a Christian ought to know." Then follows an enumeration of the sacraments, the theological virtues; sin, whether original, mortal, or venial; the fear of God, indulgences, and grace—all of which are portrayed by emblems. By playing this game the savages are to effect their salvation. "It is called 'From Point to Point'—that is to say, from the point of birth to the point of eternity. Our Iroquois name it 'The way to arrive at the place where one lives for ever, whether in Paradise or in Hell.'" In a word, Pierron's method was to lead the Iroquois on by easy stages from what they actually loved to what they ought to love. They were devoted to gaming and so he invented a game. There is also a good deal of important information in these volumes about Marquette at Sault Ste. Marie, and the missions of the Far West.

—Poor Shaykh Muslih ad-Dīn Sa'dī of Shīrāz has fallen on evil days, and is being scurvily treated by those calling themselves his friends. Sir Edwin Arnold has just published a translation of the first four chap-

ters of his 'Gulistān,' or Rose Garden, in Harper's Odd Number Series, over which even the poet would find it hard to be philosophical. The carelessness of translator, proof-reader (if there was any), and compositor has been phenomenal, and contrasts painfully with the beautiful get-up of the book. It is difficult to say how the blame is to be apportioned. A very carelessly written MS., and no proof-reading by the translator or any one else who knew a word of Persian, would perhaps solve part of the problem. By way of introduction there are a few pages of shrieky journalism, dotted with adjectives and picked out with exclamation marks. The style would have carried horror to the placid and art-loving soul of Sa'dī. The Shaykh himself is called out of his true name into an unmeaning Maslah-uddin; his beautiful introduction is cut away with the lines that every Persian knows by heart:

"The Rose may continue to bloom for six days,
But my Rose Garden is fragrant for ever,"

and in its place is absurdly put the epilogue of the whole book. On almost every page come unintelligible Persian words in the most remarkable spellings. *Butchas, afrin, khilat, numdah, makâmât, mutàallakin* cannot be very plain to the English reader; and when we are further offered such alternatives as *mohtesib, muhtasib, mohtasib, bayt, bait, bai>t*, the thing becomes hard. Some choice spellings of proper names are Abu Hareru, Abûtfersh ben Jâsi, Nurshîvan, Hakim Tai, Thalinoos; *subhān Allāh* becomes *So-bahn Allah*. Doubtless in all this the printer's devil has had his own delight; but the following distich must lie at the door of the translator:

"If with a croak so damned thou read'st the Book,
The splendor from our Islam will be took."

It is difficult to speak with patience of such work as this, and it must be acknowledged that it is as bad a bit as is in the book. Yet it is but an accentuated case of the doggerel and baldness of this pseudo-translation, and marks the gulf between it and the thought-laden verses of the Persian master of style. It is to be hoped that no one will form his estimate of Shaykh Sa'dī, "the cheerer of men's hearts," from what he finds here. Let him, rather, go to Eastwick, Graf, or Semelet, or even to Ross.

—The latest novel of Palacio Valdés has no trace of the gloom of recent calamities in Spain. It is entitled 'La Alegría del Capitán Ribot,' which might be translated "Merry Captain Ribot." It sets up the original point of view, in opposition to the whole school from 'The Sorrows of Werther' down, that there is no need of such desperate unhappiness in the state of being in love with a married woman, a virtuous spouse, even though she be hopelessly and for ever beyond one's reach. On the contrary (in this book it is so at least), it can be made the occasion for the exercise of very fine and noble qualities, for an extraordinary and most creditable kind of self-sacrifice. The moralizing at the end of the book is a little forced, and there are those who might think the thesis not thoroughly sustained except as to some exceptional cases. However this may be, Palacio Valdés, in attempting it, has written one of the most amusing books of his always entertaining series. The scene opens at Gijón, at which port Capt. Ribot, a prosperous young ship captain and contented bachelor, is just sitting down to his favorite dish at his favorite restaurant when he is called to lend a helping hand to the mother of the heroine, who has fallen into the water. The larger part of the scene, however, is at Valencia, of which part of the Spanish Mediterranean coast there are delicious descriptions, that would almost lure one to betake himself thither at once. Ribot is a most excellent piece of character, done in full detail, and Cristina, especially in all the earlier portions of the book, is yet another of those very attractive women whom Valdés is unexcelled among his contemporaries in depicting. He shows them full of the distinctively feminine charm, even of coquetry to the permissible degree, yet quite free from grossness. His Gallic neighbors have had little or no effect upon this Spanish writer, the sanest, on the whole, the most entertaining, and probably the most valuable of his contemporary school.

—The Cologne *Gazette* (No. 729 a. c.) reports the acquisition by the Royal Museum in Berlin of a valuable papyrus that will probably settle what has all along been a serious uncertainty in Egyptian chronology, namely, the period covered by the so-called Middle Kingdom, which runs parallel with the beginnings of the real historical period of the Western peoples. Between Unger's date of 3315 B. C. for the opening of this period and Prof. Eduard Meyer's 2130 there was a divergency of about twelve centuries. The new evidence, which consists of a collection of temple archives found in a city established in Fayum, by King Usurtesen II. of the period under consideration, contains, among other things of an astronomical character, the statement that on the 25th day of the 7th calendar month of the 7th year of King Usurtesen III. the ascent or first appearance of Sirius would take place on the 16th day of the 8th month. Applying the Oppolzer method, as has been so successfully done in settling the beginning and the end of other periods of Egyptian history on the basis of such astronomical statements, Dr. Brix has determined that the statement of the papyrus could be true only between the years 1876 and 1873 B. C.; so that the period covered by the famous twelfth dynasty, to which King Usurtesen belonged, could be only between 1996-1993 and 1783-1780 B. C., or fully 150 years later than the lowest estimate hitherto. These conclusions are based on the calculations of so good an authority as Dr. Borchardt. On the other hand, Dr. Eduard Glaser, in the *Beilage* of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Munich, No. 213, while warmly commending these conclusions, endeavors to prove that this chronological readjustment will materially change the face of the Oriental history of the period. By a combination of data drawn chiefly from monumental sources, he shows the wonderful contemporary spread of the Phœnician power and the attempt of this people to establish a world's empire, notably as exemplified by the rule of the famous but historically so enigmatical Hyksos or Shepherd Kings of Egypt. Glaser maintains that the new chronology of the Berlin papyrus practically reconciles the chronology of the Scriptures in reference to the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt with that of non-Biblical sources.

JOHN MURRAY FORBES.

Letters and Recollections of John Murray Forbes. Edited by his daughter, Sarah Forbes Hughes. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mrs. Hughes has made of her father's letters and recollections one of the most interesting of American biographies. And yet she has not sought to tell the story of his life, which, if related in any detail, would, in the case of a man whose activity was so burning and varied, have been well-nigh unreadable. She has, in truth, never lost her sense of proportion—a thing that can rarely be said of the author or authoress, or even editor, of the biography of a near relative. The domestic importance of certain events in a man's career is often sadly out of proportion to their public importance, and the letters and papers which throw the family into sorrow or admiration are often read with weariness by stranger eyes. These rocks Mrs. Hughes has found it easy to avoid. She has had to deal with an individuality so strong that he never seemed to sink below the great current of public affairs in which he lived.

John Murray Forbes renewed in our American society, during the most heroic period of the Republic, the old Venetian type of merchant, who managed to unite a keen eye for trade and commerce with an equally keen, or keener, eye for the public interest. Unless it be John Hancock, we do not know of another similar figure in our history; for not only was Forbes a most successful man of business, who began life with nothing, but he found the time and had the inclination to keep in close communion with all the choicest spirits of his day and country, to exercise a large and liberal hospitality, to pay with purse and person in every scheme which had for its object the assistance of obscure merit, or the relief of helpless suffering, while at the same time placing at the disposal of his Government the services of a ceaseless activity, and of a sagacity and judgment concerning the conduct of public affairs which were rarely at fault. We have, indeed, read of no other man except Walter Scott whose character in private life rang so true; but he had a public perspicacity to which Scott could lay no claim.

He came from the Scotch Forbeses, through a branch long settled in America, got his schooling at the old Round Hill School at Northampton under Messrs. Cogswell and Bancroft, which he left at the age of fifteen, to enter in 1828 the counting-room of his uncles, a large house in Boston, engaged in the China trade. In 1830 he got a salaried place in the house of Russell & Co., in Canton, with a private understanding, not communicated to him until four years afterwards, that, if he proved competent, he should be admitted to the firm on the 1st of January, 1834. He was accordingly so admitted, showing the favorable impression he had already made on his seniors. Thus, at the age of twenty-one, he was a partner in one of the most important firms in the world. Soon afterwards he won the confidence of Houqua, the Chinese merchant, chief of the Hong or company which then managed all the foreign trade of China. He read Houqua's foreign letters, chartered ships to take his tea and silks abroad, and, in fact, took a very prominent part in the transaction of his business. In 1833 he returned home for a short visit, got married, discovered his admission to the firm, and went back again to China, which he did not leave until 1837.

His account of those years in China was very interesting. He described a state of things which has as completely passed away as the Middle Ages. China was so remote from Europe and America that it took six months to get there from either one or the other; but the trade, particularly in tea and silks, was nevertheless very brisk. It may be said to have sprung up, as far as America was concerned, mainly through the impetus given to our carrying trade by the French wars. Of course no man or house, either in England or America, could do business so far away as Canton, and yet it was very profitable, so that there had to be houses or "commission agencies" on the spot to exercise judgment in the sale of goods sent out by the Boston or London merchant, and in the purchase of the goods which were to form the return cargo of his ship. This was all the more important because a year generally elapsed before the charterer of the ship heard of the result of his venture. Russell & Co., being among the first on the spot, for some years made handsome profits in this business. A certain length of time in the firm was held, in Boston mercantile gossip, to be the equivalent of a certain amount of money, and Mr. Forbes was not peculiar among young men in coming home in 1837 with the little "pile" which was to be the foundation of his subsequent great fortune.

The next ten years were passed in Boston, working himself into the life of an American business man, acting as commission agent in the China trade, and making investments in home enterprises. It was a trying period in many ways, for 1837 was the year of the first great American panic. The three great banking-houses of London through whom most of the Chinese-American business was conducted, had failed, leaving only the Barings and the Browns standing; and the bills of Russell & Co. for more than £400,000 sterling drawn on these banks had to be met. His brother's affairs, too, were embarrassed. Everybody has heard of the general state of the country at that period, but Forbes managed to weather it all without damage to himself. Exaggerated ideas of his wealth were afloat in Boston, owing to his having the management of half a million dollars of his friend Houqua's money, invested in this country. His testimony to the scrupulous honesty, exactness, and fidelity to engagements of all the Chinese merchants with whom he had to deal, is very interesting, and two of Houqua's letters to him which Mrs. Hughes publishes, are marked by a lucidity, rationality, and friendliness of which any Christian might be proud. Some of Mr. Forbes's observations upon the profits of trade, given in a private letter to a friend, and the amount which a trader should spend by way of income, are well worth reading. He held that a trader, even a China trader, could not calculate on an average of more than 6 per cent. on his capital, and on this rate his expenditures should be based.

Up to this time his heart was in foreign trade and shipping, and he had so little opinion of railroads that he had formally, while in China, forbidden the investment of some of his money in them. But by 1846, nine years after his landing, he was led to join a number of other Eastern capitalists in buying from the State of Michigan an unfinished railroad, since so well known as the Michigan Central. This sealed his fate, and led to his gradually getting out of foreign trade and becoming one of the greatest railroad-builders and railroad managers in America.

It was in 1837 that an event occurred which first drew his attention away from business to politics. The murder of Lovejoy, at Alton, Illinois, for editing an anti-slavery newspaper, caused a memorable meeting to be held in Boston to denounce the outrage, to which the pro-slavery roughs came in great force. John Forbes was by chance present, and heard Wendell Phillips make his thundering and famous rebuke of the base State official who excused the murder. "That speech," says he, "changed my whole feeling with regard to slavery, though the bigotry and pig-headedness of the Abolitionists prevented my acting with them." Henceforth he was virtually enrolled in the anti-slavery ranks. That is to say, he was opposed to the encroachment and arrogance of the South, but was willing to let the slave States alone if they would keep quiet. In 1855 his position was: "Can there be a doubt in any sane mind that the safety of the North and of the Union consists in a firm resistance to the further extension of slavery, or the increase of slave States beyond what the Constitution, in its strictest, clearest sense, calls for?" After Buchanan's election in 1856, while clinging still to what was, at the North, the conservative ground, Mr. Forbes had become so conscious of the immense revolution which was taking place in the minds of the Northern public about slavery and slaveholders that he was able to say to a Southern correspondent:

"Unless some strange and almost impossible change takes place in Mr. Buchanan's policy from that of his predecessor, you may count upon the popular vote of 1860 being against the increase of Southern power with as much certainty as you could upon its being thrown against the reëstablishment, in our territories, of the feudal institutions of the Middle Ages."

The next year, 1857, he had to face another tremendous commercial panic, and, although perfectly easy about his own affairs, he had much to do in looking after those of the two great railroads for which he was most concerned, the Michigan Central and the C., B. & Q., and the fortunes of his friends. But the sounds of the Free-Soil battle were already in the air; there was fighting in Missouri and Kansas, and John Forbes foresaw the coming of the crisis with sufficient distinctness to make him lend, privately, all the aid in his power to the men who were preparing to meet it rifle in hand. By reason of this, in 1859 he received a visit from and entertained John Brown at Milton, and when the rebellion broke out he was "glad to be able to join the party of freedom and to have a chance to raise the money needed for supplying uniforms for the first loyal regiment which Gen. Frank Blair raised in Missouri."

In January, 1860, he was appointed a member of the utterly futile Peace Commission, which the Southern delegates to it never intended should have any result. They were occupied with arrangements for prompt secession, while the Northern delegates, who were really faithful to their own cause, were occupied with plans for the relief of Fort Sumter. Mr. Forbes returned home to place, *en rapport* with Gov. Andrew, all he had and all he was at the disposal of the Government, to assist in carrying on the war. He chartered ships, he bought provisions, he made suggestions day and night, he sent his son in the cavalry—in fact, he lived, for that first year of the struggle, as if every minute not spent in putting more men in the field and more ships on the sea were a crime against everything he most valued. Early in 1863 he was sent to England by the Government, with Mr. Aspinwall, to make a loan of $5,000,000 from the Barings, to be used in the purchase, if possible, of the cruisers the Confederates were getting built, or to assist in inducing the English to stop their sailing, and to influence public opinion in the same direction. He saw some leading members of the Liberal party, tried to dispose of the Government loan of $5,000,000, but returned before it was placed and before the iron-clads were detained. Probably he was not a good American missionary, either to the British public in general, or even to the British Quakers, whom he sought to cultivate. Earnest, excited Northerners were not in much favor at that time in England, and were met with distrust. Mr. Forbes was both earnest and excited. He roused the horror of a dinner party at which even Dr. Martineau was present by saying, after much provocation, on being asked to sympathize with the general lamentation over the death of Stonewall Jackson at the hands of his own soldiers, that he did not care how he was killed, as long as he was "thoroughly killed."

The winter of 1864 he spent in Washington. After the close of the war he occupied himself with reconstruction and finance. In finance he was utterly opposed to the tariff which the manufacturers and the home producers were hastening to set up, and to the issue of any more paper, and to the impeachment craze. His interest in these subjects was expressed mainly in an incessant correspondence. He was greatly opposed to any haste which involved the relegation of the South either to whites or to blacks. In 1874 he was in some degree instrumental in getting President Grant to veto the inflation bill. As a delegate to the Presidential Convention in 1876, he made a fight with the Massachusetts Independents for the nomination of Hayes, but he was becoming more and more disgusted with the growth of corruption and boss rule in the party, in both State and nation. In 1884 the nomination of Blaine finished him as a politician. He gave, in a private letter to a friend, which Mrs. Hughes quotes, two reasons for objecting to Blaine, which were as follows:

"I object to Mr. Blaine because I have carefully studied his correspondence (old and new) with Mr. Fisher and others, and because I have entire faith in Mr. Mulligan's testimony regarding the circumstances under which the first letters were brought before the public in 1876. This faith is based not only on Mr. Mulligan's unimpeached reputation, but also on personal knowledge of him. I consider those letters alone amply sufficient in any ordinary case; but when confirmed by Mr. Mulligan's testimony and Mr. Blaine's own admission before his colleagues in Congress, I can find no possible room for doubt that Mr. Blaine stands convicted of having offered for sale his political influence, and of having tried to suborn the witness called to testify upon his case."

The second objection was: "I object to Mr. Blaine because his management of our foreign affairs while Secretary of State was

sensational and eminently dangerous, warning us against what he might do in the Presidency."

When we remember that even such men as the learned Lodge and the patriotic, fighting Roosevelt stuck to the dishonored candidate—the first of them even on the stump—we see that Mr. Forbes was not fully aware that a new America had grown up after the civil war, of which he and other men of his stamp and generation knew nothing. There never was a more complete disappointment than that of those who thought that settling disputes by fighting elevates the character of the non-combatants. The necessities and mistakes of the war had poured into the veins of the American people a double dose of poison. They were taught first that the Government could make money with the printing-press as "a sovereign right." They were taught, second, that it was not immoral to repay, with such money, debts contracted in coin. That such teachings should, in a democracy, produce general moral relaxation, and beget the horde of unprincipled men who have since taken possession of both the great parties, was what might naturally have been expected. It is now nearly thirty-five years since the mischief was done, and it shows no signs of abatement. Like blood-poisoning in the human frame, it reveals itself now in one disease, now in another, but it is still there. The last is the worst of all—a desire to escape dealing with domestic ills by foreign war, under the pretence that farmers need military glory. Mr. Forbes, therefore, was right in 1884, when he decided "to charge once more and then be still." His last political comment, in his last year, 1898, after the declaration of war with Spain, was, "Outside a lunatic asylum I don't believe there was ever such a set of idiots as our Congress!" His gloss on this was, "This is no war of philanthropy; it is a political game to keep the Republican party in power." In other words, the war was not necessary for the liberation of Cuba, and a war which is not clearly necessary is one of the blackest crimes that man or nation can commit. His comment on the Philippine war was equally apposite: "I would give Spain the amount of our war-debt five times over, to take those islands back again."

The life of such a man is a useful antidote to much of the chromo-patriotism of to-day. He did not wait till the "conscience" of some political boss told *his* conscience what his duty was, and shoulder a musket, without inquiry, on the bidding of a man whose judgment he would not take on the simplest of his private affairs. Duty was to him "the stern daughter of the voice of God," not of William McKinley or Mark Hanna. His sense of right came to him from his own moral nature. He served his country with all his might in war, when war was plainly necessary, but only in the interest of permanent peace. Advocating war for its own sake or for "glory" was a folly which he never committed. He felt, and showed that he felt, in every act of his life, without cant and without gush, that it is righteousness, not power, which exalts a nation.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF APPIAN.

The Roman History of Appian of Alexandria. Translated from the Greek by Horace White, M.A., LL.D. With maps and illustrations. The Macmillan Co. 1899. 2 vols.

It is rare, indeed, in these days that a translator has an opportunity such as Dr. White's; rare, too, is it to find a translation of any ancient author which so well fills the needs both of the English reader and of the student of the classics. More than two centuries have passed since the death of John Davies, whose version of the 'History,' first printed in 1679 and again in 1690 and 1703, has long been inaccessible except in great libraries. Since his day there have been a French translation in 1808, an Italian in 1830, and two in German (the later in 1829-'31). Obviously, the field was open for a new comer, and it was worth working; for, as Dr. White observes, "Appian deals with the most momentous events of the ancient world, and his work can never be lost sight of while men continue to take an interest in Roman history."

The neglect of Appian by translators is due probably to two things: first, his great length, and, secondly, the belief that he was the composer of an historical romance rather than of a sober and trustworthy history. It is true that he was apparently incapable of weighing evidence in a scientific manner; certainly he was only a narrator and not a critic of events; then, again, his usual style is "destitute of ornament as a lawyer's brief," and his Latinisms make him caviare to the devotee of classic Greek. He is never thrilling; even his accounts of the deaths of Gracchus and of Cæsar scarcely rise above the level of his narrative of ordinary events, and hence he, perhaps, loses less in a translation than any other Greek writer. But, in spite of all this, students cannot safely cast him wholly aside; for, particularly in his books on the civil wars, we doubtless have in him a reproducer of much older Latin accounts which are otherwise wholly lost. And it is these very books which will be found of the greatest interest, often, indeed, most attractive, by the general reader.

Dr. White's preface contains all that is known or conjectured about the life of Appian, a summary of the contents of his works, with an appreciative notice of the invaluable labors of Schweighäuser upon them and some account of the other leading editions, a brief estimate of Appian's style and a fuller examination of his authority and his sources. In connection with the vexed question of sources, Dr. White critically reviews the monographs of Wynne, Hannak, and Vollgraff, reaching the conclusion that the last named is the most satisfactory, and concurring with him in holding that Appian's general source for the civil wars was a Greek and not a Latin writer. It is noticeable that Dr. White, whose book is in other respects so thoroughly brought down to date (he even refers to the mention of an Appian, not ours, in one of the papyri published by Grenfell and Hunt in 1898), should give no evidence of acquaintance with Prof. Schwartz's important article in Pauly-Wissowa, published in 1895. But then Schwartz himself, a strong supporter of Roman sources for Appian, seems never to have heard of Vollgraff. The six of the one may therefore be offset by the other's half-dozen. Dr. White, however, contradicts himself when on page 23 he represents Appian as expressly saying that he has translated a certain passage from the Memoirs of Octavius, whereas Appian's words show nothing positive on this point, and Dr. White, in a footnote on the passage in question (vol. ii., p. 421), says that this source is only probable.

For an account of the MSS. of Appian, Dr. White plays the part of wisdom by translating in full, with all the footnotes, Mendelssohn's preface to his (the best) edition in the Teubner texts. He could not possibly have had a better authority to follow, but he is less successful in dealing with Mendelssohn's Latin than he is with Appian's Greek. Still, German Latin is a good deal harder to understand than real Latin, and this preface, bristling with technical terms, is no exception to the rule. Following this we have a bibliography of editions and translations, the best yet published, far superior to Engelmann's. Then comes the translation of the history itself. Here we find not only the larger works, but also the fragments (all except those which consist of but a word or two). Furthermore, Dr. White fills out Appian's narrative here and there with passages translated from Polybius, Cicero, Livy, Velleius Paterculus, Valerius Maximus, Plutarch, and Dio Cassius, with a sketch by Mr. Bryce of the present appearance of the site of ancient Carthage, and with many footnotes which are useful as helps to the story and to the understanding of the character of men and events. In the margin of every page of the larger works we find entered the years B. C. and U. C.—a great convenience to the reader. The maps, taken from English books, are clear and good; the illustrations, from ancient statues and busts, are selected with wisdom; and the facsimile pages from Vat. MS. Gr. 141 and 134, made especially for this work, will be of interest to scholars. The translation of Appian is divided into chapters after the French version of Combes-Dounous, and reference is also made to the sections of Schweighäuser. In the fragments, "Peiresc" cited as a source in the midst of the names of ancient writers, will perhaps give trouble to some. Why not "From 'On Virtues and Vices,'" as we have "From 'The Embassies'"?

In the translation proper, Dr. White confesses that he has not tried to reproduce the author's style, but that his aim has been to put the whole work into smooth, idiomatic English. In this aim he has been very successful, but the result is necessarily a certain deadness of level, entirely unrelieved by any of the rhetorical flights through which Appian's Greek sometimes rises almost to eloquence. Aside from this, however, the translation is very faithful; difficulties are faced and not avoided, and often, in the most perplexing passages, an alternative rendering, due sometimes to variant readings, is provided in footnotes. And we are glad to observe that while Dr. White does not attempt to introduce the flavor of antiquity by the use of "thees" and "thous" and "haths" and similar archaisms, yet, on the other hand, he never gives offence by using modern slang or the lower sort of colloquialisms.

Few men now living are better qualified than Dr. White, after his five years of intimate association with Appian, to give an opinion on the meaning of a disputed passage in this author. It is therefore with great diffidence that we shall venture to suggest one or two points wherein his version

seems to call for further consideration. In the 'Civil War,' 2, 111 (vol. 2, p. 173), we find it hard to see how the Greek can mean "if he should conquer these nations, he would be a king without a doubt." This leaves μή wholly unaccounted for. The phrase εὖ ᾔδεσαν αὐτὸν μή is, we think, a Latinism. The next sentence, too, is certainly corrupt, and any attempt to translate the Greek of Mendelssohn's text must be a *tour de force* of the worst sort. The word προσθήκης can hardly mean anything but "addition," "additional title," while σκοπόν, unless it be a mere gloss on ἐγχειρήσεως, seems nothing but a blunder for σκοπῶν (which, indeed, is found not only in the Augsburg, as Dr. White notes, but also in Vat. 134). Adopting σκοπῶν and inserting ἐκ with Schweighäuser and οὐχ with Mendelssohn (in his note), we have, "but on consideration I do not think that they found a pretext for their attempts in this additional title," which fits the context and is, we think, what Appian meant to say. Of a different sort is a passage in the same book, section 116 (p. 179). Here, for χρῆν γὰρ ἃ ἐχρῆν Καίσαρι γενέσθαι, Dr. White gives: "for it was fated that Cæsar should meet his doom." We much prefer Davies with his "for it was of necessity that the misfortune to befall him should befall." And in general we cannot accept Dr. White's dictum that the translation of Davies is an "unreadable" one; on the contrary, we have found much that is pleasing in the work of that indefatigable bookseller's hack, who, forgotten as he now may be, left with his contemporaries, as Wood tells us, "the character of a genial, harmless, and quiet man." For example, we think that his version of Appian's summary of the career of Sulla is superior in tone, though not in faithfulness, to that of Dr. White.

But all these are either small or disputed matters; small, too, are such slips as a couple of "woulds" for "shoulds" on pages 175 and 176 of the second volume, and the curious sentence, "What our fathers did in like circumstances (and by which means they arrived at the summit of fortune), I will recall to your minds" (vol. i., p. 178)—an attempt to render a present participle used in combination with an aorist indicative. It is obvious that on the whole Dr. White has accomplished well a useful piece of work.

Henrik Ibsen, Björnstjerne Björnson: Critical Studies. By George Brandes. Translated by Jessie Muir and Mary Morison. The Macmillan Company.

Beyond the limits of Scandinavia, Ibsen has attracted a livelier interest than his more versatile and genial contemporary Björnson, and has been more particularly an object both of immoderate admiration and of hot and hasty censure. To us English, Ibsen came explosively, riding the whirlwind, at the moment when his strong personality had found a singularly fitting form of expression. We knew practically nothing of his literary career, and we did not stop to look for aid in forming a judgment at the history of a man already past his fiftieth year, who for thirty years had been known as a poet in his own land. We took him for a Minerva, uncomely and forbidding, perfectly armed to do battle for ideas which we didn't like, and to thrust upon us a discussion of all sorts of things which we much preferred not to talk about. Some of us were converted by the sword, and took to proclaiming ourselves "Ibsenites"; others, in a word, the public, repelled by the dramatist's contempt for all the devices which go to produce illusion of the theatre, and shocked, if not by the ideas, at least by their presentation on the stage, rejected Ibsen, denounced Ibsenites, and very soon came to regard Ibsenism as an unpleasant disease, which had raged in certain quarters, but fortunately had never become epidemic. It is not probable that, under the best management, Ibsen could have permanently impressed our intelligence or captured our sympathy. As a poet he is too mystical, too fond of symbols which we interpret literally, not being very keen to discover spiritual significance. As a dramatist he is too bare, too meagre, too close to facts; as for the message spoken in the plays by which we know him, we are so constituted as to resent a public declaration that life, by reason of our fathers' and our own sins and stupidities, is exclusively unhappy, wretched, contemptible. Moreover, we question the soundness of a moralist, the nobility of an idealist, who uses for his revelation the facts that Ibsen has found essential. Our lower nature is so arrested by the repulsiveness of the facts that we feel ourselves sinking with them, not soaring above towards renunciation and high endeavor.

These racial instincts operating so strongly against a general and permanent acceptance by us of Ibsen as a great poet, might have been modified (never overcome) had we been led up to him gently by acquaintance with his works preceding "A Doll's House" and "Ghosts," and by critiism like that of Dr. Brandes, neither eulogistic nor hostile, but uniting sympathetic understanding with conservative judgment. Dr. Brandes, though, geographically and politically speaking, not Ibsen's fellow-countryman, is of close kin and writes the same language. The studies included in this volume were composed at long intervals and are printed without modification of original impressions. Essentially, however, Dr. Brandes's opinion of his poet remains in 1898 what it was in 1867, and the greater enthusiasm of his latest impression seems chiefly a response to that clamorous, short-lived foreign recognition, criticism of which would be in a compatriot ungracious, almost unseemly.

Throughout, Dr. Brandes regards Ibsen as a poet, and his first study is largely an examination of Ibsen's debt, both for subjects and form, to earlier Danish literature. He perceives a great talent groping its way, but so slowly that, even after twenty years' labor and the publication of "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," it has reached no clear, definite expression. Ibsen is still depicting abstractions as human beings, still looking at life narrowly as a moralist, still displaying only that destructive spirit which Dr. Brandes observes is never a poetical one, still wavering for form from verse to prose. The spirit of the author is, however, clearly defined, and the critic's analysis of that in early manifestations holds perfectly good up to this day. It is pessimistic and revolutionary; it broods over the moral degradation of men, urging them to rise up and fight for spiritual freedom, in the same breath assuring them that the fight is futile and hopeless and will surely lead to untimely death. This spirit is partly a race spirit, an expression of the northern sense of tragedy inherent in human existence, but reflecting an added personal quality, "something combative, rebellious, violent, and melancholy." Later, the critic is disposed to let his poet bear the greater share of his gloomy spirit, saying that his personal attitude towards life is one of "unrestrained grimness," that he is isolated among his people, neither a leader of thought nor a founder of schools. In his middle period he is an uncompromising individualist, politically and socially; he defines the whole duty of man, "to develop individuality for its own sake" and thus bring about the only revolution that can redeem the world—"a revolution in spiritual condition." He has won a place among the world's poets by divining and enunciating the spirit of his age; "in the idea battle of his time he has taken his place on the side of the ideas." As he emerges from the romantic literary influences of his youth, the mystical side of his nature is overpowered by the realistic, and "in proportion as he has become more modern he has become a greater artist"; he has found the form which perfectly expresses the thought.

Dr. Brandes is not in sympathy with what he calls Ibsen's "philosophy of life," meaning the duty of the individual to himself, but says frankly that he does not understand it, that it is "a philosophy of life in virtue of which a man may think and may write poetry, but he cannot act; nay, in the present state of society, he is hardly even justified in speaking out plainly, because he thereby in a manner calls on others to act, which in this case is equivalent to rushing to their ruin." This is almost the only reference to the influence of Ibsén's works on the conduct of life, and is very significant in estimating his weight in the world's literature. There is nothing new or original in telling a man that he should, in one way or another, fight exclusively and desperately for his own hand; none of the great poets have been inspired by enthusiasm for that primitive and barbarous impulse, and the tendency of their work has never been to exalt and encourage a cruel and brutal egotism—words hardly too harsh to be equivalent to Ibsen's phrase, "spiritual development." By speaking so plainly about Ibsen's probable influence, Dr. Brandes seems to us to qualify his poet's greatness, and we doubt whether his identification with current ideas is an unimpeachable claim to rank.

The ideas which he stands for are all of one order, and destructive. They are modern, but not all or the best of what is modern, and we wonder that Dr. Brandes, who fully recognizes the limitations and one-sidedness of this modernity, should also describe it as Ibsen's "imperishable glory, which will give lasting life to his work." As one of the world's writers, it seems to us that "imperishable glory" is much more likely to attach itself to Ibsen the prose-writer of plays for the sake of the play, than to Ibsen the poet or moralist; and nothing more clearly emphasizes the difference between the Scandinavian point of view and ours than the fact that Dr. Brandes ignores his remarkable revolution in the art of writing an acting play. Ten years ago, in introducing Ibsen to America, Mr. Edmund Gosse pointed out the absolute novelty of the dramatic form of the prose social dramas, giving to their author the honor

of a creator; and, however time may otherwise affect his fame, this honor must always remain to him.

Undoubtedly Dr. Brandes likes the man Björnson better than the man Ibsen. Yet he hardly gives the younger writer the credit of having pointed out some of the ways in which the elder became famous. In his "Newly Married Couple," for instance (1865), he suggested a woman's right to her individuality apart from her husband and in defiance of society's fiat; a subject afterwards discussed by Ibsen with many illustrations of how to show the separate identity—most of them more lurid than probable, more appalling than convincing. Though Dr. Brandes says that Björnson's spirit is more limited by nationality and locality than Ibsen's, a comparison of his criticisms hardly substantiates the assertion. Of the two, Björnson appears much more versatile, much more widely and deeply human. He gets successfully away from the pressure of Norwegian pietism, mysticism, and bitterness begot of material poverty. He sometimes expresses that part of the spirit of his age which aspires, which is altruistic and hopeful, not always, like Ibsen, that which is egotistical, despairing, decadent.

Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam. By Ephraim Emerton, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899. Pp. xxvi, 469. ["Heroes of the Reformation" Series.]

For one whose writings are so voluminous and familiar, and whose claim to scholarly preëminence in his own age is so indisputable, Erasmus presents a remarkable enigma. His own character, and especially his attitude towards those great movements of which his life-time witnessed the tumultuous beginnings, have always been matters of debate. Prof. Emerton has felt the "elusive personality" of his subject: "At every stage of the study of Erasmus, one has to ask first what he believed himself to be doing, then what he wished others to believe he was doing, then what others did think he was doing, and finally what the man actually *was* doing." He is, therefore, wisely content to make no attempt to fathom much regarding Erasmus's motives; but the picture which he presents of the man and of his work is distinct and satisfactory.

Prof. Emerton is necessitated by the series of which his volume is one, to treat most fully of Erasmus as related to the Reformation, but he has been led into no one-sided biography. The inclusion of Erasmus among the "Heroes of the Reformation" he holds to be justified not merely on account of the great scholar's "heroism of persistent work and cheerful endurance," but of his immense services in preparing the way for reform by illuminating and unlocking the sources of Christian thought, by insistence "upon the principle of a sound, sane, reasonable, individual judgment," and by a sense of "the essential rightness of what is natural." Yet Prof. Emerton is fully conscious how inclusion in such a category would have struck Erasmus himself:

> "Such a distinction would vastly have amused him. He would have seized his pen and dashed off to some friend, who would have spread the word, some such disclaimer as this: 'Well, of all things in the world, now they are calling me a hero! If you never laughed before, laugh now to your heart's content. I a hero! a man afraid of my shadow—a man of books, a hater of conflict, a man who, if he were put to the test, would, I fear, follow the example of Peter and deny his Lord. And, not content with this, they add "of the Reformation." I, who never, by word or deed, drunk or sober, gave so much as a hint of belonging to any of their accursed "movements"! Well, no man can strive against the Fates.' "

Professor Emerton brings out clearly Erasmus's love of complaint regarding his external circumstances, even when they were most comfortable, his sensitiveness to all personal criticism, his balancing of both sides of questions in debate, his readiness to present "one opinion for his friends and another for the world," his inability fully to grasp the Reformation movement, his distrust of all reform that involved disturbance of existing institutions, however apparent to him their faults of administration—a distrust that led him, from a position of sympathy with the Lutheran reform movement, to hostility and formal opposition to certain Lutheran positions. But the biographer makes equally evident Erasmus's fundamental moral earnestness, his largeness of view as manifested in his hostility to war and his prophetic suggestion of arbitration, his independence, expressed in dislike of all that fettered his individuality, even to the loss of place and pecuniary reward, that he might be his own master. He was "a keen-sighted observer of men and things, a hater of all shams but his own, a sturdy beggar, a jovial companion and correspondent when he was in the mood; above all, an independent liver and thinker, dreading any routine that was not self-imposed, but capable of steady and persistent work when he could put his time on congenial tasks."

Erasmus's attitude toward the Reformation was the resultant of two opposite tendencies which wrestled in him—his intellectual sympathy with the principles which underlay the movement, and his constitutional dislike of innovation. It could have no other result than to put him out of harmony with both of the parties in the great struggle, made up as they were of men of less contradictory nature than he.

Throughout the volume Professor Emerton applies a just and searching criticism to delineations of Erasmus's life, whether from the pens of others or of Erasmus himself. Indeed, it is to the critical examination of Erasmus's own statements that he finds it most needful to direct attention, since, as he puts it, Erasmus "*must* be literary; he *might* be accurate." A single example of this careful sifting of Erasmus's own testimony may be cited. In his well-known letter to Lambertus Grunnius, Erasmus pictures, under the guise of the experiences of a fictitious Florentius, what he intended to present as an account of his own youthful monastic life, which is delineated as one of misery, unprofitableness, and wholly uncongenial surroundings. The letter, Professor Emerton holds, is "plainly a work of literary art," but a careful weighing of its contents in comparison with other hints as to the experiences to which it refers, in the light of the books he read and the friendships he formed in these monastic years, and especially in the light of his own contemporary 'De Contemptu Mundi,' leads the biographer to the conclusion that Erasmus's actual monastic life was of no such sordidness as he later represented it to have been, and that, "so far as the two things which he always described as the requisites of a happy life, books and friendship, could go, the life of Erasmus at Steyn ought to have been a happy one."

It is this suggestiveness of criticism, based evidently on a very thorough study of his subject, that gives the deepest sense of value to Professor Emerton's painstaking and most interesting volume, whose readability testifies to his ready control of his material, while the aptness of his selections has conduced to a very remarkable compactness of presentation, free alike from discursiveness and from padding. The literary skill evinced is, indeed, fairly to be called masterly.

The Queen's Service; or, The Real "Tommy Atkins": Being the Experiences of a Private Soldier in the British Infantry, at Home and Abroad. By Horace Wyndham, late of the ——th Regiment. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 8vo, pp. 305.

It is only when a man of good education enlists that we are likely to get an intelligent presentation of the actual life of the soldier. The yokel of the English farm or the cad of London streets is not likely to find the garrison life of a soldier worth the telling, or to have the faculty of writing it. To him the drudgery of the barracks is, perhaps, easier than that which he has been accustomed to. His food is better and more plentiful. The coarse language and manners of the barrack-room suit his habits.

But one of the problems of a modern state is that of getting men to enlist who are of a social plane above that of the yokel and the cad. Can army life in time of peace be made tolerable to such? Can they be attracted to it? Trooper 3,809 tried to show us how it works under the French conscription, which, theoretically, assembles in the rank and file proportionate representation of all classes of society. It is a curious demonstration that the number of educated men is so small, in comparison with the uneducated, that the few who are caught in the conscription net are not enough to keep each other in countenance, scattered as they must be through the crowd of ignorant, coarse, and dirty men who are the bulk of the recruits.

The character of the material with which officers must deal inevitably affects the style of rule and the discipline developed. Mr. Wyndham, however, makes it satisfactorily clear that the present discipline of the British army is a fairly reasonable one, administered with a general sense of justice, and free from the meaner forms of petty tyranny which Trooper 3,809 found in France. The irksome features are nearly all the natural result of enforced daily intimacy with the class of men who make up the common soldiery. There can be no personal seclusion where all sleep in the same room, eat at the same rough table from the same tin basins, live in the reek of the same foul pipes, with their ears full of the same "unprintable" language which is the fouler dialect of Tommy Atkins. Native qualities of love of fair play, hatred of sneaks, and a rough generosity and faithful comradeship show out occasionally in rough diamonds, but at best it is not a nice life for an educated man.

Mr. Wyndham's book is enlivened by good descriptions of garrison life on the Rock of Gibraltar and at Cape Town, with long voyages on troop-ships. The daily life of the soldier is detailed without varnish, and the

narrative seems trustworthy. Moreover, without intending to be so, it is a valuable sociological study, of curious interest.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baker, Prof. F. T. Browning's Shorter Poems. The Macmillan Co. 25c.
Barr, R. Jennie Baxter, Journalist. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.25.
Bell, C. N. Tangweera, Life and Adventures among Gentle Savages. London: Edward Arnold. 16s.
Blaisdell, A. F. First Steps with American and British Authors. American Book Co.
Boyd, A. J. The Shellback. Brentanos.
Bradley, L. D. Wonderful Willie. E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Bullen, F. T. The Log of a Sea-Waif. D. Appleton & Co.
Bunsen, Marie von. A Winter in Berlin. London: Edward Arnold. 5s.
Butler, H. C. Scotland's Ruined Abbeys. The Macmillan Co. $3.50.
Cadell, Mrs. H. M. The Ruba'yat of Omar Khayam. John Lane.
Carli, Mario. Il Ce-Kiang. Rome: Forzani & Co.
Chandler, F. W. Romances of Roguery. The Macmillan Co. $2.
Corbett, J. S. Drake and the Tudor Navy. Longmans, Green & Co. 2 vols. $5.
Cotton, Mrs. O. A. Chafing Dish Recipes. A. Mackel & Co.
Curtis, G. W. Prue and I. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Dachsel, P. Eight Years Among the Malays. Milwaukee: The Author. 50c.
Dickens, C. A Christmas Carol and the Chimes. Cassell & Co. 10c.
Farrer, W. Registers of the Parish Church of Burnley. Rochdale: Lancashire Parish Register Society.
Fell, Rev. J. British Merchant Seamen in San Francisco. London: Edward Arnold.
Finn, J. The Kipling Birthday Book. Doubleday & McClure. $1.
Fowler, W. W. The Roman Festivals of the Period of the Republic. The Macmillan Co. $1.25.
Fruit, J. P. The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.25.
Gaskell, Mrs. Cranford. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Halévy, L. Abbé Constantin. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Hall, Prof. J. L. Old English Idyls. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Hapgood, N. Abraham Lincoln, the Man of the People. The Macmillan Co. $2.
Harte, Bret. Mr. Jack Hamlin's Mediation. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Hatton, J. The White King of Manoa. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
Hawthorne, N. House of the Seven Gables. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Hawthorne, Julian, and Others. One of Those Coincidences and Ten Other Stories. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1.
Hitchcock, Caroline H. Nancy Hanks. Doubleday & McClure. 50c.
Holland, B. The Poems of George Crabbe. London: Edward Arnold.
Hume, F. Hagar of the Pawn-Shop. London: Skeffington & Son; New York: F. M. Buckles & Co. $1.
Jewett, Sarah O. Betty Leicester's Christmas. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Johnson, C. Among English Hedgerows. The Macmillan Co.
Kingsley, C. The Heroes, or Greek Fairy Tales. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 50c.
Kipling, R. Barrack-Room Ballads. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. Tales from Shakespeare. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 50c.
Larned, Linda H. The Hostess of To-day. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.
Lima, Oliveira. Nos Estados Unidos. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus.
Lighton, W. R. Sons of Strength. Doubleday & McClure. $1.25.
Macmanus, Seumas. In Chimney Corners. Doubleday & McClure. $1.50.
Martineau, Harriet. Feats on the Fjord. London: J. M. Dent & Co. 50c.
McKenna, M. J. Our Brethren of the Tenements and the Ghetto. J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Co.
Pennington, Jeanne G. Philosophic Nuggets. Fords, Howard & Hulbert.
Russell, W. C. A Voyage at Anchor. D. Appleton & Co.
Schrakamp, Josepha. Supplementary Exercises in German. Henry Holt & Co. 50c.
Seeley, Prof. L. History of Education. American Book Co.
Seume, J. G. Mein Leben. Edited by J. Henry Senger. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Smith, O. J. A Short View of Great Questions. The Brandur Co.
Stoddard, W. O. Ulric the Jarl. New York: Eaton & Mains. $1.50.
Stoker, B. Dracula. Doubleday & McClure.
The At-one-ment between God and Man. Vol. 5. Allegheny, Pa.: Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society. 25c.
The Fairy Tales of Hans Christian Andersen. Truslove, Hanson & Comba.
Vedra, Yarmo. Heliocentric Astrology, or Essentials of Astronomy and Solar Mentality. Philadelphia: David McKay. $1.50.
Vincent, Elizabeth C. The Madonna in Legend and History. Thomas Whittaker. $1.50.
Ward, Prof. A. W. Great Britain and Hanover. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 5s.
Wheeler, B. I. Dionysos and Immortality. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
White, W. A. The Court of Boyville. Doubleday & McClure. $1.50.
Williams, J. L. The Adventures of a Freshman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.
Wright, Mabel O. Wabeno the Magician. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Young, E. R. Winter Adventures of Three Boys in the Great Lone Land. New York: Eaton & Mains. $1.25.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1899.

The Week.

Although no Federal officials were chosen on Tuesday, except in four Congressional districts to fill vacancies in the House of Representatives, a national aspect was given to the campaign in so many States that the result must be accepted as a verdict of the country on the McKinley Administration, and especially on its policy of expansion. Ohio was the State upon which all eyes were centred. Personal and factional considerations were important elements in the contest there, while an entirely novel factor in the fight was the utterly unconventional campaign of a curious but forceful personality, in the candidacy of Jones on the platform of the "Golden Rule." Hanna, as the despotic boss of the Republican party in the State, provoked bitter opposition within that party, especially in his own town of Cleveland; while his ally, Cox, as the Republican boss of the chief city, aroused a similar revolt in Cincinnati. On the other hand, McLean was so bitterly hated and so thoroughly despised by many prominent Democrats that there were various local centres of Democratic disaffection. The important feature of the result is that, leaving Cincinnati and Cleveland out of the account, the State gave a larger majority in support of the McKinley Administration on its policy of expansion than it gave a year ago before that policy had developed. The President has his own State behind him. Iowa furnishes an even clearer test of popular sentiment in the same direction. In that State there were no local, personal, or factional considerations involved. A Democrat of high character ran against the excellent Republican Governor. The Democrats dropped the silver issue, and made their fight on the question of expansion. The Republicans met them without shrinking. The result is a greatly increased Republican majority.

The demoralization of the Democratic party is more complete than ever before since its collapse in the Grant-Greeley campaign of 1872. New Jersey, normaly a Democratic State, shows Republican gains in the Legislature. The Republicans of New York, although handicapped by the odious bossism of Platt, have everywhere made gains. The Republicans of Pennsylvania, carrying even a heavier load in the still more offensive rule of Boss Quay, have given his weak candidate for State Treasurer a tremendous majority. South Dakota, which went for Bryan by a small margin in 1896, and gave but a small Republican majority last year, while the Opposition then saved the governorship, shows Republican gains this fall. Bryan, nevertheless, retains his hold upon his own State of Nebraska. The increased majority for the Populist ticket is a personal tribute to him which cannot be minimized. It is largely explained by a frame of mind which Eastern people find it hard to understand—pride as citizens of a State in the national prominence of a fellow-citizen, and readiness for this reason to help a "favorite son." It is conceded by all familiar with the situation that Harrison's majority in Indiana for President when he was elected in 1888, was due to this feeling on the part of a good many voters who were not hide-bound Democrats.

There are two facts in the results of the election in this city and State which are so self-evident that it is scarcely necessary to point them out. The first is that the city is as hopelessly as ever in the clutch of Croker; and the second is that his fellow-boss, Platt, has secured a firmer grip upon the State than he has had for several years. The reasons why this is the case are scarcely less obvious. Croker holds the city through the enormous patronage which was conferred upon him, first by the charter which Platt "jammed through" the Legislature, and, second, through the candidacy of Gen. Tracy, for which Platt was solely responsible. There is a sure Tammany majority here ranging from 40,000 to 60,000, which nothing ordinary in the way of "damaging disclosures" can seriously diminish. The apathy in registering is explained.

We do not think Mr. McKinley will thank President Schurman for saying, in effect, that all this talk about the American flag flying over slavery and polygamy in the Sulu Islands makes him "tired." The "present hue and cry about slavery and polygamy in these islands" seems to Mr. Schurman almost "criminal." With all respect, we must say that such a statement could not come from an American to the manner born. President Schurman did not live among us in the prolonged agony of our anti-slavery struggle, and it is inevitable, therefore, that he cannot understand the deep American sentiment which his excuses for tolerating "a mild form of bondage" under the American flag must affront. To appreciate this he has only to read the indignant cry of Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler at the disgrace of having "that polygamous brute and slaveholder, the Sultan of Sulu, our stipendiary and representative." President McKinley has been far shrewder in this matter than Mr. Schurman. He has never once alluded to it in all his multitudinous speeches. His silences have been awkward sometimes, as when he perorated to the embattled Methodists about our flag meaning "liberty" in the Philippines; but still he has been clever enough to see that he, an American born, a veteran of the civil war, a Republican of Republicans, simply could not say one word in public in palliation of restoring slavery under the American flag. It is probable that he wishes President Schurman had observed a like discreet if significant silence.

We get a good hint of the way in which our Philippine adventure is eating the core out of the American tradition when we read such a suggestion as President Schurman makes in regard to "a large and irresistible army." He thinks that Congress ought to vote this for the President "unanimously," because, he says, "any division of opinion might be misunderstood by the Filipinos." We ourselves think a forced unanimity might be as badly misunderstood by them, but let that pass. The point is that the good old way of debate, of attrition of personal and party view, of deliberate consideration of what is best for the country—all this is to be put aside for fear that somebody whom we are fighting will not understand the American method of legislating. In order to prevent their misapprehension, we change all our habits. We have been historically against a large standing army, for good and sufficient reason, but if some far-away Tagalo or Kanaka cannot understand this preference of ours, why, we will surrender it at once. When this thing is logically carried out, legislation will be delightfully simple. The President will send a message to Congress asking for fifty battle-ships, and will add, "I recommend that the bill be passed without debate and unanimously, so that Russia may not be misled." He will ask for another national defence fund of $50,000,000, and will say, "It would be well if this fund could be voted without reference to committee, and if all the members of Congress would rise and bow their heads when the President's name is mentioned, and, instead of saying 'Aye,' cry 'Hurrah for the flag!' in order that foreigners may have no doubt as to what our intentions are."

Senator Lodge, after a long silence, has broken out in a most immoral speech regarding the war in the Philippines. He holds in the first place that the islands should be held by us as a possession, not to be incorporated with

the United States, but as conquered people and territory. "We can trust ourselves to govern them well," he says; which has been the usual saying of conquerors and tyrants from the dawn of history to the present day. Then he proceeds to give his reasons for this policy, the first of which is that the possession of Manila gives us a stepping-stone for the trade of Eastern Asia. In demonstrating the importance of holding a subjugated race in order to promote trade, Mr. Lodge said:

> "In the economic struggle the great nations of Europe for many years past have been seizing all the waste places, and all the weakly held lands of the earth, as the surest means of trade development. Some years ago that process of seizure began in South America, and if we had not intervened, it would have been comparatively but a short time before South America would have been parcelled out like Africa. We did intervene, and to some purpose. There will be no parcelling out of that continent and no seizures of land there by any European Power. We have now little of the trade with South America. We should, we must, have most of it, and we should also use all our vast influence to promote in those regions peace and good government, upon which prosperity and development rest."

This is all wind. What nation has done the most seizing of "waste places and weakly held lands"? England, of course. She has, if you please, seized more than all the others combined, yet she has not placed a stone in the way of other people's trade in those lands. On the contrary, she has spent her money and her blood in opening free markets for every other nation to buy and sell in, on the same terms as herself.

Mr. Lodge's tale about South America and our intervention must refer to the Venezuela case. There has been no other process of seizure within some years, even if that can be called by such a name. The tribunal of arbitration gave to England all but a fraction of the territory she claimed, and everybody knows that our trade with the country in dispute will be enlarged instead of restricted by that decision. It will be enlarged by the establishment of peace, order, and free trade, none of which could be guaranteed by Venezuela, a government that cannot keep steady on its legs more than two years in succession—a country where governments come and go with such rapidity that we cannot affirm at any time who will be in authority six months hence.

A fresh attempt will be made at the approaching session of Congress to secure some consideration for Alaska. It is over thirty years since the United States assumed control of the region, but nothing like a systematic form of government for it has yet been provided. The great trouble has been that until recently there was only a handful of white people in that whole vast section (the natives, of course, counting for nothing), and Congressmen were so busy with the affairs of their "deestricts" and their parties that they could not spare any time for something so much out of the world as Alaska. The nearest approach to success in any legislative movement was a vigorous push which was made by a lobbyist during the Fifty-fourth Congress to have Alaska made into a regular territory, with a delegate in Congress, like Arizona or New Mexico. The change was urged in the interest of self-government by the people of the region, but the truth was that the man who was to be the representative of Alaska and get the $5,000 salary and the $3,000 mileage in case the bill had been passed, was living in Boston, never had been outside of Boston, and had been elected delegate from Alaska by his business partners. Since the rush of gold-seekers into the Klondike there are a good many more white men interested in Alaska than there used to be, but it remains to be seen whether the interests of the natives, who live there all the while and have always been the worst sufferers from misrule in the past, will fare any better in the future.

Adjt.-Gen. Corbin is unable to resist the opportunity to say a good word in his annual report for our antiquated army staff organization, of which he is so conspicuous a part. He admits that the staff "may be open to improvements," but finds that nearly all its critics have been long-standing applicants for places in the corps, and proceeds to recount what has been accomplished by the various bureaus in raising the volunteer army within the last five months. This matter of replying to those earnest, intelligent, and progressive younger officers of all branches of the service who have for years protested against the reign of bureaucracy and the usefulness of methods out of date in 1870, can only reflect upon Gen. Corbin himself, who, despite his praiseworthy executive ability, continues to be one of the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of reorganization. Of late practically commander of the army, he should be reduced to his proper position of military secretary to Gen. Miles as the first step towards its modernization. His department should be the first to be consolidated, and should be the first to be made up of officers detached from the line for temporary service only, and giving way in turn to others similarly detailed. If Gen. Corbin were familiar with the latest developments of the armies of Europe, and had the welfare of his own service unselfishly at heart, his annual report would be full of urgent recommendations as to the necessity of immediate reform. Leaving aside the record of the war with Spain, he would find it inconsistent with his duty to approve any system by which the soldiers are subsisted by one department, obtain their eating-utensils from a second, draw the food for their horses from a third, are paid by a fourth, recruited by a fifth, and inspected by a sixth.

The striking feature of the brief summary of Gen. Leonard Wood's annual report is his recommendation that the number of United States troops under his command be further reduced to two squadrons of cavalry and two battalions of infantry. There could be no better testimony as to the extent of the peaceful revolution accomplished by him than this readiness to reduce his available soldiers to the number of 1,600 within so short a time after taking command, and it must serve to put an end to any remaining fears of lawlessness, brigandage, or armed hostility to the United States in his province. The proposed action is in line, furthermore, with the recommendations of those who have studied and followed the regeneration of Cuba most carefully, which are that the outward signs of United States authority should be diminished as rapidly as possible, and every effort made to utilize the Cubans themselves in the various branches of the Government service. Nowhere is the necessity for this action greater than in Havana itself, and Gen. Wood's recommendation will have double value if it leads to a decrease of the troops in Havana, and their entire removal from that city, with the possible appointment of a good civil governor. No action could give the Cubans a better assurance that their future development is to rest in their own hands as rapidly as they show the ability to take part in it intelligently and honestly. It is known that Gen. Wood is also in favor of raising a Cuban regiment officered in the higher grades by Americans, in order to bring about the further retirement of United States soldiers now on duty under him, on the ground that it will give employment to many still unsettled men, instil in them a respect for law and order, teach them proper police methods, and further increase their confidence in their temporary rulers. The experiment is well worth trying, and will doubtless be authorized before long.

Secretary Gage deserves the heartiest commendation for his refusal to set aside the award for the new custom-house building in this city at the bidding of Platt. He has, by his firmness in this matter, done as great a service to good architecture in this country as the architects themselves achieved when they secured the passage of the Tarsney act. It will be a long time before another political boss will venture to meddle in an affair of this sort. The few architects who, for one reason or another, allowed themselves to be used by Platt in furtherance of his efforts, will sooner or later perceive what a serious mistake they made. They should have

reasoned, when the issue was presented to them, that Platt's motives in the case could under no circumstances be other than bad. Nobody could imagine for a moment that the merits of Mr. Gilbert's plan had anything whatever to do with Platt's objection to it. He was against it solely because there was nothing in it for him. Instead of being a reason for architects to oppose the plan, Platt's antagonism constituted the most powerful of all reasons for favoring it. If he had succeeded in having the award set aside, he and his kind would have become the "jury of experts" to sit upon all plans for public buildings hereafter, for the precedent once established would be appealed to in every case in which there was not sufficient "politics" in the award.

We have not observed that the Republican newspapers have been able to comment with either freedom or vigor upon the action of the Civil-Service Commission in regard to the criminal course of the Ohio Republican State committee in seeking to collect campaign contributions from Federal employees. The most outspoken Republican comment that we have seen is that of the *Tribune*, which says that the Commission's decision "must give satisfaction to every man, regardless of party, who believes in good and efficient government," that the "attempt to evade this law has been persistent and vicious," and that "recently there have been many signs that politicians were preparing for a general assault on the merit system, and there is need of just such firm resistance to every backward step." This is good as far as it goes, but why stop there? Why not say who must exert the "firm resistance" which is necessary to stop the "general assault," and punish the men who are guilty of this "persistent and vicious" evasion of the law? Nobody except the President can exert this influence, for he alone has the power. Has he taken any steps to punish the Ohio Republican State committee for its criminal acts? Does the *Tribune* imagine that he ever will take any?

Will Gov. Roosevelt explain to the public, in a manner most agreeable to himself, why he does not enforce the law against prize-fighting in this State? We had another violation of it at Coney Island on Friday night, open, flagrant, and defiant as it could possibly be. The law is clear and explicit in describing both the kind of fistic exhibition that shall be allowed and the kind that shall not. It forbids absolutely "a fight commonly called a ring or prize-fight, at which an admission fee is charged or received." This is precisely what came off at Coney Island. It was a fight to the finish in 25 rounds, at the end of which both men were in a condition of collapse, both were covered with blood, and one had two ribs broken. It was also a fight in the presence of 10,000 people who paid admission fees aggregating $70,000. The newspapers agree as to all these points. They agree in saying that the fight was as brutal as it well could be. It is impossible for any man to deny, in the face of the columns of space devoted to the affair in the morning newspapers, with the disgusting details and pictorial illustrations which they give of it, that it was a prize-fight in the full sense of the term, and as such entirely illegal.

The Governor cannot put the blame for this, the second or third violation of the law, upon the Tammany authorities in this city. That they should permit this kind of barbarism and brutality is not to be wondered at. They habitually exert the police power not only to protect but to foster those forms of amusement in which the low and criminal elements of the population especially delight. But they cannot permit prize-fighting except with the consent of the Governor, for that is regulated by State law, and he is under oath to enforce all State laws. It was his sworn duty, when the first fight was heralded openly a few months ago, to serve notice upon the police authorities in this city that if they permitted it to occur, he would hold them to account for it. He did nothing of the kind. He let the fight take place without a word of protest even, and he let the second take place also without protest. Does he think this kind of fighting necessary to develop true manliness in the American people? Does he regard it as part of "the strenuous life"? As an educated, civilized man, does he think it a beneficent thing to send into the households of the land, for the perusal of youth, such flaming accounts of the affair as were published the next morning? And if he does believe all these things, does that constitute justification for refusing to enforce the law? Are we less civilized than Texas, whose Governor so rigorously enforced the law there as to drive prize-fighting from the State? If so, then it ill becomes us to denounce Tammany Hall for the kind of government it gives the city of New York.

A Trust among workingmen has been brought into court at Pittsburgh. The manufacturers in the glass industry having made a combination to keep up the price of their products, the employees made another to keep up the price of labor. They allow only a small number of new men to learn the trade from year to year, and try to destroy the business of any employer who attempts to conduct operations with laborers who do not belong to their union. In Pittsburgh they have been enticing away the employees of such a manufacturer, and when they had nearly ruined him, he appealed to the courts. Judge White has just granted an injunction restraining the officials of the American Flint Glass-Workers' Union from hereafter persuading any apprentices of this non-union manufacturer to violate the terms of their indenture by joining the union, and from interfering in any other way with his apprentices to his injury. Judge White laid down certain fundamental principles which should govern in such a case, as that the manufacturer has a right to employ workmen not connected with the union, to dismiss them if they should join such an organization, and to take apprentices in the old-fashioned way; and, on the other hand, that every man has the absolute right to choose his trade or vocation, or engage in any lawful business, that no person, association, or organization has a right to hinder or interfere with him, and that those who attempt to thwart or defeat him in this right are guilty of a wrongful act. "Organized labor," however, does not recognize these principles, and if Judge White were running for reëlection this fall, the workingmen would doubtless make this decision an argument against him.

By the imposing vote of 6 to 4, the House of Lords passed on October 27 a resolution directed against the Cromwell statue. It takes three members, we believe, to make a quorum (or "make a house") in the Lords. Lord Eldon used to get his own judgments affirmed by the support of one Bishop and one lay peer; so that ten votes are really a formidable array for their lordships. Still it is not at all likely that the resolution will ever be heard of again, except in ridicule. The Lord Chancellor advised against a division, with less than a dozen peers present, on the ground that action could have no legal effect and could not be expected to influence either the Government or the country. But it seems that an urgent whip had been sent out by the leaders of the movement against the statue, and, though the response in attendance was so disappointing, the noble lords who made such unaccustomed efforts to be present insisted upon having a run for their money. But, as the statue is already in course of erection within the precincts of Westminster Palace, and as Parliament has adjourned without any action in the premises by the Commons, we fear that the outrage to aristocratic sensibilities will be completed. Lord Hardwicke affirmed that "Oliver Cromwell emerging from the area of Westminster Palace suggested to his mind nothing so readily as Mephistopheles in the play rising from the nether world." Well, if he came, we are sure his satanic grin would be deepened by the sight of the six heroic lords trying to prevent his recognition as one of the rare company of England's great men.

THE PHILIPPINE COMMISSION REPORT.

The preliminary report of the Philippine Commission, hastily put together for publication at the President's "request," was obviously issued as a timely and first-class campaign document. As such it naturally shares the amiable and well-known infirmities of that species of literature. It falls with great fury upon several men of straw, and knocks them completely off their legs. What nobody denies, it asserts with great fervor, and speaks with horror of certain crimes which no man proposes to commit. No sneaking advocate of "anarchy" or "dishonor" will find, we are glad to say, the least countenance in the report. It is as resolute and uncompromising in dealing with all who wish to disgrace themselves and their country as any party platform ever written.

Certain irrelevancies and inconsistencies, which even the hurried reader of this hurried composition will note, may charitably be set down to the pressure under which it was produced to meet the political emergency. It satisfactorily proves that Admiral Dewey did not promise Aguinaldo independence. But nobody that we ever heard of has asserted that he did. Consul-General Pratt was the official who promised it, if anybody did. On June 8, 1898, a Philippine deputation waited upon Mr. Pratt in Singapore to thank him for "the programme arranged between you, sir, and Gen. Aguinaldo in this port of Singapore," which was intended, they said, to "secure to us our independence under the protection of the United States." Consul Pratt, in replying, did not repudiate the word "independence," but said: "I trust the final outcome will be all that the Filipinos can desire." Of course, there was nothing authorized or binding about this, but if the Commission thought fit to go into the matter of alleged promises at all, they might well have referred to the case where there was some *prima-facie* evidence of a promise, instead of dealing only with the one where there was none.

We think also that the Commission were, in one part of their report (though their language is ambiguous, and we may misinterpret it), too hard upon their absent colleague, Gen. Otis. Arguing the general unfitness of the natives to govern themselves, they spoke of the "flat failure" of the attempt to set up "an independent native government in Negros." The Commissioners, be it observed, wrote this under date of November 2. But only the day before, November 1, Gen. Otis telegraphed of the great success of the native government in Negros. "Quiet election," he cabled; "over 5,000 votes cast; no frauds attempted." Do the Commission base the "flat failure" upon the ground that no frauds were attempted, and that, therefore, the natives are far behind the American practice? The Commissioners really seem capable of it, for one other proof they advance of native unfitness for self-government is that voters in the Philippines go about "asking whom they were expected to vote for." A strict enforcement of this test would disfranchise New York, and put Ohio at once under military government.

A more serious inconsistency is to be found in that part of the report which speaks of the failure of the Commission to arrange a peaceable settlement with Aguinaldo. They say: "The American people may feel confident that no effort was omitted by the Commission to secure a peaceful end of the struggle." But a fuller statement of the case is made by one of the members of the Commission, President Schurman, in an "authorized interview" in last week's *Outlook*. He makes it perfectly clear that the Filipinos refused the Commission's offers because they did not believe it was legally empowered to make them. Here are Mr. Schurman's words:

> "Aguinaldo's commissioners were informed that a liberal form of government would be granted to the Philippine peoples, with a large share of home rule; that there should be a Governor-General appointed by the President of the United States, a cabinet consisting of Americans or Filipinos appointed by the Governor-General, and Judges of the higher courts, either American or Filipino, appointed by the President of the United States. But *the shrewd Filipinos immediately made the point that under the Constitution of the United States only Congress could determine their political status;* that whatever powers the President exercised were the war powers of the Constitution, which ceased with the establishment of peace."

This really brings us to the crux of the whole business as regards our future dealings with the Filipinos. In respect to the past, the report of the Commission will undoubtedly be accepted by the country as satisfactory. We have no disposition to quarrel with this conclusion. The Commissioners arrived on the scene after the mischief was done. They were appointed to prevent war, but war broke out before they could get to the spot. The diplomatic and military blunders of the past are spilt milk, not now to be watered by vain tears. We are in the mess; how shall we best get out of it? In our opinion, by avoiding hostilities not forced upon us, and by Congress speedily declaring what the status of the Filipinos is. As President Schurman says, the Treaty of Paris left them hanging "between heaven and hell." He sees in Congress the real and only solution of the problem. We heartily agree to that, and have, in fact, been steadily urging the dereliction of the President in breaking his promise to turn the whole matter over to Congress. If he does it now, and if Congress decides to live up to its implied promise and give the Filipinos the same terms as the Cubans, we shall have peace with honor.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY.

The definite retirement of Mr. Hobart from the duties of the Vice-Presidency will revive in many minds the question occasionally mooted from the beginning of the Republic till now, whether the Vice-Presidency has not come to be, like the electorate, a superfluous office. John Adams found in the anomalous status of the Vice-President a target for his satire, describing his as "the most insignificant office that ever the mind of man contrived or his imagination conceived," and inquiring "whether the framers of the Constitution had in view the two Kings of Sparta or the two Consuls of Rome, . . . one to have all the power while he held it, and the other to be nothing." Nevertheless, in those early days the importance of the Vice-Presidency was recognized in a very practical manner by the election to it of younger and more vigorous men than those elected to the Presidency. Adams was three years younger than Washington, Jefferson eight years younger than Adams, and Burr thirteen years younger than Jefferson. Not only was it deemed natural that the heir presumptive should be a man with better chances of life than the ancestor, but behind everything else was the feeling that the training in public affairs which he would acquire in the second rank would be of great value to himself and to the country on his promotion; for, until Burr's political collapse towards the close of Jefferson's first term, the President's understudy was regularly chosen to succeed him.

With the departure from this practice the decadence of the Vice-Presidency may be said to have begun, and it was hastened by the convention system of nominating candidates for both the greater and the lesser office, with its incidentals of log-rolling and playing upon sectional prejudice. As the utilitarian view of the Vice-Presidency waned, and the ornamental or at best the factional view took its place, the average age of the Vice-Presidents increased. The idea seemed to be that the office was a sinecure through which retiring politicians could pleasantly bow themselves out of public life, or by the gift of which some restless element in a party could be appeased. In recent years, therefore, the rule as to age has come to be the very reverse of that which prevailed at first. Wilson was ten years older than Grant, Wheeler three years older than Hayes, Arthur a year older than Garfield, Hendricks eighteen and Stevenson two years older than Cleveland, and Morton nine years older than Harrison. Hobart, who was a year younger than McKinley, was the first exception to the rule of seniority in a quarter-century. All this goes to show how far the Vice-Presidency has drifted in actual practice from the ideal of a hundred years ago.

The prestige of the office received a yet more direct blow from the enactment of the Presidential succession law of 1886. The law of 1792, which still survived, provided that in case of death, resignation, or inability of both President and Vice-President, the duties of the Presidency should pass first to the President of the Senate, and then to the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The Forty-eighth Congress had expired in March, the Forty-ninth was not to assemble till December, and Vice-President Hendricks had died in the interval. As a matter of course, no Speaker had been elected; the presidency *pro tempore* of the Senate had not been filled for the new Congress, and, although the Senate is a continuing body, there was grave uncertainty in the minds of many Senators whether the President *pro tempore* of the late session could properly continue to execute that office without a new election. The situation was rendered all the more serious by the circumstance that the Senate was controlled by the Republicans, whereas the popular election of 1884 had decreed the transfer of executive power to the Democrats. When the Senate met in December it chose Mr. Sherman for its President *pro tempore*, and until the following January Mr. Cleveland's life was all that protected this expression of the popular will from reversal. The more thoughtful members of both houses of Congress realized the unwisdom of leaving the law as it stood, and a new statute was enacted, passing the succession through the Cabinet in the order of the creation of the several departments represented there, beginning with the Secretary of State and ending with the Secretary of the Interior; the Department of Agriculture not having at that time been raised to Cabinet dignity.

Athough four Presidents and five Vice-Presidents had died in office, and the government has been carried on for a total of thirty years under only one of the two executive heads provided by the Constitution, it has never needed to put either of its succession laws into operation; the chances, therefore, are at least fair that it may never need to do so in the future. But since the method of selecting a Vice-President no longer has reference to the special qualifications of the man chosen, and since the chief places of the Cabinet are given to the men who, of the whole mass of citizens, are most nearly in accord with the policy and purposes of the President, the question recurs with force, whether the Vice-Presidency is not now a superfluity, and a rather dangerous one. The cases of Tyler and Johnson are too familiar to call for more than a reference. Even so conservative an administration as Arthur's caused a political convulsion which, under some other conditions easily conceivable, might have put a perilous strain upon our institutions.

Mr. Hobart is an exception to the general rule of Vice-Presidents in more respects than in the matter of seniority of years. He was chosen, it is true, on sectional rather than on personal grounds; but, thanks to the complete control of the party at the time by Mr. McKinley's campaign manager, it was not necessary to beat the bushes of the opposing faction for a candidate. The two men represented the same ideals as far as they represented any. During the summer and autumn of 1896 they were continually in consultation; and in the years that followed, Mr. Hobart shared the President's counsels as probably no other Vice-President has shared them in more than a half-century. If Mr. McKinley had died in office, Mr. Hobart would have succeeded to his plans and methods as truly as to his titular office. It is not safe, however, for a great nation to let its course be guided by exceptions. Either the Vice-Presidency should be filled, as of old, with a strict view to the possible succession, or it should be wiped out of existence altogether, and the honors and responsibilities of the President transferred at once, in case of a sudden vacancy in the office, to the adviser who is presumptively best educated to carry out the unfinished work of his chief.

GEN. TRACY'S TESTIMONY.

We may never get to the bottom of the Ramapo mystery, but if the Mazet inquiry continues long enough, we shall succeed in obtaining a fairly satisfying picture of the way in which a boss conducts the business of government that the people put into his hands. Gen. Tracy threw a great deal of light upon this subject last week—more, perhaps, than he was fully conscious of doing. He first became interested in Ramapo stock in 1887, becoming counsel for the company, and receiving as payment for his services 400 or 500 shares of its stock. He served as counsel till 1889, when he became a member of President Harrison's Cabinet. "When I became Secretary of the Navy," he said, "under an arrangement I made with MacFarlane, Boardman & Platt, I transferred all my legal business to them," including the Ramapo matter. In 1895 he went to Europe for his health, and, while he was there, the bill giving the Ramapo Company privileges of enormous value was passed by the Legislature at Albany. He sent a cable message to Gov. Morton asking him to sign the bill, and saying that he considered it a proper measure. At the same time Mr. Soley, of the firm of Tracy, Boardman & Platt, went in person to Albany and asked Gov. Morton to sign the bill, making no argument, and receiving $250 for his services.

Gen. Tracy testified that when he sent his cable message, he was unaware of the valuable provisions of the bill, and that he is subject to criticism for sending it; yet, after his return three months later, he became President of the Ramapo Company, and received more of its stock, raising his holdings in it to 650 shares. He continued to be its President till 1897, when he retired, selling out his stock for $41,500. He was certain that Senator Platt had never held any stock; neither had any member of Platt's family; and he was also certain that the firm of Tracy, Boardman & Platt had no relations with the company as a client after 1894. His associate in the firm, Mr. Soley, was equally positive about the Platt connection with the matter, declaring that he had never heard of such connection in any way, shape, or manner. Mr. Soley had received stock in the company also, but refused to reveal its amount. On other matters of the Platt Family Law Business both these witnesses were equally positive about Platt's utter lack of connection with such business, either as a stockholder in various companies and corporations for which the firm have acted as counsel, or in any other way.

The curious thing about this and other like testimony is the apparent belief of the men who give it that it is conclusive and satisfactory as to Platt's relations with the matters involved. If they can swear that he held no stock in Ramapo, they are convinced that his complete separation from the job is proved. If they can swear that he holds no stock in the Platt Family Surety Company, and that he holds no stock in any of the corporations for which the Platt Family Law Firm are retained as counsel, they appear to think that the public will be satisfied that he has no connection whatever with either firm's business. What they forget, or rather hope the public will forget, is the question, Would either one of these family concerns have had this business if Platt had not been the Republican boss of New York? Why need he hold stock in the family firms? Is not his "pull" their chief capital? Gen. Tracy confessed that though he was the chief promoter of the Ramapo Company for ten years, he never knew anything about its assets, or its property, or its financial condition. That is what everybody else connected with it has confessed. Ignorance of this sort is never found in the officers of any legitimate business, but it is invariably found in those of political business—that is, business which depends for its success upon the power of "pull."

Why did Gen. Tracy, when he went into Harrison's Cabinet, transfer his legal business to the Platt Family Law Firm, "under an arrangement"? Was that a part of the considerations which induced Platt to favor his appointment? Why, after he had transferred the Ramapo matter, and after the other members of the firm took a dislike to the chief agent of the job, did he consent to

be made President of the company and to receive more stock? Why did the chief agent of the company think it worth while to continue the services and to increase the compensation of the senior member of the Platt Family Law Firm? Was there any other reason than that he wished to retain still further the Platt pull?

Then, too, how did it happen that as soon as Tammany had been induced by Platt's friend Lauterbach to take up the Ramapo job and give it an appearance of financial value, Gen. Tracy heard of it and was able to dispose of his stock so advantageously? Why did the chief agent of this job so persistently retain as figureheads for his company Platt's most trusted political friends—first Tracy, then Dutcher and Lauterbach? Was he not still after the benefit of the "pull"? If not, what was he after? Gen. Tracy says his life has been an "open book" before this community for many years. Is there a clearer page upon it than the one which he wrote in 1897 when he allowed himself to be used by Platt to defeat the Citizens' Union ticket? It could be shown possibly that Platt held no stock in the forthcoming Croker administration, but would that establish Platt's innocence of the crime?

THE COLLEGE LEISURE CLASS.

The college graduate of a generation ago, examining the condition of his alma mater as he finds it to-day, must be struck with the change in the character of the college constituency. With the possible exception of the smaller and more remote denominational institutions, the country boy who once formed the predominating element in college classes is more and more conspicuous by his absence. Analysis of statistics shows an increasing proportion of students coming, from year to year, not from the villages and country districts, but from the cities and larger towns. The young men who formerly made up the bone and sinew of American life, and who are still referred to, in story-books and commencement addresses, as the hope of the nation, are giving place to youths who know nothing of country life or country influences, and bring to their college days few of the habits of frugality and strenuous effort which distinguished their predecessors. So far as the student body is concerned, one of its most striking characteristics is the growing numbers and importance of a leisure class.

It is, of course, not difficult to see how such a change should have come about. The relative increase of the urban population has drawn to the cities a majority of those most able, and therefore most likely, to send their children to college; while the increase and diffusion of wealth have contributed directly to the creation of a large class to whom the four years spent at college represent no dangerous delay in attaining bread-winning power. On the other hand, the movement away from the rural districts, as has often been pointed out, has drained those districts of their choicest blood, until it is no uncommon thing to find, particularly in the older Eastern States, considerable areas with scarcely a family of notable ambition and resource. Even in the country itself, the country boy of fiction—once the country boy of reality—is not to be found; while as for his modern representative, the general average is not promising. Then, again, the growth of the free public high school, with its better-trained teachers, its systematic courses of study, and its ample facilities, has crowded aside the old academy in which boys and girls of all ages sat side by side, under the instruction of a teacher whose place in the profession was determined by a thin purse rather than by any pedagogical bent. For all practical purposes, it is only with the assistance of the free high school, or else of the expensive private school or tutor, that the young man of to-day can hope to fit himself for college at all; and neither of these aids is available save with the surroundings and under the characteristic influences of city life.

The growth of the class who come to college, not because they hunger for knowledge, but because they have financial resources and covet the social distinction of a degree, has unquestionably affected, at several points, the tone and conduct of the college. Rather singularly, it has not lessened the severity either of entrance examinations or of requirements for graduation. Candidates for admission to college have never been so well prepared, and the significance of the baccalaureate degree has never been so great. On the other hand, the presence of the wealthy and the city-bred has, undoubtedly, made more difficult the administration of college discipline. The rough and brutal practices of a generation ago have, indeed, largely disappeared, but their place has often been taken by practices which, while more modern and outwardly refined, are in reality more pernicious. The average American college of to-day has less outward disrespect and more actual indifference, less law-breaking and more wickedness, than the average college of fifty years ago. There is less regularity of attendance, less zealous pursuit of knowledge, less general and pervading interest in intellectual things. The presence, in the student body, of a conspicuous element who are financially at ease, and who value the social importance of college membership at least as much as the attainment the degree is supposed to represent, offers a strong temptation to laziness, and undeniably gives the undergraduate course a less direct bearing on the business of after life.

It is undoubtedly this increase of wealth in the college constituency which has paved the way, in considerable measure, for the gifts of elaborate and costly dormitories, of which a number of leading institutions have of late years been the recipients. It is a grave question whether the presence of buildings accessible only to the financially elect is not, in the long run, something of a bar to the maintenance of a healthy college sentiment. There was no more courageous thing in President Hadley's inaugural address than his recognition of the claims of the average man, and his insistence that the buildings of the university should represent a utility at least commensurate with their beauty. To be sure, almost anything is preferable to the utter barrenness of the college of former days; yet one can but regret the growth of an elaborate and glittering social life which, founded primarily on exceptional wealth, and for ever impossible for the student of limited means, tends inevitably to breed those social distinctions and gradations which are notably unfitting in a democracy, and nowhere conduce either to vigorous intellectual effort or to peace of mind.

For a college with wealthy alumni and friends, therefore, it becomes a serious problem how wisely to adjust the interests of those who, whether from city or country, are in the institution at much cost to themselves, and of those who come less because they want to than because they are sent. That the standard of college expenses, however affected by scholarships and loans, is bound to rise with widening demands, cannot be doubted. The modern city has come to be so largely the centre of our active political, social, literary, and religious life, at once the starting-point and the field for progress and reform, that the future leaders of public opinion must henceforth be sought there, if anywhere; and the college that cannot draw an increasing proportion of its students from the cities and towns is hopelessly behind in the race. On the other hand, intellectual attainment, now as ever, demands a simplicity of living, a modesty of surroundings, and a freedom from obligation to formal and fashionable caprice, hardly characteristic of the social class who make up the bulk of the college enrolment. That adjustment will be reached in part along the line of strict requirements, is probable; yet the problem is moral, rather than disciplinary. Somehow or other, the college must get hold of the moral interest of its well-to-do, and change what is now a privilege into an obligation. Precisely how this shall be accomplished, each institution must, of course, settle for itself; but the situation cannot be disregarded by any college which would scrupulously guard itself against the charge of fostering an aristocracy in a democratic state.

FRENCH MILITARY JUSTICE.

Nothing was more extraordinary in the Dreyfus case than the manner in which a court was prepared for trying it. Its importance was fully acknowledged when the Court of Cassation was reorganized by a special act for the purpose of passing upon Dreyfus's application for revision. It was something like our creation of a special Electoral Commission to try the question of Hayes's title to the Presidency, or the English creation of a similar commission to try the question of Parnell's complicity in the Irish outrages. In all these cases the confession was made by the legislature that the question was too portentous to be submitted to any ordinary tribunal. The special court in the Dreyfus case was composed of the highest class of French jurists. Of course, it was an extraordinary thing, as it seems to us, that such a noise should be made about any offence committed by an officer of no higher rank than captain, but that was their affair.

But the case was referred again to a court-martial composed in the main of officers who had never given any attention to legal matters, who had no judicial experience whatever, who knew nothing about any rules of evidence or about the nature of proof. It was not unlike the reference of a judgment of the Supreme Court to a Tammany police magistrate. Of course, a great many people in France saw the absurdity of all this, but during the trial the excitement was so great that even those who perceived it most keenly were afraid to say so, lest they should be classed with "Protestants, infidels, Free Masons, and foreigners." Any criticism of the members of the court-martial as jurists would have put the most eminent man in France into one or other of these categories.

But the trial now being over, and sanity having reasserted its sway, the ridiculous character of the trial as a judicial proceeding has begun to make itself felt. The necessity of reform in military justice is before the Chamber of Deputies in the shape of various suggestions. The oddity of leaving a matter that came near bringing on a civil war to the decision of certain officers of or below the rank of colonel, forming exactly the kind of court to which would have been referred a private soldier's theft of a pair of boots, has begun to dawn on the public. The most interesting comment on the subject is to be found in an article by Henri Barboux, an old advocate at the Paris bar, in the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*. He discusses with great clearness both the existing law and the proposed changes.

The subject is of the more importance because at present, no matter with what offence a French soldier may be charged, he has to be tried by a court-martial composed of officers who, M. Barboux says, are apt to be intrusted with the administration of military justice for "want of military capacity, or because their age forbids any of the great ambitions." The administration of justice, he says, requires "sagacity, penetration, prudence, distrust both of others and one's self," while in the Dreyfus affair the report of the court-martial was only a collection of insignificant, almost puerile facts—"even those who were most convinced of Dreyfus's guilt were shocked and astonished at this document."

The objections to a court-martial as a legal tribunal except for the trial of minor military offences, such as drunkenness, insubordination, cowardice in the field, disobedience of orders, are said to be: first, want of familiarity with the law and the weighing of legal proof; second, want of independence. The want of legal equipment does not need to be dwelt on in France. But the want of independence is more or less true of court-martials everywhere on cases in which the Government or superior officers are interested. Admiral Byng's case, the Duc d'Enghien's case, Marshal Bazaine's case, Dreyfus's case, and the McKinley "courts of inquiry" are all illustrations of how easily military officers may, even in the character of judges, be made to carry out the wishes of their superiors. Such officers can hardly lay aside the respect for authority which is naturally inspired by military training, and by their own dependence, both for promotion and comfort, on the good will of these superiors.

In England and America these evils are mitigated by the fact that for most criminal offences, certainly for the more flagrant ones, the soldier can be tried by the civil courts. In Germany the court-martials have at their side a sort of prosecuting tribunal, composed of an auditor and two assessor-officers, equipped for their duties by long studies at the university and a certain amount of practice before the civil tribunals. The same organization exists in Austria, where the auditors form a special legal corps, composed of seventy members. In Italy a military advocate familiar with legal proceedings is attached to every court-martial. But Russia has gone further than any of them. Her military tribunals are standing bodies composed of nine members. Three of these are judicial functionaries named by the Czar, and the other six have to be officers in actual service. Another of the French reforms proposed compels the members of a court-martial to give, like the civil judges, the reasons for their decision, and to quote in exact terms the law which they think they are enforcing, in order that the public may judge both of their competence and of their sincerity.

BRITISH GUIANA AND THE UNITED STATES.

GEORGETOWN, October, 1899.

The Royal Mail steamer which arrived at Georgetown on the 18th instant brought the full text of the award of the Arbitration Tribunal upon the boundaries of British Guiana with Venezuela. The cable had previously communicated the substance of the decision, delivered at Paris on the 3d instant. The award has been welcomed with a feeling of relief; for, at last, after something more than a period of two hundred and fifty years, an ever-recurring cause of contention between neighbors has been removed. It was bad enough to have the dispute with the Venezuelans themselves; but to have, moreover, the intervention of the United States in favor of our neighbors, even at the risk of war with Great Britain, was a thing hard to bear. How harshly was the latter Power misrepresented by some of your public men, such as Senator Lodge, Senator Chandler, and Congressman Livingstone, and how bravely did the *Nation* strive to urge upon Americans, in the dark days of December, 1895, and January, 1896, that Great Britain might have a better case than the Venezuelans represented.

With the exception of the grumblers, who are never lacking anywhere, the award of the tribunal is loyally accepted by the colonists of British Guiana. No doubt, the principle of influence over the natives, which in the last century drew the line between the colony of Georgia and the Spanish possessions at the St. Mary's River, of itself alone entitled us to Barima Point; but it was a matter of *amour propre* with the Venezuelans to have the territory adjacent to the mouth of the Orinoco, and the tribunal, having regard to the question of national safety, have so awarded it. We acquiesce.

We have not yet heard how our neighbors, now rent by one of their ever-recurring revolutions, have received the news of the award. As the Demerara *Daily Chronicle* newspaper of the 20th instant observes, "There is hardly such a thing at the present time as public opinion in Venezuela." The writer then goes on to say: "That unhappy country is torn and divided with insurrection, and if it cannot govern the territory it has, it surely cannot have much to regret in not getting a slice of British Guiana added to its burden." The monstrous claim asserted by Venezuela to the left bank of the Essequibo River was, indeed, as a prominent Venezuelan blandly admitted to this writer after the delivery of the award, *de trop!* The best thing that law-abiding Venezuelans can now do is to cross over into British territory, and become our fellow-colonists under the *Pax Britannica*. They shall be heartily welcome. For ourselves, we can now go ahead and develop our territory, free from the apprehension of Venezuelan "claims." Americans seeking investment for capital might do worse than give us a "look in," for we have vast mineral resources.

Most of the British colonies in this part of the world sent delegates to Washington, in the summer, to treat with Mr. Kasson, the American plenipotentiary, for admission to reciprocity under the provisions of the Dingley tariff. The draft convention acquiesced in by our delegates was adopted by the Legislature of this colony on the 12th instant. It remains now for the Senate of the United States and the British Govern-

ment to ratify it, and its provisions will then become operative. Our people are not unanimously in favor of the adoption of the convention, some of the provisions of which will work against our timber, cocoanut-oil, corn, and other industries. The interests of our staple, sugar, have, however, been held to outweigh other considerations, and, rather than be shut out from the American market, we have accepted Mr. Kasson's hard terms.

By the convention, British Guiana is to get in its cane sugars at a reduction of twelve and one-half per centum of the rates of duty thereon, as provided for by the tariff act of the United States, approved July 24, 1897. On the other hand, British Guiana is to admit free of duty seventeen different classes of goods, the product of the soil or industry of the United States, one of which is "machinery and implements for mining, for agriculture, for the manufacture of sugar," etc. Machinery for the manufacture of sugar, which was formerly exclusively imported from Europe, and chiefly from Great Britain, has recently been imported from the States. Upon eight classes of goods, the product of the soil or industry of the United States, the convention requires that duty shall not be charged at a higher rate than 5 per cent. ad valorem. Upon eleven other classes of goods, the product of the soil or industry of the United States, heavy reductions from existing rates of duty are required. The duty upon flour, for instance, a heavy item, is to be sixty cents per barrel, instead of $1.00 as now, while duties upon other articles, such as cheese, lard, bread and biscuit, meats (canned or preserved), beef or pork (salted or pickled), butter, oleomargarine, etc., are reduced in greater degree. The colony may not increase the existing rates of duty upon coals, oats, or shingles.

That Mr. Kasson has tied us hand and foot as regards our tariff may be judged from the fact that, as regards other goods, the product of the soil and industry of the United States, the existing rates of duty are not to be increased more than fifty per centum. The colony may not put any export duties upon its sugars. The United States is to enjoy, in all respects, the most-favored-nation treatment, but will not concede the like to the colony. Finally, whenever any nation which at present is entitled, under treaties with Great Britain, to the most-favored-nation treatment, shall cease to have such conventional rights, then preferential rates of duty, in favor of the products of the soil and industry of the United States, which are specially stipulated for in the convention of Washington, shall be imposed by the colony upon the like goods coming from such other countries. It cannot be truthfully said that Mr. Kasson is "the friend of every country but his own."

THE END OF THE VILLAGE COMMUNITY.

NEW HAVEN, November 2, 1899.

The rehabilitation of that poor old patchwork Homer of whom we used to hear so much, offers an instructive example of the way in which the prevailing theory of one generation may collapse in the next. But even this overthrow of belief is less striking than the complete change of opinion effected within a decade or two in regard to the village community.

Twenty years ago, when Sir Henry Maine, who is still a writer highly and justly honored, was an oracle, it was generally believed by those interested in the problems of primitive economics that, as Maine had taught them, the truest type, if not indeed the prototype, of a communal settlement was to be found in the Hindu village. To-day the number of those who hold this opinion even in a very modified form is exceedingly small, and it is probably safe to say that, in a decade more, the whole theory will have been given up by those competent to judge. The Hindu village community has in fact already vanished. The place where it was supposed to be knows it not, has really never known it. It is a fiction of a philosophic mind, the camel as he is evolved in the study.

The first blow to the old interpretation of sociological phenomena in India was given by the discovery that, instead of a community (in the strict sense) being *par excellence* the village of India, throughout the greater part of the country nothing exists that even resembles such a village. All over Central and Southern India, in the East and also in the West, there is one common type of village, the Raiyat ("ryot," subject, peasant farmer) or Severalty village. Only in the Northwest, in the Punjab, is there to be found the kind of village which was mistaken by Sir Henry Maine for a "village community." How do these differ, and to which races, Dravidian, Aryan, or Turanian, do they owe their origin? In his 'Indian Village Community' Mr. Baden-Powell had attempted to answer these questions; but the confusing mass of detail and the technical matter found in that volume have proved for many readers a barrier not to be vaulted. It was greatly to be desired that the author should re-formulate clearly and briefly the conditions of the problem and his own theory, especially as some of his earlier statements of fact had not passed unchallenged. That he has done so, in a little volume just published under the title 'Village Communities in India' (London: Swan Sonnenschein; New York: Scribners), will be pleasant news both for the specialist in Indica and for the sociological student. As the subject, however, is one that interests a still wider circle, and its importance is scarcely to be overestimated for any future discussion of the village-problem, a sketch of the salient features of Mr. Baden-Powell's theory as now revised may be welcome to those into whose hands the volume itself is not likely to fall.

To understand the force of Mr. Baden-Powell's objections to the theory of Sir Henry Maine, we must comprehend clearly the essential points of difference between the types of villages already referred to. There are two main classes of Hindu villages, the Severalty village and the Joint village. These differ in their constitution as follows: The Severalty or Raiyat vilage is characterized by having a "headman" (who is selected from one of the leading families), and by an allotment of shares of land to each member of the group. In this kind of village every member is responsible individually for his share of any tax that may be levied on the village. The holdings are periodically distributed, but this is only to insure sooner or later a fair deal, so that each villager, turn and turn about, may get as good a farm as his neighbor. This redistribution has been claimed to be an indication of an early communal holding, but wrongly; for the privileged families do not and never did own the village or share it in fractions as do the members of a Joint village. Four peculiarities distinguish this type of village from the most perfect kind of Joint vilage. The former has a "headman" (*pâtêl*), the latter has none. The former has holdings which have always been separate; the latter has holdings which are only inherited shares of an original single estate. The former has no mutual liability for taxes, but each holding is assessed separately; the latter has a joint liability, the revenue being assessed in a lump sum. And, finally, the Raiyat village has no common land, whereas the Joint village owns a common land, though it is liable to partition.

Such is the one general form of the Severalty village. Of the Joint village, on the other hand, there are three species. The first, or most perfect kind, is the Pattidâri, or "shared" ancestral village, where the community are the descendants of one man or of brothers; the second is the Bhâiâchârâ, or "brotherhood" tribal village, where a tribe, or it may be a clan, holds land under joint responsibility for the taxes; the third is the Associate village, where different families make up a united group simply for defence in holding their land against outsiders. A moment's consideration of the conditions under which land is possessed in each of these groups shows that the tribal and associate forms are not in any sense a body of communal owners.

In the tribal joint village the shares have always been held separately, having been originally allotted to each member of the group. The members are joint only in their united ownership of waste land and of the village site, together with a united responsibility for taxes. This kind of joint village is really a sort of Severalty village, and such a tribal allotment has actually been the starting point of the true Severalty village as shown in the primitive (matriarchal) Kolarian village.

In the associate joint village there is still less of real joint ownership. Here the shares are equal, and, as in the last case, are not derived from a common ancestor. The village is founded by families or colonists who take up land and allot it at once. These families or colonists may or not be of the same tribe. They associate only for mutual protection, and are joint only in assuming a united responsibility for taxes.

The villages of these two species are chiefly quite modern. They belong to the western and eastern Punjab respectively, and their inhabitants are Jats and other non-Aryan tribes. The Severalty village, generally speaking, is Dravidian.

There remains, as the only unit resembling a village community, the ancestral joint-family village. But here all the shares are inherited portions of an estate originally owned by one man (or two brothers) who became the rulers of the village. His property, the village, passed to his joint-heirs (agnates only, in itself an argument against communal ownership), and might or might not be divided, at the option of the heirs. Sometimes part is divided and part not. In any case, the heirs hold the property always liable to division, so that even in their case there is no communal holding. Still less does the whole village own the land,

which is generally rented to tenants, the rents being divided among the descendants of the original lord of the manor. Even when the estate is undivided, each heir is actually in possession of a special part and holds it for his own benefit.

Turning now from this survey of villages as they are, let us see what they were as represented in Aryan literature. Here, in records going back to the earliest time, only that form of village is recognized in which there is a headman, individual ownership of land, and separate assessments of taxes for each member of the village. In other words, the historical village of India is of the Severalty or Raiyat type, and has all its characteristics as distinguished from the Joint village. If, however, the early Aryan village of the Punjab described in ancient literature conforms to the Raiyat type, and if the rest of India shows this type also, where is the village community of Sir Henry Maine? His type, in a word, was derived from the Punjab, but from the comparatively modern un-Aryan villages, chiefly settled within the last few centuries. And even these settlements are communal only in appearance. In reality, withal in their most communistic form, they are merely the still undivided inheritance of a joint family, an estate which is always liable to partition.

In the present statement of his theory, Mr. Baden-Powell has modified, to the great advantage of his argument, one or two rather hazardous statements which appeared in his earlier book (published three years ago) and were adversely criticised in an article that appeared a year ago in the *Political Science Quarterly*. In its new form, although I cannot admit the cogency of all the claims made by him against the Aryan in favor of the Dravidian (but these are minor points), Mr. Baden-Powell's theory seems to me entirely convincing. It not only agrees with the actual conditions of Indian village life to-day, but, as I pointed out independently ten years ago, it is in accord with the data furnished by ancient Hindu literature. Each set of facts refutes Sir Henry Maine's supposititious community. A real community, owning all village land in common, is not found in India, and the oldest Hindu literature knows only the Severalty village. WASHBURN HOPKINS.

Correspondence.

THE BOERS' AGGRESSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With the tone and tenor of your articles in denunciation of "imperialistic rakes" and "empire gamblers" I heartily agree. The *Nation* stands *sui generis* as doing yeoman service to the cause of humanity and international morality. Nothing can be more admirable than your efforts to expose the absurdity and the immorality of war. When reading your comments on Mahanian "cases of conscience" we are irresistibly reminded of the 'Provincial Letters.' But, singular as it may appear to you, some of your readers are not much impressed, nor are they convinced, by the reasoning of your remarks on the war in the Transvaal. Now, without wishing to draw down your wrath upon ourselves, we venture to assert that a principle sound in logic and embodied in the law of the land may be found in justification of President Krüger's conduct, and that such a principle is not far to seek.

It is law throughout the United States, and also the law of England, that not only has the assailed or menaced party the legal right to defend himself, but the law imposes it upon him as a duty to defend himself as far as he has capacity, and it does not suppose him to lie under any obligation to remain supine and shift this duty upon others. But the law goes even further than this. In the leading case of *Patten vs. the People*, decided by the Supreme Court of Michigan in 1869, the court, consisting at that time of Cooley, Christiancy, Campbell, and Graves, delivered itself as follows:

"There was evidence—and the statement of the prisoner made on the trial must for this purpose be treated as such—from which the jury might have found (as supposed in part of the charge given by the court below) that the defendant took the axe from the house for the purpose of self-defence, and stepped out of the door for the purpose of inducing the rioters to leave, or of dispersing them; and that, as he stepped out, the crowd cried out, 'Kill him, damn him, kill him,' and that, rushing towards him, some one or more of them hit him with a gun or club or other weapon. If this hypothesis should be found to be true, instead of the charge given by the court, the jury should, I think, have been told substantially that the defendant was excusable for acting according to the surrounding circumstances *as they appeared to him*; and if, from those circumstances, he believed there was imminent danger of death or great bodily harm to himself, or any member of his family, then, if he had already tried every other reasonable means, which would, under the circumstances, naturally occur to an honest and humane man, to ward off the danger or repel the attack, he might resort to such forcible means, even with a dangerous weapon, as he believed to be necessary for protection; and if such means resulted in the death of any of the supposed assailants, the homicide would be excusable."

Thus the questions arise, What was the nature of Krüger's danger? And how did it appear to him? He alone, as representing the people of the Transvaal, and not a stranger, was the judge of the nature and character of the assault or menace offered by Chamberlain. Krüger offers to submit the quarrel to an impartial tribunal of competent judges, skilled in the interpretation of international law. Chamberlain refuses to go to trial on the merits of his case, but decides to test his cause by an appeal to force and arms. It is he, and not Krüger, who is responsible for the wager of battle. If it be said that this involves a *petitio principii*, equally so does the opinion which condemns Krüger. So far as we can judge from the evidence available, the enemy must have appeared to Krüger as an open, powerful, and notorious marauder, whose plain intention it was to impair or utterly destroy the integrity of the Transvaal in the ordering of its own domestic affairs.

But Krüger, says Chamberlain, had an "ideal," therefore, it seems, must he be slain. Ideals among weak nations, apparently, are not to be tolerated in Downing Street, and are to be turned out of the Transvaal as dangerous things. Our own great conqueror McKinley has familiarized us with this species of logic. Fortunately for the dignity of humanity, the Jesuit maxim, *perinde ac cadaver*, has never found lodgment in Boer or Filipino brain. Both Boer and Filipino vermin demand to be heard, not only as to the method of their own extermination, but as to whether there be any right of extermination at all.

Against you we have the dictum of Mr. Herbert Spencer, whose opinion is of more worth than the opinion of any other man in the world, that England's attitude towards the Boers is one of aggression, and, by implication, robbery. What the end will be we know only too well, but we are convinced that the Boer, like the Filipino, will not fade into the shadow of history an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle. Krüger, it is said, does not carry on the government of the Transvaal after the most approved pattern of free government; possibly he does not. But to this it is sufficient to reply with Burke: "If any ask me what a free government is, I answer that, for any practical purpose, it is what the people think so; and they, and not I, are the natural, lawful, and competent judges of this matter."—Respectfully yours, W. H. H.

DETROIT, MICH., October 30, 1899.

[We cheerfully print this letter, though we do not think the writer's contention is with us. We have never denied the right of the Boers to declare that a state of war existed, and to act accordingly by assuming a timely offensive. The form of their declaration, however—the ultimatum—could have but one effect, which we pointed out, to paralyze the Boers' friends in Parliament and to precipitate a war to the death. This defiance, and the crossing of the border, quenched the instinctive sympathy of mankind with the under dog in the fight.—ED. NATION.]

"EMERSON'S LETTERS TO A FRIEND."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Literary Digest* for October 28 is an article on the lately published 'Letters of Emerson to a Friend.' It is entitled "Emerson's Letters to Professor Norton," and in the course of it the author says: "The letters were evidently written (though there is no direct evidence of the fact in the book) to Charles Eliot Norton." On the contrary, the first letter in the little volume contains "direct evidence" that they were not addressed to me. It is dated August 16, 1838. I was then a boy of ten years old.

It is further stated in the article that these letters "have already, in part at least, seen the light in one of the magazines." This is not the case. No one of them has been previously published.—Very truly yours,

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., November 4, 1899.

Notes.

The Doubleday & McClure Co. will shortly issue in two volumes a 'Life of Lincoln,' by Miss Ida M. Tarbell; and 'Bandanna Ballads,' by Miss Weeden.

Messrs. Scribner will bring out this month in three editions a series of eight pastels in color by H. C. Christy, being figures of actors and actresses of the day in characteristic parts, original studies from life.

Meyer Bros. & Co., New York, announce a novel, 'Near the Throne,' by W. J. Thorold, for the illustration of which certain

"artists of distinction and renown" have posed in forty pictures.

Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish a limited edition of 'Pictures of Early New York on Dark Blue Staffordshire Pottery,' by R. T. H. Halsey.

'Voices,' a book of verse by Katharine Coolidge, daughter of the late Francis Parkman, is in the press of Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, have nearly ready a volume of stories, 'The Surface of Things,' by Prof. Charles Waldstein; 'Little Beasts of Field and Wood,' by William Everett Cram; a Life of Hawthorne, by Mrs. James T. Fields, and of Aaron Burr by Henry Childs Merwin.

A year ago last May we reviewed at length Mr. Julian S. Corbett's 'Drake and the Tudor Navy.' The merit of the work has been such as to call for a new edition (Longmans), and the author has improved the occasion to correct a few errors, leaving the main body of his narrative substantially intact. The volumes are prettily bound in blue cloth.

In reproducing works non-copyrighted, or whose copyright has lapsed, though there are plenty of available editions, T. Y. Crowell & Co. are displaying no little activity this season. To the former class belong a one-volume edition of Clough's Poems, which will, we trust, make new admirers enough to promote the sale of the better English edition still in the market; George Eliot's 'Middlemarch,' in two volumes; Halévy's 'Abbé Constantin'; Mrs. Gaskell's 'Cranford'; Meredith's 'Lucile'; and Kipling's 'Barrack-Room Ballads.' Among the latter class are Curtis's 'Prue & I'; Longfellow's 'Evangeline' and 'Hiawatha'; and Hawthorne's 'House of the Seven Gables.' Clough and George Eliot apart, the rest offer a uniform well-ornamented exterior, and are mostly illustrated in color, with much success when the design is good.

Charles and Mary Lamb, after ninety-two years from their début in 'Mrs. Leicester's School' and 'Tales from Shakspere,' hold the stage once more in three very comely volumes, the Tales in two editions. One of these two is in the Dent-Macmillan series of Temple Classics for Young People, and its appearance need hardly be described or praised, being well known. It has no "apparatus" of any kind beyond the original text, but A. Rackham furnishes twelve rather graceful illustrations, with *Caliban* in color. The beautiful Edinburgh edition of the Tales (New York: Truslove, Hanson & Comba) is for the library and not for the pocket, has cleverer designs by Robert Anning Bell, is in bolder type and on better paper, and is introduced by Mr. Andrew Lang in the gentle rôle of devil's advocate—as one who would rather give Shakspere direct to children than resort to mediation even of the Lambs. Perhaps no evidence exists to show how far the Tales have maintained their popularity from a real hold upon youthful minds, and how far from Lamb's cherished reputation with adults. 'Mrs. Leicester's School' is again from the Dent laboratory, but in an individual form, oblong, with open and elegant letterpress, and designs *à la* Kate Greenaway by Winifred Green, in color and in black and white; all decorative and some extremely happy. The language of these old-fashioned child autobiographies must present some difficulties to the present generation, but, as in the case of the Tales, they will be largely obviated by reading aloud. The child's taste at least will be cultivated by the mere sight of this pretty gift-book.

Mr. Rackham has also the embellishment of Harriet Martineau's 'Feats on the Fiord' in the same series of Temple Classics—a welcome survival; as Mr. T. H. Robinson has of Charles Kingsley's 'Heroes.'

Prof. Franklin T. Baker has performed a good service in editing for Macmillan's Pocket English Classics a selection of Browning's Shorter Poems: children need such an introduction to this master. But the scrutiny given to notes, chronological list, appreciations and bibliography should have caught a luckless misprint on p. 67, in the opening lines of "Pippa Passes": "O'er night's brim, day *hails* at last," especially as the figure is repeated in the next line, "*Boils*, pure gold," etc.

Children might safely be left to browse in Mr. Cable's novels unabridged, but 'The Cable Story Book,' selections for school reading by Mary E. Burt and Lucy Leffingwell Cable (Scribners), cannot therefore be thought superfluous. Some obvious difficulties in the way of intelligibility have been removed with the author's approval. Miss Cable has appended the story of her father's life, and prefixed a portrait of him in his study.

Mr. Joseph Finn's 'Kipling Birthday Book' (Doubleday & McClure Co.) is one of the mechanical sort—so many clippings of prose and verse fitted to 365 blank spaces. Sometimes, as at the Christmas date, there is an attempt to fit text to season; again, the selections for January 2 would have been quite apt for January 1, whose own lot has no chronological significance whatever.

'The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters,' by Percy H. Bate (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan), is primarily a picture-book, but the text gives a fairly just and accurate account of the Pre-Raphaelite movement and of the men who have taken part in it, from Madox Brown and the original Brotherhood to the latest of the younger followers of Burne-Jones. Six of the illustrations are admirably executed photogravures; the rest are half-tones, more or less successful, but giving a clear enough idea of the singular transformation of a movement the end of which had so little in common with its beginning.

The first two volumes of 'The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture' (London: Bell; New York: Macmillan) are of very different style and quality. 'Bernardino Luini' is a quiet and scholarly study, by the editor of the series, G. C. Williamson, Litt. D., of the old Lombard painter whose reputation seems destined to grow as his work is more carefully studied. The Catalogue of Works at the end is in a sense the most important thing in the volume, and that by which the author is "content to be judged." Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's contribution, on the other hand, is a reprint, with slight biographical additions, of his somewhat exuberant and argumentative essay on 'The Art of Velazquez,' reviewed by us on its original appearance, and the catalogue at the end is supplied by the editor, who has not "attempted to be critical in his attributions." Both books are illustrated with numerous and fairly good half-tone plates, and each has a single photogravure frontispiece.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have had a good idea in initiating "The Riverside Art Series," small books intended to interest school-children in the great art of the world. The first volume, on Raphael, is by Estelle M. Hurll, and she has, perhaps wisely, chosen her pictures mainly for their illustrative interest and confined her comment to elucidation of subject and treatment. There is, however, an introduction, intended for teachers, which gives some analysis of Raphael's character as an artist, a list of authorities for the facts of his life, suggestions for collateral reading, chronological tables, etc. The best of the illustrations are only fairly well executed, while the worst are very bad; and even in a book of this nature we should not ourselves have thought it well to introduce so many of the works executed by pupils, not by the master.

Nicolas Poussin is as typically French—nay, as typically Norman—as his compatriot Corneille, and his work is as dignified, as admirable, and as cold. Only in the noble landscapes of his later years did he reach an elevation in art above that of eminent respectability. His character and his life were as austerely virtuous as his painting, and as little entertaining. 'Nicolas Poussin, His Life and Work,' by Elizabeth H. Denio (Scribners), is a book which resembles its hero. It is sound and solid and thorough and uninteresting. We have only two quarrels with the author. We do not think she proves her point in endeavoring to fix the year of Poussin's birth as 1593 rather than 1594, the traditional date. The final authority is the inscription on the artist's own portrait in the Louvre, dated 1650, and this inscription does not give "his age as fifty-six," but states that he was in his fifty-sixth year—(*Anno ætatis* 56), a very different thing. Our second quarrel is with regard to the extraordinary confusion in the dimensions given to certain pictures. What are we to make of a circular canvas with "a diameter of two feet ninety-seven inches," or of a painting "three feet thirty-three inches by three feet"? We suspect that these measurements are metres and centimetres boldly and originally translated—this agrees with our memory of the approximate size of "The Triumph of Truth"; but their preposterous nature throws doubt upon all the figures in the book.

R. H. Russell has brought together within covers Mr. C. D. Gibson's drawings, from the pages of *Life*, of 'The Education of Mr. Pipp,' and publishes the series complete as a holiday book. Doubtless, so collected they will appeal not less strongly to their admirers than they have done during their serial publication.

Scott, in a commercial spirit, once said of a fashionable keepsake that, "so long as the pictures were good, the letterpress might be bad," on the principle that two candles don't give twice as much light as one, though they cost double the price. He would have had no superfluity of excellence to deplore in the Book of Beauty entitled 'Modern Daughters,' by Alexander Black (Scribners), one of a series of productions advertised by their author as "books," which deal with the American girl as Mr. Black has envisaged her charms. His conspicuous ill-luck in this direction is profusely illustrated "with his own camera" in what he calls a "pictorial obligato." With an infatuation that to us appears inexplicable, he evidently thought that his photo-

graphs entitled the letterpress to be very bad indeed. It is easy to be fatuous in dialogue, but to be more fatuous than Mr. Black's modern daughters is impossible. Too many books that are marked out by theme and treatment for private circulation stray out into the world. Between the ornamental covers of this pretentious volume we have not detected a single utterance or illustration that would not have been well lost to the public.

With a view to meeting the entrance requirements of several universities, Miss Cowan and Miss Kendall of Wellesley College have written a 'History of England for High Schools and Academies' (Macmillan). The chief points of difference between their volume and its well-known predecessors seem to be the adoption of a topical rather than of a purely chronological treatment, profuse illustration by means of portraits, maps, cuts of buildings, etc., and a large supply of bibliographies. The text follows good authorities, is clear and direct, gives a fair share of notice to each period, and is devoid of unpleasant mannerisms. Among distinctive features we must mention the authors' great regard for social and economic history. They have used Traill's 'England' freely and to good effect. Apparently Dr. Cunningham's works have also helped them. A book of this sort avoids controversial questions, and we find no new opinions either to praise or to condemn. Choice of subjects, style, and accuracy are the points upon which the failure or success of a school manual turns, together, in recent days, with the quality of maps and illustrations. In the present treatise these structural parts are all sound, and accordingly we pronounce the work successful. Among its other virtues, too, may be accounted wise omission of many obscure details which often encumber such writings. It is strongly but not expensively bound, the value being put where it should properly go, namely, into the contents. Over against so much praise we have almost no censure. A few of the portraits are hardly what they should be, particularly the one of Lord Salisbury at p. 454. On the other hand, Labouchere comes out very clearly at p. 459. In the latter case one is a little amused at the choice of subject. We have made no careful search for misprints or errors of statement, but notice two slips on p. 92. The date of Alcuin's death is there wrongly given, 814, and "Charles the Bold" should be Charles the Bald. On p. 490 a somewhat undue importance is assigned to the Jameson raid as a military exploit. P. 491, Cecil Rhodes is called "Sir Cecil." However, we have seen no heinous mistakes, and would state that the book deserves to be widely used.

Prof. H. Morse Stephens has republished in book form the 'Syllabus of Lectures on Modern European History' (Macmillan), which he originally prepared for the use of his students at Cornell. The course begins with 1600, and in eighty-seven lectures traverses 290 years, closing with the Triple Alliance. The subjects are wholly political, save for half-a-dozen lectures on "Literature and Philosophy," "Science and Art," which are interspersed at proper points. First comes a preface, which expatiates on the practical value of a syllabus; next a general bibliography, and then the main part of the book—successive skeletons of lectures. Under each topic are ranged from two to four pages of headings (with a copious supply of dates), and a carefully compiled bibliography, containing at least fifteen and often twenty-five titles. Although not greatly exceeding 300 pages in length, much matter has been compacted into this book. Its survey is minute and thorough. Smaller countries, both northern and eastern, receive attention, and yet are not unduly exalted. As a systematic guide to the chief topics of modern history and to the most important literature regarding them, this outline cannot fail to help college students greatly.

'Dionysos and Immortality,' by President Benjamin Ide Wheeler (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the third and latest of the Ingersoll lectures on the immortality of man, delivered at Harvard University. As its subtitle indicates, it is a consideration of "the Greek faith as affected by the rise of individualism," the element which the Dionysos worship brought into the religious thought of Greece. It is in reality an outline of religion from the times before Homer to the days of Plato, Pindar, and Sophocles, and is abundantly illustrated with quotations from those writers. It has charm, and, though short (54 pages), is of solid worth.

The series of classic translations in which Palmer's "Antigone" and More's "Prometheus Bound" have already appeared, is now augmented by the publication of "Two Tragedies of Seneca," translated into verse by Ella Isabel Harris (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The two tragedies chosen for translation are the "Medea" and the "Daughters of Troy," which are done into blank verse of remarkable force and gracefulness. Indeed, as far as the rendering is concerned, the workmanship is in many ways superior to that of the two preceding volumes. The weakest part of the book lies in the introduction, which deals chiefly with Senecan influence on English drama.

M. Salomon Reinach continues to increase the obligation under which he is putting all students of classical art by his masterly compilations of material relating to the various branches of the subject. Having finished the bulk of his 'Répertoire' of Greek and Roman statues, he now sends us the first volume of a 'Répertoire des Vases Peints' (Paris: Leroux), which is of the same size as those on sculpture, and contains reductions in outline of all the paintings on vases which are to be found in the *Compte Rendu* of St. Petersburg, the *Monumenti, Annali,* and *Memorie* of the Roman Institute, the *Archäologische Zeitung,* the *Bullettino Napolitano,* the *Bullettino Italiano,* the Greek *Ephemeris* (from 1883 to 1894), and the *Museo Italiano.* In the second volume he promises as much more material from other sources, with a third to follow, containing, among other things, a "concordance" of the collections of vases, "si je suffis à la tâche," as we sincerely hope he may. We shall defer an extended notice of this work until its completion, contenting ourselves for the present with calling attention to the first volume, which will be found a most compact and useful handbook by all who are interested in the subject.

Among the series of "Pages Choisies des Grands Écrivains," published in convenient form by Armand Colin & Cie., Paris, now comes a 'Shakespeare,' in a mostly prose translation, by Prof. Émile Legouis. For the scene from "Macbeth" he borrows, by permission, M. Alexandre Beljame's version. The songs that occur he freely attempts metrically, but the sonnets chosen are turned into prose. His arrangement is intended to exhibit the poet's development as playwright. English readers will find profit in this book in more ways than one.

Rather slowly, but with marked literary and critical excellences, the volumes of the Imperial (*Kaiser*) edition of the works of Luther are being issued by the presses of the house of Böhlau of Weimar. Recently the twentieth volume, containing chiefly exegetical discussions from the year 1526 to 1532, and edited by Buchwald and Koffmane, made its appearance in a solid book of more than eight hundred quarto pages, costing 23 marks. This, however, makes only the fifteenth number in the series, as vols. 10 and 15-18 have not yet been published, the rate having been about one a year since the Luther anniversary of 1883. About one-half of the reformer's writings have now seen the light in this edition, which is of especial value not only to the theologian, but also to the student of Teutonic philology.

The U. S. Commissioner of Education has published in advance, in pamphlet form, chapter xxvi. of his Report for 1897-98. This is the report of the Committee of Twelve of the Modern Language Association of America, prepared at the request of the National Educational Association, a document of such distinct value and utility that we would fain see it in the hands not only of every teacher of modern languages, but also of every superintendent of schools, for the need of enlightenment on the subject of modern-language instruction in the public schools is great. Unfortunately, this pamphlet edition is so small that it will reach but few, if any, of those who would profit most by it. We do not see a way to providing thousands of copies for free distribution, but it is to be hoped that some publishing house will arrange for the printing of a large and cheap edition.

Italian papers report that the International Congress of Orientalists in Rome was probably the most international convention of the kind ever held. Before the day of opening, 600 announcements had been made and 150 documents had been sent in. Among strangers not usually found at such meetings, the Japanese were best represented, followed by four East Indians, one Persian, one Armenian, five Arabs, and one Druse Emir. The attendance on the part of the best scholarship was especially good.

—Under the patronage of the Queen, who has expressed her personal interest in the matter, a committee has been formed in Holland for the organization of a Dutch Historical Naval Exhibition, to occur at The Hague in the summer of 1900. The Minister of Marine is the honorary President of the committee, who will attempt, by collecting portraits of naval heroes, paintings, engravings, autographs, logs, journals, lampoons, arms, and personal mementoes connected with Dutch historical persons and events in the period before the year 1795, to convey an idea of what was accomplished in the Netherlands previous to this century in naval affairs, tactics, discoveries, trade, and fisheries. The Secretary of the Committee, Lieut. Colenbrander, of the Royal Dutch Navy, in a letter to the Holland Society of

this city, states that, as it is especially important from the historical point of view to collect documents relating to the most interesting facts of Dutch history, to which the settlement of the Dutch in New Amsterdam may be considered unquestionably to belong, the Committee will endeavor to obtain contributions from this country, since they consider it most probable that objects of value for the purposes of the exhibition are in possession of members of the Society, among whom, he writes, many well-known names in Dutch naval history are to be found. The Queen has placed at the disposal of the Committee the so-called Gothic Hall and a part of her palace in the Kneuterdijk, where all necessary arrangements have been made for the safety of the articles to be exhibited. The Committee announces that it will undertake to pay all charges of packing, forwarding, insurance, correspondence, etc., connected with the exhibition, and that exhibitors do not incur any expenses whatever. They will, furthermore, remain responsible for objects loaned from the time they are forwarded until they are back in the hands of the owners, who are requested to fix the amount for which they should be insured. Mr. F. R. Planten, Consul-General of the Netherlands at New York, will undertake to secure a proper way to forward objects loaned for exhibition. At the outset, the Committee deems it most important to know whether there are any objects suitable for exhibition, to obtain a description of them, and to become acquainted with the names of the owners, in order to be able to solicit the temporary loan on behalf of the Exhibition. The Secretary's address is: G. P. van Hecking Colenbrander, No. 25 Prinses Mariestraat, The Hague, Holland.

—The publication in sumptuous form of the journals of Abel Janszoon Tasman, the first circumnavigator of the continent of Australia and the discoverer of Tasmania and New Zealand, by Fred Müller & Co. of Amsterdam, is a noteworthy event. Applications from the fifth part of the world have long been made for a trustworthy edition of Tasman's writings, for Jacob Swart's Dutch edition of 1854-60 was notoriously inaccurate, while those books about Tasman's voyage printed outside of Holland, from 1663 to 1893, were either hopelessly wrong or disfigured with many errors. Now, we have, on the best of Dutch paper (17 by 11 inches), a photo-lithographic reproduction of Tasman's own script as kept in the Colonial Archives at The Hague. With this is an excellent translation in English by Mr. J. De Hoof Scheffer, of Amsterdam, with facsimiles of the original maps and drawings. Prof. J. E. Heeres of the Colonial Institute at Delft, former archivist, who holds the chair of colonial history, has written the elaborate biography, and furnished the luminous introduction and the notes which form a commentary very enriching to the student. To the fruit of three years' research he adds the result of reading the entire literature on the subject of Tasman and the problems connected with the general subject. Naturally he ignores the less important of the more modern works of authors who simply copied or added to Swart's blunders, for which Tasman was not responsible. Dr. W. van Bemmelen of the Royal Meteorological Institute of Utrecht has added a dissertation, entitled "Observations made by the Compass on Tasman's voyage, etc.," which, with the charts, adds to the value of this historico-cartographic work, one of the most important issued during the present decade. Pages of the journal read like a novel. The chapters and charts showing the red, white, and blue flag of the republic in the southern Pacific seem full of timely information. The work is a boon not only to Australians, but to all students of the Pacific Ocean.

—Dr. Murray's prefatory note to the I—In section of volume v. of the Oxford Dictionary (New York: Henry Frowde) contains indirect admonition to purists who urge our college youth to eschew words of Latin origin in favor of Anglo-Saxon. He shows that whereas, in Bosworth-Toller's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, I occupies only a fifth of the space required for H, in modern English dictionaries I needs as much as H, or more. Both Latin and Greek are responsible for this, but especially the former tongue, thanks to the prefixes in- (with its phonic variants), inter-, intra-, and intro-. We will add to this that we have computed that one word in every forty in the English language begins with *cum* in its several forms (*com, con,* etc.), to say nothing of the host in which this prefix stands second. On the other hand, "the proportion of obsolete words (nearly 30 per cent.) is here greater than in any previous part," in conformity with the fact respecting our language as a continuous whole, that "the elements that have become obsolete since 1200 are not the native Teutonic words, but the Latinic formations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, many of which were pedantic, cumbrous, or unnecessary." Some of this class we might wish had survived, as, for the euphemistic slang of the pawnshop, *impignorate,* 'up the spout'; for the defence in a case of leze-majesty, *illesed;* for the opposite of "expedition," *impedition,* 'hindrance' (*impedite* is not quite gone out of use); for poetic dignity, *imperance,* 'commandingness'; for occasional convenience, perhaps *impedible* and *impertransible.* An anti-imperialist orator or poet of to-day would be the richer for a shaft borrowed from Milton against our political degenerates, "*Imbastardiz'd* from the ancient Nobleness of their Ancestors." Of synonyms like these we can hardly have too many, since there are always shades among synonyms, as is noticeable in the case of *important* (dating from 1586, and *importance,* from 1508), no one of the words used in defining which can pretend to compete with it in frequency of employment.

—There is something of the freshness of a literary periodical in this quarterly instalment of the Dictionary. The neologism *immune* (subs.) connects itself with the late Spanish war, as the sole citation, from the *Westminster Gazette* of April 28, 1898, shows: "Regiments (mainly composed of negroes from the Southern States, and other yellow-fever immunes)." Still fresher is this note, under the word in question: "In the United States, *Imperialism* is similarly applied to the new policy of extending the rule of the American people over foreign countries, and of acquiring and holding distant dependencies, in the way in which colonies and dependencies are held by European states." And a quotation from the *Nation* of April 27, 1899, serves to illustrate the definition of *imperialist* for America; the other quotations too being of the current year. Those who, of late, have, with John Woolman in 1763, "felt, in that which is *immutable,* that the seeds of great calamity and desolation are sown and growing fast on this continent," would gladly have had this sentiment here embalmed. Truly surprising is it to find not a single quotation from Coleridge under *imagination,* though no writer has more deeply considered the nature of this faculty or "esemplastic power," or more consistently employed the term in contradistinction to fancy. He would surely have criticised Emerson's "Fancy departs; no more invent," as investing "the vision-weaving Fancy" with the attributes of the "shaping spirit of Imagination." "Fancy . . . has no other counters to play with but fixities and definites, . . . is, indeed, no other than a mode of memory emancipated from the order of time and space." "The secondary Imagination . . . dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to recreate; . . . is essentially *vital,* even as all objects (*as* objects) are essentially fixed and dead." We conclude our desultory remarks by referring to the American origin of the word *immigrant* in 1792, its inventor being Jeremy Belknap; and to the caducity of the superstition about the ignis fatuus, for want of material to feed upon. "It seems to have been formerly a common phenomenon, but is now exceedingly rare."

—A new edition has just appeared of Dr. Isaac Taylor's 'History of the Alphabet' (Charles Scribner's Sons). This book, in spite of a too credulous attitude on Mexican hieroglyphics and Chinese characters, and of an over-hasty acceptance of the still unproved De Rougé hypothesis, which derives the Phœnician alphabet from the type of Egyptian hieratic character exemplified in the Papyrus Prisse, was of very high value when it first appeared in 1883, and still retains a certain amount of that value. For an estimate of it at that time we may refer to a lengthy review which appeared in Nos. 954, 955 of the *Nation* (October, 1883). The present edition is a reprint from the plates of the first. To each volume about half a page of emendations is added; the only other change which we have noticed is the omission of a paragraph in vol. ii., p. 348, and the insertion of a note to balance the gap in the stereotype plates. But in the last sixteen years a great deal has happened, and our palæographical knowledge has been expanded to the point of revolution. Inscriptions have been discovered and deciphered, hypotheses have been framed, abandoned, and reframed, and, as a result of the whole, the beginnings of history have been pushed back some thousands of years. Figures, once misty and legendary, have become clear and historical, and vistas of possibilities have opened behind them. Of all this, absolutely no reckoning is here taken. Dr. Taylor has had the double misfortune of writing on a living and growing subject, and of not recognizing in how high a degree his subject was living and growing. Thus we find his book antiquated at every point at which we can test it. The problem of the Hittite character and language was hardly existent when he wrote; it is now approaching solution. The inscriptions of southern Arabia he deals with in four pages. Perhaps this was adequate in 1883; now, it is ludicrous. The same is the case with the Babylonian inscriptions and with

those of Egypt. Most important of all, the De Rougé hypothesis, which is the basis of Dr. Taylor's work, is falling into deeper and deeper discredit. But it is unnecessary to go on with details. The book is as it was written in 1883, and that is enough. The reprinting is a mistake and a misfortune—a mistake for Dr. Taylor's own reputation; a misfortune as it stands in the way of a modern work on the subject.

—An address on "Machiavelli's Influence in England" was recently given by Mr. Louis Dyer before the Workingmen's College in London, of which Prof. A. V. Dicey is the President, F. D. Maurice having been its founder. As Florentine Secretary, Machiavelli occupied, he said, a post like that of chief confidential clerk in the Colonial Office. Machiavelli was ousted from office by revolution, after fourteen years' tenure, and Florence lost his services during his prime. His three great works were produced in retirement. 'The Prince' must be read in the light of the 'Discourses on Livy,' which show our author's preoccupation with the people. The Prince was their only possible representative, because there was no such thing as the people then in any part of Europe. Queen Elizabeth's policy was avowedly Machiavelli's, and Lord Bacon was his greatest English disciple. 'The Prince' had many incarnations everywhere; he was the national leader under whom the several peoples of Europe made their perilous migration from the old order to the new, and passed the great divide separating the old world of the Crusades, the Holy Roman Empire, and the Church Universal from the new world of independent and self-centred modern states. His function to protect and defend his people is well exemplified in "The Golden Speech of Queen Elizabeth to her Last Parliament" (1601), and his power to rise above himself and speak the absolute mind of the people shows startlingly in "bluff King Hal's" speech as Protector and Supreme Head of the Church to his Parliament of 1546, where he reprimands the theological hair-splitting of zealots and the assaults of sectaries on the good order of the Church. Machiavelli's reason for painting 'The Prince' as he did was that only such a one could in those days be the centre of national life, and stand for the people. Ecclesiastical princes did not interest our author, because they alone among princes could not fulfil this duty, and were freed from all incentive to defend and maintain national life. The influence of Machiavelli in England began long after his principles had shaped English state policy. They were, as Bacon abundantly shows, practised by Henry VII. But just when English affairs began to be so complex that a reasoned theory of the new statecraft was indispensable, Thomas Cromwell, the earliest English disciple of Machiavelli, and the son of a London workingman, came to the front and inaugurated, under Henry VIII., the government of the Prince, for the People, by the People.

FORD'S FRANKLIN.

The Many-Sided Franklin. By Paul Leicester Ford. The Century Co. 1899. 8vo, pp. 516.

Mr. Ford applies to our great diplomatist, politician, agitator, wit, moralist, inventor, and natural philosopher that same method of characterism he lately applied so successfully to Washington, and which, in a general way, had already been applied, for example, by Walewsky to Catherine II., and, still better, by Alfred Lévy to Napoleon. That is to say, he considers Franklin successively under all possible aspects in as many separate chapters. As the progress of psychology gradually imparts to biography a deeper scientific seriousness, this method will, no doubt, be more and more applied and improved. Its merits are no less striking for artistic than for scientific purposes. It enables one to gain an intimate acquaintance with a great man that no chronological narrative of the events of his life could possibly confer. By always keeping in view some definite question, it holds the reader's attention without effort or fatigue for him. It is the artistic side of the method, apparently, to which Mr. Ford has been attracted. His design seems to have been, by skilfully fitting together a multitude of small items with little comment or cement, to produce the brilliant effect of a mosaic picture; and in this he has succeeded. The general effect is most lifelike. But a mosaic, however beautiful, always leaves much to be desired if we seek in it a representation of fact. Nobody would dream of employing it to illustrate the description of an animal or plant; and Mr. Ford, by his particular way of following out the general method he has selected, is forced to renounce all attempt at anything like a psychological analysis or explanation of Franklin's idiosyncrasies. He must stick to the concrete for the sake of his mosaic effect, and indulge in no other generalizations than such as everybody uses in speaking of any person's character. The result is that the work, considered as conveying information and regardless of picturesqueness, is more a conveniently arranged assortment of facts to serve as a basis for a thorough study of Franklin, than an essay towards a clear and unitary conception of his mental constitution.

The volume reproduces no less than seven portraits of the American sage, without counting the Boston medal (p. 86). The frontispiece shows the soft, characterless thing in the Harvard Memorial Hall. There is a work of the Scotch painter, David Martin (p. 266), very handsome and winning, but, as a likeness, unconvincing. There is (p. 435) a rough caricature, valuable as proving to those who have attributed the slightly projecting lower jaw to false teeth (a suggestion evincing small research into Franklin's family) that this was already a salient feature at the age of fifty-eight. These three portraits are all wigged, and are doubtless earlier than the others. There is (p. 470) a miniature with an air of self-assertion, taken perhaps in 1774. There is (p. 40) a drawing in profile by the amateur Carmontelle, which quite bears out the reputation of the inventor of the *proverbe* as a producer of breathing and piquant likenesses. As might be expected, it exhibits Franklin as a wit. There is (p. 395) a profile sketch by West, seemingly very accurate. Lastly, and best of all, there is (p. 465) a portrait by West in an unfinished group of the American Peace Commissioners of 1783. This carries conviction in every respect but one—it is difficult to imagine that so vigorous a countenance belongs to an invalid of seventy-seven years. We give the pages on which these portraits are to be found, because everybody who looks over the book will wish to compare them. He will endeavor to form a mental composite out of them; and if he has enjoyed the acquaintance of a number of Franklin's descendants, some remembered features from those sources will contribute to the image. The same thing is true of one's efforts to realize the social impression that was so important a factor of Franklin's success. Here, too, one will, if he is in a situation to do so, avail himself of a class of facts that Mr. Ford could not very conveniently include, and which, not to be personal about men and women now living, we may content ourselves with exemplifying by recalling to those who knew him how much there was in the eminent geodesist, Dr. Alexander Dallas Bache, to persuade one that one saw in him something of the captivating mixture of geniality and finesse that must have shone in his great-grandfather.

Prof. Lombroso, in arguing his thesis that genius is a sort of insanity, does not shrink from mentioning William Shakspere; but he never once finds it convenient to draw his reader's attention to Benjamin Franklin. Is Franklin, then, not universally acknowledged to be a man of genius? If he was not so, one thing about him which produced many of the effects of genius was the strength and completeness in him of all the instincts of the normal man. Less hastily impulsive nobody could be. His colleagues complained of his excessive disinclination to come to any decision about most matters. That was because he habitually distrusted reasons. He was fond of joking about the deceptions of intellect. "So convenient a thing it is," he would say, "to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do." But when the "subconscious self," as it is nowadays the fashion to call it, gave forth any utterance about men, in that he would confide; and the event almost invariably justified his confidence. In the noontide market-place of rationalism, as the Paris of his day surely was, though naturally irreligious, he continued steadfastly to believe in prayer and in future rewards and punishments. The very nature of the reason he gave himself for this belief, namely, that it was a wholesome one, suffices to show that something deeper than reason was his veritable guide unknown to himself. His common sense, the strength and normality of his unanalyzed judgments, his complete human nature, were what enabled him to acquire his knowledge of men and his skill in dealing with them; while his susceptibility, generosity, gentleness, and warmth sprang from the same root. "Friend," said a contemporary Quaker, "did thee ever know Dr. Franklin to be in the minority?"

It is plain enough that neither Franklin's wit nor his scientific sagacity, in which two powers his genius shone the brightest, could be an effect of instinct. Mr. Ford has a chapter entitled "The Humorist." Perhaps it is not quite accurate to dub Franklin a humorist. The French say of themselves that they cannot understand Anglo-Saxon humor. Certainly, in the days of classicism, a humorist proper would hardly have been relished in France as Franklin was relished. What is called Franklin's humor is a quality not altogether disparate from Voltaire's wit, albeit in buoyant gayety it may have fallen short. It would be easy to select samples of the two writers that should be, we will not say in-

distinguishable, but quite of the same stamp. This goes to prove how extraneous to the real man the accomplishment, wit, is; for it must be granted that two sons of Adam never were more utterly foreign to one another than the excitable Voltaire, so often childish, petty, wicked, and the simple, not too fine-spun Franklin. They had, no doubt, their curious points of contact, that might throw some light on both of them. Their wit was one such point. Whatever this was in Voltaire, in Franklin it was an artifice founded on a desire to say something cheery and animal-spirited in his newspaper, whittled to laconics for his almanac, perfumed with French essences for the diplomat's purposes, and usually decorating some reflection on human nature. The humanity of the man was an essential ingredient—the most substantial ingredient that was not quite factitious. That Franklin himself did not esteem his wit or humor as belonging to his inmost self is shown by his fancying he very strongly resembled a man so remarkably devoid of it as C. A. Helvétius, who, by the way, defined very well, in his own solemn fashion, the distinctions between the different genera of pleasantry in the last part of his principal work. According to those distinctions, Franklin ought, we think, to be called in English a wit and not a humorist.

We do not deem it needful to expatiate upon how well Mr. Ford has treated the literary side of Franklin, because that will be taken for granted by the entire reading public. The scientific side is less well done. To begin with, the mosaic art does not lend itself very well to this subject; and then Mr. Ford does not sufficiently distinguish between the inventor and the scientific discoverer. Thus, he speaks of the Franklin stove and the lightning-rod as important discoveries. He quotes, apparently with approval, at any rate without a jeer, Jefferson's stricture upon the chemists of his day as not sufficiently confining their attention to matters of human utility. That is, he would have had Lavoisier, Scheele, and Priestley tread the pathway of Boerhaave, and Lemery, and the Cadets, who were a sort of apothecaries. If they had done so, the creation of chemistry would have been postponed to a wiser generation. Jefferson must not be blamed for not seeing how the new chemistry was destined to revolutionize human life; but can any instance be imagined that should more completely refute the policy of restraining inquiries seemingly useless? The true devotee of science, so long as he enacts that rôle, never thinks or cares about Philistine utility. In his mind, to learn the ways of Nature and the reasonableness of things, and to be absorbed as a particle of the rolling wave of reasonableness, is not *useful*, but is the *summum bonum* itself towards which true usefulness tends. At the same time, when one descends to the question of food and raiment, warmth and cleanliness, to decree that the scientific investigator shall pursue utility alone, can only mean that he shall pursue nothing but what appears to be useful in advance of investigation, usually among the less useful class of inquiries even in the most grovelling sense. Dr. Franklin ought to have considered that before he asked: "What signifies philosophy which does not apply itself to some use?" It was precisely that utilitarian spirit which made the eighteenth century a scientific desert. Franklin's remark, however, is valuable to us as showing what an unraised spirit of plain instinct and common sense was his.

Mr. Ford does not furnish sufficient data about Franklin's electrical researches to enable us to gauge his scientific powers. In eighteenth-century fashion, he puts the emphasis upon the identification of lightning with electricity—a contribution to meteorology and not to pure physics. The idea was not at all new, and probably not original with Franklin. His argument for it, which reads for all the world like an example out of the Port Royal Logic, was marked by his usual good sense and penetration. In the experimental verification he was anticipated by two other electricians, and his own showy demonstration was soon abandoned by him for their method. So far as the present state of electrical theory encourages us to venture an opinion, his single-fluid theory of electricity was probably substantially correct—at least, as against the two-fluid theory; but his argument about it has absolutely no value at all. He was led to the truth in this case (if it was the truth) by an operation of the mind of which he could give no rational account, so that this is another illustration of his subconscious strength. That which was really the best in his electrical work was his analysis of the phenomena of condensers; although he was not the first in this field. Here he was for the moment seduced from his eternal practicality, and appears as a genuine physicist. Mr. Ford gives a relatively better account of Franklin's studies of the Gulf Stream and of the effect of oil upon ripples and waves. But what strikes us most here is that, having got notice in advance of other scientific men of phenomena of great importance, he was only able to treat them in an amateurish and feeble way. There was, no doubt, every excuse for this; but the fact remains that these things illustrate better Franklin's sagacity in seeing that there was something important to be learned, than his power of bringing that something into the light of reason. The study of his scientific work strengthens our conviction that it was the general balance of the whole man that produced and still produces the impression of greatness. It was not reason, or focussed intellect, although he was eminent in that respect, too.

We shall not do Mr. Ford the injustice of making any excerpts from his book. Anecdotes that, when fitted into their places in the mosaic, are effective enough, would seem amazingly flat and dull if taken out and scrutinized by themselves; they have suffered enough in their first transplantation. The volume contains portraits of Franklin's acquaintances, facsimiles, and other valuable illustrations in such number that the search for a particular one in the unorderly list is a little onerous. The index is copious. The book is printed with all the taste and pomp that Mr. De Vinne commands; the plate-finished paper is good of its kind. The volume has a cover of which the possessor will never tire.

WADDINGTON'S SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

La Guerre de Sept Ans: Histoire Diplomatique et Militaire. Les Débuts. Richard Waddington. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 1899.

This is a work which represents a great deal of investigation among the unpublished state papers of Paris, London, and Vienna. Consequently, one cannot criticise it to the best advantage when separated by the Atlantic from the national archives upon which it depends. No good historian neglects the labors of distinguished predecessors, however successfully he may supplant them, and M. Waddington's pages abound with references to existing studies of the Seven Years' War; but the characteristic feature of his own addition to the large body of literature on this subject which has been produced by Englishmen, Frenchmen, Prussians, and Austrians is its copious use of original manuscripts. When we say that he undertakes to follow up Arneth on his own ground, we disclose in a word the serious nature of his task.

The volume before us is not M. Waddington's first examination of a topic in the diplomatic history of the *Ancien Régime.* Three years ago he discussed, in his 'Louis XV. et le Renversement des Alliances,' the question of that singular *volte-face* whereby France, having sided with Prussia in the War of the Austrian Succession, dropped her connection with Frederick and espoused the cause of Maria Theresa. This monograph on one of the most delicate points in eighteenth-century diplomacy was warmly welcomed, and its author has accordingly felt encouraged to approach a larger and more important theme, namely, the deadly contest for Continental supremacy and colonial empire which forms the central episode of European history between the death of Louis XIV. and the outbreak of the French Revolution.

M. Waddington begins with a detailed account of Frederick's movements in Saxony at the end of August, 1756, and includes under the title "Les Débuts" the whole operations of 1757. It will accordingly be seen that, in this opening volume, the action centres almost wholly in Bohemia and Germany. A chapter is devoted to the Anglo-French struggle in America, but it forms a small proportion of the whole, and indeed seems like an episode which interrupts somewhat brusquely the narrative of European affairs. For the rest, one sees at a glance what an opportunity of holding his reader's attention is presented to M. Waddington by the military vicissitudes which marked the beginning of the Seven Years' War on the Continent. At the end of 1757 the advantage rested with Frederick, inasmuch as he had preserved his own frontiers and retained a hold upon the greater part of Silesia. But, down to the battle of Leuthen, fortune had shifted her place with baffling rapidity from the allies to the King of Prussia, and then back again. Kolin and Hastenbeck had been followed by Rossbach, Rossbach by Breslau, and to Breslau succeeded Leuthen, which left the lesser power, territorially, with a narrow margin of profit at the close of the year. The tale of such astonishing shifts and changes, when told with the skill and learning which M. Waddington commands, has all the excitement of a carefully developed drama.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle is, in the light of history, a mere truce, and doubtless the statesmen who were chiefly concerned in arranging it recognized its hollowness. France had her standing feud with England, and, after Frederick's robbery of Silesia, Maria Theresa could not remain un-

avenged. The really interesting point, diplomatically, is the intermingling of two distinct quarrels, and M. Waddington is extremely clear in showing how Prussia became opposed to France, and Austria to England. As late as the spring of 1757, when all four parties were prepared for action on a grand scale, success belonged to Kaunitz rather than to any other negotiator. Frederick had gained nothing by his capture of Saxony in 1756 which could compensate for the alliance between Austria and France. It was not until after the battle of Rossbach that the *entente* between England and Prussia became sincere, and in the meantime a firm agreement had been reached between the courts of Versailles and Vienna. By securing Mme. de Pompadour, the Austrian Minister had secured Louis XV., and France was even persuaded to weaken her forces engaged against the English for the sake of supporting an issue not her own. Well may M. Waddington conclude his sketch of the diplomatic preliminaries in these terms:

"Maria Theresa and Kaunitz had, we must admit, a right to congratulate themselves on the results attained. The enterprise dreamed of for so many years, and but lately abandoned because success seemed so improbable, had succeeded; France, from being a rival, had become a friend; much more, quitting the prey for the shadow, she had neglected her first and real adversary, England, in order to follow at the Empress's heels, and assail with her her old ally. This sudden change brought others in its train: with France came her satellites. Thanks to the support of the Court of Versailles, thanks to that of the great northern Power, it was possible to array half Europe against the detested enemy, against the robber of Silesia. The task of diplomacy was at an end; it remained for arms to finish the work begun."

Although in a book of this sort diplomacy and war are constantly interwoven, M. Waddington allots more space to the record of negotiations than to that of campaigns. We are tempted to glance at several episodes (especially those connected with the Austrian chancery) which he sets forth in a new light; but it will be, perhaps, more profitable to fix our attention upon a single case of the first consequence. Let us consider in some detail the attitude of George II. and his ministers towards France and Prussia during August, 1757. M. Waddington lays much stress on the Newcastle correspondence. "We shall draw from it," he says, "instructive particulars of an event which British historians have barely touched, and which M. Hassell [*sic*], in his conscientious work, has regarded from a purely Hanoverian point of view."

The battle of Hastenbeck, which was fought July 20, 1757, between the Duke of Cumberland and Marshal d'Estrées, resulted in the defeat of the allied British, Hanoverian, and Hessian forces. Immediately after his victory, D'Estrées, by a flagrant piece of court intrigue, lost his command, and Richelieu, his successor, instead of pressing the advantage already gained to its utmost, signed with Cumberland the convention of Kloster Zeven. This arrangement, which was largely effected by the intervention of Denmark, probably saved the allies from unconditional surrender. At least, it was thus interpreted at Paris, and only Richelieu's court influence saved him from disgrace. But it is from the side of the English that we must now view the situation.

Cumberland, in signing the agreement whereby Hanover was spared the worst evils of military occupation (although Richelieu filled his pockets out of various exactions), doubtless fulfilled the spirit and letter of his father's instructions, for George II. always thought of his electorate before he did of his kingdom. And when the first news of Hastenbeck, followed by tidings of the armistice, reached London, the old King told his ministers frankly that, having made all possible sacrifices, he must conclude a treaty with France if an honorable one could be secured. A sense of obligation towards Frederick did not seriously touch or embarrass him. When we consider what a difference it would have made in European history had he sued for peace at this juncture, we shall recognize the gravity of the crisis. To say nothing of Pitt's feelings, even the fickle Newcastle was dismayed at the prospect. The King's stubbornness, his seventy-five years, his lack of enthusiasm for the Prussian alliance, Frederick's reverses in Bohemia, and the French occupation of Hanover, formed a combination of obstacles which might well alarm a ministry disposed towards a vigorous prosecution of the war. It hesitated in its policy, and no wonder. Its position was only less difficult than that of the British envoy in Prussia, who must explain to the exasperated Frederick "la différence assez subtile entre les agissements de George II. comme Roi et comme Électeur."

In London, at the beginning of September, things were drawing towards a cabinet crisis. To Hardwicke, Newcastle wrote, September 10: "In a word, if we cannot find some means of at once stopping this project of a separate peace, Pitt will, I am sure, tender his resignation, and I cannot blame him for it." But, however keen George II. may have been for peace immediately after the battle of Hastenbeck, his wishes had, before the end of September, undergone a radical change. A stinging letter from Mitchell to Newcastle, in which the Ambassador gave a sympathetic account of Frederick's rage, probably produced some effect, and when, on September 17, the complete text of the convention reached London, the King became extremely bitter against Cumberland. On their face, the terms of Kloster Zeven seemed to every one in England as favorable as they did to Richelieu himself. A little later the agreement, though accepted by the two Generals in good faith, was found full of flaws, by which the French lost the fruits of their victory. Still, at the moment, George regarded its provisions as disgraceful, and lost no time in casting about for subterfuges. He speedily found that the King of England was not bound by undertakings made on behalf of the Elector of Hanover, and, after Frederick had astonished the world by beating Soubise at Rossbach, the alliance between England and Prussia, so attenuated in the summer of 1757, grew strong and profitable. As for the execution of the compact which Cumberland and Richelieu had signed, one may imagine that English evasions were regarded with a bad grace by France and Austria. In a few terse phrases M. Waddington thus estimates the moral aspect of the incident.

"That the breach of a convention of which the principle had never been contested, and which had begun to be put in execution, gave rise to charges of bad faith and to violent recriminations, is possible, even probable; they could be borne light-heartedly and answered at need; the essential thing was to succeed. The maxim, 'Force before right,' had as current an application in the eighteenth century as in our day."

So far as Continental operations are concerned, the striking military feature of the Seven Years' War is Frederick's success in breaking through the overwhelming forces which Kaunitz had arrayed against him. M. Waddington develops this part of his subject with beautiful lucidity of statement and criticism. Throughout each stage of a campaign he keeps open the lines of communication between court and army, in such wise that politics and war are never divorced from each other. Since the most exciting action is the battle of Rossbach, one is naturally curious to know M. Waddington's opinion of Soubise. Napoleon's epigram on the battles of Kolin and Rossbach is a celebrated one: "Les résultats en sont assez connus. Frédéric à Kolin ne perdit que son armée. Soubise à Rossbach perdit son armée et l'honneur." Such a verdict, based chiefly on tactical grounds, M. Waddington will not accept. Without maintaining that Soubise excelled the other French generals of his age, he considers it unjust to lay upon him the stigma of inferiority. "Conscientious, attentive to the wants and careful of the welfare of his soldiers, obliging to his subordinates, brave under fire, Soubise had the misfortune to find himself, in company with a colleague more incapable than himself, opposed to the first general of his time."

One chapter out of twelve M. Waddington allots to the war between the French and English which was waged in Canada from Montcalm's arrival to the capture of Fort William Henry. While the least important part of the volume, if fresh information alone be considered, it is a compact and suggestive review of events, and forms a serviceable pendant to the narrative of transactions in Germany. The facts which have most deeply impressed M. Waddington are the rivalry between French regulars and Canadian *habitants* (the latter being represented by Vaudreuil and Rigaud), the corruption of the financial system under Bigot, and England's naval superiority. The loss of the colony by France he ascribes to this last cause rather than to the Intendant's shameful frauds, which rendered the vast subventions of the Colonial Office inoperative.

For the American portion of the Seven Years' War M. Waddington's book cannot be considered indispensable, but for the progress of that momentous struggle in Europe, it must henceforth hold a place in the first rank.

Holland and the Hollanders. By David S. Meldrum. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1898. 8vo, pp. 405.

With the delightful characterizations of De Amicis's 'Holland' in mind—particularly in the light of an intimate personal acquaintance with place and people, so apt are they in their measure of both—some temerity is required to go over what must needs be to a very great extent the same ground, if the term be not a misnomer in a country where so much of the land is water. The author, however, in spite of his handicap, has given us, even when ranged side by side with his prototype, a thoroughly enjoyable book. He

has wisely not attempted a De Amicis to date, but has gone out beyond the older book in his record of fact. He has chapters, for instance, on "How Holland is Governed" and "How Holland is Educated," and "The Fight with the Waters" is altogether the most intelligible presentation of the actual significance of this "whole story of reclamation and defence" which is going on and must go on, that we remember to have read.

The author of the present book knows not only his Dutchmen and their country, but his Dutch, which De Amicis notoriously did not. He is able, accordingly, to talk of many things that are not readily caught, or are not caught at all, by the eye and the ear of the cursory traveller within Holland's flood-gates. He tells us not only of the significance to the state of the *gemeente raad* and of the *heemraadschap*, but of the subtle social distinction existing between *mevrouw*, *juffrouw*, and *vrouw*. We are now set right, too, to take an humble instance, as to the real character of that army of cakes so confusing to the alien mind—*Haarlemmer halletjes, Haagsche hopjes, Deventer koeken, moppen, krakelingen, poffertjes*, and *wafelen;* and this is important, for many of them, though dear to the hearts of the Dutch people, are not in their dictionaries. It may, however, be unfamiliarity with the article indicated that leads the author to write *Schnapps*, instead of the Dutch word *snaps*. Dutch proper names, also, are given with the sureness of familiarity. Only Dr. Kuyper, editor, statesman, and theologian, whose own signature lies before us, appears as Kuiper—a change, to be sure, as in the case of the other word also, less in spirit than in letter. And while the talk is of the Dutch language, it may be well to quote what the author says of the linguistic attitude of the educated Dutchman. "It is given to few," he writes, "to have the capacity, to fewer still the will, to navigate headlands of aspirates, and to weather torrents of gutturals, and to reach the haven of the Dutchman's understanding in his own tongue. The Dutch are polyglot for very life."

In his estimate of Dutch character and of social conditions the author is generally just, with the justness, again, that is born of intimate knowledge. While there is, from the very nature of the case, nothing absolutely new in this phase of the book (for even De Amicis, back in his day, did not discover Holland), very many of the author's characterizations are altogether striking and have never been better put. There is an entire absence, too, of the bantering tone that for some reason is felt to be necessary in writing of Holland, and which is so offensive to the Dutch themselves, who rightly see no reason why they should not be taken seriously. Dutch foibles are not overlooked for Dutch virtues. The "extreme and exaggerated orderliness of existence," apparent not only in the trim and sober towns, the straight lines of the canals, in the laying out of gardens and the decoration of houses, but in all the various details of life, which is so marked a characteristic in most parts of Holland that it is sure to be one impression which every traveller carries away, is properly reckoned among the former. "For all their contrivances to insure comfort, the Dutch," he says, "fail to attain to ease in living. They add infinite friction to life in promoting a machinery for making it smooth. They are cumbrously comfortable and painfully at ease." Here is a virtue, however, that only by excess has become a fault, and it is due to the physiographical conditions in which the Hollanders live, to the abiding sense in the people that their very existence, in their fight with the waters, depends upon a mechanical precision which has entered as an enduring influence into the national character. Where the author sees the Dutchman at home uncompromising and utilitarian, plain of speech, often brutally truthful, a sufferer of no illusions, it is again "his constant fight with the insensible elements that has taught him to discern the hard facts underlying the appearance of things." As a citizen of the great world, however, the Hollander, in his endurance, his honesty, and his justice, in "his pride of knowledge and his pride of faith," does not, as he cannot, fare badly under this or any other impartial pen.

Mr. Meldrum's book is distinctly a gain to the literature on Holland. It will bring back vividly to those who have already seen these sights the memory of unforgettable things, and cannot fail to call up to the reader, whether he has seen it or not, as the author hopes, in its full significance "the picture of a whole nation going about their daily work peacefully below the level of the sea." It is copiously and well illustrated by pictures from a great variety of sources. In "The Burgomaster of Marken" we recognize an old-time photograph of our friend Schipper De Waart, who navigates the *snelzeilende botter*, broad in the beam and leisurely in speed, between the sleeping city of Monnikendam and his enchanted island, lying in the distance in the haze of sunlight, out in the wide waters of the Zuider Zee. The volume is appropriately bound in a cover of old Dutch tiles in blue and white, with a great red tulip in the middle.

Development and Character of Gothic Architecture. By Charles Herbert Moore. Second edition, rewritten and enlarged. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

The first edition of Mr. Moore's book was reviewed in these columns in 1890, and we have now to notice the much enlarged second edition. The new book is to the old one almost exactly as four is to three in mere magnitude. In the value of the text it has increased as much as it is easy to imagine a book of the kind, good in the first place, to be improved. In brief, the second edition embodies the results of nine years of thought upon the subject; of the effect upon the author of criticism, favorable and adverse, including some disputing of important propositions; of newly discovered or newly explained matter concerning the growth and spread of Gothic architecture in different countries; and of the results of at least one more visit to France and to some of the principal centres of pointed architecture outside of France. Of the changes caused by this renewed and continued study of the subject, that concerning the introduction of pointed architecture into Italy is the most immediately evident. The investigations of several archæologists almost contemporaneous with the appearance of Mr. Moore's first edition revealed unexpected facts concerning that introduction of the Northern style into the Southern peninsula. In this, as in other chapters, the new work is entirely merged in the old, and in fact the treatise has evidently been remade from beginning to end, the old material being retained only so far as it was found to meet entirely the new demands.

As to the illustrations, they also have been minutely reconsidered, and the improvement in this respect is even more striking than in the text. Ten photographic plates replace the rather unsatisfactory English woodcuts of the previous edition; they are not very perfect, having the fault common to photographic engraving except that of the highest class, namely, of being soft and woolly in texture, without clear definition of the parts. They are, however, trustworthy, and that is much; they do not deny and reject the facts of the case, except as they force the darks, as all photographs do and must. The illustrations in the text are very numerous, and all are from drawings by Mr. Moore or an assistant. They can be trusted implicitly to give no false impression, for Mr. Moore belongs to that school of illustrators, a school sadly limited in the number of its adherents, which believes in giving the facts, and only the facts, and in never offering conjecture where fact is asserted and is looked for. The line cuts made from these drawings are, therefore, "inartistic" in a high degree; that is to say, they have nothing to do with delicacies of light and shade, or with resulting pictures which shall in themselves be works of art. Their purpose is entirely historical, documentary, illustrative; their business is to elucidate the text by explaining in a few lines that which many sentences could not adequately explain. If one side of a tower or of the hollow of a vault is shown a little darker than the other side, this feature is not introduced with the intention of producing a painter's system of light and shade, but merely of explaining immediately the solid character, the projection, or the squareness of the building in question. The student is, therefore, advised to use these two hundred and forty illustrations with as much confidence as he would unaltered photographs of the same or similar architectural details.

In speaking of the drawings as in the sentences above as made with no artistic intention, we should perhaps have stated, also, that there is here and there an instance of failure rightly to explain the facts—a failure itself resulting from that denial of artistic effect. It is a curious instance of the value of artistic verity, of its being sometimes needed to explain that which we more commonly call truth—that is to say, the verity of tangible fact. Let any one look at the cut numbered 118 on page 216, and that numbered 124 on page 225, and he will see that the flying-buttress, which is, of course, in the plane of the outside buttress-pier, that takes up the thrust of the flying-buttress, has all the look of being set at an angle with it. This comes, probably, from a very slight deficiency in the light and shade, and it is mentioned here rather as an instance of how evanescent and unseizable a thing is "truth in art." Somewhat in the same way, the drawings of leaf and flower-sculpture in chapters xiii. and xiv. cause the lover of Gothic stone-carving to think seriously. It seems clear that accuracy in the sense of setting down the shades and what may be called the shadows—though these, in the gray weather preferred for such drawing

out of doors, or in the grayness of the interior, are hardly shadows in the mathematical sense—is an unattainable thing. Many instances of this might be gathered from the drawings in the book, which suggest that Viollet-le-Duc's way of giving artistical character to his renderings of architecture is not wholly to be despised. We have learned to accept the renderings of that great genius and powerful draughtsman with a certain reserve as to their minute accuracy, point by point; but in cases like those above quoted we find in him an accuracy of a different sort, which is not undesirable nor without its use to the student. No such comment is to be made with regard to the drawings of constructional detail, for those in Mr. Moore's book are generally beyond criticism. Thus, on page 154, the drawing, figure 78, is explanatory and instructive in a remarkable way, and will impress upon the student the verity of Gothic vaulting of a certain type as no photograph and no less expressive drawing could do. All the drawings of interior structure are singularly intelligent.

Those who have found the first edition of Mr. Moore's work valuable will find it still more important to possess the second. There can be no doubt of the independent and peculiar value of the latest and most matured conclusions in a matter like this. Mr. Moore's conclusions, when they concern controverted questions, are, of course, to be taken only in their final form; and, where they deal with more accepted truth, should still be taken as he now words them, rather than as he did at a time nearer the beginning of his special studies of mediæval art.

Tunisia and the Modern Barbary Pirates. By Herbert Vivian, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co. 1899. Pp. xvi + 341.

This is a very amusing book. Mr. Vivian possesses a bright, fluent style, telling in its way and not too careful. His descriptions are clear and good so far as they go, which is as far as he saw; but he did not see far below the surface. For that, his prejudices were much too strong, and he had not the necessary knowledge, to begin with, of Arabic and Islam. Thus the title itself voices one of his prejudices: the "modern Barbary pirates" are the French who have occupied and who administer the country. With them and their methods he has no patience: "The administration of Tunisia is as rotten as that of the French Republic." After that there is not much to be said. But the source of these tears is evident. Mr. Vivian is one of the very patriotic Englishmen who think that their country has been wronged when territory is seized by any other Power than England, and who clamor against the treachery of the English Minister who has permitted the seizure. Another prejudice is about the Arabs, as he calls the Muslims of Tunisia, nine-tenths of whose blood is probably Berber. They are "that grand mediæval race which has bequeathed to us whatever civilization we may possess," "that noblest and most picturesque portion of the human race"; their "glories both in peace and war constituted the golden age of Tunisia." All this is very singular nonsense; yet it may be expected from a certain type of traveller in the East who is carried away by his æsthetic sense, stays only long enough to see a certain amount, and is absolutely ignorant of Oriental history. It is evident from Mr. Vivian's little introductory sketch of the history of Tunis that its vicissitudes in mediæval times are a blank to him. He can tell us about Carthage, Rome, and Byzantium, but he knows nothing of the fightings and turmoils of all the divisions of Alids, of the Murabits and the Muwahhids, and the rest. Besides these two which we may call major prejudices, he has a number of minor. One is too amusing to be passed over; he brings down with a right and left shot. "Just as you have only to set eyes on a Yankee to know him for an impudent vulgarian, so the first sight of an Arab suffices to convince you that he possesses every instinct of a gentleman." And let not the Westerner or Southerner comfort himself that his withers are unwrung; Yankee-land to Mr. Vivian is these United States. Another "minor" is missionaries and all their works. They are useless, ridiculous, fanatical; Cardinal Lavigerie and his white fathers meet with no more respect than any Protestant conventicler.

Of preliminary knowledge of Arabic or Islam, Mr. Vivian evidently had none, nor do his teachers and informants in Tunisia seem to have always guided him aright. Possibly they had their own little jokes with him. Thus, what he says on marriage and divorce is very inaccurate. A man cannot marry his slave girl; he must free her first. Marriage and property in Muslim law cannot exist together. A woman cannot divorce her husband "by a simple formality" or otherwise. She can force him to divorce her for certain definite and limited reasons. The *mustahall* marriage is not "a pure formality," nor would it be managed with "a common friend." The marriage must be consummated, and a stranger or slave is usually chosen. Again, it is not true that any school of Muslim law forbids a bridegroom to see his bride before marriage. A tradition from Mohammed expressly advised that, and all schools of law give the bridegroom the right. Practically, it is a right which he never enjoys. Again, there is no Quranic ordinance against reproducing the human image in any form. There is a tradition from Mohammed cursing the maker of a picture of a man or of an animal. There is also the well-known tradition that the maker of a likeness of any living thing will be called upon at the last day by the picture which he has made to give it life. Mr. Vivian adds to this an interesting development, evidently due to the tourist with his kodak. Suppose the maker of the picture is an unbeliever; he is damned at any rate, and an action against him at the heavenly bar will not help the picture. So the view has grown up that the remedy of the picture in that case is against the man of whom it is a picture, if he is a Muslim. As for pictures which unbelievers take of one another, they apparently are left out in the cold. Some other interesting bits of folk-lore and superstition are given—indeed, the chapter upon religion is chiefly an account of Ramadan and of superstitions, not of religion at all in the exact sense; but so great is the inaccuracy where control is possible, that these accounts must be received with caution. Mr. Vivian tells very clearly what he has himself seen; what he has been told is of more dubious authenticity. If a husband is prevented from entering his wife's room by finding a pair of her shoes at the door, it is only because he imagines that they are the shoes of some other woman. The Quran is not "the civil and criminal code" of any Muslim country. The development of jurisprudence has long passed that very elementary stage, and a Qadi bases his decisions on the legal treatises approved by his rite. These are very remotely related to the Quran, which is only one of their four bases.

Yet, in spite of all prejudices and errors, this book is most interesting and instructive. The chapters describing Tunis and the manners and customs of its people—"Arabs," Jews, and negroes—the trade and agriculture of the country, the state of education, superstitions and folk-lore, can all be read with advantage. There are over seventy excellent illustrations from photographs, and a very fair map.

The New-Born Cuba. By Franklin Matthews. Harpers. 1899.

This work is a revision and enlargement of the author's series of letters to *Harper's Weekly* on the American occupation, which are quite the best things written on that subject for popular reading. Mr. Matthews's information, however, was derived almost wholly from American officers; and, while he makes good use of this, it puts him under a certain obligation, which is seconded by a temperament naturally sanguine, to praise rather indiscriminately. Where all the departmental commanders are such splendid fellows, we have to compare their difficulties and achievements very discriminatingly to find that General Ludlow in Havana and General Wood in Santiago stand out preëminently for what they have endured and accomplished; and we do not learn here at all that General Wilson has injured his otherwise excellent work by indiscreet political utterances—that General Brooke has not had the adaptability to master a task so foreign to him—and that General Bates (more recently the maker of the Sulu treaty) was such a failure in Santa Clara Province that he was withdrawn as quickly as possible. The same delicacy prevents Mr. Matthews from commenting freely on the mischief of centralizing the provincial revenues, while he alludes to the act; or on the unwise appointments to office out of the Cuban clique that made the disturbance at General Garcia's funeral which he narrates. We likewise have a glowing account of Gomez's personality and his fêtes at Cienfuegos, but none of his triumphal entry into Havana, the quarrel over the disbandment of the Cuban army, his vacillating course and subsequent fall from popularity. We are told of military jail-deliveries, but very little of the administration of penal law.

These comparisons are not by way of criticism, but are intended to show the limitations laid on the book by the short period over which the author's observations extend and by his indebtedness to his military informants. When all this is said, it can be added with pride that nothing in recent years has reflected more credit on America than the brave, unselfish, disinterested, and able work of her best officers in Cuba: the Augean filth of the place (moral as well as material) made the task of purification truly Herculean; and the reduction of smallpox and yellow fever to negligible quantities in less than a year is only one of their feats. The regeneration of the customs service, the post-office, streets, buildings, and water supply; the reform of taxa-

tion and the relief of the destitute; the establishment of schools; the suppression of pauperization, are other tasks that they have assumed with gratifying success, for which their insistence on excluding "politics" from the public service largely accounts.

The volume is profusely illustrated with new and well-chosen photographs. The type is clear, but the book is unconscionably heavy to the hand. A second edition might well have an index. The text is correct, except for a few blunders in Spanish—all, oddly enough, in the captions to these illustrations. The statue at p. 107 is of Alvear, not Tacon.

Economic Aspects of the Liquor Problem. By John Koren. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899.

This work is a continuation of the investigation undertaken by the "Committee of Fifty," some former results of which were presented in a volume entitled 'The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspects.' The purpose of this committee is, in the first place, a purely scientific one; their design being to accumulate such a body of facts as will enable them to deduce conclusions of logical validity. The difficulty of collecting facts without reference to the use to be made of them is very great, but Mr. Koren has done his work with commendable impartiality and with a fair measure of success. Most of his results are expressed in statistical tables, and we can comment on them only in a general way; but the processes employed deserve more particular mention.

One of the most gratifying circumstances connected with the work was the hearty co-operation of nearly all those to whom appeal was made for assistance. The thirty-three charity organization societies all responded, as did the superintendents of sixty almshouses, the officers of eleven children's societies and seventeen prisons and reformatories, and many others. In this way a great body of testimony was collected, bearing on the connection between poverty and crime and drunkenness, and on the "economics of the saloon." Special studies also were made of the problem as relating to the negroes and the Indians. No investigation of the subject so extensive and careful as this has ever been completed, and its results will be, as claimed, of "practical use for practical workers."

Of these results we mention the most striking. Poverty, among those who come under the notice of the charity-organization societies, can be traced to liquor in some 25 per cent. of the cases. In almshouses the percentage is 37, a figure more than twice as large as that obtained by Mr. Charles Booth in London. The investigation covered 13,400 convicts, and in half the cases intemperance was one of the causes of crime. It was a leading cause in 31 per cent., and a sole cause in 16 per cent. of the cases. The value of the liquor produced annually is more than $300,000,000, the capital employed in the business almost $1,000,000,000, the revenue collected from it nearly $200,000,000, and the number of persons deriving their support directly from it no less than 1,800,000. Nevertheless, there are many proofs that drunkenness is decreasing, and on the whole the investigation shows that the evils of intemperance can be greatly reduced by scientific treatment.

Greek Sculpture with Story and Song. By Albinia Wherry. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The idea of this book is not a bad one. It is, to combine a history of Greek sculpture with appropriate mythological stories and an anthology of relevant poetical extracts, ranging from Homer to Alfred Austin, and thus to make an interesting and instructive manual for young and old. Unfortunately, the author is quite unequal to her task. She probably knows a little Greek, though this looks doubtful; she has read Furtwängler's 'Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture' and Collignon's 'Histoire de la Sculpture Grecque'; she has heard some archæological lectures and has apparently visited Greece; and with this amount of equipment she has undertaken to popularize the study of Greek sculpture. The result is deplorable.

Here are a few indications of her degree of competence: she believes that Harmodius and Aristogeiton were brothers (p. 47); that the metopes from Temple E at Selinus and the obviously more archaic ones from Temple F belonged to the same building (p. 87); that the head of the Lancelotti Discobolus, which, in fact, has never been broken from the body, has been "correctly restored" (p. 93); that Lord Elgin was Ambassador to Turkey in 1780 (p. 128); that the marble acroteria from Delos are of painted terracotta (p. 174); and that the architect-archæologist, Canina, was a sculptor (p. 232), probably confusing him with Canova. We do not say that blunders as bad as these occur on every page, but we do say that these give no unfair idea of the value of the book. The æsthetic criticism is feeble and futile, the statements as to matters of fact are often false or muddled, and there remain only the poetical quotations to be grateful for.

The illustrations, with three exceptions, are of astonishing and inexcusable badness. It is some slight consolation to know that they were "made in Germany," being supplied by the publishers of Sittl's 'Atlas zur Archäologie der Kunst.' That wretched work has misled Mrs. Wherry into labelling a terracotta figure from Myrina as the Aphrodite from Fréjus (p. 301), but is not responsible for confusing the "Lycian" sarcophagus from Sidon, a work of the fifth century, with the "Alexander" sarcophagus of a hundred years later (p. 250).

The Solitary Summer. By the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.' Macmillan Co.

A garden of absorbing interest to its owner, a library full of books to comfort rainy days, a hamlet of German peasants, three delightful babies, and a "man of wrath" who by no means merits the title—these are the simple elements from which a bright woman, too cosmopolitan to be thought wholly German as she calls herself, has evolved a charming little book. "Elizabeth" tinctures the every-day affairs of German country life with her buoyant personality; and with, apparently, the easiest writing in the world, has succeeded in making the book anything but hard reading. The traditional fondness of mothers for talking about their children she makes no effort to suppress, nor could any one wish it, for her interest is contagious, and we could ill spare the account of their whimsical doings and sayings. Bits of wayside philosophy spring as naturally along these pages as the irrepressible weeds among the flower-beds. "Doctors are like bad habits—once you have shaken them off, you discover how much better you are without them." This seems a little hard on the profession, till one reflects that it was prompted by living in the deep country, far not only from doctors but from most of the ordinary causes of disease. The all too primitive morality of the villagers and the sensitive parson's grief for it both meet with intelligent sympathy. "They only know and follow nature." "Public opinion, the only force that could stop it, is on their side." "No finger of scorn is pointed at the fallen one, for all the fingers in the street are attached to women who began life in precisely the same fashion."

Probably the chief interest of the book to the serious-minded person in search of information will be found in those pages which discuss the manners and notions of these country people, while the easy-going reader asking only an hour's entertainment will enjoy it all, just as one enjoys a rambling chat with some lively friend.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ade, G. Fables in Slang. H. S. Stone & Co. $1.
Andersen, H. C. Fairy Tales. Translated by Mrs. E. Lucas; illustrated by T. C. and W. Robinson. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50.
Bancroft, H. H. The New Pacific. The Bancroft Co.
Banks, E. J. Jonah in Fact and Fancy. Wilbur B. Ketcham. 75c.
Banks, C. E., and Cook, G. C. In Hampton Roads. Rand, McNally & Co.
Blanchard, Amy E. A Revolutionary Maid. Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co.
Blum, E. C. In Satan's Realm. Rand, McNally & Co.
Bourdeille, P. de. The Book of the Ladies. Translated by Katherine P. Wormeley. Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co.
Burrell, Rev. D. J. God and the People. Wilbur B. Ketcham. $1.50.
Burton, R. Lyrics of Brotherhood. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.
Carey, Rosa N. My Lady Frivol. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Chandler, Izora. Elvira Hopkins of Tompkins Corners. Wilbur B. Ketcham. 75c.
Child, F. S. An Unknown Patriot. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Christison, Dr. J. Crime and Criminals. Chicago: Published by the Author. $1.25.
Converse, C. C. Mr. Isolate of Lonelyville. R. H. Russell.
Cooper, E. H. Resolved to be Rich. H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.
Cram, W. E. Little Beasts of Field and Wood. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Dickens, Charles. A Tale of Two Cities. R. H. Russell. 25c.
Dole, C. F. The Theology of Civilization. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.
Douglas, Amanda M. A Little Girl of Old Philadelphia. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Drysdale, W. Helps for Ambitious Boys. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Ellis, E. S. Dorsey, the Young Inventor. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. $1.25.
Ellis, E. S. Iron Heart, War Chief of the Iroquois. Philadelphia: H. T. Coates & Co.
Elson, L. C. The National Music of America. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Farrar, Rev. F. W. Texts Explained. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Fields, Anna. Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 75c.
Fishbough, W. The End of the Ages. Continental Pub. Co.
Foote, Mrs. Mary H. The Little Fig-Tree Stories. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Ford, Prof. J. D. M. Exercises in Spanish Composition. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 35c.
Fraser, Mrs. Hugh. The Splendid Porsenna. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Gibson, C. Donnel. My Lady and Allan Darke. Macmillan. $1.50.
Gomme, G. L. The Prince's Story Book. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: Longmans, Green & Co.
Gordon, S. Lesser Destinies. H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.
Griffis, Dr. W. E. The Romance of American Conquest. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.
Gudeman, A. Latin Literature of the Empire. Harper & Bros. Vol. II. $1.50.
Hall, B. Things as they Are. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Hamilton, Lord E. The Perils of Josephine. H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.
Harrell, J. M. The Hot Springs Doctor. Hot Springs, Ark.: C. H. Weaver.
Harris, C. Goethe's Poems. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 90c.

Harrison, Mrs. B. The Circle of a Century. The Century Co. $1.25.
Harrison, Mrs. B. The Anglo-Maniacs. The Century Company. $1.25.
Henty, G. A. The Brahmin's Treasure. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Hodgkin, T. Italy and her Invaders. Henry Frowde. Vols. VII. and VIII.
Hoyt, D. L. Barbara's Heritage. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co. $1.50.
Hull, Prof. C. H. The Economic Writings of Sir William Petty. Cambridge (Eng.): The University Press; New York: Macmillan. 2 vols. $6.
Hunt, Violet. The Human Interest. H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.
Hunter, Sir W. W. Bâbar. [Rulers of India.] Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d.
Jackson, A. L. When Shiloh Came. J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co. $1.50.
James, J. A. The Attraction of the Cross. F. H. Revell Co. 30c.
Jokai, M. The Poor Plutocrats. Doubleday & McClure. $1.25.
Keightley, S. K. Heronford. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Kemble's Sketch Book. R. H. Russell.
Kirk, Ellen O. Dorothy and her Friends. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
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MacDonald, W. Select Charters Illustrative of American History, 1606-1775. Macmillan. $2.
MacKennal, Rev. A. Homes and Haunts of the Pilgrim Fathers. London: The Religious Tract Society; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Macquoid, Katherine S. A Ward of the King. London: John Long; New York: F. M. Buckles & Co. $1.25.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1899.

The Week.

Bryan is satisfied with the result of the election, of course. He is always convinced that he is going to win next time, and the fact that he has just been badly beaten never affects his confidence. The defeat of his party in 1896 made him sure that he would succeed in 1897; the defeat of 1897, that victory was assured in 1898; and the defeat of 1898, that he would win in 1899. Long experience has thus prepared him to figure out the vindication of Bryanism in last week's elections. He has now the advantage of three previous years with which to make comparisons. If the Republicans have given their candidate for Governor in Iowa twice as large a majority in 1899 as in the corresponding election of 1897, he suggests that perhaps (he has not the data at hand) the majority for Governor this fall may not be as great as that for the Republican candidates for Congress last fall. If the Republicans have 65,000 majority in Massachusetts now, he points out that this is somewhat less than last year, and a good deal smaller than it was in 1896. If the Republicans made gains in the New York Legislature over last year, he eagerly seizes upon a report, for which it is doubtful if there is any basis, that the Republican plurality in the State upon the vote cast for Assemblymen is smaller than it was last year. Arguing in this fashion, it is not hard for him to reach the conclusion that, "taken as a whole, the election returns from all the States give encouragement to those who hope for the overthrow of the Republican party in 1900."

Interviews with various Democratic leaders throughout the country show a universal agreement that Bryan will be again the candidate of their party next year, and that the old financial issue must be a chief feature of his campaign, if not, indeed, the controlling element in the contest once more. There is nothing surprising in this unanimity regarding Bryan and Bryanism. Bryan must be the Democratic candidate in 1900 because he has both the machine and the masses of his demoralized party behind him, and because there is not even a solitary leader anywhere in the whole nation to contest his supremacy. Bryan being the candidate, Bryanism must of necessity be the issue. This for two reasons. First, he made that the issue in 1896, has kept it alive through the three years since then, and could not abandon it now if he would. In the second place, there is no other issue in sight with which to push the financial question into the background. The late elections settled the issue of expansion so far as they show the nation practically subservient to the Administration, which staked everything upon approval of its course during the past year in the Philippines. The question of Trusts alone remains to divide attention with the financial one, and everybody already sees that the Bryanites cannot make anything out of this, when the Republicans are ready to denounce and condemn Trusts as roundly as they are themselves. Senator Morgan of Alabama is quite right, therefore, when he says that "the Democrats will be obliged to make the fight over again on the Chicago platform," and that "the money question will be the predominating issue."

The election last week probably made an end of John R. McLean as an office-seeker, and for this decent citizens may be thankful. Of all the candidates before the Democratic convention, he was the weakest in everything except money. His newspaper has been a moral plague spot of the worst kind ever since it passed from the hands of the elder McLean into his. It has been the advocate of almost everything bad in politics and in government. It betrayed its own party when Cleveland was a candidate for the Presidency. It has made enemies of nearly all the decent Democrats of Ohio, and McLean himself has been only constructively a resident of the State for years. Whatever chance the Democratic party had of carrying the State, it threw away when it nominated him. But it is some small gain to the party to have "checked him off." We shall hear no more of him as a candidate, although he may continue to be a baleful kind of boss for some years to come.

There seems to have been more independent voting in Ohio on Tuesday week than was ever before seen in that State. The fact that Jones received a support twice as large as was ever given a third candidate is only one sign of the disregard of party lines. Even more striking evidence of the same disposition was the great difference between the plurality of 50,000 for Nash as the head of the Republican ticket and that for Caldwell, the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, who was cut by so many thousand voters of his party that he was barely elected. Caldwell was opposed by the Anti-Saloon League, because he has been the counsel for liquor organizations, and the movement against him, whether well founded or not, developed a strength which surprised the managers on both sides. The high-water mark of independent voting was reached in Cleveland, where Hanna suffered the worst blow ever administered to a boss in his own city, by the cutting down of the vote for his candidate, Nash, to ridiculously small proportions, while at the same time McLean was rebuked by many thousands of Democrats, who abominated his boss rule in their party and followed the *Plain Dealer* in opposing him at the polls, the "usufruct" in each case going largely to the benefit of Jones as a harmless candidate who could not possibly be elected.

A visit to Washington this week from Col. Dick, Chairman of the Ohio Republican State Committee, and Secretary of the National Republican Committee, to talk over political matters with Senator Hanna, and arrange for campaign work next year, is announced. Col. Dick is the man who, in the opinion of the Civil-Service Commission, is guilty of violating the law in sending begging circulars to all the employees in the federal service during the recent Ohio campaign. He can be brought to trial only by the action of the President, and we submit that his presence in Washington will furnish an excellent opportunity for Mr. McKinley to institute proceedings against him. Under the law, the offence of which the Commission have declared him to be guilty is a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine not exceeding $5,000, or by imprisonment for a term not exceeding three years, or by both fine and imprisonment, in the discretion of the court. So high a legal authority as ex-Senator Edmunds has given a formal opinion that Col. Dick's offence comes within the prohibition of the law, and so high a Republican authority as the *Tribune* has commended the Commission's condemnation of it as part of what appears to be a general assault by politicians on the merit system. Is the President disposed to back up the Civil-Service Commission, or will he permit Col. Dick not only to go unpunished, but to continue his "persistent and vicious" assault as Secretary of the National Republican Committee?

The voting machine was subjected to the most severe test yet put upon it in the late election in the city of Buffalo, and seems to have emerged completely successful. There was a very full vote, it was recorded without friction or delay, and the totals for the entire city were known within an hour after the polls had closed. In two or three instances the machines broke down—through malicious injuries inflicted by enemies of the system, it is charged; but they were replaced by others within a

few minutes, and nobody lost a vote in consequence. The city was carried by the Republicans, who elected all their candidates, and that party's faith in machine voting is likely to be greatly strengthened by the result. It will convince them that the machines secure an absolutely accurate count, which nobody can tamper with, and this has always been one of the strongest arguments in their favor.

Municipal reformers generally may rejoice at the good news which comes from Baltimore. The Democrats have just elected their candidate for Mayor of that city, Thomas S. Hayes, and he announces that "the Police, Fire, and School Departments of the city government shall be put on the merit system, if it is possible for me to bring it about." Going into detail regarding his purposes, Mr. Hayes says that "I will guarantee that there shall not be one among the School Commissioners I shall appoint who can be touched by the politicians on either side"; and that ex-Mayor Hooper, the Republican and Reform city executive of a few years ago, is a type of the men whom he wants on this board, while Miss Mary Garrett, who is so well known for her warm interest and great generosity in the cause of education, represents the sort of women whom he will appoint, not only as School Commissioners, but as members of every board controlling institutions in which girls or women are educated or confined. The Mayor-elect recognizes the fact that the politicians of his party will not be pleased with this policy, but he feels independent enough to say that "if the politicians don't like it, the politicians and I will part company."

Much more important and still more encouraging is the victory for the principles of good city government which has just been won in San Francisco. The present Democratic Mayor of that city has been an excellent official. He was renominated by his party, and the convention adopted a resolution, which we print on another page, pledging the organization to a separation of national from municipal politics. The Democrats lived up to this pledge through the campaign, while the Republican managers attempted to inject national issues into the canvass, and argued that a good Democratic Mayor of San Francisco must not be reëlected, because it would be a "rebuke" to the Republican national Administration. Mr. Phelan was nevertheless reëlected by 8,000 plurality over a Republican opponent who was a respectable man, but was believed to represent machine and partisan ideas. A new charter is just going into operation in San Francisco, which gives the Mayor the appointment of all the important commissions, and which applies civil-service-reform principles throughout the administration. Mayor Phelan has given the people every reason to believe that he will use this great power in the public interest, and the outlook for good government in the metropolis of the Pacific Coast is thus better now than ever before in its history.

Quartermaster-General M. I. Ludington points with pride to the work of his bureau during the past year, in the organization of a transport fleet of thirty-seven vessels and the carrying of thousands of soldiers to and fro between this country, the Philippines, Cuba, Hawaii, and Porto Rico. He does so with much reason, since not a single life has been lost because of accident or negligence. But it is none the less true that a number of these vessels carry the flags of other nations than the United States; that the Pacific Coast has been stripped of every ship available to carry the newly raised volunteers to the aid of Gen. Otis; and that some vessels have been hired at very exorbitant rates. The great credit which must be given to Gen. Ludington, Col. Bird, and the other untiring workers in the Quartermaster's Department must not conceal the fact, however, that the wisdom of placing these transports under the control of the army is by no means beyond question. For instance, so long as army officers, without any sea experience whatever, are in command of transports, there must always be an element of danger in their navigation, as was shown by the recent unfortunate conflict of authority on a transport in a Cuban harbor between the navigator and the army officer in charge. England's experience in the over-sea transportation of soldiers on a large scale goes back at least 150 years, and, as a result of it, the handling of army transports is irrevocably in the hands of naval officers. So far as the accounts of the embarkation of Gen. Buller's army corps are at hand, the procuring and despatching of the troop-ships has proceeded with remarkable smoothness, hardly a hitch, except in the provisioning, having occurred, so that foreign officers have not hesitated to praise the system and its results thus far. When one considers that 300 ships are required, or nearly nine times the size of Gen. Ludington's total fleet in the Atlantic and Pacific, and thinks of the confusion attending the despatch of Shafter's small army, it must be admitted that the English system shows well in the comparison.

The report of the educational committee, of which President Harper is chairman, adverse to a national university under the auspices of the Government at Washington, is wise at all points. It is especially so in its suggestion that the Government, through the State Department, might properly maintain in Washington a school for consuls analogous to those of West Point and Annapolis, and make the instruction there imparted lead to a life career in the Government service. The present system of consular appointments is degrading in many ways, and damaging in a high degree to mercantile interests by reason of the ignorance of the appointees of the duties they have to perform, and the frequent changes made at the demand of political bosses. These evils have become so serious that the business community is constantly complaining, and the complaints will multiply as our foreign trade increases. The only opposition likely to be encountered in carrying out this suggestion will come from the spoils politicians in Congress, but they can perhaps be "placated" by passing a law which will keep their present appointees in office during good behavior, and make the new consular school relate only to future appointments, and to vacancies occurring after the school shall have turned out a sufficient number of graduates to fill them. Such a school is a real need, whereas a national university would be a fifth wheel to the educational coach.

"Hang the expense!" is the cry of prosperous England and prosperous Germany, as well as of the United States, when alarmed economists point out the burdens of war taxation. Who minds sticking on revenue stamps as long as business is booming? Great Britain offers Treasury bills for the cost of the South African war, and they are snapped up greedily. The German Government proposes to spend $8,000,000 or $10,000,000 more annually upon the navy, and points to the way the imperial revenue is going up by leaps and bounds as sufficient justification. In four years past the German revenues from customs and excise have increased by $30,000,000. A little figuring will show that all the prospective naval expense up to 1914 will be more than covered by enlarged receipts. So *vogue la galère!* This is only human nature, the same in Germany and England that it is in the United States. It is all very well to preach the prudence of the ant, but when you are preaching to grasshoppers, you cannot expect ant-doctrine to have much effect. Grasshoppers can be converted only by a nipping frost—and then they are dead.

A telegram from Berlin confirms the statement from Washington last week that Germany favors the "open door" policy in China, and that Kiao-Chau is a free port. This means that Germany does not impose discriminating duties at that port, and does not discriminate in any way in favor of German trade. Similar assurances are made by the Russian Ambassador at Washington, who is

quoted as saying that there has been no trade discrimination at Talien-Wan and that there will be none. It appears, therefore, that the outcry about trade discriminations which was so pronounced a feature of the English press a year or more ago, was baseless. It would be going far to find a quarrel if Germany or Russia should seize an Asiatic port merely to get an unfair advantage over England and America in the sale of a few pieces of cloth in a small part of Chinese territory. As it would be insanity for us to go to war about such a trifle, so it would be little less for those countries to provoke hostilities on such an issue.

Lord Salisbury's statement of the aims and intentions of his Government in South Africa is undoubtedly sincere. They correspond with those which Great Britain carries into effect in other parts of the world which are more or less subject to her dominion. He said that the Government could derive no advantage from the possession of the gold mines or diamond mines except as it conferred the blessings of good government on the men who own and work them. He added that Great Britain asked nothing but the equal rights of all men of all races and security for British subjects in South Africa. Referring to the means for gaining these results, he said that the time had not yet come to formulate them, but "we do not allow any other consideration," he added, "to cross our path." These words, it must be admitted, are conformable to British policy in the second half of the nineteenth century. India apart, the British colonies are not oppressed. They are not taxed beyond the strict necessities of their own government. On the contrary, the mother country provides a navy for their defence at her own sole cost and at very heavy charge. She relieves them of all cost for ordinary diplomatic service. She allows them to enact such tariffs as they please, and they often put protective duties on British goods in favor of their own manufacturers. No other country having colonies permits anything like that freedom.

All the month's English magazines are discussing the question what shall be done in South Africa when the war is over, and the weight of opinion is that the wisest settlement will be a South African Confederation under British supremacy. This would seem to be what the English Government now contemplates, if one may judge by the speeches of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain, and it would be a reversion, in a very striking way, to the historic policy of Sir George Grey, Governor of Cape Colony forty years ago. His great remedy for the troubles and jealousies at the Cape was federation. The Orange Free State actually made overtures at that time (1858) for federation with Cape Colony, and the movement then looked promising. But the home authorities held back, and censured Grey for bringing the matter favorably to the attention of the Cape Parliament. Some years later, however, the imperial Government came round to the same view, and a permissive bill passed the English Parliament which would have allowed confederation if the various colonies had chosen to take advantage of it. But the Boer war of 1880 supervened, fresh hatreds were created, and nothing was done. It certainly seems, however, as if this plan of conciliating empire with freedom might soon have a much better chance of being tried, and of succeeding, than ever before. Australian Federation is now assured, and would be a valuable precedent.

The loyalty of the Dutch in Cape Colony, under the most trying circumstances, is one of the remarkable and really unexpected things in the South African war. It is easy to sneer at the quiescence of the Cape Dutchmen, and say that they refrain from treason only because they are afraid of treason's fate. But the evidence is abundant that the mass of them,while grieved and even indignant at the war against men of their race—in many cases their own kinsmen—yet mean to be faithful to the government under which they are citizens. The dreaded Afrikander Bond has, instead of proving a firebrand, shown itself in reality a powerful agency in keeping the Dutch public quiet. Its leaders, Messrs. Hofmeyr and Theron, far from making inflammatory speeches, or putting incendiary matter into their organ, *Ons Land*, have done their best to prevent all public meetings, and have urged self-restraint and loyalty. Yet the strain of divided affections and sympathies is, in many cases, severe indeed. Nothing like it has been seen since our Civil War. Mr. Theron, for example, has a son enlisted for the defence of the Transvaal, and cannot reprove his loyalty.

In reversing the lower court in the Rosebery copyright case, it is clear that the Court of Appeal went more upon general principles and literary equities than upon the strict letter of the law. It was by a literal interpretation of the copyright act that Mr. Justice North had decided that the author of a report of a speech had a copyright in it—in the report, that is; not the speech. Mr. Augustine Birrell, Q. C., an expert in copyright law, and also a man of a certain acquaintance with literature, argued the appeal, and those arguments of his which "fetched" the court were more literary than legal. Learned counsel pointed out the defence an orator had in the Lecture Act, under which notice to two local justices would prevent unauthorized reports. With all due respect, Mr. Birrell affirmed that the said law was a dead letter. He himself had been guilty of delivering lectures, but he had never given notice to the justices. Would it not be shocking to find some great orator arguing a national cause, or some preacher with his message to humanity, ending up with the words, "All rights reserved"? To be an author was to get out of your skull words that did not subsist in that given form before, and this no mere reporter could do. To this the Master of the Rolls seemed to agree, for he said the plaintiff was asking the court to "turn the copyright which was created for the benefit of authors into an Act for the benefit of reporters." The *Times* counsel said that he simply relied upon the same argument as that which established copyright in the judgments of courts; and he reminded the Master of the Rolls that it "would be a serious thing" if there were no copyright in the judgments of the law reports. But the judge rather gruffly said, "I do not agree that the *Times* reporter is the author of my judgments!" So the famous decision of Justice North was reversed; but the *Times* is to take the case to the House of Lords.

The feeling in Germany against the existing monopoly of the Standard Oil Company continues to grow, and there is much discussion as to the best means of breaking it up. According to the Berlin *National-Zeitung*, many students of the situation favor throwing open the German markets to the Russian oil industry, but there is as yet little desire on the part of the Russian producers to organize and to contend with the American company for this field. To aid them there is also growing up a demand for a change in the existing tariff so as to favor the Russian importers, or for a higher duty on the refined product and a lower one on crude oil. To win governmental support for the proposed duties, a table has been prepared which shows that, under the new rates of 10 marks on refined oil and 4½ marks on the crude product, the imperial treasury would receive an annual income of 23,000,000 marks, until German refineries could supply the home market. It is generally recognized that the proposed tariff will cause a distinct increase in cost to the consumer, a most serious obstacle to its consideration. So great is the dislike of the American company, however, that many are willing to put up with this, if it but lead to the ending of the present monopoly. This condition of affairs is much to be regretted, since it tends to increase the feeling of anxiety and distrust with which America's industrial activity is regarded in some quarters in Germany.

THE CANDIDACIES SETTLED.

The most extraordinary situation in national politics which the present generation has ever witnessed is presented to-day. Indeed, nothing like it has been known since the modern system of nominating candidates for the Presidency by national conventions was established, sixty years ago.

Since that time the State elections held a year before the national contest have always been followed by eager speculation as to the candidates whom one or other, if not both, of the two political parties would put in the field for the Presidency the following summer. More than once it has happened that the choice of one organization was so clearly manifest a twelvemonth before the national election that there was no contest in its convention. Such was the case in 1844, when no candidate was mentioned or thought of by the Whigs except Henry Clay, and their convention nominated him unanimously with the utmost enthusiasm. In like manner the preference for Grant as the Republican candidate in 1868 had become so plain that no other name was even mentioned in the convention. The same thing was true of the convention which nominated Grant for the second time in 1872, as it had virtually been true of Lincoln's second nomination in 1864, the votes cast for Grant from Missouri representing no serious opposition; and it was also true, without any qualification, of Cleveland's second candidacy in 1888. In both Lincoln's case and Grant's, however, there had been, six months before their renomination, an earnest desire to prevent such action on the part of influential Republicans, if events should lend any encouragement to the idea.

One thing, however, has been true of the situation after the ante-Presidential State elections ever since national conventions were established—there has always been a contest for at least one of the candidacies. To go back no further than the origin of the Republican party, Frémont and Buchanan secured their nominations only after a long canvass of the claims of various leaders before the people; and, in Buchanan's case, after many ballots in the convention. The same thing was equally true of the Republican convention which nominated Lincoln in 1860, and of the faction-torn Democratic gathering in that year. Other candidates than McClellan had been much talked of by the Democrats in 1864, and received votes in the convention. The Democratic leadership in 1868, when Grant had no opposition among Republicans, was sought by several prominent men, and finally went to Horatio Seymour, who had not been even mentioned in the preliminary canvass. The various elements of opposition to Grant's reëlection in 1872 were all at sea as to a candidate six months before they settled upon Greeley.

The Republican convention in 1876 was a "free-to-all," in which Blaine, though the leader, was outstripped at the end by Hayes, the "dark horse"; and though Tilden was clearly the favorite in the other party, he had to fight hard for his two-thirds vote in the Democratic convention over Hendricks, Hancock, "Rise-up William" Allen, and others. In 1880 the Republicans had the longest struggle in convention ever known by any party, as they had previously had the most earnest canvass for delegates, before the third-term movement for Grant was defeated, and Garfield was suddenly picked up by the Blaine men as the only available club to beat the life out of it. Meanwhile, Tilden's silence as to his own wishes regarding another nomination had left the Democrats all at sea, and encouraged the friends of Hancock, Bayard, and several others to try to carry the convention.

Cleveland's rise to national prominence introduced a new personality, which held first place on the stage longer than any previous party leader, nominated as he was by his party for the Presidency three successive times, and twice elected to the office. The first time, older men who had been prominent contested the supremacy of this new-comer, and the third time another man of the younger generation tried to beat him by taking his own State away from him. Each time there was an earnest struggle for the nomination in the other party before it went successively to Blaine in 1884, Harrison in 1888, and Harrison once more in 1892. Everybody recalls the winter and spring preceding the convention of 1896, when other Republican leaders worked hard to stay the movement towards McKinley, and all sorts of contestants for the Democratic nomination sprang up throughout the country—though the man who carried it off was not among them.

The remarkable and unprecedented situation to-day is that half a year before the meeting of the national conventions, the choice of each body is universally believed to be settled. There have been times when a strong popular sentiment for one candidate in his party was clearly discerned, but rival leaders were able to make headway against it. There have been other times when nobody seemed to be the choice either of the party bosses or of the voters at large. Now both the leaders and the masses in each party favor the same man, and everybody recognizes that nothing short of death, or physical incapacity, or a political cyclone such as was never yet seen, can change the situation between November and June. McKinley has satisfied Quay, Platt, and the other bosses who tried so hard to beat him in the convention of 1896. He appears to be even stronger with the people of his party now than he was four years ago.

Bryan is equally strong with the bosses who now control the organization of what once was the Democratic party. They are the smallest set of men that ever governed a great party, and the Nebraska demagogue suits them. The masses of the party seem to like him as well. The men of character and standing, who distrust alike his character and his policy, have been driven out of the organization, and will wield no influence whatever in the choice of delegates. Finally, there is absolutely no other man left in the Bryanized Democracy who can as a leader make a powerful rally against him. He has just carried once more a Republican State in the North, and his claims for a second nomination are consequently irresistible.

IS THERE TO BE A NEW DREIBUND?

One of the asides in Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall on Thursday night is of more significance for us than all he had to say on his main subject, the war in South Africa. He coupled the United States with Germany as nations whose present cordial relations with England constitute "one of the cheering symptoms of the present time." The good understanding between these three Powers is, indeed, as satisfactory as it is a surprising sign of the times. The end put to the long jealousy and friction in Samoa by an amicable agreement which practically gives the whole group to Germany, the United States retaining only one small island, with its excellent harbor, as a coaling-station; the evident coöperation of Germany and Great Britain in all that relates to the final settlement in South Africa; the approaching visit of the Kaiser to England to accentuate the friendly feeling between the two countries; and the prospect that German diplomacy will unite with English and American to preserve peace and the open door in the Orient—all these things are but the beginnings of what may prove to be a sort of tacit Dreibund full of promise for the peaceful commerce of the world.

Emperor William's turnabout in his attitude towards England is only one evidence more that he is outgrowing the prejudices with which he began his public career. The anti-English poison he no doubt had from Bismarck. Hostility to England was the watchword of that statesman in the years when his dislike and distrust of the Emperor Frederick were growing, and were so conveniently explained by the English taint, and when his first attempts at German colonization were made. Thus, it was under the Bismarckian tutelage that William blossomed out as the most German of Germans, pledged to forget the English blood in his veins. All his

thoughts of alliance and coöperation were Continental. Only three years ago his Krüger telegram betrayed his inclination against Great Britain. But larger and better views have now come to him; and on the eve of his sympathetic visit to London, at the very moment when England is at war with the same Krüger, the British Premier is able to say that "our relations with the German people are all we could desire."

The United States can have, of course, no alliance, secret or open, with England or Germany or any other European Power. But we may have a good understanding with any or all of them; and the evident drift of things just now is to make the United States a silent partner in the Anglo-German firm. In some of the "great problems" which, as Lord Salisbury said, are at present confronting the three nations, coöperation and friendly agreement will be advantageous to all of them, harmful to nobody, and should therefore be sought and cultivated in every honorable way. The Germans are already pleased to say that they expect to find us good neighbors in Samoa. They have given us to understand that their Chinese territory will be open to our trade on the same terms as those given German commerce. Here is good hope held out of security for our Oriental trade. If a quiet agreement can be made between Germany, Great Britain, and the United States that they will everywhere give, and everywhere expect, equality of trade opportunities throughout all the far East, it will be a great stroke for the peaceful development of all those long-slumbering countries.

But we have a duty to Germany nearer home. Friendly competitors in the Oriental trade should not be at swords' points in their own commercial relations. Yet it is unfortunately true that a vexatious war of tariffs has been raging between the United States and Germany for several years. We levy duties to throttle German imports; Germany does her best to shut out our exports by cleverly devised sanitary regulations. The result has been much ill feeling and loss on both sides. Now why is not the present era of good feeling a propitious time for a general and generous reciprocity treaty between the United States and Germany? Our Ambassador to Germany is constantly pressing for a relaxation of the German regulations for inspecting our fruits and meats. Germany, on her part, points to our extreme tariff discriminations against her industries. Both grievances could be removed in a single treaty. Mr. Dingley is dead, and President McKinley has become the greatest free-trader (at a distance) of modern times; so there would be nobody really to object if many of our dead-letter tariff duties were abrogated to please our new-found German friends. Repeal of protection by treaty is sometimes as good a method as an outright repealing act; and it enables protectionists to be the authors of free-trade legislation with becoming gravity.

One evidence of the seriousness with which the Emperor is embarking on this new policy is to be found in his demand for a larger navy. In spite of the so-called "sexennate" naval law which passed the Reichstag last year with the distinct understanding that no more money for ships would be asked, an enlarged naval programme is already announced in the semi-official German newspapers. Indeed, it was sufficiently foreshadowed in the Emperor's speech at Hamburg a few days ago. The plan is to apply $21,000,000 a year to the building of new ships, instead of the present outlay of $15,000,000, and to push up other naval expenses by something like $2,000,000 a year. Continuing these expenditures till 1917, the German navy, it is reckoned, will be powerful enough to "bear the responsibility for the conduct of our diplomatic business," as the Berlin *Neueste Nachrichten* puts it. The same paper explains the necessity of an enlarged navy as partly due to "the entrance of the United States of America into the sphere of world-policy." Here again we come upon the new Dreibund, and that it is not all a vain imagination of the Jingoes is clear when we find so stout a Liberal, and so earnest and intelligent a friend of peace, as Dr. Barth writing in the Berlin *Nation* that an increase in the navy would tend to solidify the friendship between Germany, England, and the United States, and so distinctly make for peace. At any rate, the *rapprochement* is evidently a fact. A friendly agreement between three great Powers, of related race, to keep the world's peace and to promote the world's trade, might easily be an informal Dreibund more worthy of a place in history than the binding alliance, known by that name, between Austria, Germany, and Italy.

A FRESH PHASE OF THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

The statement made at the Mohonk Conference last month, that "the Indian should be able, if affairs are rightly managed, to need no Indian Bureau later than ten years from the present time," is significant. It expresses the faith of the Eastern friends of the Indian that a revolution they began a dozen years ago is almost complete. Under the land-in-severalty law, a number of reservations have already been opened to white settlement, and several others have been marked for opening at an early date. The law recognizes the right of Indians on treaty reservations to say whether or not the Government shall sell their surplus land to outsiders, but the enterprising frontiersman usually finds a way to win the consent of the necessary majority of a tribe, if their land is good enough to pay for his trouble. At the rate at which the artificial barriers are giving way, a few more years will see every Indian in the fertile parts of the West an individual landowner in the midst of white neighbors. It is equally certain that, unless a marked change comes over present tendencies, not one in a hundred Indians will be working his own farm or deriving more than a pittance from the use of it by somebody else. Here is where experience has failed to confirm theory. The idea underlying the severalty law was that as soon as an Indian actually owned his homestead he would become a worker, and that the sense of responsibility thus fostered would do wonders in preparing him for citizenship. As a matter of fact, the average Indian accepts the first offer made him by a white man for the lease of his farm; and while the white tenant is laying the foundation of a fortune in wheat or cattle, the red landlord returns to the brush, where he leads a forlorn existence, cursing the alien race who have swept in and ruined the hunting-grounds of his fathers.

It is true that a certain proportion of the Indian children are drawn into the Government schools and given what is styled by courtesy an "education." This consists of a smattering of book-knowledge, coupled with either a rudimentary course in agriculture or instruction in some mechanical trade. Then they are sent back to their people, and what happens? Farming in the regions where they live, is an elaborate industry. Gang-ploughs, an irrigating plant, and harvesting machinery are as necessary there as a hoe and a watering-pot are in a truck-garden. The young Indian farmer has no money to spend on an expensive outfit. If he farms at all it must be as a day laborer, and this means a roving life, with the loss of all the benefits of a settled home. If he has been trained to a manual trade, where can he practise it? Not on his remote ranch, for customers will not seek him there. He must live in a frontier town, where his wife will be subject to insult and his children will grow up in the midst of vicious influences. He has been taken out of the sphere in which nature placed him, but the ingenuity of man has not yet discovered one into which he will fit in his present transition stage of civilization.

This is the plight of the educated Indian. We have already seen what the uneducated Indian does, and how little the doing of it is likely to help him on his way to independence and good citizenship. The outlook for both classes is therefore unpromising unless some more practical and effective means be found for promoting their welfare. The Government has wasted many years in building up the very reservation system which it is to-day engaged in pulling down. It was a wretched mistake, as every thought-

ful citizen now perceives; yet the first suggestion of reversing it was met by a clamor of protest from benevolent white persons, who declared that, without the protection of the Government, with its reservation and agency machinery, the Indian would soon starve or drink himself to death. There was much force in this view, yet what was the alternative? We could not in good conscience keep the Indian in idleness from generation to generation, till the last tradition of self-respect had been bred out of his race. It was plain that the change must come sooner or later, and that he must be charged with his own maintenance like other men, white and colored. Continuing the old system would be merely postponing the shock, which would be just as severe when it did come.

The question whether to begin setting the Indian free is no longer before us. That process is under way, and already so near completion that we are faced with a new problem—what we can do to save the Indian from the worst consequences of his freedom. It is to be hoped that the good people who have his welfare at heart will realize that they must now turn their minds from material things to moral. What the Indian will need most from this time forward is not so much a protector as a friend, not so much control as guidance. The day of the agent and the inspector is passing; the new day will be that of the teacher who is prepared to go into the red man's home and strive for his regeneration there. Up to a certain point it was possible, by carefully policing the reservation, to keep whiskey out of it; with the reservation barriers down, whiskey will be as free to the Indian as to any one else, and then the task will be to teach him to resist temptation. Idleness was the rule in the reservation, where the Government fed and clothed the Indian; labor is the law outside, and the Indian must be taught, at the door of his own cabin, to respect and practise it.

The change of status will be a cruel one for the larger part of the red race. Many will fall by the way; those who survive will be monuments to the work of the character-builder. The period of Government trusteeship over the Indians' lands, as prescribed by the severalty law, will presently expire, and creditors will seize upon the best of the farms. Many of those which escape private greed will be sold by the sheriff for unpaid taxes. Forty years hence scarcely an Indian may have an acre of his allotment left. Much of the money now held in the Treasury in trust for the various tribes will have been squandered, for the next step Congress is likely to take is to divide these funds among the members of one tribe after another as it emerges from the old order and is absorbed into the general body politic. When the last acre and the last dollar are gone, the Indians will be where the negro freedmen started thirty-five years ago. They lack the imitative trait which has done so much to help the negroes when well directed. On the other hand, they will have the advantage of the freedmen in being too few in numbers to become an issue in politics or to sway State governments; and this difference will spare them many a bitter experience on their way to a higher level. It is plain, from every point of view, that the work of the reformer in the Indian field will not end with the passing of the bureau system; it will simply enter upon a new phase, and a broader one than any which has preceded it.

COMPURGATION.

The news from Paris that Gen. Mercier has become the President of an association for the erection of a monument to Col. Henry, raises the most curious speculation regarding the moral condition of the French mind. After Henry's suicide the anti-Dreyfusards were temporarily stunned, and had nothing to say, but in a very few days they recovered themselves, and maintained that although it was true that Henry had committed forgery, yet it was what they called a "faux patriotique," or, in other words, a forgery committed for the benefit of the country, and as such a praiseworthy act. This was a distinct avowal of the Jesuitical doctrine exposed by Pascal in the 'Lettres Provinciales,' that "it is lawful to do evil that good may come"—a doctrine which has never died out in the French mind. One is every now and then surprised to come across a Frenchman who openly avows it—that is to say, he approves readily of the sacrifice of an individual, by fair means or foul, in order that some good may result to the community. This had to be the justification with the great mass of the people of the prosecution of Dreyfus.

A distinguished English lawyer, during the trial, pointed out, in a letter to the London *Times*, that it was really a trial by what in the Middle Ages was called "compurgation." Compurgation meant the appearance of a considerable number of persons, neighbors or friends of the accused, to say that they did not believe he was guilty. In the Middle Ages there was as yet no idea of the application of the laws of proof to a judicial inquiry. Rules of evidence began, among the Anglo-Saxons, to be applied to such inquiries only at a comparatively recent period. The Dreyfus trial strongly resembled an English trial of a criminal case in the time of Alfred, or even centuries later. Neither the prosecution nor the defence produced what we call witnesses, or indulged in what we call ratiocination. Each side produced a number of respectable people who swore, "on their soul and conscience," like the people at Rennes, that the man was guilty or was not guilty.

Even among us, however, serious inroads have been made on the protection that we have devised for our courts, by the introduction of "compurgation" into political contests. The cases are only too frequent where the guilt or innocence of some disgraceful action on the part of a candidate for office becomes a question at the polls. There is very rarely any attempt made to settle it by anything in the nature of proof. It is almost always settled by compurgation. That is to say, a large number of voters declare they do not believe it, and that the candidate will do very well for the office in question. What they affirm by implication is that he is not capable of such conduct. That was the position of the great body of Blaine's supporters in 1884. Pastors, for instance, who lived near enough to him to throw biscuits in his back yard, knew nothing about his railroad transactions, but that did not prevent their publishing their belief that, from what they had seen of him in his back yard, he could not have been guilty of the conduct charged by his enemies. This has come to constitute what is called a "vindication." If the man is elected on this theory, it is treated in all the newspapers of his party as if the accusation against him had been refuted, whereas the only thing that has been shown is, that his constituents do not care whether he is guilty or not. In other words, he gets off by compurgation.

Quay's position in Pennsylvania is one very similar. His partisans do not say he did not do the things with which thousands charge him; he does not deny them. What he says in substance is that nobody saw him when doing them, and that a large number of persons disbelieve the charges. A man so much liked as he is, and possessing so many friends, cannot be considered capable of any such conduct. He has had, through elections, more than one "vindication." In fact, all examinations of his offences against the State have been conducted in substantially the same way as the Dreyfus case, or by compurgation.

As might have been expected, the legitimate consequences of this doctrine are more flagrant and conspicuous in France than with us. The worst consequence is the wider and wider separation of morals from politics, the increase in the number of offences against the moral law which a man may commit without damage to his character, if by so doing he serves the interests of a party or cause. Of course, as popular government becomes more widespread and more powerful, this tendency to accept party service in lieu of good moral conduct is pretty sure to become stronger and more pronounced. So easy a mode of escape from the consequences of dis-

honesty, such as fraud or theft, particularly, is pretty certain to become more popular, and naturally makes political life more and more tempting to wrongdoers.

But there could not be a more serious aspect of modern society than the introduction and spread in politics of this process of acquittal by compurgation. It is all the more serious because of a great decline in the rigidity with which religious tenets or ordinances are received. They have lost so much of their force as aids to morality that it seems as if, unless some special effort be made to maintain what is called "the moral world," there will soon be nothing that can be called "the moral world" left. The rapidity with which we are getting rid of all the received restraints in regard to many of the moral laws has already deprived morality of that greatest of its supports—public opinion.

DECAY OF LITERARY ALLUSION.

Readers of American biography must often be struck with the important part which literary recollection played in the life of a cultivated person a generation or two ago. Whether as the result of the older methods of study, or of that habit of "hard reading," now, alas! almost unknown among us, young men and women of cultivated surroundings early came to have a considerable acquaintance with both ancient and modern literary classics. They had read Homer, Xenophon, and Virgil, Shakspere, Byron, and Wordsworth, Lamb, De Quincey, and Coleridge; they understood and relished allusions to those writers, and could quote many a striking passage in appropriate connection. They were not afraid of being called pedants because they occasionally used a Latin phrase, or referred to some great name of Greece or Rome. There rested in their minds, as at once a pleasant background for thought and a help to refined expression, an orderly mass of literary reminiscence; and they carried it, not as a burden, but as a natural accompaniment of a cultivated taste.

It is a suggestive comment on the present conception of culture that all this should have so largely changed. If there is one thing in the way of distinctively intellectual acquisition which educated youth of the present day conspicuously lack, it is a knowledge of literature. To be sure, boys and girls who now fit for college have to read with some care a few English classics, and pass examinations on their subject-matter; but they rarely give evidence of having read much of anything else. Reference to the prominent characters or striking situations sketched by such makers of English as Thackeray, Scott, and George Eliot often evokes no answering sign of recognition. The wealth of allusion drawn from Greek and Roman authors is rapidly disappearing; only a pedant dares quote Virgil, and only a specialist knows enough of Virgil to quote. The heroes and heroines of modern novels, deeply versed as they are in science, and philanthropy, and psychology, are rarely found talking about literature. With the market flooded with inexpensive reprints, and with elaborate critical editions of nearly every "classic" under the sun, the knowledge of the great writings of former times, even among persons apparently most likely to have it, seems to be in inverse proportion to the ease of obtaining it. Literary interest of a certain sort we have, undoubtedly; but it is only too obvious that much that passes under that name makes no vital connection with the literary life of the past.

One of the most striking, and certainly one of the most serious, manifestations of this changed condition is the ignorance of the English Bible. It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the Bible as a formative influence in English literature. Its variety of style, its marvellous felicity of phrase, and its dignity and impressiveness early entered into the very fibre of our literary expression, and long remained there a potent force. Everybody read it from childhood, every one quoted from it, every one's memory was stored with its incidents and its forms of words. To this day the skilful use of Biblical phraseology and allusion constitutes one of the greatest charms of style. Yet there is only too much reason for fearing that the Bible no longer holds its ancient place as the chief fountain of literary reminiscence. The systematic reading of it in the family has much declined, and has already largely disappeared from the schoolroom. Few teachers of college classes now venture to refer to it, save on the assumption that their students know nothing about it. Among writers and speakers, the use of its superb sentences tends more and more to be restricted to purposes of hortatory effect. The greatest literary landmark of the English tongue threatens to become unknown or else to be looked upon as of antiquarian rather than present worth.

It is easier to state the case than to indicate the cause or point out the remedy. Undoubtedly, the absorbing interest in physical science has done much to draw attention from the study of literature. The growth of the popular magazines, with their entertaining fiction and descriptive sketches, has drawn the reading habit in other directions. The use of literature for philological purposes chiefly, as in much university instruction, has turned into a dead body what was once a living soul. The modern scholar seldom reads a book through; he dips into it to find some particular fact or illustration, or to safeguard his own conclusions. The gradual abandonment of "family prayers" has unquestionably caused the English Bible to be less generally read; while the Sunday-school methods so much in vogue have exalted moral admonition and reproof above every other interest. And the proper remedy is not wholly clear. Our scholars work under the tyranny of the annotated text and the variorum edition. We have no leisure, and there is increasingly much to read. We are intensely self-centred, fervently bent on knowing ourselves and our surroundings as they are to-day; and the themes of literary masterpieces, limited in scope to no time or place, are, frankly, not exactly to our mind.

Yet the continuance of such a condition cannot fail, in the long run, to be of far-reaching detriment, not only to literature itself, but to our whole notion of culture as well. With only the exceptions that prove the rule, the great writers of the past have been themselves steeped in literature. At once well and widely read, they have possessed a treasure of thought and phrase which has become part of their own intellectual habit, and guided and lightened the play of their own fancy. Upon the person of culture, too, there has worked the same chastening and restraining influence. For all save the genius, it is from the reading and rereading of favorite authors, the unconscious appropriation of passages of special beauty or import, the continued contact with "the best that has been thought and said in the world," that there comes the sure literary sense, the ordered fancy, and the delicacy of perception which distinguish for ever the man of culture from the man of information. It will be a grave thing for us if, under a mistaken zeal for knowledge, we lose touch with our intellectual past, and treat the literature of the world as though it were not. It is the power of reminiscence, the ability to command treasures of choice knowledge, which has added so much of grace to refined living, and it is the absence of it which, despite our greater learning, threatens to leave our culture cold and dead.

IMPRESSIONS IN THE MEXICAN HIGHLANDS.—II.

CHIHUAHUA, September, 1899.

The notion one gets of this highland region from a car window is nearly as erroneous as possible. This is not saying that the car-window outlook is not very interesting, nor that such notions are not, in some measure, instructive, after making proper allowances for their limitations. The spectacle of great herds of cattle grazing over level plains that sweep up to the base of a mountain wall springing suddenly aloft, and, as if straining still further skyward, sending up multitudinous elongated pinnacles, which shred the skyline into the raggedest fringe imaginable, is well worth seeing, but it constitutes a poor basis for generalizations as to the topography,

with its consequent influence upon life. In the first place, the mesas are not level tablelands, as every one who has ventured ten miles from the railroad knows. In the next place, the mountains are not such solid walls as they appear to be, and do not form the barriers against communication which one would at first surmise. They are lines of peaks, rather, two or three ranks deep, marking the outburst of volcanic rocks along the weakened crests of great anticlinal folds of the sedimentary strata which, in the distant geologic past, stretched as a great plain across this country.

In the period which has elapsed since the original foldings of the rocks and first outpourings of lava floods occurred, many changes have taken place. There have been at least two, and apparently three, important exhibitions of volcanic energy, terminating with an intrusion of basaltic lava which did not spill out to any extent upon the surface, but which became the prime factor in giving to these hills their store of silver and golden treasure—a treasure so vast that, after all these years of active exploitation, no more than a fair beginning has been made in their development. Then came a series of floods on so magnificent a scale that the old valley troughs were filled hundreds of feet in depth with river gravel. Indeed, such floods had begun before the greatest volcanic outbursts had built the mountains up to their present proportions, for in places the lava forms a terraced capping upon the gravels, and ancient river channels through the old flood-plains flowed full of seething molten stone, and can be traced for miles to-day as frozen streams of lava.

Then followed rest, so far as movements of the earth were concerned, and the forces of wind and rain began to sculpture mountain and mesa into their present forms. This final work of degradation has been excessively active. It has filed out the sawteeth of the serrated ridges; it has cut down broad passes through the mountains; it has converted vast areas of mesa into rugged tracts, which appear like a complicated network of mountains of no mean size. From some loftier point of observation the true character of these mesa-hills stands clearly revealed. In appearance, it is precisely like the deeply gullied slopes of old abandoned farmlands which one may see plentifully throughout the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, here carried out on a gigantic scale. The sinuous line of the broad mesa's edge shows plainly enough on either side, while the folds wrinkle down from these elevated flanking benches to the mamillated lands below.

Where true mesa top (undenuded mesa) is found, the smoothness of the surface is marvellous. It is not level, for the mesa is always sloping, and, taken as a whole, each successive one, from Chihuahua to the great backbone of Mexico, the Sierra Madre, has a general inclination either north or south in the direction of its longitudinal axis, in addition to the slopes from the mountains east and west, toward this central line. But the surface is as compact and regular as if flattened under a roller. This solid gravelly surface makes a natural roadbed like the finest macadam, so that one may often drive for hours at a time with never a jolt or jar of the vehicle. This gravelly mesa resists denudation better than any rock in the country. It is only in the lower levels, where the accumulation of flood waters possesses greater scouring force, that the wear is great; and, considering that the drainage troughs through the plains are in part building up by deposition from the rivers, the rate of degradation of the mesas is far less than that of the surrounding mountains. A very different condition exists, however, wherever the mesa is overflowed with lava. The rock weathers out *in situ* in rounded forms, so that even beneath the soil, when exposed by an excavation, it looks like an old mass of rubble masonry ready to fall to pieces. The existence of this lava capping accordingly is betrayed, even when not lying directly on the surface, by an enormous accumulation of these boulders or "niggerheads," rendering large areas almost impassable.

Wind and rain have been mentioned as the agents responsible for this denudation, but, so far as the exposed rocks are concerned, there is no doubt that frost is the most important factor, far more so than is the case in more northerly countries. Long continued cold weather, which freezes the moisture in the rocks and keeps it frozen, accomplishes no more disintegration than will be effected by a single freezing and thawing once in twenty-four hours, and this diurnal variation from a temperature below the freezing point to eighty degrees or more in the sun continues for months at a time on these Mexican highlands. The result is that the secrets of comparatively recent volcanic action are here deeply revealed, and the necks of volcanoes which once must have been of enormous size, stand out in bold relief, with precipitous sides and flattened summits, constituting the *torreones* of the Mexicans, looking, indeed, like ruined towers.

Such are the general characteristics of the mesas and of the mountains of the plain (for such we may properly call them in distinction from the great Sierra in the west). Starting now from Chihuahua, we find three ranges of mountains, with four great mesas, including that on the edge of which Chihuahua stands, before reaching the Sierra Madre. The Mexicans recognize six mesas on this route—that is, six level stretches of plain; but this is neglecting consideration of denuded intervals. For twenty miles southwestwardly from Chihuahua the country is very rough, consisting partly of denuded mesa and partly of weathered lava, with large stretches covered with "niggerheads." The edge of the still undenuded mesa is a very sharp line, encountered at Fortin, an old adobe outpost against the Indians, now turned over to the peaceful uses of the rancher. No better type of the mesa than this of Charcas can be found. A river occupies the central line, fed in the wet season by small streams which follow gentle lateral depressions in the great broad slopes. At the head of one of these feeders is the hacienda of Charcas, with its white and brown buildings surrounded by maples, a sure sign of permanent water. The portion of the lower slopes where irrigation is possible is laid out in fields for corn and beans, while on the uncultivated portion is a straggling growth of chaparral. Above these is the brown mesa covered with secate, the native grass of the plains; on either side the jagged mountains, bare to their summits, grayish brown near at hand from the sparse growth of secate that climbs wherever there is a cleft to hold an ounce of soil. In the far south they seem to unite in a veil of blue. Here and there an old stone or adobe wall, a line of division between neighboring estates, creeps up the mountain sides, looking like a protruding dike that had once cut them in twain. As you draw closer to the mountains, you perceive that you have risen by an almost imperceptible grade to a very considerable height, and you get a very different notion of the relation between the mesa and its bounding walls from that you obtained from your Pullman window as you see it leaping upward into the very laps of the hills. The grassy upland follows you to the summit of the divide, but there you bid good-by to mesa for a number of miles, tumble down over a rocky mountain road to Tinaja, and scramble over and around spurs and ridges until suddenly, at the end of a rugged, narrow defile, the fertile valley and town of Santa Isabel open before you. It is a spot of rare natural beauty, with a fine stream of opalescent water (for nearly all the rivers of these plains, though clear and pure, have this peculiar tint), with fields of corn and vegetables, with orchards of peaches, and apricots, and figs, and, most pleasing to the eye after leagues of treeless country, an exuberance of splendid maples. On the east, hugged closely by the river, is a succession of towering peaks, and on the west the ragged, frowning edge of another mesa.

On reaching this table-land, many interesting features reveal themselves. It is evident that the climate has changed, because on this lofty mesa, which sheds its water evenly like a roof, and cannot be irrigated, are thousands of acres of corn. Men do not plant corn where rain is uncertain. Then to the eastward are evidences of geological complications—whole mountains of sedimentary rock with precipitous walls showing the curved strata dipping in one direction, while its neighbor a few miles away displays similar strata dipping in an opposite direction. There are dikes visible, and volcanic mountains worn into characteristic pinnacled forms, and lava terraces on the plain. Northward is a confused group of mountains bearing no relation to the regular rise and fall of anticline and syncline, which is the typical condition. There has evidently been faulting of rocks to the north as well as along the eastern edge, a set of phenomena awaiting interpretation by the geologist. If he does not come soon in the interest of science, he probably will in the interest of mammon, for the prospectors are already insisting vociferously on the existence of rich veins in this locality. Far to the northwest stand a pair of mighty mountains, twin giants, which look so lofty that it is hard to realize that they are distant a whole day's journey. These are the peaks of Colláchic (Coyáchic, in local orthoepy), the sentinels of the plains. A little to the south of these rises, as the culminating peak in a blue range that limits the western view, the famous mountain of Cusihuiriáchic, called "Cusi" for short, famous for the silver mine lying under its feet. Almost every method known for extracting silver from its ores has been tried at "Cusi," with the exception of smelting. These have had their periods of success and failure, and now arrangements are making to send the product of this wonderful mine to smelters where fuel is cheaper than in the heart of

a country nearly destitute of wood and wholly wanting in coal. The shape of the Cusi peak contrasts strongly with the symmetrical forms which surround it. The southern side is a graceful curve, while the northern is almost a sheer precipice of enormous height. A resident of Rio de Janeiro would certainly see in it the counterpart of his familiar Corcovado.

The Santa Isabel mesa breaks down toward the west into one of those denuded areas, previously mentioned, making a deep valley known as Carrétas. The Carrétas River has worn laterally in the direction of the slope, and has cut through the entire thickness of gravel, nearly four hundred feet, as judged by the eye, to the red sandstone on which it rests. The town of Carrétas is wholly unlike Santa Isabel in appearance, being nearly destitute of trees, with its houses huddled close together and glaring in brilliant whitewash. It is as unrestful to the eye as the other is soothing and delightful.

Once more upon the mesa, the two giants of Colláchic loom before one grander than ever. The great highway is trending directly toward them, destined to pass between them as through a portal to the west. Hour by hour they grow loftier, more splendid. Tree forms become visible about their bases, and some more adventurous ones appear clinging half-way to their summits. At length recesses in the rocks can be seen, and the outlines of the mountains seem to grow more rugged and massive. It is pleasing to observe that their appearance of grandeur and symmetry combined was not obtained by the blending in a distant view of a group of foothills. They have no outliers, but literally spring clear from the plain, perfect in outline, so like as to be true twins, and yet with just enough diversity of form to cause each one to stand out distinctly in memory. The southern peak is a cone, the northern rounded into a dome, with a slight depression on the top, giving just a suggestion of a "saddle-back." Seldom will one find a mountain so satisfying to one's sense of artistic proportion. Still rarer is it to find two such creations of might and beauty side by side, so beautiful that to change a single line would be to mar it, so grand as to overpower completely every other feature of the landscape. Even in the "puerto," the summit level of the gap between them, they still tower to heights measured by thousands rather than by hundreds of feet, impressive to the last. What a view must be possible from their crests! The whole of the highlands as far as the strongest field-glass could carry the vision would lie beneath you. Through the portal westward is seen a wild, deep gorge, and beyond this the edge of another mesa leading off to still other mountains beyond.

The little hamlet of Colláchic, ninety miles from Chihuahua, lies in the gorge, a place with a history full of that romantic human interest which attaches to the early struggles of the Jesuits among the Indians. The old story, so often repeated, of courage, martyrdom, and final triumph over savagery, has been reënacted here. The old church is in ruins, but a new one has been built beside it, filled with treasures of art brought from Spain in her golden era of artistic effort, and of mammoth carved chests and other ornaments, in the making of which the missionaries, industrious even in their diversions, occupied many hours of recreation.

The crossing of two mesas, more or less diversified by denudation, and one range of mountains, brings one to Guerrero, an important town of perhaps four thousand inhabitants, at the very base of the great Sierra, one hundred and fifty miles west of the city of Chihuahua. The range of mountains dividing these two mesas is, speaking geographically rather than geologically, the true backbone, the divide or water-parting, of northern Mexico. At Pedernales gap, the lowest point in the range, the altitude is 7,500 feet above the sea. The mesa between this and the Sierra Madre, consequently, belongs in the drainage of the Pacific Coast, and the Guerrero River, a stream of larger size than any in the plains, uniting finally with the Yaqui, has cut its way through a chain where altitudes of over 11,000 feet are often reached. In the absence of any evidence of a former lake basin east of the mountains, this stands, accordingly, as an evidence that the uplifting of the Sierra Madre was slower than the rate of cutting down of river beds by the old-established drainage of the region—the repetition of a common but ever wonderful phenomenon in the history of the earth.

THE FAVORITES OF LOUIS XVIII.

PARIS, October 28, 1899.

I have given you an account of M. Joseph Turquan's volume on 'Citoyenne Tallien,' which forms part of a series entitled "Souveraines et Grandes Dames." He has added a new volume to this series on 'The Favorites of Louis XVIII.' Though he cannot be considered a real historian, and writes in a vein which is not the true vein of history, he has had the merit to find inedited documents which give his books an interest and a value that cannot be disregarded.

The relations of Louis XVIII. with the Duke Decazes have lately been the subject of a very curious work by M. Ernest Daudet, brother of the celebrated Alphonse Daudet—a work of great importance for the history of the constitutional government which succeeded the First Empire. The character of Louis XVIII. is very well analyzed in it, and M. Ernest Daudet shows how Louis XVIII. always had a favorite, and felt the necessity of incessant communication, on all possible subjects, with some trusty confidant. M. Turquan tells the story of his relations with two of his favorites, the Countess de Balbi and the Countess du Cayla. Louis XVIII. was known before the Revolution, and until the execution of his brother, Louis XVI., under the name of the Count de Provence. He was the fourth son of the Dauphin of Louis XV. and of a German Princess, Maria Josepha of Savoy. Another brother was the Count d'Artois, who became Charles X.; and, curiously enough, the three brothers occupied the throne in succession. The Count de Provence was only sixteen years old when he was married to Josephine of Savoy, daughter of Victor Amadeus III., on the 14th of May, 1771. She was very plain, and Madame du Deffand said of her: "The Countess of Provence will take the prize for ugliness."

The Countess de Balbi, who first became the favorite of the Count de Provence, was the daughter of Bertrand de Caumont La Force and of Madeleine de Galard de Brassac de Béarn. M. de Caumont was one of the Count's gentlemen, and his daughter was appointed "dame pour accompagner" and afterwards "dame d'atours" of the Countess, who was called Madame. M. de Balbi, her husband, was of a Genoese family and served as Colonel in the regiment of Bourbon. Madame de Balbi was tolerably pretty, was a great coquette, and was feared for her wit, which spared nothing and nobody. She pleased the Count de Provence by her conversation more than by her charms. The Count de Balbi was a jealous husband (a rare being at that time), but he was exiled to Senlis; he afterwards emigrated and returned to France at the beginning of the Consulate. Madame de Balbi became the great power in the house of the Count de Provence. "She was a sort of Dubarry, but well born." We can read in the memoirs of Count Alexandre de Tilly the whole history of an intrigue which he had with Madame de Balbi, who was no more faithful than the other ladies of the court; in these memoirs, the names of the personages are marked only by initials, but they are easily recognized by those who are familiar with the time. Monsieur often had to live at Versailles; he built for Madame de Balbi in 1786 a charming house in the midst of the great park, at the entrance of the forest of Satory (this house was demolished in 1793). In Paris she lived at the Luxembourg, where she had rooms as a *dame d'atours* of Madame.

When the Revolution broke out, Mme. de Balbi, who was intelligent if she had no other qualities, became the secret agent of Monsieur, and as such was mixed up with a number of political intrigues. The part then played by the Count de Provence has remained very obscure to this time; he was, however, more fortunate than his brother, the King, and crossed, without being arrested, the Belgian frontier. In the short account which the Count de Provence published afterwards he said: "We discussed a long time, Mme. de Balbi and myself, and we concluded that it was necessary to leave a country where the exercise of religion was becoming impossible." This account was written under the Restoration. "Time pressed," says Louis XVIII. "It was Good Friday; Easter-day was the fatal term. We left in the night in the carriage of Mme. de Balbi—herself, Madame, myself, and a fourth person." This project was abandoned; Mme. de Balbi left first and Monsieur left afterwards with M. d'Avaray. He met Mme. de Balbi at Mons, where he found also Madame. They all went to Brussels, to Bonn, and to Coblentz, where the Elector of Treves offered him the castle of Schönbornlust. "It was there," said the Count de Provence, "that my political life really began."

The Marquis de Bouillé received for the escape of the King and his household out of France a sum of 993,000 livres; he did not succeed in his enterprise, and gave the Count de Provence what remained in his hands, 670,000 livres. The *émigrés* established themselves at Coblentz, which became their headquarters. Madame de Balbi had a son, fourteen years old, who, notwithstanding his youth, entered the guards of Monsieur. The Count d'Artois lived also in the castle of Schönbornlust, which be-

came a sort of great hotel. A Madame de Polastron played near him the same part as Madame de Balbi near Monsieur. We must not forget the Princess of Monaco, the companion of the Prince de Condé. It can easily be imagined what life was in this miniature German Versailles, amidst all the preoccupation of the time and with all the illusions of the *émigrés*, who considered that their exodus was to be a short pleasure party and that their return to France was certain.

Monsieur, being married to a Princess of Savoy, left Coblentz after a time and went to Turin, establishing himself at Verona. He did not take Madame de Balbi to Italy. Macartney described Monsieur's establishment in a letter to Lord Grenville. It was very simple, almost poor. Monsieur learned at Verona that Madame de Balbi had gone to Holland with Count Archambaud de Périgord, the younger brother of the famous Talleyrand, and had had twins in Rotterdam. He was now King of France, since Louis XVI. had been executed; he contented himself with writing an angry letter to Madame de Balbi and with suppressing her pension. In his letter to her he said: "Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion." She said in her answer: "Primo, I am not your wife; secundo, you are not Cæsar." After a short stay in the Breisgau, he fixed his establishment at Blankenburg, in the Hartz Mountains, where the Duke of Brunswick placed a house at his disposal. He forgave Madame de Balbi, who rejoined him there. We read in a letter written by him to Madame Royale, daughter of Louis XVI. (who had been exchanged by the Directory for some French prisoners), that he led at Blankenburg a most quiet life, playing whist with Madame de Balbi, Madame de Rohan, and Madame de Marsan. After the peace of Campo Formio the court of Blankenburg was dispersed. Madame de Balbi left for England; she returned to France when the First Consul allowed the *émigrés* to return. Under the Empire she was exiled to Montauban. When Louis XVIII. returned to France, he ordered her pensions to be repaid to her. In his 'Souvenirs' Duke Victor de Broglie describes her in very unflattering terms as he saw her in 1820 in the gallery of the Chamber of Deputies. She ended her days in constant card-playing (for she was an incorrigible player) and telling anecdotes of the old court of Versailles. She died at Tours on April 3, 1842.

The second part of M. Turquan's volume is devoted to another favorite of Louis XVIII. The influence of the Duke Decazes on the King had become so great, and inspired so much uneasiness in the retrogade party of the court, that it was thought necessary to counteract it by a powerful feminine influence. A woman alone, thought some, could acquire greater empire over the King, old and infirm as he was. M. Decazes was a liberal; he was denounced by the ultras as the most insidious and dangerous enemy of the monarchy. Mme. du Cayla was thought worthy of becoming the saviour of the good cause. She was the daughter of Omer Talon, Advocate-General and Civil Lieutenant of the Châtelet. She belonged thus to what was called the *noblesse de robe*. She had been educated, at the famous *pension* of Mme. Campan, together with Hortense Beauharnais, the future wife of Louis Bonaparte; Caroline Bonaparte, the future wife of Murat; Mlle. Leclerc, the future wife of Marshal Davout. As soon as she left the *pension*, she was married to M. Baschi du Cayla, a gentleman of Tuscan origin, who had been attached to the Prince de Condé and followed him as aide-de-camp during the emigration.

The marriage was not a happy one; Du Cayla led a disorderly life, and we know that in 1812 the Countess du Cayla was the mistress of Gen. Savary, Duke of Rovigo. The Chancellor Pasquier has a curious anecdote in his memoirs on the subject of Mme. du Cayla and the Duchess of Rovigo. Mme. du Cayla remained a royalist, and she has been accused of having been, when the allies entered Paris, among the ladies who greeted the Prussians and the Cossacks. Louis XVIII. had the good taste to say that on this occasion the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain showed an indecent enthusiasm. Mme. du Cayla paid a visit to Louis XVIII. at Hartwell. She wished to obtain an audience from him at the Tuileries; the Duke de la Rochefoucauld helped her. The pretext she put forth was the necessity of informing the King of the situation of her children, who were under the guardianship of M. du Cayla. M. Hyde de Neuville, in his memoirs, tells the story of this audience. She read some papers to the King. "Go, on, madame," said he; "the charm of your voice will enhance the pleasure of seeing you." When she left: "I should like, madame, to have often a reader like you; come and see me again." She did so. She conquered the King at once, and became his confidante. She had an audience on Wednesday of every week; on other days there was an exchange of letters. Vitrolles, Marshal Castellane in his journal, testify to the generosity of the King towards this favorite. He once gave her a superb edition of the Bible, with engravings; on each engraving there was a fresh banknote of a thousand francs; there were a hundred and fifty engravings. He built a château for her at Saint-Ouen. Her relations with the King lasted till he died; she induced him to receive the last sacraments. After his death Charles X. gave her a pension of 25,000 francs, and decided that the castle and the park of Saint-Ouen should be maintained at the expense of the Crown. She died at the age of sixty-seven, in Paris, on the 19th of March, 1852; in her will she left the castle and park of Saint-Ouen to the Count de Chambord, who refused to accept the gift. The city of Paris claimed Saint-Ouen. There was a long suit between the city and the legitimate heirs; an adjustment took place, and this fine property was left in the hands of a Princess of Beauvau-Craon, a daughter of the Countess du Cayla.

Correspondence.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read, both with surprise and with distress, your article on "War in South Africa," published in your issue of October 19, which has reached me to-day.

"President Krüger's wild ultimatum," you say, "puts his country at the mercy of Great Britain. By one mad stroke he solidified all parties in England in support of the Government, stopped the mouths of the European friends of the Transvaal, alienated the sympathy which the Boer cause was winning in the United States, and made war inevitable where peace was possible."

I say nothing as to the alienation of the sympathy of the United States. You are a better judge in this matter than I can be; and if the fact is as you state it, I can only regret that the sympathy of the United States should be misled by information which is at once incomplete and biassed. On the other hand, however, I venture to say that, though supplies have been voted in Parliament by immense majorities, all parties in England are not solidified in support of the Government. Those who mistrusted Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy and detected his blatant Jingoism and that of his supporters, continue in their mistrust and detestation, and have given (I refer you to the recent Parliamentary debates) vigorous expression to their feelings. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Courtney, and Sir Edward Clarke, a Conservative and a former law officer of the Crown, have assuredly not been backward in stating their views, both at public meetings and from their places in the House of Commons. Only those Liberals (Sir Edward Grey, for instance, and Lord Rosebery) who were supporters of the Government policy before the utimatum, have been "solidified" in their support since President Krüger launched that document. As to the European friends of the Transvaal, whose mouths you say are stopped, I may refer to the almost universal voice of the European press, which has lost nothing of its strength and its ferocity in these later days.

But I desire chiefly, if you will permit me, to take issue with you in your statement that the delivery of President Krüger's ultimatum made war inevitable where peace was possible. Certainly it made war inevitable, but my point is that Mr. Chamberlain's action had already made peace impossible. In the dispatch in which our Colonial Secretary closed the stage of negotiation, he declined to discuss any further the proposals of the South African Republic, and intimated that the British Government would now proceed to formulate its own proposals for the settlement of the difficulty. Days passed, and no hint of these proposals was given by Mr. Chamberlain to the Transvaal. He has since expressly refused, it may be noted, to divulge their nature to the House of Commons, and has, indeed, gone so far as to say, with a curious triumph, "You will never know them." It must be added that Mr. Chamberlain, far from abandoning, had reasserted his claim on Great Britain's behalf to a suzerainty over the Transvaal, a claim which had been expressly dropped when the convention of 1884 was concluded, which is, moreover, repudiated and denounced by the best authorities on international law, and in the tardy reassertion of which the Boers not unnaturally saw a menace to their independence, confirming all the suspicions that had been growing in their minds since the time of the Jameson raid. Had these suspicions required further confirmation, it was furnished by Sir Alfred Milner's fatal and frothy dispatch, by Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Highbury, and by the tone of the majority of English newspapers.

However, as I have said, the new proposals of the British Government were never formulated. In the meantime, we were hurrying troops and guns and stores

to South Africa by every transport; an army corps was in process of mobilization, a commander-in-chief had been appointed, and President Krüger became aware that, if the pause continued much longer, he would find himself confronted by an overwhelming force which would render it practically impossible for him to resist proposals that he had every reason to believe would, if carried out, destroy for ever the cherished independence of his Republic. You argue that he ought to have waited. I, on the other hand, refuse to blame him if, seeing himself gradually driven into a corner, he decided to begin the conflict, rendered inevitable by the conduct of our Government, before his chances of successful resistance were reduced to zero.

Before this reaches you, you will have read the debates in the House of Commons, and the view you have expressed in the article to which I refer may have been, probably will have been, seriously modified. Remember that the undivulged proposals were to take the place of any franchise proposal. That was put aside entirely by our Government as being now out of date, and the new proposals were, we are assured, to go much further and to strike in detail and immediately at various so-called "oppressions" which a reformed franchise was originally expected to cure gradually through the exercise of the vote by an alien population which was, for that purpose, to renounce its allegiance to the British Crown.

Those who are convinced, as I am, of the injustice of this war, who believe it to be due in part to the lust for gold, and in part to popular passion adroitly fanned into flame by Jingo statesmen and a Jingo press; who cannot bear to see the fair fame of their country tarnished and her warlike power employed for the destruction of two independent republics; who believe, to go further, that if the negotiations had been in the hands of any man save Mr. Chamberlain, peace could have been preserved—these Englishmen, though their voices make themselves heard with difficulty above the clamor of a misguided patriotism and the ravings of the stock exchange and the music-halls, are neither few in numbers nor, if their leaders be considered, unimportant in their character or in the influence that attaches to them. That influence must make itself felt when the people begins to realize and to face the true issues of this war, its cost in blood and taxes, and the race hatred that must be its deplorable legacy.

I for one must grieve when I see the good feeling of the American people towards this country exploited by Englishmen who have no single principle in common with true American (and, I may add, British) ideals of liberty and government. The high priest of these men is the renegade Liberal, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, against whose present policy no more scathing indictment could be framed than is to be gathered from speeches delivered by him at various stages of his past career. He and his followers have appealed by means of a campaign of dishonest calumny to the basest motives. Their policy is a blustering and brutal imperialism, to be carried out in entire disregard of the rights of weaker peoples. They equivocate as to the plain terms of treaties, and take brute force as their only criterion of justice. With such men and with their policy no true and thoughtful American can have any sympathy. You have spoken strongly against the policy of the present American Administration in the Philippines. Had you been writing in England for English readers, your pen would, I believe, have lost nothing of its trenchant vigor in denouncing the conduct of our British Government in relation to the South African Republic.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,

R. C. Lehmann.

Bourne End, Bucks, Eng.,
October 28, 1899.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am unable to discover why Great Britain has any more right to quarrel with the Boers about the regulation of their internal affairs than she has to quarrel with Russia or Germany about the same thing. There is the pretence of suzerainty, of course, but nobody knows what it is, or how it was acquired, or believes in its actual existence. The contention of Mr. Chamberlain that the "New Convention" of 1884, which was substituted for the treaty of 1881 and erased from it those articles that expressly recognized the suzerainty of Great Britain, did not specifically erase that word from its preamble—*ergo*, the fact of suzerainty still exists—is unworthy of Dogberry Row. The stipulation in one of the articles of the treaty of 1884 for a submission of the foreign treaties of the Transvaal, with some exceptions, for the approval of Great Britain, is, perhaps, a qualified acknowledgment of its "paramountcy" in that particular matter only; but nobody contends that the stipulations of the treaty in that or any other respect have been violated by the Boers, and all previous negotiations are merged in it, and it is the final agreement between the parties. And any treaty between civilized people is presumably a treaty between independent sovereignties.

Nobody contends that the civil rights of British residents in the Transvaal, as distinguished from the political privileges which are claimed by them, have been violated in any way that would furnish Great Britain with any grounds for redress. The sole reason for British intervention that is apparent on the face of things to the superficial observer of them, is that Great Britain is big and the Transvaal is small; and that, as Tom Hood says, is the long and the short of it. But, if a man's house is his castle, is not his country a citadel for him against foreign intrusion? If we exclude foreign-born citizens from the Presidency and fix our conditions of citizenship to suit ourselves, shall not the Boers have the right to do the like in their own country? Other sovereignties regulate their own political affairs in their own way, and who is to say when their regulations are wrong? We haven't yet the Federation of Man and the Parliament of the World, more's the pity. Neither Paris nor The Hague has given us much of a boost in that direction. Until we have them, has Turkey the right to say when England's regulation of her own affairs doesn't suit Turkish notions, and make it a ground for intervention? If not, why has England the right to pursue such a course towards the Boers? If an English nobleman in a country where land is scarce can enclose several thousands of acres as a park, and exclude his fellow-citizens from setting their feet on it, shall he fight the Boers for excluding those fellow-citizens of his from the political preserves at Pretoria? If it is simply the right of the strongest that is to prevail in all these matters, the newspapers ought to put the British case on that ground without any further appeals to the legal or moral sense of the world for the justification of it. The menace of intervention was the real cause of the war.

Very respectfully, Noble C. Butler.

Indianapolis, November 8, 1899.

[We need not repeat our observations of last week, on a similar occasion. We have no excuses to make for the present war, or for Chamberlain's deliberate promotion of it. He and his policy are alike detestable to us. For that reason we were sorry to see the Boers play into his hands.—Ed. Nation.]

SEPARATION OF NATIONAL FROM MUNICIPAL POLITICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The enclosed resolutions, passed at our recent local Democratic convention, may be of interest to a student of municipal problems.

That convention, a singularly harmonious one, selected a ticket nearly one-third of which consisted of Indianapolis Democrats. The delegates were chosen at the first election under our new primary law, which makes the primary as much a part of the political system as the regular election. The personnel of both Democratic and Republican conventions was admittedly the best the city has ever had. There is no mention of the "Chicago" or any other national platform in the Democratic convention's platform. Probably this is the first convention of either of the great parties here that would have tolerated the discussion of a measure separating, in the party, municipal from national affairs. It has been said that the attempt has never been made before. If any municipal organization of a national party has attempted its application, we should like extremely to know with what success.—Yours very truly,

William Denman.

San Francisco, November 3, 1899.

Resolution regarding the Policy of Democratic Municipal Conventions in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California:

Whereas, The cardinal principles of the Democratic party are of universal application in every sphere of political life, and

Whereas, Great confusion is likely to arise from the confounding of questions of national concern with the issues that are purely local and municipal,

Therefore, be it resolved, by this the First Democratic Municipal Convention under the new charter for the City and County of San Francisco, that it shall be the policy of the Democratic Municipal Organization of this City and County to confine its municipal platforms and its deliberations in municipal conventions to the discussion of the principles of Democracy solely in so far as they apply to municipal affairs.

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Are we becoming a nation of gamblers? From the smoking-car, the billiard saloon, the race course, and the ball ground

to the stock board, the political convention, and the halls of state, American society seems infected with this vice. There is a fondness for games of chance, an eager grasping at anything that promises large returns without any corresponding outlay, all of which is working mischief with our morals as a nation. As a people we may be said to have run mad with the spirit of speculation. Methods of acquiring a competence which satisfied our fathers in the "days of plain living and high thinking," are voted "slow" and are discarded for those which promise quicker returns, of however questionable a nature they may be. There is a feverishness in the public mind which craves perpetual excitement. Business, as often conducted, resembles too much the operations of the faro bank and roulette table. The steady-going habits of an age which produced such men as Garratt Bleecker and Amos Lawrence and George Peabody and John Murray Forbes are generally discounted. The result is demoralizing and corrupting to public virtue. It is sapping the foundations of national honor and integrity.

Politics, too, from the position of an honorable profession, have been dragged down into the low arena of chance. The spirit of gambling has even found its way into our legislatures and the halls of Congress. The government is to a large extent in the hands of political gamesters, mere sharpers and tricksters whose power is in their ability to outwit the people and each other. The power of the "ring" and similar political machines is sad evidence of the decay of integrity and virtue in politics, and the substitution of chicanery for statesmanship. The prevalence of jobbery in national, State, and municipal politics, and the enormous extent to which betting is carried on in connection with elections, are omens of no cheering import in our national sky.

So widely, indeed, has the gaming spirit overspread the land, and so deeply has it infected all classes, that we often meet it in places where we should least look for it. Even churches sometimes thoughtlessly countenance it, and lend it their sanction, by descending to such schemes of raising money as bear a suspiciously close resemblance to gambling. Thus morality and honesty are often wounded in the house of their friends.

It is in vain that the war for the Union has been fought to a successful issue; it is in vain that we proudly point to our foreign possessions, and dream of colonial empire, if we allow the great institutions of freedom and personal integrity to be eaten through and through with dry rot. If we go on as we are going, it requires no prophet to foretell the result. The spirit which reveals itself in the gaming habit is a spirit which is subversive of all true manliness and greatness. It is a spirit which, if allowed to prevail, will poison the life-blood of the body politic and dry up the fountain of public honor and virtue. Against the tendencies so common among us every good citizen and lover of his country ought to protest with all the power of personal influence and example. D. F. L.

MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASS.

CROMWELL FACSIMILE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the November number of the *Century* there appears, accompanying the first of Mr. John Morley's series of articles on Oliver Cromwell, a facsimile, "photographed for 'The *Century* Magazine,' by permission of the Master of Sidney Sussex College," of the entry in the college register relating to Cromwell's admission. The contemporary part of the record the editor translates as follows: "Mr. Cromwell.—Oliver Cromwell, Huntingdon, admitted to [two words unintelligible] April 23 under the tutorship of Master Richard Howlet." From the brackets here the reader suspects some knotty problem, and is surprised to find no difficulty in reading the "unintelligible" words in the facsimile as *commeatum sociorum*, and in interpreting them to mean that Cromwell was admitted as a fellow-commoner. He is further surprised to discover that the correct decipherment and translation are to be found in Carlyle's introduction to 'Cromwell's Letters and Speeches,' under the year 1616.

CHARLES H. HASKINS.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, November 8, 1899.

AN ALLEGED ECONOMICAL EARTHLY PARADISE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Lectures pour Tous*, a French popular periodical, recently opened a *concours*, or a vote, to determine which are "les petits coins où il est possible de vivre le plus agréablement à peu de frais"—the small places where one can live the most agreeably at the least expense. Now this is an ideal of living that appeals in a fascinating way to a great many people of refinement with slender purses. I myself have essayed a modest contribution to the subject in 'The House-Hunter in Europe.' It is worthy of more than one competition, and why might not some of our own periodicals that are fond of such things open an inquiry in the same field as regards our own country? Some interesting information ought to be brought out. Perhaps there is many a gem of economy, comfort, and general charm scattered through the land that we know not of. At any rate, the champions of these could hardly say less for their favorite spot than do the residents themselves of the place that was awarded the palm in the French competition above mentioned.

The decree of superiority fell upon the little village of Gex. Gex is in the *enclave*, or small wedge, of French territory running into the soil of Switzerland, close to Geneva. Its best-known feature is the other village of Ferney, where Voltaire once dwelt in his luxurious château. M. Masson-Forestier, a lawyer of Rouen, has been moved to go and see this Gex, which carried off the honors of the vote, and has written, in a late number of the *Revue Bleue*, a dryly amusing account of his visit. The advantages chiefly cited for Gex were, that it was at the foot of the Jura, had lovely walks in the pine woods, and a beautiful view over Lake Leman, Mont Blanc, and the Alps. It is so rich in firewood that it supplies each inhabitant, gratis, with as much as he wants. It is in the fortunate neutral zone where no customs duties are charged, the French custom-house being on the other (western) side of the Jura. This fact makes the principal claim of Gex on the score of economy, and is the reason why coffee was quoted, in the article, at 75 centimes a pound, sugar at 27 centimes, and butter at a franc. It was stated that a family could easily live at Gex on 1,200 francs, say $240, a year. This, however, would not include keeping a servant.

M. Masson-Forestier dropped down one day into Gex, to see if these things were as reported. He found the people of a guarded or grumbling turn; the acquaintances he made at the café denied at first that this was a cheaper place than another. "Is it not true, then," he asked, "that coffee is 15 cents a pound, sugar 5½ cents, and butter about 20?" Oh, yes, so far as that was concerned, they admitted, those were the prices, but things ought to be a great deal cheaper yet. And, on the other hand, some were too cheap; if their tobacco, for instance, cost more, they would smoke less, and that would be better for their health. They complained that a servant cost $4 or $5 a month, and what did you get for it? She might be good enough, neat, diligent, and so on, it is true, but would she ever have any style about her? Not at all. She would just be a chubby, hard-working rustic, and that is the most you could ever expect. And furthermore, they said, taking another tack, they did not know that they fancied much having the place advertised as being so cheap. It would be better for them, would it not? to have people come there who had plenty of money, and would not care what prices they paid. As to the actual result of the exceptional publicity given Gex—a publicity perhaps confined chiefly to Paris, or at any rate to France—it appeared that as yet but one family had been led by it to take up its residence there. This consisted of a retired army officer and his sister. They had had to pay $100 a year for a villa with garden—it cost as dear as that to get something really handsome. They were not at all content. Their principal grievance was that things were different from what they had been in Paris. They did not know what to do with themselves; they were very much bored.

If this be all true—what the *Lectures pour Tous* said, and what M. Masson-Forestier now says—if it gets abroad in America, for instance, it seems as if Gex were destined to have a larger influx of families than that.

WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP.

Notes.

November publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the 'Life of Charles Francis Adams,' by his son and namesake; Mrs. Susan I. Lesley's 'Recollections of My Mother,' now first formally published; 'Beyond the Hills of Dream,' poems by W. Wilfred Campbell; and 'The Sonnets of Michelangelo,' translated by W. W. Newell.

Soon to appear from the press of D. Appleton & Co. are the late John Sartain's 'Reminiscences'; 'The Story of Eclipses,' by G. F. Chambers; 'The Story of English Kings according to Shakspere,' by Dr. J. J. Burns; 'The International Geography,' by Nansen, W. M. Davis, James Bryce, F. C. Selous, and others, with numerous illustrations; and 'The Book of Knight and Barbara,' by David Starr Jordan, with pictures by the children.

'The Lively City o' Ligg' and a 'Nonsense Almanack' for 1900, by Gelett Burgess, and 'The Magic Mirror of Michael Nostradamus,' are promised shortly by Frederick A. Stokes Co.

'The Divine Pedigree of Man,' by Dr. Thomas Jay Hudson, is announced by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, for the first of the coming year.

'Side-Lights on South Africa' is the title of a timely book of travel, by Mrs. Roy Devereux, which Sampson Low, Marston & Company, London, have nearly ready for publication.

The titles of forthcoming books of science occupy nearly three solidly printed pages of *Nature*. A certain number of them, however, are books of science only in a very popular sense.

A very pretty volume, with richly ornamented cover, has been made selectively by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. from Whittier's characteristic verse, 'The Tent on the Beach, and Dramatic Lyrics,' the latter consisting of "The Exiles," "Barclay of Ury," "The King's Missive," and "How the Women Went from Dover." An interesting feature of the decoration is a set of full-page designs in wash by Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Woodbury. They are somewhat unequal, but serve their purpose well. The view of sand dunes and the "ghost of a ship" are noticeable.

Mr. Edward H. Garrett has been employed by the same firm to illustrate a new edition, in bold type, of Charles Dudley Warner's 'Backlog Studies.' The chapter vignettes, which we take to be a new departure for this artist, seem to us to outweigh the full-page drawings as a whole.

For the Century Co.'s new edition of Mrs. Burton's 'Anglomaniacs,' Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's pencil has been called in. The form is handy, and the cloth covers appropriately colored (in scarlet) and stamped.

In spite of fine type, Mr. R. H. Russell has made an attractive issue of Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities,' connecting it with Wills's dramatization of the story by inserting photographic stage scenes. This is well enough for a theatrical souvenir, but is not to be preferred to imaginative designs, *e. g.*, to Sydney Carton ascending the scaffold as depicted in the frontispiece by Fred Barnard.

Miss Susan De Forest Day adds one more to the rapidly increasing list of books on the now somewhat familiar islands of the Caribbean Sea. As captain of her own yacht, she leisurely conducts us, in 'The Cruise of the *Scythian* in the West Indies' (New York: F. Tennyson Neely), through the Windward and Leeward Islands, San Domingo and Jamaica, and permits us to see what we can of them from shipboard or from short jaunts on shore. A keen observer, with an aptitude for describing what she sees in a simple but effective manner, Miss Day is able to convey an excellent idea of the islands, in which she is materially assisted by a number of good photographs. To the yachtsman or tourist this little book should be of interest.

C. Napier Bell's 'Tangweera: Life and Adventures among Gentle Savages' (London: Edward Arnold) is a very attractive illustrated book for lovers of nature in the tropics. It is the story of a healthful white boy who spent his early years in Mosquitia as a companion of the young Mosquito King, and some years of early manhood as cutter of mahogany there. The whole is a sort of poem, yet is undoubtedly the result of observation. Mr. Bell found the gentle Indian, and the intervening Sambo as well, wholesome examples of the Creator's handiwork, kind, willing, capable of great endurance of hunger, labor, exposure, surpassing himself in what may properly be called the manly qualities, whether found in man or woman or child. He was so happy among them that, thirty years after, he occupied the leisure of business in New Zealand, as an engineer for ten years, in putting together this book from memoranda and recollections of his life on a coast and in an interior reputed the most unwholesome in America. The facts he states, as to animals chiefly, but also about man, plants, and inorganic nature, are rich in suggestion, but are entirely lacking in the identification of forms required for scientific record. The truth of the story cannot be questioned, but the facts are all colored by that distance in time and space which lends enchantment.

The success of a former effort has prompted Mrs. C. W. Earle to compound 'More Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden' (Macmillan Co.). Though much could be spared as adding no spice to this savory dish, the book on the whole deserves the commendation given to its predecessor by a working gardener, who found it "very bright and holding." Its reflection of the author's bravely cheerful character puts the reader in a sympathetic mood, which is further fostered by the absence of blind dogmatism in discussions of philosophy, gardening, education, diet, etc. Though herself a vegetarian, the author points out unfalteringly the common inconsistencies of the sentimental. "Can vegetarians keep their kitchens full of black beetles or their roses covered with green fly? Do they give over all their peaches to the wasps, or their nuts to the mice?" This Surrey garden appears to be as originally furnished as its mistress's mind, and the amateur gardener may feel somewhat daunted at being told how to manage *Santolina* or *Choisya ternata* when he is wondering how to make his roses and geraniums bloom.

'The Expert Cleaner,' by Hervey J. Seaman (Funk & Wagnalls), is a small volume containing many rules and suggestions for the varied processes of cleaning needed in our complex homes. Useful suggestions, too, not exactly in the cleaning line, are here for remedying the trifling ailments of house and furnishings, so that an inexperienced housekeeper may find the book a helpful lubricant for the domestic machinery.

American women who happen to read Th. Bentzon's short story, "Malentendus," in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for October 15, will appreciate the generous treatment which the American girl in Paris receives at the writer's hands. How Frenchmen will take the humiliating lesson their clever countrywoman teaches them, is another question. Young persons expecting to go to Paris for temporary residence may read the story with profit.

In the *Tour du Monde* for September 30 there is an interesting list of all places of more than 10,000 inhabitants in the Philippine Islands. From this it appears that there are 162 such towns, of which 98 are in the island of Luzon. Manila is credited with 154,062, and the next largest is Lipa, in the province of Batangas, with 43,408. There are three places with population between 30,000 and 40,000, and seventeen with between 20,000 and 30,000. The figures are taken from the census of 1887, and the editor remarks, in regard to them, that they apply to communities whose inhabitants are somewhat scattered.

Among the contents of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, No. 9, are accounts of the geology of Hayti, of the structure of the Eastern Alps, and of a journey from Ardebil to Zenjan, in northwestern Persia, by a caravan route, which was formerly an important commercial highway, but is now almost deserted. There is also an appeal for the formation of an international seismological society, and, in the *Anzeiger*, a notice of the results of Dr. Sven Hedin's cartographical work in Central Asia, which have just been published. The supplemental number, 130, contains a study of the population of Europe, by Dr. A. Supan, a continuation of his work upon the population of the earth.

The report on the excavations at Tell es-Sâfi, by Dr. Bliss, in the Quarterly Statement for October of the Palestine Exploration Fund, relates the discovery of what is apparently a Canaanitish temple or "high place" with three upright monoliths, probably some of the "pillars" mentioned in the Bible. Illustrations of these menhirs, as well as of numerous "finds" of busts, statuettes, masks, figurines, etc., are given. In describing a recent visit to Moab, Major-Gen. Sir C. W. Wilson refers to the wonderful change in Palestine in late years, mainly through the labors of the Jewish colonists. "In 1882," he says, "when I rode from the Sea of Galilee to the waters of Merom, there was scarcely a trace of cultivation in the Jordan valley. This year I found the valley, where not planted with almond and olive trees, a waving mass of corn." Col. Conder contributes some valuable notes on the antiquities of the Books of Samuel, and Lieut.-Gen. Sir C. Warren concludes his elaborate study of the ancient standards of measure in the East.

Since October, 1898, the Latin journal, *Vox Urbis*, published by Aristides Leonari in Rome, has regularly made its appearance twice a month as an eight-paged, illustrated periodical in folio form. While its avowed end and aim is not exactly a propaganda in the interest of the Roman Catholic Church, its ecclesiastical management is scarcely denied, and is apparent from the use of the cultus-language of the Church as the best understood medium of communication for the international body of readers. The journal, however, is anything but a theological publication. Its sub-title, "De litteris et bonis artibus commentarius," indicates the wider scope which the contents justify. These are of great variety in prose and poetry, history, arts, science, travels, etc., forming an agreeable contrast to the theological, and especially the apologetic, articles. Nor are longer articles of solid learning lacking. The contributors are chiefly Italians, but Frenchmen and other foreigners are also represented. The illustrations include portraits, facsimiles of inscriptions, landscapes, etc., and are as a rule fairly artistic productions.

At the final session of the Geological Section of the British Association, the chief paper was that of Mrs. M. M. Gordon on sigmoidal curves in the earth's crust. This paper was supplementary to the work recently published by Mrs. Gordon in the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society, and had particular reference to the earth-forms which have been produced by "crust-torsion" in the Alpine mountain system.

According to *Nature*, in the discussion that followed, the complexity of the subject seemed to daunt most of the speakers, but Prof. Lapworth pointed out how well the results of Mrs. Gordon's field-work agreed with the theoretical deductions to be drawn from the study of intercrossing earth-waves.

We note the organization, on October 23, of a Bibliographical Society of Chicago, whose president, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer are, respectively: C. H. Hastings, Mabel McIlvaine, Askel G. S. Josephson, and Caroline L. Elliott, forming a majority of the council of seven. The society's aim is to encourage bibliographical research and foster interest in the history of books and libraries, as well as to compile and publish special bibliographies. For membership the approval of the council is necessary, but residence in Chicago does not seem to be demanded.

—The November *Century* contains the opening instalment of John Morley's important study of Cromwell, of which the prolegomena seems to be intended as a key to the biography to follow. Sketches are given of the King, Queen, Laud, Strafford, Pym, Cromwell himself, of the state of politics, or rather religious feeling, both in England and on the Continent, and even of the constitutional question between King and Commons, as it stood in the early half of the seventeenth century—though Mr. Morley is of opinion that the constitutional question comes to an end with Cromwell's appearance. On the whole, the effect of his introduction is to leave the matter where it stood; at the same time, the way is paved for complete impartiality of treatment. It will be interesting to see how this sort of biographical treatment succeeds in his hands. Can Cromwell himself be neither a hero-statesman nor yet a hypocritical usurper? Mr. Morley announces himself, in this matter, a follower of the new historic school—the school of Gardiner—and, perhaps, has reached the conclusion which he quotes from that historian (which saves us from the old party views, and at the same time saves for us the full measure of dramatic interest which we are so unwilling to give up), that the career of Cromwell was "a glorious tragedy."

—Lovers of Balzac will find in *Scribner's* a readable article on "The Paris of Honoré de Balzac." The authors are Bejamin Ellis Martin and Charlotte M. Martin, and the illustrations by J. Fulleylove. The Paris of Balzac is mostly gone—"pick-axed away" by the march of modern improvements. Down to the time of the Second Empire and Haussmann much remained, but now there are only here and there a few points of interest. We may still stand on the steps of St. Roch and recall the fact that, on the thirteenth Vendémiaire of a certain year, César Birotteau, who was to have his own *grandeur et décadence*, was there "wounded by Napoleon"; this part of the Rue St. Honoré remains much as Balzac knew it. On the Quai Voltaire, next to the house in which Voltaire died, "is the very same shop of the antiquary from whom Raphael de Valentin bought the *peau de chagrin*." At No. 24 Rue Tournefort stands a house, narrow on the street, with a gable window above, through which poor old Goriot looked out from his wretched garret. Besides giving an account of Balzac's Paris, the article presents what is, to our mind, a very good picture of Balzac himself. The materials are not new, but the arrangement is. As strange a figure as any other in the 'Comédie Humaine,' we must reconcile his inordinate vanity with singular simplicity, enormous self-denial with reckless self-indulgence, a life of unremitting labor with one of never-to-be-surmounted and constantly incurred debt, a constitution of iron with a slavery to a deadly stimulant, the powers of a capable man of business with the naïveté and irresponsibility of a child. There is nothing like the story of Balzac's life, for its combined absurdity and tragedy, and grandeur and fatality, even in any of his books.

—An entertaining illustrated article in *Harper's* is Sir Martin Conway's "Climbing Mount Sorata," the great peak of the Bolivian Cordillera Real. He makes the summit 24,500 feet above sea level, and he came within 250 feet of it; then, to escape what amounted to the certainty of an avalanche, he was obliged, with bitter regret, to give the word to return. Mountaineering has now become a well-defined branch of literature, and Sir Martin Conway holds his own with Whymper, King, and Tyndall. "America in the Pacific and Far East," by John Barrett, is one of the ambitious articles about national responsibility and destiny, of which the magazines now provide such a quantity. Mr. Barrett, having been lately United States Minister to Siam, writes with the authority of office, but, this being admitted, the reader is obliged to test what he says by the usual standards. For instance, he announces his personal preference for "a vigorous policy at Peking," which he defines as not only "protecting China's independence," but "using earnest moral suasion to have her undertake radical reforms." Besides this, "the Government can consistently lend its moral support to the success of the Hankow-Canton railway syndicate." And all this although he states clearly enough what he calls the alternative policy—in complete accord with the diplomacy of the last fifty years—of standing simply on our existing treaty rights, and enforcing them against any European nation, like Russia, Germany, or France, which might threaten within a sphere of influence or occupation to override them. The two plans are not alternative plans at all, in the range of practical politics; the latter is a plan dictated by necessity, if we intend to maintain our position as an independent nation. The former would involve us in an immediate quarrel with Russia, France, and Germany, such as certainly no one desires. If the United States were to announce a protectorate of China, accompanied by "moral support" of the Hankow-Canton syndicate and moral suasion as to internal reforms, the world would not stand aghast; it would simply laugh.

—The *Atlantic* contains an article by Mr. Jacob A. Riis on the condition of the schools of New York ("Justice for the Boy"), which deserves careful reading. There is improvement in the schools, owing to the enforced relaxation of the Tammany clutch upon them; there are more and healthier schoolhouses; there are more playgrounds, there are even roof playgrounds—all due in a measure to the efforts of enthusiasts in whose work Mr. Riis must be held to have had a great share. But the little glimpses we get of the old régime, as it existed in full vigor six years ago, and which we are promised again unless we get rid of Tammany in 1901, are what gives the article its chief value. For example, in 1895, in order to ascertain whether in a certain district in the Bronx there was a school population large enough to warrant the purchase of property for a schoolhouse (a question now determined by means of a biennial census), the method adopted was to put up a wooden shanty, with a cellar extending under one class-room only, and wet at that. If the children did not come, there was no school population. One of the luxuries or pleasures of boy-life in the tenement quarters is a "club"—a place to spend the evening in. Under the present plan, class-rooms are set apart for club purposes, under supervision. The old way was for a saloon to give a back room free of charge, with the understanding that the boy members should "treat"—one means of raising the needed funds being to fine members ten cents for "getting funny." The present way of dealing with truancy, the most serious source of juvenile crime, is by means of a truant school; the old way was to send criminal and truant together to the juvenile asylum, and there classify them according to height—four feet, four feet seven, and over four feet seven. Among the other papers, "Some New Letters of Tourgenieff" (to Stassov) by Rosa Newmarch, are worth looking over. Disagreement seems to have been mainly what kept these two Slav worthies together. On one occasion the subject of discussion was Pushkin, idolized by Turgeneff, but disparaged by Stassov. On some trifling point they happened to agree, and Stassov called attention to the fact that for once their views coincided. "Agreed are we? Agreed, indeed!" cried Turgeneff, bursting into derisive laughter, and beginning to pace wildly up and down the room. "Why, if the moment should ever come in which I felt that I agreed with you about anything, I should rush to the window, fling it wide open, and call to the passers-by: 'Help! Help! Take me to a lunatic asylum! I agree with Stassov!' "

—The *British Medical Journal* for October 7 is of more than usual interest to the general reader, since it contains twelve introductory addresses, delivered by recognized authorities on English medical education, at the opening of various noted English medical schools, as well as an inaugural address on "The Proper Objects and Necessary Limitations of Medical Education," given before the Nottingham Medico-Chirurgical Society by Prof. Saundley of Birmingham. Sir James Crichton Browne's address at Owens College, Manchester, on the "Quest of the Ideal" may also be selected for mention. That of Dr. Patrick Mason, at the inauguration of the newly organized London School of Tropical Medicine, contains a warning with which all Europeans and Americans are vitally and instantly concerned, since the plague is at all our doors. Braving a ridicule which he is sure to incur (as he did in proclaiming that the mosquito propagated certain tropical diseases), Dr. Mason declares that the plague is a "rat-borne disease," just as the cholera is a "water-borne disease," and says: "Were I asked how I would protect a state from the plague, I would certainly answer, Exterminate the rats as a first and most important measure. But in making

this recommendation I would stipulate that the measure be taken in anticipation of the advent of the disease, not when the disease had already shown its presence and the rats are dying by thousands. To prevent epidemic plague in human communities, you must kill the local rats before they are attacked."

—The Doubleday & McClure Co. publish 'Nancy Hanks,' by Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, a neat little 16mo based on a larger book by the same author, the 'Genealogy of the Hanks Family,' not yet published. Nicolay and Hay, in their Life of Lincoln, had given facsimiles of the records of the marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, the President's father and mother, including a report of marriages celebrated in the year 1806 by Jesse Head, the Methodist minister who married them, the marriage certificate of the Lincoln-Hanks wedding, and a bond given under the then law of Kentucky by Thomas Lincoln with Richard Berry, guardian, as warrant that there was no legal impediment to the marriage. Mrs. Hitchcock reproduces these copies in facsimile, and so far there is nothing new in her little book. There has been, however, a good deal of uncertainty as to the pedigree of Nancy Hanks, and on this point Mrs. Hitchcock's investigations have importance. She has discovered the will of Joseph Hanks (with its probate record), whose wife was Nancy Shipley, married in Amelia County, Va., before removing to Kentucky, about 1789. A sister of Nancy Shipley, Lucy, was married to Richard Berry, and this family also joined the Kentucky colony. The will of Joseph Hanks names his wife Nanny as well as his daughter Nancy. Mrs. Hitchcock states that, on the death of her parents, Nancy, a child, lived with the Berrys till her marriage with Thomas Lincoln, which accounts for Richard Berry's name being upon the marriage bond as guardian. The author then traces the Hanks family in Virginia back to William Hanks, whom she identifies as third child of Benjamin Hanks, an Englishman, who joined the Plymouth colony about 1700, and from whom the New England family of the name is descended. The children of Benjamin (except William) and their descendants are found in the New England records, and William she traces to Virginia as stated. The pedigree cannot be said to be conclusively proved, for there are several points where official documents are lacking, and we must take the author's word for the evidence which supports her conclusions in these instances.

—The most obvious conflict with the story as received by Mr. Lincoln's own associates in later life, is, that Herndon gives the first name of the President's grandmother as Lucy, and says that Nancy, his mother, lived in the family of "her aunt and uncle, Thomas and Betsey Sparrow." Nicolay and Hay follow Herndon in this, though they say, "The whole family connection was composed of people so little given to letters that it is hard to determine the proper names and relationships of the younger members, amid the tangle of traditional cousinships." The production of Joseph Hanks's will makes a new point of departure, from which more thorough work becomes possible. Betsey, Polly, and Nancy are his daughters as named by him, and it is a strong point that these are given by the biographers as names of Mrs. Thomas Lincoln's aunts, while Lucy, the name of her aunt Mrs. Berry, is that which they attribute to her mother, though Joseph Hanks's will calls his wife Nanny, a nickname for Nancy. The will was made in 1793, a date which forbids its application to a preceding generation.

RECENT POETRY.

Margaret Fuller Ossoli maintained that for a man to spend his life in collecting Romaic and Rhine ballads was a sufficient provision for happiness; and one might now say the same of a lady who spends hers in selecting gems from the inexhaustible treasuries of the Greek Anthology and turning them into English. We regret to have been accidentally delayed in calling attention to 'Sicilian Idyls, and Other Verses,' translated from the Greek by Miss Jane Minot Sedgwick (Boston: Copeland & Day). The translations, which are taken largely from Theocritus and Meleager, include also many from the minor poets. The Theocritus poems have been so repeatedly translated by others that no version now seems quite to retain its freshness; but for Meleager the comparison is more easily made with the remarkable translations of Mr. Walter Headlam, published some ten years ago. It is undeniable that he has rendered the delightful conciseness of the Greek structure in more of its own spirit than Miss Sedgwick has attained. She is more flowing, more modern, but he is more Greek. Take for instance this little poem:

Ἐντὸς ἐμῆς κραδίης τὰν εὔλαλον Ἡλιοδώραν
ψυχὴν τῆς ψυχῆς αὐτὸς ἔπλασσεν Ἔρως.

The delicious and caressing word εὔλαλον no one could perhaps render into equally condensed English, but Mr. Headlam comes rather nearer with his "sweetly prattling" than Miss Sedgwick with "sweet-sounding." He, moreover, renders the twelve words of the original poem in fifteen words, while Miss Sedgwick's version, graceful as it is, takes twenty-one, and withal has a distinctly modern cadence. She says:

"Deep in my heart Love himself hath moulded my Heliodora;
Her of the sweet-sounding voice, soul of my innermost soul." (P. 73.)

Mr. Headlam, as will be seen, puts it much more tersely, following the Greek words almost verbatim:

"Within my heart the sweetly prattling maid,
Soul of my soul, hath Love himself portrayed."

It may be said, on the other hand, that Mr. Headlam is less accurate than Miss Sedgwick in substituting the word "maid" for the actual name of the maiden, and, which is worse, that he does this for the sake of introducing a rhyme, a thing foreign to the spirit of Greek verse and fortunately not attempted in this case by Miss Sedgwick, although she commonly practises it. She does it, for instance, in the following poem, in which, moreover, the general modern flavor becomes almost excessive, so that it might indeed seem, at first glance, to have been composed by Thomas Hood (p. 70):

I saw her at the hour of noon
Come through the fields of corn,
Just when the tresses of the grain
Were by the reapers shorn;
And suddenly two blinding rays
Bewildered me with double blaze:
One from the midday sun above,
And from her eyes the light of love.

The shadows of the evening quench
The sun's resplendent beams,
But hers a vision of the night
Rekindles in my dreams.
Sleep, that to others brings release,
Allows me neither rest nor peace,
Shaping an image of desire
That burns into my soul with fire.

We would most heartily commend this little book of translations to those numerous maidens in schools and colleges who have, up to this moment, found in Greek a merely grammatical study. It is also a pleasure to older readers to have the historic name of Sedgwick, which was so prominent in earlier American literature, identified with such varied literary activity by a later generation.

To those who like signs of heredity in literary matters, it is a further pleasure to see the names of Channing and Dickinson reappearing on the title-pages of books. 'Sea-Drift,' poems by Grace Ellery Channing (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.), is, we take it, by a granddaughter of the Rev. Dr. William Ellery Channing and a second cousin of the poet William Ellery Channing of Concord, Mass. There is a mingling of crudeness and of real power in her poems, even as their themes mingle New England, California, and Italy. The deepest note in the book is struck undoubtedly in the four poems under the general title, "The Woman" (p. 70).

In the volume 'Within the Hedge,' by Martha Gilbert Dickinson (Doubleday), there is sometimes a resemblance to the poems of her aunt Emily so striking that one wonders whether to call it heredity or imitation, as in the following (p. 105):

WRECKED.

No one dreamed of a wreck that night,
A hundred miles from sea;
The moon hung high her signal light
Above the lilac tree.

The tides of youth were hardly turned,
There was no warning frown
On Heaven's face,—while undiscerned
An out-bound heart went down!

Oh sweet old-fashioned garden balms—
A hundred miles from sea,
How treacherous thy Summer calms!
Mirage of memory.

It is curious to observe, however, that there are glimpses of Emily Dickinson which show themselves from page to page, even in the poetry of English women. Thus, Winifred Lucas, in her 'Fugitives' (John Lane), has many short poems, some of which are as Dickinsonian as this (p. 22):

LOVE HEROIC.

Companioned on the path you chose,
You go the way
A hero goes.
His words you say,
Your deeds he does.
Though in your love to heaven he rose,
The way he knows
Immortal in your life to stay.

There is, however, in the poems of Miss Martha Dickinson a greater evenness of structure and greater variety of subject, extending even so far as a poem called "Nooning," describing almost too realistically the street laborers at dinner. One of the most thoughtful and earnest poems is that which closes the book, and is addressed evidently to her aunt. But one of the most condensed and powerful, still recalling Emily Dickinson by its manner, is this brief memorial (p. 109):

HER GRAVE.

Since each spot where we parted upon earth is dear,
And since our bravest, fondest parting met us here—
I bring the changing flowers that her grave be dressed
As fits the chamber last by her possessed.
Finite can follow infinite but to this stile;
Good-night then, Love—a blessed afterwhile!

Men are liable to become, it is said, the slaves of their own actions, and the volume on dark-gray paper composed by Mr. Stephen Crane and illustrated by Mr. Will Bradley, entitled 'War is Kind,' may afford a useful illustration of this maxim. We were among those who frankly acknowledged the strong points of Mr. Crane's 'Black Riders,' yet called attention to the disastrous outcome of such modes of work. It would be hardly worth while to repeat any such warnings now, since Mr. Crane has chosen his part, and the world now finds other experimenters more interesting. Mr. Bradley's share in the book is perhaps worse than Mr. Crane's, being purely imitative, but even Mr. Crane has written his own epitaph neatly on one page as follows (p. 56):

> A man said to the universe:
> "Sir, I exist!"
> "However," replied the universe,
> "The fact has not created in me
> "A sense of obligation."

'Laurel Leaves,' by Robert Wilson (London: Archibald Constable), is the work of an author who inscribes his poems with just reverence to James Martineau, and gives this sonorous greeting to our country (p. 79):

ODE TO AMERICA.

I.

Columbia, gird thy loins for high emprise!
The centre of the world's mass shifts; arise, arise!
See, O New World, a newer world before thine eyes!
Far, at the orient fountains of the Main,
Begins to topple, this momentous day,
Yon Statue with her head of gold and feet of clay!
Who shall fall heir to yonder yellow plain
Whose golden soil might wave with golden grain?
Who dig for hidden treasure in Cathay?

II.

O mightiest Daughter of the mighty Mother
Of nations yet to come,
Still nurslings at her knee,
First-born of England, nearer, dearer Thou than any other,
'Tis ours to share the great world's masterdom,
The Empire of the Sea!
Along the cable nerves that knit our land,
We flash the love of kith and kin to thee:
Behold, our clasped hands
Have bridged the Western Sea!
Nor let the dying die
Till they can bear the news on high
Unto the Spirits of our mighty Dead
That kindred peoples, at one Mother's bosom fed,
With friendly flag unfurled
In sister sovereignty
From realms of dawn to realms of sunset sweep the waters of the world,
One Federation of the Free.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney is alone among American poets of her sex in this, that she has too much mental affluence, they commonly too little; she has gathered too great abundance of material, and they not enough of it. Half her heart seems beating in the seventeenth century, half on the edge of the twentieth; and Devonshire lanes constantly mingle in her fancy with the stormy sea-coast of Cape Ann. In her new volume, 'The Martyrs' Idyl, and Shorter Poems' (Houghton), she has a poem on "Borderlands" (p. 75), and this might well have been taken as the title of her book. In a poem, "In Time of Trouble," she has the following (p. 71):

> . . . "Like a man
> Who tends a watchlight on the hills alone
> At Childermas, (and through a night so cold,
> The red clots of the rowan-berry twirl
> Incorporate with a small stiff cone of ice,
> And the wind breaks his flail, and swineherds hear,
> Outside, the pine-boles crack with frost i' the heart,)"

Was this poem written in England or in America? If in England, would it not have been better to say so? If in America, granting that the American reader ought to know what "Childermas" is and that the rowan-berry and mountain ash are identical, the question still remains whether in any part of America there exist swineherds, and, if so, whether it is in a region sufficiently cold for the cones of ice here so admirably described. As at present informed, we should doubt the fact. That Miss Guiney can handle with skill and power a difficult theme from the "Acta Sanctorum" is plain from "The Martyrs' Idyl" (p. 1). That she can handle with exquisite precision the details of the home landscape is sufficiently seen in the following (p. 50):

AN OUTDOOR LITANY.

The spur is red upon the briar,
The sea-kelp whips the wave ashore;
The wind shakes out the colored fire
From lamps a-row on the sycamore;
The tanager, with flitting note,
Shows to wild heaven his wedding-coat;
The mink is busy; herds again
Go hillward in the honeyed rain;
The midges meet. I cry to Thee
Whose heart
Remembers each of these: Thou art
My God who hast forgotten me.

Bright from the mast, a scarf unwound,
The lined gulls in the offing ride;
Along an hedge of marshy ground
The shad-bush enters like a bride.
Yon little clouds are washed of care
That climb the blue New England air,
And almost merrily withal
The tree-frog plays at evenfall
His oboe in a mossy tree.
So too,
Am I not Thine? Arise, undo
This fear Thou hast forgotten me.

"My Lady's Slipper, and Other Verses," by Dora Sigerson (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a volume composed mostly of Irish legendary poems, proceeding from Mrs. Clement K. Shorter, who still writes under her maiden name and is well known as one of those who have kept nearest to that fascinating world of Celtic tradition, the recent revival of which has made an era in English poetry. No one, not even Yeats, has brought us nearer, for instance, to the weird "good-folk" who hover in the winds around the cabins to tempt human souls into their mystic companionship. It is thus in this poem (p. 19):

THE WIND ON THE HILLS.

Go not to the hills of Erin
When the night winds are about,
Put up your bar and shutter,
And so keep the danger out.

For the good-folk whirl within it,
And they pull you by the hand,
And they push you on the shoulder,
Till you move to their command.

And lo! you have forgotten
What you have known of tears,
And you will not remember
That the world goes full of years;

A year there is a lifetime,
And a second but a day,
And an older world will meet you
Each morn you come away.

Your wife grows old with weeping,
And your children, one by one,
Grow grey with nights of watching,
Before your dance is done.
. . . . . .
And all your children's children
They cannot sleep or rest,
When the wind is out in Erin,
And the sun is in the West.

The German legendary drama of Hauptmann, "Die Versunkene Glocke," has met with such an enthusiastic reception in Germany—the copy before us being of the forty-fourth edition—that it deserves an English translation. It seems really a revival of the charm which surrounded the tales of Hoffman, Tieck, and Musäus, half a century ago. The translation is by Charles Henry Meltzer (Russell), and he says of it that it is freely rendered—perhaps sometimes a little too freely. At the very beginning of the first act, for instance, in introducing *Rautendelein*, the central figure, the author describes her as "halb Kind, halb Jungfrau," and the translator, by omitting this phrase altogether, carries the heroine through the drama with a less childlike and more womanly impression than really belongs to her. Again, in the last act, when the poor *Rautendelein* is suffering her doom and her voice is failing, it is surely a feeble rendering of the phrase "Ihre Stimme ist ersterbend, verhauchend" to render it, "When she speaks, her voice is faint and strange" (p. 107). Still, it must be said that, all things considered, the translator has done a difficult task with great animation. The influence of Hauptmann is doubtless destined to be widely felt, and may perhaps be recognized in the fairy forest dramas, such as "The Lilies of Mummel Sea," contained in 'Under the Beech Tree,' by Arlo Bates (Houghton); but such productions must be fascinating or they are nothing, and Mr. Bates has not yet reached the point of fascination.

An effect of imitation is also produced by the handsomely printed book, 'Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable,' by Ernest Crosby (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.). The measure is borrowed from Walt Whitman, perhaps through the medium of Edward Carpenter, and is really not inconsistent with the aims of the book. The spirit of the author is heroic, but it also refuses all shackles, and is indeed as defiant of neat garments and clean houses as it is of avarice and pride of purse. If good raiment is objectionable, why is this book so well clothed? The cheapest newspaper type and print would seem more appropriate when the author says (p. 115):

> "Let us open our doors, throw down our area railings, and allow the rabble to surge in to our innermost selves;
> For this is the price of salvation and of life.
> If we stop short of this, we shall never have lived."

Thoreau was perhaps as genuinely democratic as Mr. Crosby, but he certainly would have given counsel quite opposite to this. And again, in the paper called "Education," which begins (p. 19)—

> "Here are two educated men.
> The one has a smattering of Latin and Greek;
> The other knows the speech and habits of horses and cattle, and gives them their food in due season"—

he vitiates his argument from the outset by supposing that his college graduate is not really educated even in his own way, but has only a smattering, which is an obvious begging of the question. Or in his poem, "At the Solicitor's," where he deplores the presence of a fair young girl in her lawyer's office going over the accounts of her estate, he assumes that all accounts mean selfishness, and does not recognize that they may mean the organization of the kingdom of God. The volume is dedicated to Tolstoi, to whom the author owes, it is said, not merely his elevation of spirit, but his limitations. His tone as a whole is noble and generous, yet it is possible for him to be sometimes as narrow and unjust as the merest worldling.

'The Man with the Hoe, and Other Poems' (Doubleday) is the work of a man who has perhaps had the misfortune to win too suddenly a certain share of fame. We suggest it as a misfortune, for, after all, the value of his title-poem is that of a translation rather than of an original work—since it

only puts into words what Millet put better on canvas; and although the author's whole tone is modest, he still does not quite make the impression of an original force. Perhaps his closing note, "These Songs Will Perish," affords more hope by its moderation than the preceding poems by their daring appeals (p. 133):

"These songs will perish like the shapes of air—
The singer and the songs die out for ever;
But star-eyed Truth (greater than song or singer)
Sweeps hurrying on: far off she sees a gleam
Upon a peak. She cried to man of old
To build the enduring, glad Fraternal State—
Cries yet through all the ruins of the world—
Through Karnack, through the stones of Babylon—
Cries for a moment through these fading songs.

On winged feet, a form of fadeless youth,
She goes to meet the coming centuries,
And, hurrying, snatches up some human reed,
Blows through it once her terror-bearing note,
And breaks and throws away. It is enough
If we can be a bugle at her lips,
To scatter her contagion on mankind."

Mr. John Harrington Lenane contributes from Australia a volume called 'The Hill of Visions' (London: Kegan Paul). It contains, he says, poems "selected from a number written during the last nine years—years of effort and struggle in a far-away land." He expresses the modest hope that his work will merit appreciation, for he begs no favor. As a matter of appreciation, we say with regret that his thoughts, though generous, are crude, and his blank verse especially wants rhythm and execution. It has that familiar defect of early youthful practice that the lines very often end with the most insignificant monosyllables, depriving them of all cadence, as in the following (p. 50):

"And, more miraculous, the nature of
The forest-denizens too changed, and they
Enraptured paused, bewitched of evil by
Melodious sound. And stealing nearer as
She sang, grim lions, tigers, panthers, bears."

We could scarcely point to a volume more sweet in its domesticity than 'An Ode to Girlhood, and Other Poems,' by Alice Archer Sewall (Harpers). From beginning to end there is no false note. All the sweet and winning atmosphere of girlish friendships is found in this passage from the title poem (p. 7):

"And for soft-gathered friendships ye were made,
Close as the lambs lie close in summer shade,
Long, patient broideries ye meek will sew
If ye may sit together, and magic grow
The silken peacocks 'neath your bended heads
With soft, incessant noises
Of brooding voices.
And ye will double longest paths to be
In comradry;
And thousand intimacies unknown to men
Ye do profoundly whisper each, and then
Wrapped in your mutual mysteries, ye kiss
As flowers do that know not coarser bliss
And in entwinèd companies ye pass
Over the twinkling grass."

And not less delicately perfect is this picture in "The Wedding-gown" of the household after the wedding (p. 71):

"She is gone; and the house is changed and thrilled and dim.
There is nothing to say
Now that she is away;
Let us all be quiet and think of the wonderful day.
The moon in the orchard walks, and the world is white.
Shut the doors; the child will not come home to-night.
She was kind, she was good, she was true.
What more had we to do
Than to make her so, and send her away with him?"

Mr. Aleister Crowley, who used to write as "A Gentleman of the University of Cambridge," now publishes 'Jephthah and Other Mysteries, Lyrical and Dramatic' (London: Kegan Paul), and dedicates them to Swinburne. The hero of his 'Mysteries' is a young poet, adrift in the streets of London, who, in answer to the question what he writes about, says naïvely: "I write about all the horrible things I see, and try to find beauty in them or to make beauty" (p. 105), and this seems to give a key to Mr. Crowley's method, although apparently he does not try very hard. The surprise is that there should be in the same volume some tender and thoroughly poetic things, such as "In the Woods with Shelley" (p. 211).

Another strange English book is entitled 'Deluscar's Merris, and Other Poems,' by Horace Deluscar (London: Gay & Bird). The author carefully tells us in his preface that he is Glasgow-born, Berwickshire-bred, and of Midlothian and Fife extraction, and adds that "Horace Deluscar is for justifiable reasons an assumed name." The book contains an unreasonable superabundance of sonnets, never of the Italian model. It has various love-songs to Merris, and many coarse and scurrilous satires which could afford little pleasure to the eyes of that lady.

An American book in which the Scotch element shows itself more agreeably is the 'Scottish and American Poems' (Ogilvie) of James Kennedy, who served, it seems, in the Seventy-ninth Highlanders of New York, a regiment which was at Antietam and Fredericksburg and in the battles of the Wilderness. His mixture of Scotch and English is pleasant and not unduly coarse. The same cannot be said of 'Lays of Chinatown, and Other Verses,' by George MacDonald Major (Kimball), which is a disagreeable book. A charming little volume, on the other hand, is 'The Round Rabbit,' by Agnes Lee (Boston: Copeland)—full of the prettiest quips and jingles for children, but obscured by a rather ineffective title.

"The New Memorial Edition" of 'The Poems of Henry Timrod,' with memoir and portrait (Houghton), justly celebrates one who ranks with Hayne among our Southern poets, both being bracketed for places second only to Lanier, who is unquestionably far above either of them in originality and depth of poetic feeling. Poe must fairly be set aside from the comparison, as divided between North and South in respect to his birth and his training. The portrait of Timrod is fine and thoughtful, but the statement in the introduction that in stature he was "far below the medium height," and also, that he preferred Catullus to Æschylus, suggest a certain limitation of quality which is felt in this volume, and which does not suggest itself in Lanier, although he also was physically weak. Yet the simplicity and genuineness of Timrod's strains, and even the ardor of his poems written in war times, still make themselves felt, although his predictions went unfulfilled. Would that the beautiful closing meditations of his "Christmas" poem might sink into many hearts now, when we need it almost as much as when he wrote it (p. 162).

Perhaps ere yet the Spring
Hath died into the Summer, over all
The land, the peace of His vast love shall fall,
Like some protecting wing.

Oh, ponder what it means!
Oh, turn the rapturous thought in every way!
Oh, give the vision and the fancy play,
And shape the coming scenes!

Peace in the quiet dales,
Made rankly fertile by the blood of men,
Peace in the woodland and the lonely glen,
Peace in the peopled vales.

. . . . . .

Peace on the farthest seas,
Peace in our sheltered bays and ample streams,
Peace wheresoe'er our starry garland gleams,
And peace in every breeze!

Peace on the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks, the hunter roams,
Peace, God of Peace! peace, peace, in all our homes,
And peace in all our hearts!

The End of an Era. By John S. Wise. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 8vo, pp. 473.

The "Era" is that of slavery in the United States, and the End of it was the civil war, which Mr. Wise saw as a boy of only eighteen when it closed. But before that time he had, as a cadet in the Virginia Military Institute, participated in the campaign of May, 1864, in the Shenandoah, in which the cadets, 225 strong, had a casualty list of 56, and Wise himself had been knocked senseless by a blow on the head from a piece of a shell. He had wound up his military experience as a lieutenant bearing dispatches from Lee at Farmville to Davis at Danville, and, Lee having surrendered before his return, he made his way to Johnston's army in North Carolina, and was included in its capitulation. He thus saw the final condition of both the great armies of the Confederacy. It was a unique experience for such a youngster to be sent first to thread his way across country to find Lee, dodging the patrols and the advance guards of Sheridan, several times escaping capture by a hair's breadth, and then, on his way to Davis, fetching a large circuit to avoid the same swarming cavalry, and lying hid in a thicket while they went by within pistol-shot of him. Here is material enough for a very taking story, especially when it is told by one having the born gift of narration as Mr. Wise has.

This is, however, only the last of some twenty chapters, each of which has its own lively interest. The author first tells of a visit to his father, Henry A. Wise, then minister at the court of Brazil, of two young lieutenants of the army, Sherman and Halleck, who were on their way around the Horn during the Mexican war, and, landing at Rio de Janeiro, were captured and taken home to dinner without ceremony by the minister. It happened that the writer of the autobiography was born before the next morning, and he naturally associates his memories of the dying Era with this accidental connection of two great figures in the civil war with his birthday.

The book is meant to give the conditions of life on the Virginia plantation of the author's family from his earliest recollections of childhood in Accomack. Similar life on the larger and more luxurious plantations of the rich landowners of the most cultivated class in the valley of the James is described. He tells us of the almost universal kinship of this small aristocracy, which drew them much closer together than society in larger communities ever does. He describes his own gradual growth in a time of ferment, and the beginning of some intelligence as to the real meaning of slavery and of the political agitation based upon it. With great candor he narrates his first sight of a slave auction and of the permanent effect upon him.

From 1859 onward, he was keenly alive, as a forward boy must be, whose father was so prominent a politician, to all the stirring events which preceded secession and war. The opening scenes of the conflict were not far from the home on the Eliza-

beth River, and at his father's side he witnessed from Sewell's Point the destruction wrought by the ironclad Merrimac upon the *Congress* and the *Cumberland*, wooden frigates, and the duel next day with the *Monitor*. The flight of the family when the national troops again occupied Norfolk is an instructive as well as picturesque scene. Then followed young Wise's life as a cadet in the Institute, till the more stirring personal events and experiences already mentioned.

The annals of the great rebellion are enriched by such a book as Mr. Wise has given us, preserving as it does the personal note of his own youthful memories, which we may easily believe seem to him of "the stuff that dreams are made of," as if belonging to another world, hardly related to this. The temper and spirit of it all could not be bettered, and he has shown that, like his father, he not only accepted the results of the war as the Act of God, but learned very soon to see that it was best for the world and for his country that the old Era should have an end.

In one point only does the author seem to lack historical evidence when stating the attitude of Virginia toward slavery. He makes the impulses of his own heart quite too representative when he says that the majority of the people of Virginia were at heart opposed to slavery, and, "uninterrupted by madmen like John Brown, they would have accomplished, in good time, the emancipation of the slave without the awful fratricidal scenes which he precipitated" (p. 132). The evidence of the change from the theories and the hopes of Washington and Jefferson to the doctrines of Calhoun, of the change from the old ideas of bond service to mere human chattelism, is too conclusive for any serious maintenance of Mr. Wise's thesis. Virginia's Senators and Representatives voted to repeal the Missouri compromise, the last possible basis for gradual emancipation. That repeal created the Republican party, when, before, the anti-slavery votes were hardly worth the counting. That repeal gave birth to the determined purpose of the free States to "girdle" the system of slavery, by declaring that there should be no more slave States. It was the logical outcome of the work of the Calhoun propaganda which, as early as 1849, made Kentucky, the child of Virginia, repudiate gradual emancipation as preached by her idolized Clay, and insert in her Constitution the most ultra and unmitigated doctrine of absolute and perpetual chattelism in man. The profits of slave-breeding had debauched the conscience of the border States as thoroughly as wholesale cotton-planting had perverted it on the shores of the Gulf. That, and that only, was what made the conflict inevitable. Let us never ignore that verdict of history.

Literary Hearthstones: Charlotte Brontë; William Cowper. By Marion Harland. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899.

The record of Charlotte Brontë's career has already been made exhaustive. Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life,' in spite of certain hasty conclusions, which she perforce revised, will hold its ground, because of her personal intimacy with the author of 'Jane Eyre.' Three years ago Mr. Clement Shorter, the Brontë specialist, gave to the world the collection of letters that Mr. Nicholls, with natural reticence, had kept unpublished for forty years. Those letters are the most faithful and interesting memorials of Charlotte Brontë, and are her real *journal intime*. In compiling her narrative of the domestic life of the eldest of the Brontë sisters, Mrs. Terhune has drawn on Mr. Shorter's work, from which was omitted nothing of material importance concerning the daily life at Haworth parsonage. Her sympathetic handling and gift of description redeem her book from being a mere *précis* of Mr. Shorter. She dwells minutely on the details of Charlotte Brontë's daily existence, with the letters for text; and on several points she is, *duce* Mr. Shorter, a safer guide than the impulsive Mrs. Gaskell. The latter was naïve enough to accept Branwell Brontë's estimate of his own genius; this act of faith, on the evidence of his artistic and literary remains, is even more surprising than her belief in the family tradition that the shallow and besotted youth was beguiled to his ruin by a respectable middle-aged lady, whose lawyers, we may add, obliged Mrs. Gaskell to withdraw her rhetorical charges. Mrs. Terhune, not being too near the wood to see the trees, has no illusions about Branwell, while her appreciation of Emily Brontë, whose character Mrs. Gaskell found repellent, will interest all who marvel over 'Wuthering Heights.' Emily Brontë, who, potentially at least, was the greatest of the group, is the sphinx of modern literature, and passes the deciphering power of Oedipus. She lived "baffled, unknown, self-consumed," and to her last breath wrapped herself in such proud reserve that her sisters who saw her fade did not venture to offer sympathy or even advice, much less show their anguish. The inspiration of her morbid genius,

> "Whose soul
> Knew no fellow for might,
> Passion, vehemence, grief,
> Daring, since Byron died,"

is still an insoluble enigma. Matthew Arnold was one of the first to recognize Emily Brontë's claims, and it is appropriate that his niece, Mrs. Humphry Ward, should collaborate with Mr. Shorter in the "Haworth" edition of the Brontë works now in process of publication. In view of this new edition, Mrs. Terhune's unpretentious little volume is opportune, and will find a place of its own in Brontë literature.

Of Cowper and his home life Mrs. Terhune tells the familiar tale with spirit, and with more copiousness than Mr. Goldwin Smith could allow himself in the "English Men of Letters" series.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, R. C. A Delaware Indian Legend. Washington, D. C.: Published by the Author.
Brontë, Charlotte. Villette. London: Downey & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $4.
Colloquies of Edward Osborne. London: John C. Nimmo; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.
Davidson, Marie Agnes. The Two Renwicks. F. Tennyson Neely.
Eager, Rev. J. H. Romanism in its Home. Philadelphia: American Baptist Pub. Society.
Fitchett, W. H. How England Saved Europe. Charles Scribner's Sons. Vol. I. $2.
Gentner, Prof. P. The Iliad of Homer. Boston: B. H. Sanborn & Co. 40c.
Habberton, J. Helen's Babies. Chicago: Alexander Belford & Co.
Jayne, Lieut. R. H. In the Pecos Country. The Mershon Co.
Ludovici, J. Knight Conrad of Rheinstein. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.50.
Macleod, Fiona. The Dominion of Dreams. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Oman, C. W. England in the Nineteenth Century. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.
Pepper, C. M. To-morrow in Cuba. Harper & Bros.
Raymond, Walter. A Tangled Web. Doubleday & McClure Co. $1.25.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1899.

The Week.

Garret A. Hobart was a stranger to the country when he was nominated for Vice-President in 1896, but he became well and favorably known before the campaign of that year was over. His speech to the committee of notification showed that he was a man not only of sense, but also of courage, at a time when the leaders of his party, from McKinley down, were still shrinking from the money issue which the party plainly had to meet. Mr. Hobart frankly admitted that this must be the one issue, and he came out boldly, squarely, and explicitly for gold as the standard, at a moment when many other politicians hardly dared to whisper the word. His letter of acceptance was still better. He not only declared that he believed in an "honest dollar," but insisted that the nation should define that term in a way which the whole world would understand. Mr. Hobart will always deserve honor for making this admirable statement of a policy which his party has yet to carry out:

> "Any nation which is worthy of credit or confidence can afford to say explicitly, on a question so vital to every interest, what it means, when such meaning is challenged or doubted. It is desirable that we should make it known, at once, and authoritatively, that an 'honest dollar' means any dollar equivalent to a gold dollar of the present standard of weight and fineness. The world should likewise be assured that the standard dollar of America is as inflexible a quantity as the French Napoleon, the British sovereign, or the German twenty-mark-piece."

As Vice-President, Mr. Hobart cast one momentous vote in favor of imperialism, when he defeated the Senate resolution granting the Filipinos independence on the same terms as the Cubans. He was a tactful presiding officer. If his health had not broken down, there would have been no opposition in his party to his renomination.

The meeting of the executive committee of the national Democratic committee and other leading Bryanites at Chicago on Monday served simply to show how hopelessly the party is tied to a losing cause. Even such men as Senator Jones of Arkansas understand that new issues are necessary for a hopeful fight next year, but everybody couples this admission with the statement that of course the Chicago platform of 1896 will be reaffirmed, and the candidate who stood upon it before will be named again. "Who shall deliver us from the body of this death?" is the question of every one, and the answers include Trusts, imperialism, and militarism. They do not appear to see that there is no escape, except through an entirely new platform and new man. To talk about running Bryan in 1900 on the reaffirmed Chicago platform of 1896 and not have Bryanism the issue, is every whit as absurd as it would have been to suggest in 1892 that the Democrats could nominate Cleveland for President after his tariff-reform message of 1887 and campaign of 1888, and not have tariff reform in everybody's mind during the campaign as the reason for voting one way or the other.

In Nebraska the official returns confirm the impression created by the first reports, that the success of the Fusionists was rather a personal triumph for Bryan, who had staked everything on the result, and an indication of State pride in a "favorite son," than a verdict against the McKinley Administration and its policy of expansion. Indeed, it now looks as though the Republicans might have carried the State, after all, if they had not pitted a weak candidate against the strongest Fusionist for head of the ticket, since one of the Bryan nominees for university regent barely escaped defeat, and the other apparently has less than 6,000 plurality. The Republican party as a national organization has long been sadly handicapped in Nebraska by the mismanagement, and worse, of its State leadership. The chief Republican newspaper in the commonwealth has frankly confessed, since the recent election, that this disaster to the party, like previous ones, is due to "foolhardy leadership, defiance of public sentiment, subserviency to corporate power, corruption in public office, and disreputable appointments." If the Republicans of Nebraska had been led by such a man as Gov. Shaw of Iowa, upon such a record as his, neither State pride nor the utmost efforts of Bryan to show personal strength at home could have saved the Fusionists.

The Democratic Governor-elect of Maryland makes short work of the claim put forward by Bryan and his followers that the change in the political control of his State means a victory for Bryanism in national politics. He declares that "the campaign was fought and won strictly on State issues." The Republican attempt to drag in the money question was a failure, because every candidate on the successful ticket was a "gold Democrat." In short, the result signifies nothing as to the attitude of Maryland in a campaign on national issues. The Governor-elect does not say so, but it, of course, follows as a logical conclusion that the Republicans will stand the better chance of carrying the State again in 1900, as they did in 1896, if Bryanism shall once more be the line of division between parties.

The Philippine Commission's hasty contribution to the Republican campaign literature has opened the way to a serious consideration of some of the problems brought upon us by our leap into the Philippine darkness. The Commissioners have begun with one of the most delicate—the question of the admission of the Chinese to the islands. Here they must consider not only the undoubted value of the Chinese in developing the archipelago, but also the effect of their exclusion upon China, in whose trade and internal commercial exploitation we are now so much interested. The prompt protest of the Chinese Minister against Gen. Otis's exclusion order must still be fresh in their minds, while the deep Pacific Coast prejudices can also not be forgotten. In view of the grave constitutional problems involved, which, like many in Porto Rico, can be settled only by decisions of the Supreme Court, it is evident that their recommendations must be carefully and diplomatically drawn to carry weight. In this connection a statement made by one of the ablest of our younger naval officers, Lieut. Albert P. Niblack, is of interest. Writing in the Proceedings of the Naval Institute, after six months or more of Philippine cruising, he says, speaking of our future in the islands: "There is one thing, however, we must get rid of, and that is our artificial, narrow, and senseless prejudice against the Chinese, who, of all the Asiatics, are individually the only trustworthy, commercially the only honest, and, as employees, the only faithful people who are at hand as the true instruments to use in making these islands a veritable treasure trove. To restrict them in any way will be a political blunder and commercial suicide."

We are delighted with the *Outlook's* treatment of the existence of polygamy and slavery in the Sulu Islands. It pushes Mr. Dooley hard for humor, albeit unconscious. Says this erstwhile religious paper, "The vice of polygamy is not chiefly in the multiplicity of wives, but in the unbridled licentiousness which leads to a multiplicity of wives; and the evil of slavery is not primarily in the absolute control of one man by another man, but in the selfishness and the despotic spirit which lead to such absolute control." Hence the *Outlook* is against "immediate abolition" of either polygamy or slavery. It is much impressed by the wisdom of "the Mosaic dispensation" in tolerating evil.

We must labor to get rid of licentiousness and selfishness, and then, don't you see? polygamy and slavery will fall of themselves. That is the true "Mosaic method." That is also, we may add, the ante-bellum Southern method. Slaveholders at the South were far mightier in the Scriptures than the *Outlook*, and knew all about the comforts of "the Mosaic dispensation." Indeed, a little skilful exegesis would make us all sure that "Cursed be Canaan" was really written of the Moros. It may be a little harder to get round the Constitution of the United States, which decrees "immediate abolition" of slavery wherever our jurisdiction may run; but, Lord love you, if religion can thus be nicely adapted to polygamy and slavery, it ought to be an easy matter to twist mere law so as to please the powers that be.

Gen. Ludlow, in his brief and informal speech at the Chamber of Commerce reception on Thursday, gave it as his opinion that the "present generation will have to pass away before the Cubans can form a stable government," and that to give universal suffrage to such a people would be to make of Cuba a second Hayti. "The Cubans," he said, "are all orphans. They are not as we are. They are Latins, and belong to a dying race, which seems not capable of reconstruction as a stable people as is the Anglo-Saxon." There is nothing in this which should be news to us, but it will be news to a great many people who have accepted the assurances of the Imperialist prophets that the mere passing of the island under American control would be sufficient to transform, as if by magic, the civilization of a dying people into that of a living and progressive nation. The same delusion was held about the Philippines. Even the wise and far-seeing McKinley appeared to think that a proclamation full of assurances of good intentions would so transform the Filipinos as not only to make them love and trust us, but make them prefer our manners and customs, even our morals and religion, to their own. In fact, the fourteen months of American rule in Manila have been worse than a failure, so far as persuading the Filipinos that our civilization is better for them than their own is concerned. They not only refuse to love us, but they distrust us equally with the Spaniard. We have made less progress with them, naturally, than we have with the Cubans, because we have been shooting them down while assuring them of our good intentions; but in both cases it is very evident that we have loaded ourselves with a sufficient burden of problems to make us as a people doubt whether, after all, expansion was worth while.

Gen. Ludlow's remarks about the need of waiting a long time before Cuba will be fit for self-government have been taken very ill in Havana by the ardent advocates of independence. They say his speech will end his usefulness in the island. It would seem to be more important, however, to know whether what he said is true. The immediate-independence organs in Cuba—like *La Discusión*—have been angry at many things of late. They object strongly to the appointment of Leonard Wood as Civil Governor. Not that they have anything against Wood, but when is Cuba for the Cubans going to begin? Similarly displeased are they with the appointment of a young and highly recommended Harvard graduate as Superintendent of Schools. It is admitted that Cuban schools are in a shocking condition—they need almost to be created as well as superintended; but are there no Cubans to do the work? Behold the ingratitude of a republic! It actually wants to be a republic. But the good and patient McKinley can point to the joint resolution authorizing him to occupy the island until its "pacification" is complete, and can ask what clearer sign there could be of not being pacified than objections to his invariably wise course of action. You don't like what I do? Then, of course, you are not fit to govern yourselves.

Secretary Gage's final decision to adopt the policy pursued ten years ago by Secretaries Fairchild and Windom and redeem unmatured Government bonds at the market premium, officially recognizes the fact that the Treasury system is a disturbing influence in the money market, and that unusual measures must be taken to offset that influence. To this extent the move is undoubtedly commendable. It may also be said that, in years of surplus revenue, the Treasury has always hitherto obeyed the letter of the sinking-fund law, which requires "the purchase or payment of 1 per centum of the entire debt of the United States, to be made within each fiscal year." By use of legal technicality the Treasury has suspended such purchases since the public deficit began in 1892. With a surplus revenue returning, it is proper enough that the sinking-fund proviso should operate again. To the business community the significance of the Treasury's offer will of course lie in the means of relief thus provided in case the money market should run into really acute stringency. The danger from the Treasury's routine operations in existing circumstances arises less from what the Treasury has done already than from what it might do. Thus far in the present month public expenditure has exceeded public income, and the surplus revenue for the fiscal year to date is less than $7,000,000; but the recent course of events has shown that sudden increase in the revenue is possible at any moment. Such withdrawals into the Treasury's locked-up hoards might occur, unless offset by some process like bond resumption, at the most awkward moment.

We have been accustomed to look upon bond purchases and the pouring out of Treasury funds therefor as an interference with the natural course of business, whereas the accumulation of money in the Treasury is itself the interference. It is immaterial whether the accumulation arises from a surplus of revenue over expenses, or from the payment of old debts like the Pacific Railroad refunds, or from the sale of bonds which preceded the war with Spain, or what you please. It is a disturbance of the natural and normal course of events. The restoration of unused funds to the money market is merely a method of undoing what has previously been done artificially and unnaturally. The Government is merely one corporation transacting business among many smaller ones. It carries the mails. It fights battles when there is a war in progress. It preserves order. It keeps courts open for the administration of justice. It does a great many things which are socially needful, but which cannot be performed by private persons. To do these things it requires a portion of the earnings of the community. But in all this we find nothing which justifies an accumulation of a store of money beyond what a private corporation would carry; that is to say, a working balance of perhaps $50,000,000, plus the amount set apart for greenback redemption. So much may be justly accounted a necessary interference with the normal course of the money market, or necessary under our laws. All beyond it is artificial and unnatural. It is a part of this artificial and unnatural system that there should be wide differences of opinion between individuals on the question, whether there is a stringency in the money market or not, and whether the stringency, if it exists, is such as to warrant a purchase of bonds by the Treasury; and, if so, how many bonds ought to be purchased. If our treasury system were like that of other nations of the first rank, such questions would never arise. The public money, whether more or less, would be in bank, subject to check when wanted, and, when not wanted, would be at the service of the business community.

Senator Hanna announces in an interview at Cleveland that the ship subsidy bill, which failed for want of time in the last Congress, will be taken up and passed in the approaching session. "The bill will be fiercely opposed by a strong lobby, backed up by foreign capital," he says. If that is true, it will be a battle between two lobbies, the Hanna-Payne bill being itself the product of

one of them. It is a bare-faced grab at the public treasury, and if successful will be the forerunner of many others. Mr. Lubin's bill for a bounty on exports of agricultural products is much more meritorious. It ought to be attached to the Payne-Hanna bill, with a proviso that the bounty be paid to the farmers whose products are exported. Bounties for all industrious and meritorious persons ought to engage the consideration of Congress in conjunction with the ship subsidy bill. The per-diem pension bill will not be far behind it, we judge, and this is certainly more meritorious than the Hanna-Payne bill. Indeed, there is no rascally scheme in the lobby at Washington which may not claim the same right of access to the public chest.

An instructive article by Mr. Calvin Tomkins in Thursday's *Evening Post* reminds us that the Printing-paper Trust gets its power to monopolize opportunities and charge high prices from the duties which we impose on imported wood-pulp and paper. The case is clear, and the evils of these tariff duties are almost self-evident. Everybody knows that we are greatly injuring our country and rendering it less productive and more unhealthful by stripping the timber off our mountains. This absurd tariff compels us to strip 625 square miles each year of spruce wood. It is a tax on our natural resources as well as a tax on intelligence. Canada has plenty of spruce which could be removed without seriously affecting her climate or waterways, and without injury to her citizens. To make doubly sure that the United States should not benefit by Canada's inexhaustible supplies, there was inserted in the Dingley bill a clause providing "that if any country or dependency shall impose an export duty on pulp-wood exported to the United States, the amount of such export duty shall be added as an additional duty to the duties herein imposed."

Much light was thrown upon the Tin-Plate Trust on Thursday by the testimony of William H. Griffith before the Industrial Commission. Mr. Griffith was a manufacturer of tin-plate at Washington, Pa. His company was sold out to the Trust last year without his sanction. He told the Commission that his company cleared 20 per cent. in profits last year when the price of tin was $2.60 a box, the lowest ever known for plate. He also said that at times the profits of his company were fully 100 per cent.—*i. e.*, that the cost of the works was repaid by the profits of a single year. His testimony went far to settle the question whether the advance in the price of tin-plate was due to the advance in raw materials and wages. On this point he said that, since the Trust had been organized, prices of tin-plate had advanced from $2.60 to $4.65 a hundred pounds. This advance was out of proportion to the advance in wages and raw material. He made a calculation to show that $3.84 would be a profitable price under present conditions. Regarding the Trust organization, he said that while the American company was capitalized for $50,000,000, the plants comprised in the combination could have been bought at the time the combination was effected for $12,000,000. He had understood that the promoters of the combination had received $10,000,000 in common stock for their services. He thought that a protective duty on tin-plate was necessary to make the industry profitable, but that the present duty was unnecessarily high.

These are rather startling statements, and are likely to have an influence in the next political campaign, but there are other facts of a sinister nature which Mr. Griffith ventilated freely. He said that the sale of his plant at Washington, Pa., to the Trust had been made on the plea that it was necessary to prevent competition. He did not believe in this method of carrying on the tin-plate industry, and he was, therefore, preparing to reënter the field as a manufacturer, but he had found that the Trust had secured control of the manufacture of tin-plate machinery as well as of tin-plate itself. In proof of this he said that a manufacturing company which had entered into an agreement with him to supply him for five years, had already refused to fill an order after an official of the Trust had become a large owner of the stock of that company. The restriction, he said, also extended to the independent manufacturers of sheet-iron; the American company refusing to sell to them except on the stipulation that they would not sell their product to the makers of tin-plate. Furthermore, the combination refused to supply jobbers and others with their especial brands except on condition that they would assign their brands to the Trust. Here is an assembling of facts going to prove that the tariff is the mother, not of all Trusts, but indisputably of this one. The avowed object of the framers of the McKinley bill, as of all such bills, was to secure eventually a lower price for the article by domestic competition. But the makers of the article, the beneficiaries of the tariff, had no such design. They adopted measures to prevent any such result. They consolidated the various establishments, put up the price of tin-plate as high as the tariff would allow, made a gigantic speculation at the expense of the people who buy and use tinware, and then got control of all the tin-manufacturing machinery in the country in order to prevent anybody else from competing with them.

Mr. Platt has rarely revealed himself as the Government of the State more fully and freely than he is doing at present. His observations both upon the organization of the new Legislature and upon the legislation of the year are as confident in tone and as illuminating in substance as Mr. Croker's were when he unfolded on the witness-stand his methods of directing our city government. Was he in favor of amending the charter through a commission appointed by the Governor? Certainly not. Who suggested it? "Some newspaper probably." Out upon such nonsense. The charter needs amending now, not in the next century, and the proper persons to do it are a Republican Legislature. As to who the Legislature is, Mr. Platt has no doubt whatever. The new lower house of it, to be sure, has never met. Its Republican majority has given no indication of its choice for Speaker, for the simple reason that the members who compose it have never come together, and will not till the 1st of January. But what of that? Mr. Platt has not only selected the Speaker, but he is selecting the chairmen of the committees whom the Speaker is to appoint, and is arranging in this city the full organization of the body. Will Mr. Fallows be chairman of the committee on cities? "I think likely," says Mr. Platt. "He is a good man for the place." No intimation or suggestion that the Speaker, who is yet to be chosen, will have anything to say about it. "I favor," says the Government, "the abolition of one branch of the Municipal Assembly." As for the State police bill he "really cannot talk about that yet." He will talk with the Governor about it next week. That is the one weak spot in the deliverance. What under the sun has the Governor got to do about it? Is not Mr. Platt the entire Government?

A press dispatch some time ago announced that Dr. Jameson and Sir John Willoughby, another Raider, had sailed for South Africa. Later came news that Jameson at any rate had not been allowed to go to the front. This may have been in consequence of the public protest made by bluff Lord Charles Beresford against employing these men at all in the war. He said at a Conservative meeting that the Raid was the most contemptible occurrence in the country's history for many a year. What would foreign countries think if they saw its leaders again in Government employ? What could they think except that the Government secretly approved of the Raid and sympathized with those who took part in it? Admiral Beresford emphatically declared that Jameson and Willoughby should be sent to some other place during the fighting. Apparently they have been, and the decent opinion of mankind scores once again.

THE CIVIL-SERVICE FABLE.

We are always glad when we see an Imperialist resorting to argument, based either on the facts of history or on principles of human nature, in lieu of boastings about the greatness and glory of the United States, the readiness of the American people "to take responsibility," and the folly of the Filipinos in allowing themselves to be shot down like game sooner than submit. When driven to the wall by real Americans, and forced to concoct some theory for the benefit of those who are horrified by these massacres, Jingoes some months ago got up a very ridiculous story that, by subduing and annexing the Philippines, we should get civil-service reform, which we had found out we were unable to get at home because the wise McKinley did not think it would be good for us. Within a few day we have discovered that the fiction has effected a certain lodgment in the minds of many plain people whose consciences had been sufficiently pricked by the "duck-hunting" of "the niggers" in the Philippines, to long to be able to tell of some good thing coming for us white Protestant Christians as a result of our war. They have accordingly taken up the professorial story that, by conquering the Philippines, we shall have civil-service reform here at home, inasmuch as it was only by conquering India that the British got it in England.

This invention has been the more inexcusable because the whole story of the way in which the British got their civil-service reform has been told with great lucidity, if with some prolixity, by an American author, Mr. Dorman B. Eaton. He shows, with abundant quotation from historical and legal documents, that the reform of the civil service in England was simply one of the many reforms on which the British public entered eagerly after the reform of the franchise which admitted the middle classes to a share in the government. In fact, the passion for better administration was one which took firm hold of the British mind after the Revolution of 1688, and began to show itself with vigor and persistence after the American war. So early as 1784 it had appeared in legislation arresting the frightful corruption of the directors of the East India Company in their newly acquired Eastern possessions. They were using for the government of these possessions a horde of drunken, rascally, and broken-down relatives and dependents of their own, who were making their fortunes out of the wretched natives by every species of peculation and extortion. The English people, not the warriors, not the Hindus, not the quarrelsome "strenuous people," determined that this should cease, and that the men who left England for the government of these distant possessions, which were still owned by the East India Company, should be men of decent character, who, when they came home as "Nabobs," should be required to show where they got the money. These possessions were then six months distant. There were no newspapers to speak of, no correspondents; and little or nothing was known of what was going on in India. But the English people determined that the directors of the Company should not be allowed to send out social rubbish, even for the government of territory of which they knew so little, and in which they had so little interest. It was an English reform, made by Englishmen, on English soil.

Reform began in England by Burke's speech on the "Economical Reformation of the Civil and Other Establishments" toward the end of the American war in 1780. The plan was pursued under Pitt until the outbreak of the French war in 1792. It was necessarily suspended during the war, but resumed in 1819. It was continued steadily until the middle classes broke into the aristocratic government circle by the Reform Bill of 1832. It was continued more vigorously than ever by the new reform Parliament. Their first work was the reform of the new municipalities, a great undertaking. We suppose some Jingo will some day maintain that this was not done till the English people had news of the reform in the Government of Seringapatam, Benares, and Delhi. Other minor reforms followed rapidly. Discontent with the condition of the civil service, as being what John Bright called at that time "a system of outdoor relief for the pauper members of the aristocracy," grew steadily. After the great reforms in the revenue system begun by Sir Robert Peel and continued by Mr. Gladstone, the reformers at last laid hold of the Government patronage in 1853.

They first reorganized the customs service. They then obtained a report on the plan of throwing open the public service to competitive examination, by two English statesmen, Sir Stafford Northcote, afterwards Lord Iddesleigh, and Mr. C. E. Trevelyan. The Government then submitted this report to forty-one Englishmen of the highest standing in the public service and in the various professions—the masters of the leading public schools, the leading professors at Oxford and Cambridge, the heads of the different departments of the public service, men eminent as writers on economical and social questions, such as John Stuart Mill and Dr. Lyon Playfair, afterwards Lord Playfair. Each of these men handed in a written comment on the report to the Government. We have been carefully through them all. Three or four doubted the practicability of the new scheme. Three or four more defended the existing system against the attacks made on it. One only made any reference to India, namely, Sir Thomas Redington, the Permanent Secretary of the then Indian Board of Control. What he said was that a system of reform which was adapted to England would not suit India. Accordingly, two different bills, one for India and one for England, *were passed the same year*, 1853. The Indian bill left large powers of arbitrary appointment to the Governors and Commissioners, as the circumstances of the country made necessary. But it provided that the Englishmen who left England to govern India, should have their capacity ascertained by tests which would send most American Jingoes to the lunatic asylum. In the same year, as we have said, the bill reforming the English civil service was passed. Both were the product of the determination of Englishmen in England to amend the English service at home and abroad, beginning in England itself. The whole story that England waited to hear from India in order to amend her own institutions, is a ridiculous Jingo invention, concocted to furnish a ridiculous excuse for McKinley's Philippine war.

Jingoes must swallow the truth, however unpalatable it may be, that the growth of great nations whose greatness is to be permanent, is endogenous. To be great, a nation has to have enough manly determination, capacity, and love of country to reform its own institutions wherever it sees reform is needed, instead of boasting and blowing and "taking responsibility," and then falling back to making money, and turning the whole matter over to the President. This is not the way to become great. England's success at home and abroad comes not from talking about reform, not from perambulating the country and blathering about "the home and the flag," but from having a good administration and being governed cautiously by her very best men. The idea that her notions of what her administration should be were wafted to her from her colonies on the other side of the globe, in the shape of "shame," resembles the plan of making children behave themselves at kindergartens by putting fool's-caps on them. As a suggestion of how a great work of government by a manly people came to be done, it simply illustrates the childish and shallow character of the Jingo mind.

DISFRANCHISING THE NEGRO.

A few years ago the State of Mississippi adopted a new constitution embracing provisions for keeping the negro voters away from the polls. These consisted of two parts. The first was a poll-tax of two dollars per head, which was made an indispensable requirement for the suffrage. The tax might be increased to three dollars by the action of the local authorities, but it could not exceed that sum. It applied to whites and blacks alike. The second requirement was that every voter should be able to read any

section of the Constitution of the State, *or* be able to understand the same when read to him, *or* to give a reasonable interpretation thereof. This also was applicable to whites and blacks alike, and was held to be valid by the Supreme Court of the United States for that reason. In effect it put so many discouragements in the way of the negroes that they have not offered to vote in any large numbers since the Constitution took effect. As a general rule they do not care to pay the poll-tax, since the paying of it does not insure the right to vote, but merely brings them to the educational test which most of them would fail to pass.

Now, a bill is before the Legislature of Georgia, still more drastic in its provisions. It is known as the Hardwick bill, and it proposes an amendment of the State Constitution in these terms:

"That no person shall be a competent voter unless he shall be able to read and write any paragraph of the Constitution of this State, and he shall be able to understand any paragraph of such Constitution, and to give a reasonable interpretation thereto; provided, however, that no male person who was on January 1, 1867, or at any time prior thereto, entitled to vote under the laws of the State wherein he then resided, and no lineal descendant of such person, shall be denied the right to register or vote at any election in this State by reason of his failure to possess the educational qualifications provided for in this paragraph."

This provision differs from that of Mississippi in two ways. The latter is alternative, using the word "or" in prescribing the educational test. If the voter can read any section of the Constitution of the State, *or* can understand it when read to him, he is entitled to vote, provided he has paid his poll-tax. Ability to read the English language is not an unreasonable requirement for voting. It would be well if such a requirement were universal. The Georgia bill, however, makes the requirements of reading and understanding not alternative, but joint, and then puts in a third—that of giving a "reasonable interpretation" to the clauses in question.

This provision puts it in the power of the election officers, or a majority of them, to reject any vote if they say that the voter does not understand some particular clause of the State Constitution, or if his interpretation of it is not satisfactory to them. The election officers themselves may be unable to understand or rightly interpret the clause in question. Their interpretation may be entirely wrong, they may not agree among themselves as to the true interpretation, but that makes no difference as regards the voter. If a majority of them think that his interpretation of it is inadequate, he loses the right to vote. Take, for example, this clause of the United States Constitution, which is repeated in some of the State Constitutions:

"No attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted."

What is the meaning of attainder of treason? What is the meaning of corruption of blood? What is forfeiture? What is the condition, or thing, that is limited to the lifetime of the person attainted? Is it the forfeiture or the corruption of blood? Suppose that a negro offers to vote and is asked to read and write that clause of the Constitution and give a reasonable interpretation of it. Even if he were learned in English history, and had familiarized himself with the law of attainder as it existed in the seventeenth century, he would be helpless unless the election officers were equally well instructed, and unless they were honorable men and lovers of truth. His vote would be lost.

This is called an educational test by its framers, but such a character is taken from it by the second clause, which says that persons who were voters in any State on the 1st of January, 1867, and their lineal descendants, shall not be subject to this clause; that is, their votes shall not be rejected for inability to read, or write, or understand, or interpret any or all clauses of the Constitution. As all white men were voters then, and very few if any black men were, the Hardwick bill, if adopted, would amount to disfranchisement of the negroes at every place where a majority of the election officers were of the opinion that the negroes did not understand all parts of the Constitution of the State. It should be remarked that if the negro should happen to understand rightly the clause first propounded to him, the election officers can put another one before him and go through with the whole instrument before allowing him to vote.

If we can imagine an honest administration of the proposed law, it would result in making the negroes, in the course of a few years, a race of jurisconsults, while the mass of whites would be as densely ignorant of constitutional law as the plantation negroes are now. The incentive to education which the exercise of the suffrage would impel the blacks to acquire, would gradually lift them to the superior place in point of intelligence. But nobody imagines that the proposed law would be honestly administered. Everybody knows that its purpose is to enable the election officers to reject negro votes wholesale under the pretence of an educational test.

Although the bill has received the votes of a majority of the committee of the House, there is a strong minority opposed to it, and throughout the State it has evoked vigorous opposition among the whites. Among the opponents is the present Governor of the State, Allen D. Candler. Gov. Candler is in favor of leaving the suffrage as it now stands, and of promoting measures of conciliation and friendship between the two races. Booker Washington has been interviewed on the subject by the Atlanta *Constitution*, a paper which seems to have no liking for the bill. He holds the South to its responsibility to render political justice to the blacks, now that its hands are free from any federal control.

The most ominous and deplorable feature of the bill is the schooling in dishonesty which it will give to the whites themselves. The ballot-stuffing processes which were invented to cheat the negroes were turned by the whites against each other, after they had served their original purpose, and it is quite certain that any form of swindling which the public are led to sanction, and with which they familiarize themselves, will return before long to plague the inventors in some unexpected way.

COURSE OF THE BOER WAR.

It is now about six weeks since hostilities began in South Africa, and we are in a position to estimate the plan of campaign, on either side, with its measure of success or failure up to date. Gen. Lord Wolseley reminded his audience the other evening that war is not a game of chess, in which the more powerful intellect wins from the very first. It is rather a "game of ups and downs," and the really weaker player may secure an advantage at the start by reason of superior position. The Boers had all their chessmen on the board at the opening, while the British had only about a third of theirs ready. Yet, from a military point of view, the British have practically won the game by the very fact of not being at once swept off the board.

That the Dutch forces planned and expected to drive the inferior English army before them, and promptly occupy the whole of Natal, is abundantly evident. Their sudden ultimatum, their swift taking of the aggressive and march over the border, were else pure folly. The mass of the Boers undoubtedly thought that they would whip the English easily. "We gave you several good thrashings there once," said a Boer officer to an English military man at Laing's Nek in 1890; "you will need another thrashing by-and-by, and we will give it to you." And an English newspaper correspondent who was in Gen. Joubert's camp at Sandspruit as late as October 12, reports that the confidence of the Boers in the certainty of their success was "unbounded."

"They never doubted for a moment that, having once crossed Laing's Nek, they would march straight down to Durban, destroying the mere handful of British in their path. As for Cape Colony, that would rise on every side to welcome them. Only a very few of the more educated among the Pretorians contemplated the possibility of defeat, and even they, after a week in the camp, were caught by the general contagion."

This was not mere vain-glory. The Boers knew their own strength better than the British did. Lord Wolseley has

confessed that the English military authorities had found the enemy "much more powerful and numerous than we anticipated." This is a serious reflection on the Intelligence Department. It apparently was unaware of the heavy Krupp rifles and the Creusot siege guns which the Boers were able to bring up to Ladysmith. Nothing but the rushing in of heavy naval guns from the *Powerful* just in the nick of time enabled Gen. White to compete at all with the Boer artillery fire. Yet in spite of all—with superior numbers against him, and a more effective armament than had been counted upon—White has been able to hold out at Ladysmith, and so check the enemy's advance that, with large British reinforcements already as near as Estcourt, the original Boer plan of campaign may now confidently be said to have broken down. This is not saying that the war is over, or that the Dutch may not make a long and obstinate defence; but their forward movement has failed of its object.

As for the British line of defence, it is clear that it was taken up on political rather than on purely military grounds. The English Government evidently considered it of the utmost importance not to abandon Natal. The loyalty of the colonists was severely strained after 1881 and 1884. "No more Downing Street and no more Gladstones for us" was their cry. For their sake, as well as for the general moral effect, the decision was reached to contest every foot of Natal as stubbornly as possible. Only such considerations could have led to the determination to hold Dundee and Ladysmith. They are not naturally strong positions, adapted for military concentration and for defence against superior force. Such a position might have been found in the hills to the south of Estcourt, as Osman Pasha found it at Plevna, in the Russo-Turkish war, where, with his ill-equipped army, he was able to beat off the Russians again and again with enormous losses. No such natural strength existed at Dundee or Ladysmith; yet the political reasons for holding those positions were allowed to overrule the military arguments for falling back. So far, it must be said, the results have justified the measure. Even if Gen. White should yet be forced to surrender, it would be only after the Boers had suffered crippling losses, and after the British reinforcements had got so well in hand that a further Boer advance would be impossible.

Perhaps the strongest criticism of the British tactics that could fairly be made is to be found, by implication, in some remarks on warfare in South Africa contributed to the *Army and Navy Gazette* by Gen. George Gordon in 1881. Singularly enough, they were published just one day before the battle of Majuba Hill. Gordon summed up the natural advantages and disadvantages of the Boer soldier with great skill. Personally more than a match for "the private soldier of a regular army taken from the plough or from cities," the Boer is able, when fighting in a rough country and in an irregular way, to neutralize the superior discipline of the forces brought against him. Gen. Gordon thought that regular troops would, therefore, be "at a very great disadvantage" in fighting in a difficult country against such a foe, until they were taught to fight in the same way as the enemy. He predicted that "bitter experience" would force the English army to take to heart this lesson, which might have to be learned "at a great cost"—as it was at Majuba Hill and again at Krugersdorp. And Gordon put his finger on what certainly seems to be the weakest point in the initial operations of the British in this war—with their dash, and *élan*, and fine contempt of an enemy by no means to be despised—when he wrote:

> "The inordinate haste which exists to finish off these wars, throws away many valuable aids which would inevitably accrue to the regular army if time were taken to do the work, and far greater expense is caused by this hurry than otherwise would be necessary. All is done on the *veni, vidi, vici* principle. It may be very fine, but it is bloody and expensive and not scientific."

CRETE UNDER PRINCE GEORGE.

ATHENS, November 1, 1899.

What with stirring events nearer home, the readers of the *Nation* have doubtless overlooked a most interesting bit of contemporary history now being enacted in what has ever been the most important island of the Mediterranean. After being torn for twenty-five centuries by civil war, foreign conquest, and oppression of the darkest description, Crete has suddenly attained liberty and good government, under a ruler of her own race and language; and the arduous but noble and interesting work of creating a civilized and well-governed state out of the ruins of the dreadful past is worthy of more than passing notice.

In the disasters which befell Greece in 1897, and the failure of the Powers to arrive, for a long time thereafter, at any satisfactory settlement with the Cretan insurgents, the world at large lost sight of the fact that Greece's desperate intervention in Crete, by the landing of Col. Vassos's expedition in the island, really gained the desired end—the liberation of Crete from the Turkish rule. Had not that "wanton and flagrant violation of international law," as it was termed, taken place, it is more than doubtful whether Crete would have been granted the autonomy which is proving such a success to-day. King George literally cut the Gordian knot by forcing the Powers to pledge themselves to "real and complete autonomy," as an escape from annexation of the island to Greece; and it is therefore all the greater pity that Greece, having once attained this, was not content to recognize it, but rushed on to a disastrous war in which defeat was a foregone conclusion. It was not till May 8, 1897, when applying to the Powers for their mediation with the victorious Turks, that the Greek Government were obliged not only to recall Vassos and his troops, but to give their formal adherence to the scheme of autonomy promised by the Powers to Crete. And this recognition by the Greek Government forced the Cretan insurgents themselves to give up their motto of union with Greece.

The autonomy scheme pleased neither Christians nor Mussulmans at first. The Christians were already weary of the word, which was associated with so many broken promises in the past, on the part of Turkey and the Powers, and which had served only to delay the settlement and prolong the agony of oppression and revolt. The Mussulmans, on the other hand, knew that autonomy of any kind, not tempered by the counteracting presence of Turkish troops and officials, meant the rule of the Christian majority and the loss of their own privileged position; furthermore, they were firmly convinced that no sooner had the Christians thus gained the upper hand than the Mussulmans would be gradually exterminated in revenge for past atrocities.

Nor is it clear that, at the time of the admirals' proclamation (March 21, 1897), the Powers had any very definite conception of the proffered autonomy in mind. The wording of the promise was elastic enough to have been made to fit the old Halepa charter, which had proved utterly unsatisfactory; and it is not unlikely that, but for England, the outcome would have been a flimsy local parliament for Crete, capped by the usual array of Turkish civil and military governors. It was Lord Salisbury who, in the first instance, refused to oppose Greece and join in the blockade of Crete unless some definite decision were first taken as to the future status of Crete. This forced the Powers, much against the will of Germany, Austria, and Russia, to promise the Cretans "real and effective autonomy under the suzerainty of the Sultan." Then it was Lord Salisbury who, when Russia proposed two Turkish pashas among the candidates for the Cretan governorship, declared that England would accept any candidate excepting a Turk and an Englishman. And lastly, it was England that insisted, as a satisfaction for the murder of her bluejackets at Candia, upon the complete evacuation of the island by the Turkish military and civil authorities.

As it was, the Powers dallied with the Cretan question for a year and a half after the proclamation of autonomy, and probably would have continued to do so indefinitely had not the Candia riots (September 6, 1898) forced them to take immediate and energetic action. These eighteen months were a period of most distressing suspense and material loss for both parties in Crete. The Christians (who form, say, five-sevenths of the population), though masters of the entire island, with the exception of the few maritime towns held by the international forces, were wofully short of supplies, owing to the long-continued blockade and the failure of the crops. The Mussulmans of the country-side, driven out of their farms and villages, were crowded uncomfortably in the three fortified towns, Canea, Rethymo, and Candia, where they were fed by supplies sent from Constantinople. The burning of the Moslem villages by the insurgents, the raids and marauding parties of the Moslems from the towns upon the neighboring Christian villages, the close

investment of the cordons by the insurgents, and the wholesale destruction of Moslem olive trees, inflamed the passions on both sides to exasperation; and the admirals had no easy or pleasant task in keeping the two factions from cutting each other's throats.

Again and again the distressed council of admirals and the consular body at Canea, presided over by Sir A. Billiotti, the British representative, urged upon their governments the removal of the Turkish troops from the island as the first step toward pacification. But the Powers, though refusing all the Porte's requests for permission to land fresh troops, could not make up their minds to compel the Sultan to evacuate the island. They proposed, therefore, to proceed in the direction of autonomy by nominating a governor, and much valuable time was wasted in considering various candidates—Turkish, Swiss, Belgian, German, Austrian, and even Montenegrin—in fact, anybody but a Greek. Finally, Russia took up a long-forgotten proposal of Lord Salisbury's, and suggested Prince George of Greece. Turkey, backed by Germany and Austria, refused even to consider this candidature, and another deadlock ensued (March, 1898) of which Germany and Austria took advantage to escape from the Concert, on the petulant plea that their views had not been adopted from the beginning of the Cretan troubles. In the words of Herr von Bülow, Germany laid down the flute she had hitherto played in the European concert, and retired from the concert-room. It is doubtful whether the dulcet tones of the flute are the most fitting simile for the noisy and overbearing part Germany had played throughout the affair, quite out of proportion to her material contributions toward the pacification of Crete.

It is a pity that these two Powers, the most hostile to the Greek cause, had not seen their way clear to withdrawing at an earlier stage of the game. Without Germany, it is doubtful whether Turkey would ever have declared war; and in the whole Græco-Turkish conflict Germany stood in the way of more than one promising solution. If, after these withdrawals, the other Powers continued to procrastinate and hesitate in their Cretan policy, this was due entirely to an exaggerated sense of the difficulties of the situation. It was deemed impossible to remove the Turkish soldiery from the island; and yet the Cretan Assembly, which was convened by the admirals in July, 1898, to frame a provisional government for the interior districts, solemnly declared that the Christians would neither lay down their arms, nor allow the Mussulman peasants to return to their farms and villages, until the last Turkish soldier had quitted Crete. And as disarmament was an indispensable preliminary to pacification, it seemed to the Powers that nothing could be done except by slow and cautious stages.

There is no telling how long this absurd caution might have protracted the distressing situation of suspense and suffering, had not the riot at Candia on September 6, 7, and 8, 1898, forced the Powers to abandon their hesitating policy. On September 3 the admirals had decided to appropriate the *dime*, or municipal tax on exports, towards the expenses of the provisional government. This sequestration, coming on top of several recent rebuffs on the subject of Crete and the Greek treaty of peace, aroused the Porte's animosity to the extent of secretly instigating the native Mussulmans to armed resistance. This was hardly possible at Canea and Rethymo, owing to the large foreign forces there, but at Candia, ever the Mussulman centre in the island, 20,000 destitute peasant refugees, all armed with Martini rifles and spoiling for a fight, were more than a match for the 120 British soldiers. Edhem Pasha, the Turkish Governor, prepared the outbreak, and then roundly refused to give up the *dime* offices. The British gunboat *Hazard*, having landed a party of bluejackets and taken the offices by force, the mob opened a fusillade on them, killing thirteen and wounding forty-two. Then the Christian quarter was looted and burned, and several hundred defenceless Christians, including the British Vice-Consul and family, butchered by the rioters, openly aided by the Turkish regulars. The senior British officer, Capt. Hallett of the *Camperdown*, was a man of neither firmness nor judgment, and the Turks laughed at his ultimatums until Rear-Admiral Gerald Noel arrived in hot haste from Malta. Within two days he made the Turks hand out over a hundred alleged ringleaders (Edhem Pasha having promptly disavowed the riot), and tear down all houses commanding the British camp on the ramparts. Five thousand British troops were soon concentrated thither from Egypt and Malta, and seventeen of the ringleaders were sentenced by court-martial and publicly hanged.

But England was not content with this small satisfaction for the insult to her flag and the murder of her sailors; for it had become quite plain that the Turkish authorities were the real instigators, and the Turkish soldiery had participated actively in the excesses. Upon England's proposal, therefore, the Powers decided to summon the Porte to withdraw all her troops and officials from the island within a month (ending November 4, 1898). The Porte bowed before the inevitable and made the usual promises; but when the month expired, there were still 4,000 Turkish troops in the three towns, and the authorities, who were all still at their posts, claimed to have received no orders from Constantinople. This was too much for Admiral Noel's patience; and, while the other admirals were still pondering on these evasions, he had the whole Turkish garrison of Candia, with all the Turkish officials, unceremoniously driven down by British troops to the boats, put on board the transports in the offing with all their baggage and harems, and sent off to Salonica by daybreak of November 6. This energetic piece of work shamed the other admirals into dealing firmly with the Turks in their respective sections, and on the 12th of November, 1898, the Turkish flag was hauled down at Canea, and the Turkish tyranny of four hundred years was at an end.

The enthusiasm of the Christians, and the readiness with which they surrendered their arms to the international authorities, proved how absurd the hesitation of the Powers with regard to the removal of the Turks had been. The Moslems were, of course, very much downcast at the departure of their co-religionists; but their position was now, if anything, one of far greater safety as to life and property than under the protection of the Crescent. Within a month, Prince George was appointed High Commissioner of the Powers in Crete (thereby evading the necessity of receiving the Sultan's assent to his appointment) for a term of three years, and landed at Suda Bay on December 21, amid the thunders of cannon and popular acclamation. The enthusiasm of the Cretans knew no bounds, and the Prince's entry into Canea, and later Rethymo and Candia, was triumphal in every sense of the word.

Since then the work of building up a modern, civilized state out of the ruins of twenty centuries of bloodshed and misrule has gone on. At first sight, the young Greek sailor-prince was not the man most fitted for this grave and responsible task. Neither his years, nor his training, nor indeed his past record in the Greek navy, seemed to qualify him for a work that is almost unique in the annals of our times. But the bitter experiences of the war of 1897 had evidently sobered him, and thus far his career in Crete has been one of hard and conscientious work, and steady and even-handed government, beyond all expectations. He is doubtless aided by the prestige as well as by the material support in ships and troops of the four great Powers whose Commissioner he is. But his own personal popularity, both for his own physical attractions, handsome stalwart figure and blunt charm of manner, and especially for his status as Greek prince, symbolizing the national ideal of ultimate union with the mother country, is his greatest source of strength and success. The rough and warlike mountaineers, who have passed their lives in armed revolt against a tyrannical government, and become estranged from all instinct of obedience to any law, as well as hardened in every baser instinct of rapine, fierce bloodshed, and merciless revenge, submit like glad children to any restraint as coming from the Prince; the sensation, moreover, of living under a régime of real justice and equality before the law is novel and powerful.

Prince George has not been entirely successful with the Mussulman minority as yet. He has done everything in his power to conciliate them and win their confidence; but, while the town Moslems were soon reconciled to the new order of things, the bulk of the peasantry, ignorant and fanatical, have been stirred up by secret emissaries from Constantinople to emigrate rather than live under Giaour rule. In spite of the Prince's untiring efforts to convince them that they should enjoy full equality with their Christian neighbors, these misguided victims of the Sultan's intrigues have abandoned Crete in large numbers (about 30,000 out of 70,000), and scattered throughout Asia Minor. Fortunately, the tide of emigration has slackened very perceptibly of late, while many of the first emigrants are returning to their homes, as they see the consolidation of order and good government in the island. The town Mussulmans, and especially the beys, or rich landowners, are already enthusiastic supporters of the Prince. The recent visit of the Queen of Greece to her son at Canea has contributed largely to this result; the gracious lady won the hearts of the Moslem feminine world by returning in person all the visits of the harem ladies (no small task), and was simply overwhelmed

with gifts from these enthusiastic *hanums*. The Prince also frequently visits the mosques and Moslem schools, and has appointed a Mussulman as his "Counsellor," or Secretary of State, for the Department of Public Safety and Gendarmerie.

This brings me to the constitutional situation in Crete. Soon after the Prince's arrival, a General Assembly was elected, and met at Canea, which voted a constitution drawn up by a commission of Cretan lawyers and political men, under the Prince's supervision. This constitution vests the Assembly with the sole right of passing laws and voting taxes and public expenditure, but debars it from all interference with the executive power, nor is the latter in any way dependent upon the legislative body. The Prince, as head of the executive, governs through a responsible council of ministers, whose choice, appointment, and dismissal rest entirely with him. It must not be forgotten that Prince George is at present not Prince, or Governor, of Crete, but High Commissioner of the Powers, to whom alone he is answerable; yet, to all practical intents and purposes, he fulfils the functions of the regular Governor, and the constitution was framed to meet his wishes and adapted to his person. His appointment under the Powers is for three years, at the expiration of which term it will depend entirely on circumstances whether the appointment will be renewed, or whether the Sultan's assent to his appointment as Prince of Crete will be asked. The former is the more probable. It is also probable that the present constitution will remain in force unchanged as long as Cretan autonomy lasts. The unusually ample power given to the Prince, and the limitation of the national representation to mere legislation, were a necessity, in the case of a passionate and excitable race of political infants, even if Crete were not materially ruined by the long centuries of anarchy and misrule. In Greece proper, the premature introduction of parliamentary government has engendered a sad compound of political jobbery and demagogue rule. Universal suffrage has led to the utter prostitution of parliamentary institutions. Even worse were the results of a similar régime in Crete for eleven years under the Halepa convention of 1878; not only was autonomy but an ignoble scramble for the sweets of office, but the minority habitually conspired against the majority with the Turkish Governor-General, and against the latter with his personal enemies at Constantinople, and the majority invariably drove the minority out of the towns and plains into the mountains by force of arms. In the absence, therefore, of the self-restraint indispensable to the working of parliamentary institutions, and with so much waiting to be done for the country's material and social regeneration, Crete needs a strong central government, independent of popular whims, passions, and imperfections, for some time to come.

The Prince has certainly made a wise use of his dictatorship, and the Powers are well pleased with their choice. If some of them betray aims and views regarding Crete which clash with the Cretans' aims and aspirations, this need not disturb either the Prince or the Cretans. The four Powers are sufficiently jealous of each other to guard against any one-sided attempt to "grab" Crete. The union of Crete with the mother-country is only a question of time. But it will be for the best interests of both Crete and Greece if this union is deferred for a few years, to give the Cretans time to acquire better and wiser political habits than they can learn in Greece. It is not too much to say that no greater boon could be conferred upon Greece herself at this moment than the introduction of a régime similar to that which is proving so beneficial in Crete.

D. KALOPOTHAKES.

THE AMERICAN INVASION OF THE LONDON THEATRE.

LONDON, October, 1899.

Of the hold the theatre has upon the Londoner, there is no question. He values it in his affections next, perhaps, to sport; in his daily paper, theatrical notes are only second in interest to the list of "All the Winners"; in moments of great national excitement, like the present, it is in the theatre he loves best to make his public profession of patriotism. He may approach it from various standpoints; he may, with the supporters of Independent and New Century movements, seek in it only an intellectual stimulus, or, with Grant Allen, he may frankly prefer the silliest song, the most rollicking fun of the *cafés chantants* in the Champs-Élysées or of the London Pavilion, to the best-mounted piece of Shakspere's or Victor Hugo's. But the theatre, in one form or another, he cannot do without. He would agree with Matthew Arnold, I think it was, who called it "irresistible"; with Hazlitt, who declared it to be "the source of the greatest enjoyment at the time, and a never-failing fund of agreeable reflection afterwards." He has his moods and preferences; Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Pinero both know to their cost that even his favorite dramatists may not always please him; Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Beerbohm Tree have both paid for his applause by more than one failure. But though he may object to this play or that actor in it, his devotion to the theatre itself—if the term be used to cover the music-hall as well—never wavers, and he flocks to it in crowds, when the picture gallery is deserted and the poet's latest masterpiece left unread. Therefore, though he might see with equanimity the American artist cutting the ground from under the feet of the native Academician, though he might accept in silence the establishment of the American journalist in Fleet Street, when it came to "the American Invasion" of the London theatre, he could no longer look on unmoved. Indeed, how acutely he has felt it, is shown in the constant discussion of this "invasion" in the papers, while things, apparently, had reached such a crisis last spring that Mr. William Archer, London's leading dramatic critic, was spared from his accustomed stall, to go on a special mission to study the American stage at home.

The "invasion," to keep to the big name the journalists have found for it, began with the triumphs of the Daly company. It had been attempted before that by Booth and Jefferson and other distinguished, or popular, American actors, but with a degree of success—or failure—that made no undue bid upon the English actor's generosity. It is doubtful whether he realized the danger to himself when Miss Ada Rehan and Mr. Drew, Mrs. Phillips and Mr. Lewis not only won critical applause, but drew all the town to see them. Certainly, he seems to have taken no notice of the gradual inroads upon his own preserves until to-day, practically, when he wakes up to find, to his dismay, an American managing two of the principal London theatres, American companies giving at two others the most popular musical extravaganza and farce now in vogue, an American play in full progress at a fifth, and at least one American actor or actress figuring in the bill of almost all the others. Under these circumstances, I scarcely believe that the beautiful Anglo-American Brotherhood, of which we hear so much, has spread to the stage, despite the waving of the union jack and the stars and stripes at the most inopportune moment in the successful piece. Indeed, I should not be surprised if, in the end, the American would become as much of a bugbear to the English actor as the German is already to the city clerk.

I have watched this recent theatrical development with a good deal of interest. The stage, or rather dramatic art, because of its possibilities, has a certain fascination that somehow stands the test of continual disappointment; and, really, there is little but disappointment in the London theatre. It is not so much the fault of the drama itself, though the Ibsen devotee grumbles that we have no dramatists. There is, however, Shakspere always for an emergency and for amateur societies; there are plenty of Frenchmen whose work can be adapted; Mr. Grundy and Mr. Pinero are very clever playwrights; on rare occasions there is the chance to see the plays written by Mr. Henley and Stevenson in collaboration, or by Mr. Bernard Shaw, or by one or two others with some literary aspirations; and Ibsen and Maeterlinck, in translation, are not yet exhausted. But it is when the play is most admirable that disappointment is keenest. The Ibsen performances got up by the enthusiasts who, for a while, took the elevation of the drama in hand, invariably exposed most forcibly the real shortcoming of the London theatre. Mr. Archer thinks that the commanding talent of one or two playwrights has dragged it out of the slough of despond. But I cannot agree with him. Even when there is the great or the good or the clever play, there are not the great or the good or the clever actors and actresses to do it justice, and here you have the real trouble. Exceptions can be pointed to, I admit, but I am speaking generally, and what strikes me above all else on the London stage is the indifference, the lifelessness, or the exaggeration of the acting. No matter what the play is—tragedy, comedy, or farce—it degenerates almost at once into melodrama, spectacle, or a well-staged puppet performance, and the members of a company are seldom in sufficient accord to give that unity of impression which is the first essential.

I am not overstating my case. Had I space, I might go through the list of the London theatres now open to prove my point. But take two extreme examples. At the one extreme is Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the most popular, probably, of all the actor-managers. He gained his popularity at the start by the ingenuity of his make-up; the critics began to describe him as "versatile" because he was so quick to adapt himself to each new disguise, until in the end nothing else was expected from him. His audience looked to see how he was dressed, not how he acted; the costume was the thing—his own costume, the cos-

tume of his company, of his stage; with, of course, artistic disaster as the result. I was not surprised when, last winter, I found that the great success of his version of "The Three Musketeers" was his appearance mounted on a white horse—a real horse—in the first act, and, in the last, his arrival with the Queen's diamonds, in a breathless and travel-worn condition so realistically expressed that the audience could almost fancy they had watched him galloping for dear life, on the same horse, behind the scenes, and he had but to show himself to bring down the house. Mr. Vincent Crummles, with his real washtubs, had as high a conception, surely, of dramatic art. Anyway, Mr. Tree's fate was sealed. His "King John" this autumn is nothing more nor less than a gorgeous pageant, with the success of "The Musketeers" repeated, or doubled, by the introduction in one act of two real horses bearing their riders—brave war-horses who munch sugar contentedly and beg for more, when, according to all the rules of the game, they ought to be sniffing the battle from afar.

At the other extreme is Mr. Forbes Robertson, whose intellect has become among the critics quite as much of a *cliché* as Mr. Tree's versatility, so that he is now altogether too intellectual to condescend to act. It is he who, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell—in her case "temperament" is all-sufficient—has presented the American play to which I have referred, "The Moonlight Blossom," by Mr. C. B. Fernald. It is a play without a very engrossing plot, perhaps, but full of charming scenes and incident, and the dialogue has a quite unusual literary distinction. There are plenty of opportunities, you might think, for an actor, but necessarily they are wasted upon an intellect and a temperament; and Mr. Robertson and Mrs. Campbell walk through the three acts as wooden as puppets. You almost fancy you see the wires dangling. I have attended many a more animated performance in the little marionette theatres of Naples and Florence; and it is left entirely to one of the minor characters, Mr. James Welch, a comedian and a genius in his way, to give the least semblance of life to Mr. Fernald's drama.

Between these two extremes is every variety and shade of indifference, misconception, and incompetence. Realize this, and also remember that there are, besides, a few excellent actors and an occasional excellent performance, and you will have a fair idea of the present condition of the London theatre. And now, what of the Americans who have come to invade it? I should say that, in one respect, the stage was worse off at home than in England. It is long since I have been able to study it at first hand; but, in London certainly, the good American play is rarer still than the good English play. It may be that this is by no means the fault of the dramatists; a great American dramatic school may be waiting for the chance the obdurate manager refuses to give. But I am simply concerned with the actual, not a possible, state of affairs. To go back to the beginning, the Daly company made their appeal to the English public with Shakspere and American adaptations of German comedies—with anything rather than a representative American drama. Since then, there have been Wall Street plays and Wild West plays and Civil War plays, and so on, American, however, only in the background and the slang; obviously not American in the sense that Ibsen's plays are Scandinavian, or those of Dumas and Labiche French; while, when it is a question of musical extravaganza and comedy, the songs may be sung and the dances danced in a candy-store in Broadway, or a fortress in Peru, but they would hardly be considered for that reason either typically North or South American. It may be that the plays imported are selected with a view to the English public. But I note that Mr. Archer, who has just published his first report in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, when he was in New York in the spring found American companies chiefly producing English comedies and French farces. American or not, if the imported plays had any very special merit, that of itself would account for the American conquest of the London theatre. But I do not see that Mr Clyde Fitch or Mrs. Ryley can as yet compete with Mr. Pinero or Mr. Grundy.

If this conquest does not depend upon the play, the natural inference is that it must depend upon the players. And it does. I never see an American company, whether in farce or comedy, without feeling immediately the difference between the American method and the English, and this, though there have been no American actors or actresses of any great distinction here since the days of Miss Rehan. But the American seems to understand that it is his business to act; and he acts; he is not too absorbed with his mighty intellect, or his trick of disguises, or his temperament. Moreover, he knows it is his business to act with everybody else in the play or on the stage, and so he always manages to produce that indispensable unity of impression, however discordant the dramatic materials provided. Above all, he is, like the French actor, alive. You feel that he is "all there," in the slang phrase. I remember hearing a kind critic say of a little English burlesque actress that she was working so hard. But that is just what she ought not to have been doing, or what she should not have let her audience know she was doing. The actor, like the painter, must conceal the means by which he produces his effect, for it is only in the effect that we, who look on, are interested. The American actor may work every bit as hard, but he has the grace not to let you suspect it for a moment. There is not a suggestion of labor or effort in that apparently inexhaustible, but rather foolish medley called "The Belle of New York"; all the performers seem to be there to amuse themselves, and the sense of gayety is quickly enough communicated to the audience. It is the same with Mr. Goodwin and Mr. De Wolf Hopper and their companies. They could not, one might think, have hit upon feebler or less well constructed plays, but they have been able to infuse into each a little of their own exuberance of life and vitality. And I, for one, would much rather see "The Belle of New York," or "El Capitan," or "The American Citizen," rendered with the appropriate animation, or extravagance, or fun, than Shakspere's "King John" reduced to a mere echo of the Christmas pantomime. I am convinced that this is the secret of the success of the "American Invasion," which has puzzled so many of the critics; and that the American manager in London thinks so too is more than likely, judging from the care with which he has got together the English companies for the gay farce and flamboyant melodrama he is now running in London theatres.

The drama can be made or marred by its interpreters, very much as the painter's picture may be marred or made by the engraver. The art of the dramatist avails nothing when the actor is not an artist; but, on the other hand, the actor who is an artist can redeem the most artless play from nothingness. We can only know the dramatist through the actor, and it is because the American actor—that is, as he appears in London—can make the uninteresting or trivial playwright amusing for the moment, while the English actor could make the most inspired genius dull and tame, that one wonders if, when the great, or good, or original drama is finally created, there will not be more hope for it on the American stage than on the English. N. N.

Correspondence.

LESSONS OF THE ELECTIONS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of your valued paper for November 9 I read that you consider the late election in the Northwest an unqualified endorsement of President McKinley's Philippine policy. You also attribute the result in Nebraska to State pride in Mr. Bryan. No doubt that had something to do with it, but the fact that there are more than 5,000 votes in the State wholly unmarked as to State officers is not susceptible of any such explanation. In my own voting-place I watched the counting of the 238 votes. Ten were blank as to State officers, with votes for Republican county officers on nine of them. This county (Saline) has about 4,500 voters, and casts usually 3,700 to 4,300 votes. This year the total vote is not quite 4,000, considered a heavy one. The Fusion candidate, Mr. Holcomb, has a majority of 322, with about 200 blanks as stated. Last year the Republican candidate for Governor had a plurality of 162, and an absolute majority of half that, in a total vote of 3,708. Just about as many voted for head of the ticket as this year, but the fusionist gain is 484. This county has over 300 German and 800 Bohemian voters. McKinley had in 1896 a plurality of fifty-eight in a total of 4,285 votes, 100 scattering. There is some fusionist gain in each polling-place, owing to larger attendance and keener interest on that side this year. The heavy gains, however, are in the Bohemian and German precincts. At least two-thirds of this fusion gain, or 370 votes, in this one county is among the foreign-born voters, and expresses their fear and dislike of militarism and the Republican programme as to the Philippines.

The same thing is true in Thayer County in this State, where I was holding court Friday and Saturday; the foreign voters there being Germans. Not less than 5,000 in the State, mostly foreign-born Republicans, voted blank ballots as to State officers, and another 5,000 of them voted for Judge Holcomb.

This issue was most vigorously pressed by Mr. Bryan during the campaign, was recognized as dangerous by the Republicans, and sought to be counteracted by every possible means, with the result indicated. Men who have left their native land to avoid

irksome service in armies on a peace footing, or to get their sons away from it, will not endure anything looking towards it.

It is noticeable, too, that success in the Philippines will only increase Republican embarrassment on this issue. Their answer now is that rebellion and attacks on the flag must be put down. Once put down, the problem of a policy will be just that much harder. Among the foreign-born voters of the Northwest is the field for anti-imperialist work, at least for those who, like myself, consider the silver delusion no longer dangerous.—Yours very truly,

W. G. HASTINGS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a life-long Republican and resident of this city, I have been surprised at the strange misunderstanding in the Eastern papers as to the real cause of the Jones vote in this State on the 7th instant. Having voted for Mr. Jones, in common with more than ten thousand other Republicans of this city and county, permit me to give what I believe to be the real significance of this vote.

It is, first, wrongly charged up to Mr. Hanna as a "boss." It was not cast against him personally—not a single vote. Those spite votes which were thrown by the McKisson Republicans here went directly to McLean, and they did not amount to much.

It is then wrongly charged up to John McLean as a "boss." McLean lost on account of the old Thurman-Pendleton feud, whereby thousands of old-line Democrats who admired the "Old Roman" voted directly in this city for Judge Nash! I have a good estimate from one of these gentlemen, who says at least 3,000 Thurman Democrats voted for Nash in this county, and 7,000 of them for Jones!

The immense Jones vote here was cast *in direct opposition to the policy of coddling Trusts*, as advanced by Hanna, and *the policy of the Administration in pushing the Philippine war*. This vote of Jones and that of McLean, united as they will be next year under a fit leader, will place McKinley in a minority of over 125,000 votes in Ohio, and he will be beaten by a plurality of over 50,000. No one here denies that it can and will be done. The Trusts have eliminated the financial arguments of 1896; the good "honest" gold dollar has been so debased by the Trusts that it takes two or three of them to-day to buy as much of certain products as they bought in 1896.

HENRY W. ELLIOTT.

CLEVELAND, O., November 14, 1899.

THE MASSACHUSETTS SLAVE-BURNING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A communication in the *Nation* by "A. M.," and another by "J. D. B.," upon the execution of the negress Maria in Boston in 1681, have lately come under my eye. As the matter involved—the execution of a death-sentence by burning—has at different times awakened interest, perhaps a further word may not be amiss. The conclusion drawn in each communication, that the woman was burned alive, seems not fully justified. There is very little contemporary information to be had. The Court record is silent; and there is no return, as is frequently the case, as to the carrying out of the sentence. The record in the Court of Assistants reads as follows:

Marja Negro servant to Joshua Lambe of Roxbury in the County of Suffolke in New England being presented by the Grand Jury was Indicted by the name of marja Negro for not hauing the feare of God before hir eyes & being Instigated by the divil at or vpon the eleventh day of July last in the night did wittingly willingly & felloniously set on fier the dwelling house of Thomas swann of sd Roxbury by taking a Coale from vnder a still & carrjed it into another Roome and lajd it on floore neere the doore & presently went & crept into a hole at a back doore of thy master Lambs house & set it on fier also taking a liue Coale betweene two chips & Carried it into the chamber by which also it was Consumed as by yor Confession will appeare contrary to the peace of our Soueraigne Lord the king his Croune & dignity the lawes of this Jurisdiction in that Case made & prouided title firing of houses = The prisoner at the barr pleaded & acknowledged hirselfe to be Guilty of ye fact. And accordingly the next day being Again brought to the Barr had sentenc of death pronounct agt hir by the Honnoble Gouno^{r} yt she should Goe from the barr to the prison whenc she Came & thence to the place of Execution & there be burnt. = ye lord be mercifull to thy soule sd ye Gouer

Marja Negroes Indictment

& sentence

At the same sitting of the Court was the trial of the negro servant Jack for a similar crime, for setting "on fier Leiftennt Wm. Clarks house in north Hampton by taking a brand of fier from the hearth and swinging it up and down for to find victualls as by his Confession may Appeare," etc., whose sentence was to "be hanged by the neck till he be dead & then taken downe & burnt to Ashes in the fier wth Maria negro."

A few days later, warrants were ordered to issue for the "execution on the next lecture day, presently after the lecture according to their sentences," a third criminal for another offence being ordered to execution, at the same time, by hanging.

The only contemporary mention of the matter that I have found is the passage from the diary of Increase Mather quoted by "J. D. B.," but incorrectly attributed by him to the diary of Cotton Mather. This occurs among the extracts made therefrom by Dr. Belknap, a century ago, now in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Probably it is correctly copied by Dr. Belknap, but that original diary is not now to be found. In the portions of his diary in the library of the American Antiquarian Society, the only entry for that date is his memorandum of what he had been reading that day. The 1681 entries are the only ones covered by the interleaved Almanacs, and Dr. Belknap would seem to have copied from some more elaborate affair, selecting here and there such items as interested him. Cotton Mather's diary in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society contains no entries between the 19th September and the 1st October of that year.

The statement quoted from Mather's diary is explicit, but it does not necessarily prove that the woman was burnt alive. The expression "burnt to death" is common in sentences and in references to them. Under the law of England at the time and after, in cases of petit treason, a distinction was made between the sentences imposed on men and on women: the man was sentenced to be drawn to the place of execution and there hanged; the woman escaped being drawn, and was sentenced not to be hanged but to be burnt; and, according to Blackstone, in all treasons by the feminine sex, this distinction was observed. This continued till the St. 30 George Third, which changed the penalty to hanging. This distinction has been stated to have sprung from a deference to the sex and the respect due to feminine modesty, and the apparent barbarity of the punishment to have been usually mitigated in practice by fastening a cord to the stake and drawing it tightly about the neck of the woman, when the pile was lighted or before, until life was extinct—in effect strangling, or hanging without the attendant exposure.

Maria was tried, not for petit treason or for murder (and, except Mather's mention of a rumor, there is nothing to show that any life was lost), but under the law of 1652 against firing houses. Our colonial ancestors were sticklers for the strict observance of prescribed form and procedure, and the sentence here may have been given in analogy to the English practice mentioned. It is hard to see how the legality of the sentence can be questioned, though such question has been made; the statute fixing the punishment "to be put to death," but not fixing the mode of death.

Jack's offence seems to have been rather criminal carelessness than premeditated crime. Possibly the felony of firing houses by negroes may have seemed on the increase, as Mather notes in July "several houses in Boston and Roxbury set on fire at different times by negroes," and some penalty *in terrorem* judged expedient.

The words in the passage quoted, "the 1st yt has suffered such a death in N. E.," are not inconsistent with the mere noting of the first instance of such compliance with English practice. In the colonial period there appear on the court records now extant only two other instances of death sentence in the case of women—one in 1638, "for the unnatural and untimely death of her daughter," "to bee hanged"; and one in March, 1643-4, "condemned to death" for adultery. In 1691 sentence was ordered for infanticide, but not pronounced till 1693, in the days of the Province, and then by hanging.

If the woman was actually burned alive, it seems rather strange that Mather made no reflection upon it further than this brief note, and did not improve the occasion by a sermon, as he did in case of Faevor and Driver in 1674, Morgan in March, 1685-6, and another in 1698; and that Cotton Mather, who usually never failed to note any startling occurrence, is silent.

John Dunton, in his letters from New England, in one from Boston March 25, 1686, gives a very elaborate account of the execution of Morgan a few days before, which he sends as a "Piece of News, for there has not (it seems) been an Execution here this seven years. So that some have come 50 miles to see it"; and quite a full version of the "three excellent Sermons" "preached before him, before his execution," by the two Mathers and Joshua Moodey. From this it might seem that the execution of 1681 had not had any remarkable features or left a very deep impression.

The case of Maria is considered by Mr. Goodell in his paper upon the murder of Capt. Codman in 1755 by his negro servant Phillis, contained in volume xx. of First Series Proceedings of Massachusetts Historical Society. J. N.

"LETTERS OF EMERSON TO A FRIEND."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my note to you of November 4, I said that no one of "Emerson's Letters to a Friend" had been previously published. This is true as regards the whole of any one of the letters; but, since writing to you, I have been reminded of what I ought to have remembered, that a portion of two of the letters appeared in Mr. Cabot's admirable 'Memoir' of Emerson. These two letters are those numbered xxi. and xxviii., and parts of them are to be found respectively on pp. 473 and 554 of the 'Memoir.'

Very truly yours,

C. E. NORTON.

Notes.

W. H. Lowdermilk & Co., Washington, D. C., have in press a work on 'The Spanish Civil Law of Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippine Islands,' with references to the codes of Mexico, Central and South America, by Clifford Stevens Walton.

The Dominion Company, Chicago, have nearly ready 'War in South Africa: The Dark Continent from Savagery to Civilization,' by William Harding.

Miss Mabel Craft, author of 'Hawaii Nei,' has to tell of a trip to Mexico in her 'Below the Rio Grande,' announced by the Doxey Book Co., San Francisco.

E. P. Dutton & Co. are about to publish the first of a series of volumes to be known as "Saintly Lives," under the editorship of Dr. R. F. Horton. It is by Anna M. Stoddard, and relates the life of Mrs. Elizabeth Pease Nichol, whose name is familiar to readers of the Life of Garrison as one of his stanchest and most valued supporters in Great Britain, yet whose death was comparatively recent. Another series undertaken by the same house is "Master Musicians," edited by F. J. Crowest, and beginning with Beethoven.

From the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons will issue 'The Wheat Problem,' by C. Wood Davis and John Hyde, and 'First Principles in Politics,' by William Samuel Lilly.

New announcements by Macmillan Company are 'On the Theory and Practice of Art-Enamelling upon Metals,' by H. Cunynghame, and 'Imperative Surgery,' by Howard Lilienthal, M.D.

C. P. Farrell, 117 East Twenty-first Street, New York, will shortly issue the "Dresden Edition" of the complete works of the late Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, in twelve octavo volumes, of which one will be legal and include his speech at the Star Route Trial, and one patriotic-political.

Forthcoming from Gebhardt & Wilisch (Leipzig; New York: Lemcke & Buechner) is 'Deutscher Sprachhort,' a dictionary of German style, by Prof. Albert Heintze. It will embrace and comment upon every word in whose form, signification, or correlation (*Fügung*) there is anything worth remarking, with distinction of the vulgar from the literary, prosaic from poetical, etc.

Nothing could be more fitting than the conjunction, in a uniform edition, of the Life of Tennyson, by his son, and the poet's Complete Works. The Life is the most intimate commentary possible upon the verse, and those who wish to get nearest to the maker's thoughts cannot dispense with it. The Macmillan Company, feeling this, have divided the Life into four duodecimo volumes, and added the six of the edition of 1896, binding them in a green cloth richly stamped, with gilt tops, and putting a moderate price upon the set. By this combination it is to be remarked that the poet's own portrait gallery of six photographs from life (including two by Mrs. Cameron and the fine one by Rejlander) or from Watts's painting is increased by two, the Lawrence and the interesting daguerreotype of 1838, while Watts's portraits of Mrs. Tennyson and her two sons complete the family group. It may be worth recalling that there is, in the final volume, besides the usual indexes to first lines and to titles, an index to first lines for the several divisions of "In Memoriam." Further comment on this happy idea, elegantly carried out, appears to us superfluous.

A two-volume 'Villette' in the "Thornton Edition" of the novels of the Sisters Brontë, of which the brief introductions are from the pen of Temple Scott (London: Downey & Co.; New York: Scribners), has, like its predecessors, its signal merit in the unusually bold typography. For aged or impaired vision this edition has no rival. Simultaneously we receive the first volume, 'Jane Eyre,' of the new "Haworth Edition" (Harpers), of which the print is fine by comparison, but both legible and comely. It is illustrated with portraits and scenes, and Mrs. Humphry Ward furnishes an introduction. In part she undisguisedly acts the devil's advocate for her author as respects an estimate of the novel in question; but she finds the magic power in Charlotte Brontë's personality, and lays much stress upon the Celtic strain in her. She also speculates on what French literature may have done for her after her first work. The introduction is agreeably written and fairly convincing.

We note the appearance in the "Centenary Edition" of Carlyle's Writings (Scribners) of volume iv. of the Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. In one of these, on "The Nigger Question" (1849), occurs the rational comment on the patrol of the African coast against slavers, that it would be more effectual to "go to Cuba and Brazil with a sufficiency of Seventy-fours" and enforce the negro's right to freedom. "Chartism" and "Dr. Francia" are other notable essays in this volume.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, with an introduction, and with a scrupulous observance of the text and spelling of the two original editions of the 'Essays of Elia'; Mr. Charles E. Brock, with clever pen and etching-needle; and Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. (New York: Scribners), with their customary taste in manufacture, have produced an acceptable reprint, in two volumes, of the classic just designated. The form is 16mo, and the wine-colored covers (ominous choice of tint) are ornamented with a flowing design.

The incongruities which sum up the work of James Whitcomb Riley characterize the volume called 'Riley Love-Lyrics' (Indianapolis: Bowen-Merrill Co.). To begin with, his most sentimental, tender, and refined verse jostles against his dialect humor; then the letterpress is unevenly spaced; and finally, the "illustrations" are photographs from living models or from scenery—few so good as the lilies at p. 63, or the face ("beautiful eyes") at p. 61. Still, Mr. Riley's admirers will not desert him for these shortcomings.

Mr. Henry Newbolt's 'Stories from Froissart' (Macmillan) consists of a selection of stirring fights or adventures from the ever-popular chronicler. The extracts are taken from Lord Berners's sixteenth-century translation, with a reasonable amount of modernizing of words and phrases in order to adapt the book for presentation to the youth of both sexes. The general nature of the work may be known from the fact of its dealing chiefly with the principal battles of the Hundred Years' War—Sluys, Crécy, Poictiers—together with tournaments and similar actions characteristic of chivalric life. One division, "The Battle of Les Espagnols-sur-Mer," not contained in Berners, has been translated by the present editor in a diction and style well in keeping with his model. Froissart's tour through southern France, with its attendant incidents, holds a deservedly prominent place, and gives the reader some impression of the strangely adventurous elements in the otherwise commonplace lives of the period. "Orthon, the Familiar Spirit," illustrates the superstitious attitude of Froissart's time in the form of a popular tale based on telepathic communication, but differs from the so-called *scientific* modern instances in dwelling rather on the ethical than on the puzzling features of the narrative. Mr. Newbolt's introduction, which is accurate and suitably short, is intended to stimulate a love of action and courage, and to prepare its young readers on both sides of the Atlantic for sharing in maturer life the sentiments of community in race-feeling to which the author discreetly alludes.

Mr. Paul Dachsel's 'Eight Years Among the Malays' (Milwaukee: The Author) may well serve as a guide to what we may expect in the Philippines, for it indicates the immorality and other decadence which the Dutch and their various mercenaries have incurred in the East Indies. It is a series of reminiscences of Sumatra.

The composition of Greek verse is a laborious but sure way of acquiring a certain insight into the rhythm of Greek poetry and the subtleties of the Greek language that mere translation into English cannot give. In England a classical scholar who could not, with the ease of practice, render a passage of Milton into Greek iambics, would be thought to lack the copingstone of his training. In the crowded hours of an American education, verse composition happily has no place. The publication of a new hand-book on the subject, though it will smooth the path of many an English schoolboy, has little interest for us; yet Mr. Rouse's 'Greek Iambic Verse' (Cambridge (Eng.): University Press; New York: Macmillan) is worthy of attention even from classical students who will never put it to practical use. His demonstrations in the art, and illustrations of the metrical value of groups of Greek words and the use of metaphors, are enough to show that, given the right sort of teaching, verse composition is no mere *tour de force*, but an exercise that would insure in the right sort of student an appreciation of Greek poetry well worth the candle. We have seen no other aid to verse composition that is half so clear and scientific; the book could, in fact, be used with profit by any one who wished to acquire some facility in

Greek iambics and must dispense with a teacher.

If the contributions of Thomas Hamilton Murray had been omitted from 'The Irish Washingtons,' the pamphlet would be an interesting addition to what is known of the Washington family. Whatever of value it possesses is to be found in a letter from George Washington of Dublin, a man who has made some study of the genealogy of his family, and accepts the earlier records of the Wessyngtons, that unnecessary creation of the first investigators. The point of interest lies in the link connecting the Royalist, Henry Washington, with Ireland. At the Restoration, the claims of pay for service were settled by grants of forfeited lands in Ireland, and Henry received an interest in lands in the barony of Moydow, County Longford. Just across the border, in County Roscommon, Washingtons have lived for two centuries. William Washington was chief tax-collector of the port of Limerick in 1636, and was apparently appointed under the patronage of Sir Thomas Wentworth. An older brother, Darcy Washington, had married a daughter of Matthew Wentworth of Bretton. Here the value of the pamphlet ends, but enough is given to point to the family of Richard Washington of Yorkshire. That some connection with the family of the President may later be shown is very probable; but it is hardly possible that the Irish Washingtons, or those of their descendants in this country, will be able to claim a very close relationship with the great American. The pamphlet is issued by the Carrollton Press, Boston.

America has not rivalled the mother countries in producing hymns; but Mr. W. A. Hausmann of Johns Hopkins, in his doctor's dissertation on 'German-American Hymnology, 1683-1800,' offers some evidence that "the German-American hymn forms an integral part, not only of German, but of American literature." He presents an array of twenty-seven hymnists of the last century—Lutherans, Moravians, Dunkers, Mennonites, etc., all in Pennsylvania. Apart from Count Zinzendorf, who wrote a few hymns while in America, the most picturesque figure, and by far the most voluminous writer, among these was Conrad Beissel of Ephrata, of whom more might be said than is here set down. In fact, Mr. Hausmann's review of the Ephrata hymns is disappointing. He cites but one, and that without giving its authorship. He does not state that the quarto 'Paradisisches Wunderspiel' contains 441 hymns by Beissel, and 284 by other inmates of the Ephrata cloister; nor that among these the "Brothers' Song" and "Sisters' Song" reach the probably unequalled length of 215 and 250 stanzas. Ludwig Höcker, schoolmaster at Ephrata, and the first to hold a Sunday-school in America, wrote hymns; so did Peter Miller, the learned prior of the cloister, and sundry others. These deserve more notice than Mr. Hausmann gives to the erratic Sangmeister, whose ideas and versification alike are beneath criticism.

'The Copper Mining Industry and the Distribution of Copper Ores in New South Wales,' by J. E. Carne, has been published as No. 6 of the "Mineral Resources" series of the Geological Survey of the colony. It deals with the history of the industry, which, after languishing for several years, entered upon a new era of prosperity about 1894, when the Great Cobar mine was reopened under the advantages of improved methods of ore reduction and of rapid transport by rail to the sea-board. All of the known cupriferous deposits of New South Wales are described, and a brief account is given, for purposes of comparison, of some of the principal copper mines of other countries. A compilation of the analyses of various samples of fire-clays affords some useful information. The monograph fills 200 pages, is copiously illustrated, and contains a map showing the mining divisions and districts of the colony.

The one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Berlin (Charlottenburg) Technical Hochschule was celebrated with great pomp on the 19th and 20th of October. The event of the day was the announcement, on the part of the Prussian Minister of Education, of a decree bestowing upon the institution the right of conferring the doctor's degree, and upon its rector the title of "His Magnificence." It is thus that the Gordian knot over which so many learned minds had been working in vain was cut by the modern Alexander. The Emperor, in a speech remarkable for its combination of old-time autocratic ideas with the enlightenment and appreciation of our own scientific age, referred to the relation of university and technical Hochschule in the distich of Goethe: "Gleich sei Keiner dem Andern, doch gleich sei Jeder dem Höchsten! Wie das zu machen? Es sei Jeder vollendet in sich!" German industrial and commercial firms presented to the school the sum of one and a half million marks "for the promotion of research in technical science."

Sundry calendars press for notice as the new year draws nigh. R. H. Russell sends us 'An Almanac of the Revolution,' with a baker's dozen of corded sheets designed by Ernest Clifford Peixotto, who fits the incident to the month where practicable, as in the case of the embattled farmers and of Washington crossing the Delaware, or shows us Mt. Vernon or Independence Hall —all in nervous black-and-white with a little dash of color; and a "Zodiac Calendar," with pictures by Chester Loomis, humorously clever designs from child life. From E. P. Dutton & Co. (London: Ernest Nister) come many devices in color—"The Landseer Calendar," "Shakspere's Heroines," "The Holy Family," "The Chrysanthemum," "The Carnation," "The Bachelor's Calendar of Sports" (women participants only), and an ingenious "Old Father Time," with revolutions worked by strings—the last as pleasing as any.

Mr. Jacques Reich, No. 2 West Fourteenth Street, has diligently pursued his etching of portraits on a large scale, and offers five new ones for the present season, of which we think the Tennyson is likely to be the favorite. In the case of Whittier, the artist had the privilege of making a sketch from life, but at the latter end, which accounts for his choice of the poet's decadent physiognomy. Holmes's portrait likewise has had the benefit of a personal study. The Lowell and the Bryant are after familiar models. On the whole, this series shows Mr. Reich holding firmly to his art.

Only older playgoers will be able to appreciate the excellence of the portrait of the late John Sleeper Clarke, which Mr. F. Gutekunst of Philadelphia has just added to his gallery of public characters. It represents Mr. Clarke as he appeared in his mature prime, and plainly suggests the mellow humor with which he overflowed in such parts as *Major de Boots* and *Toodles*. He was one of the last survivors of the old school of Blake, Burton, and others, and this picture of him is welcome as an aid to pleasant remembrance.

The issue of the second edition of the Leaflet on Cheap Baths mentioned in these columns as given gratis to applicants has been delayed by the illness of the author, and by his learning that, in some instances, the material suggested for the baths has not been found as durable as it should be for the purpose. He has sent out inquiries to dealers in waterproof materials, with a view to find the one best suited to the purpose, its cost, etc. Meantime, he will be glad if any who have made baths according to the directions in the first issue of the Leaflet, will communicate with him by postal card as to any difficulty they may have found in following the instructions, and also as to the durability of the baths. The address of the author is E. T. Potter, No. 25 Catharine Street, Newport, R. I.

—In the current issue (for November) of the Harvard *Quarterly Journal of Economics*, Prof. J. H. Gray concludes a series of articles on the gas-supply of Boston, which are in their way unique. No doubt the tale would be much the same as to other cities —indeed, its significance lies in the fact that the case is a typical one; but nowhere else have the operations of the gas financiers been so completely laid bare. Even as to Boston, there are twists and windings in their manipulations so tortuous as to make it impossible for the legislative investigator or the economic student to follow them. But the main facts are clear. In 1885, the old Boston gas companies were confronted by a rival, the Bay State concern, captained by the notorious Addicks, who got a franchise and legal standing by sugared promises of active competition and cheap gas. The era of competition, as ever in such cases, was brief; within a year or two, the old companies were swallowed by the seductive newcomer, who thus got command of virtually the entire gas supply. Both in the formation of the original Bay State concern, and in the absorption of the old companies, stocks and bonds were poured out in the most approved style of modern financiering, chiefly in the name of dummy corporations organized in New Jersey and Delaware. Some of the water was squeezed out by the Massachusetts Legislature, but most of it remains, superimposed on the real investment in the industry. A few years later, in 1893, the game was repeated. Another gas company, this time fathered by the Standard Oil magnates, appeared on the scene, again with promises of cheap gas through beneficent competition. Again permission was secured to tear up the streets and lay duplicate mains, and again, within three years, the newcomer swallowed the rivals, old and new, and still another batch of securities was piled up, representing wasted capital or no capital at all. The story is a long and curious one in its details, with the cajoling of the public and the Legislature, the evasion of statutory restrictions, the wonderful complex of dummy corporations and wheels within wheels. The main lessons are obvious enough: competition in such an industry is

delusive, combination and monopoly are inevitable, public control and public inspection are imperative. But our municipalities are wofully slow in learning these simple lessons.

—The Bishop Museum of Honolulu has issued the first number of its Memoirs, a handsome quarto of 83 pages, with fifteen plates and many illustrations in the text. It has been prepared by the Director, Prof. W. T. Brigham, and printed at the private press of the Museum. The subject of the Memoir is the remarkable feather work in which the Hawaiians at the time of their discovery were so expert. The objects thus ornamented were chiefly ceremonial, and connected with preparations for battle or functions of royalty—court dresses or paraphernalia of festivities or funerals. They comprised, among other things, cloaks or capes; helmets of very graceful design; *leis* or garlands, worn in the hair or around the neck; and *kahilis*, or standards, which were used much as European nations use banners. Figures of wicker-work, covered with a netting in which feathers were inserted, and representing a conventionalized human head and neck, were used as religious emblems or idols, to which worship and offerings were addressed. The feathers were mostly yellow, red, and black, less frequently green or varied, ingeniously interwoven with the fibres of a kind of ramie, and frequently formed a velvety pile concealing the fibrous foundation. The feathers were obtained from native birds, some of which are now extinct, and the brilliancy and elegance of the completed product are frequently referred to by the early voyagers. Prof. Brigham has illustrated copiously the various types of feather work, and prepared a very comprehensive list of specimens known to exist in the collections of the world, among which, in this line, the Bishop Museum easily ranks first. The result is a contribution to Polynesian ethnology which reflects credit on the author and the museum he so efficiently directs, and will be of permanent service to students.

—Dr. Thomas Wilson's 'Blue-Beard: A Contribution to History and Folk-Lore' (Putnams) is the fruit of a diplomatic appointment. Some years ago the author went to Nantes as United States Consul, and there came in contact with the original records of the trial and execution of Gilles de Rais, Marshal of France, and the supposed original of Blue-Beard. The archives of crime, whether ancient or modern, do not yield a worse case than this. The tragedy is not a new one to historians, for Michelet gives a long account of it, Martin notices it, and, for the earlier life of Gilles, Quicherat furnishes more than a little information. To be brief, this nobleman, who belonged to one of the greatest families in Brittany and had been with Jeanne d'Arc at the siege of Orleans, took to magic and sorcery. Reckless prodigality had, in spite of his large estates, stripped him of money, and, in company with an Italian alchemist, he opened a laboratory at one of his castles. In their search for the Philosopher's Stone they pushed transcendental chemistry so far that they did not shrink from taking life freely, and in the most ghastly way. During eight years their emissaries searched the country for infants and children, abducting them wherever theft was not dangerous, and bringing them to the fatal chamber. Thus fifty perished. At last, when common report had singled out Gilles, the Bishop of Nantes caused his arrest. Considering the feudal resources of the criminal, it is strange that he surrendered without a struggle, but perhaps he knew that the Duke of Brittany had promised the Bishop assistance. At any rate he stood his trial at Nantes in 1440, was sentenced and executed. Parts of his confession Dr. Wilson has judiciously omitted. Gilles died repentant, and by true popular perversity has been turned into a kind of local saint. An altar was erected to his memory which, since the 15th century, has taken the name, "Bonne Vierge de Créé-Lait"! Dr. Wilson's study of this gruesome case is marked by tact and has historical value. As for the folk-lore element, he assumes that Perrault took Gilles de Rais for the Blue-Beard of his 'Contes de Mère l'Oye,' and does not seriously consider any other source. We may add that wife-murder does not enter into the authentic Breton tragedy.

—Is the scientific imagination to be deprived, at last, of its one *pou sto?* For a long time we have rested contentedly upon the atom, that un-cut-up-able little thing which we thought ourselves not called upon to analyze further. But here comes Prof. J. J. Thompson (at the last meeting of the British Association) with a paper on "The Existence of Masses Smaller than Atoms." Different methods led him to different results as to the ratio of the mass of an atom to the electric charge which it can carry—results which differ from each other a thousandfold. Does the atom, in the one case, carry a charge less than that required by Faraday's laws, or is the charge borne by a small portion of it only? By means of a beautiful crucial experiment, Prof. Thompson comes to the conclusion that electrification consists in the removal from the "atom" of a small corpuscle with which the negative charge is associated, the remaining large portion of the mass being positively charged. Years ago, Professor (now Sir Norman) Lockyer maintained the existence of forms of certain elements whose atomic weights were sub-multiples of those assigned to them in ordinary chemistry; but at that time the inertia of the scientific imagination was such that it refused to accept his results. Now that there is renewed reason for believing that the atom is not the end-all and be-all, the scientist must feel as if his world had been shaken to its foundations.

—After the wreck of the Chinese Emperor's schemes of reform and the rout of the reformers by death and exile, it is interesting to see what remains. Since 1869 there has been, in Peking, the Tung Wen College, in which Chinese young men were trained to be interpreters and official servants for those posts in which more or less communication with foreigners was necessary. In this institution the American scholar, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, well known through his translations and books on China, has been, since 1869, professor of international law. Although the proposed scheme of a new national system of public schools failed, yet the idea of a Chinese university, according to modern and Occidental principles, has been finely carried out. New edifices on grounds adjoining the imperial palace have been erected, and five million ounces of silver was provided for the initiation and maintenance of the university. From the first, Li Hung Chang has supported the enterprise, and Dr. W. A. P. Martin has been its official organizing and active head. Four hundred picked native students, of good family and advanced culture, have been, since the opening of the year, studying here, under the eight American and European professors. The library, which is housed in a substantial and handsome new edifice, shows by its wealth of modern and scientific works how the whole note of Chinese culture is being changed. In connection with the university, a school of medicine has been opened, and provision is already made for the schools of mining, agriculture, and engineering, which will be opened in due course. This is one of the tide-marks of progress in the rise of a reforming sentiment in China, which, issuing especially from the central provinces, has so asserted itself that even reactionary conservatism in Peking has had to make concessions to its demands.

—'Siam, das Reich des weissen Elefanten,' by Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg (Leipzig: J. J. Weber; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), is a profusely and well-illustrated volume. The text is made up of articles, written, as we judge from internal evidence, between 1894 or 1895, when the author visited the Indo-Chinese peninsula, and 1897, the year of King Chulalongkorn's European journey. Certain defects of composition and style, due to this manner of production, do not, however, deprive the work of its intrinsic value as a rich and interesting source of information on the land and people of which it treats. The experienced traveller knew how to use to best advantage the unusual opportunities which were open to him. He saw much and has much to tell of the last independent kingdom of India; of its ruler, the most absolute that ever sat on a throne, but not the worst, to judge by the reforms instituted and carried forward by him; of the magnificent palaces, gardens, and temples, and Oriental splendor and display the counterpart of which is to be found only in the 'Arabian Nights'; of much poverty, also, and misery among the people, caused largely by the numerous Chinese, who—with the Government's sanction!—pander to the natives' passion for gambling; of domestic and public life and customs, of priesthood and religious functions, courts and administration of justice, of commercial and industrial activity, and of the army and navy, which, like some other branches of the government, are in charge of Europeans. In short, the book gives us a complete picture of the strange world resulting from the clashing and blending of widely different civilizations under the tropical sky on the banks of the Menam, the "mother of waters," with Ayuthia, the ancient city of kings, now in ruins; with modern Ayuthia and its floating population—in the literal sense of the word, for the whole city is built on ships; with Bang-pa-in, the "Versailles of Siam," and, above all, with Bangkok, the fairy city, in the midst of a vegetation harboring in its forests and jungles the orang-outang, crocodile, tiger, rhinoceros, and elephant—the white elephant, we were going to say, but, alas! a special chapter devoted to him informs us that he does not exist and never has existed; a somewhat lighter skin or large patches of a dirty flesh-tint being the only excuses for that time-honored euphemism.

WYETH'S FORREST.

Life of General Nathan Bedford Forrest. By John Allen Wyeth, M.D. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. xx, 656.

Forrest was a picturesque character—few, if any, were more so; and he has had a correspondingly strong hold on the imagination of all who served with him on the Confederate side during the civil war. Dr. Wyeth's fine volume is proof that the enthusiasm of Southern soldiers for him has hardly waned; perhaps it has even waxed greater with the passing years since he disbanded his troopers, and set them the good example of completest acceptance of the reëstablished national government. A man who was wholly illiterate, and whose business life had been that of a slave-trader, was greatly handicapped in the race for military honors. The South was fighting for its "peculiar institution," but its prominent men and its well-to-do people looked down on the slave-dealer and avoided close association with him. He was not in a respectable employment, however necessary to their system. Consequently, when his audacious courage at the head of a regiment began to attract attention, it became plain that his was not to be the easy path to official recognition. He was by no means a "favorite son."

Step by step he won distinction in leading cavalry raids, always preferring the independent column to the more regular cavalry service with a great army. In such expeditions he was easily chief among the leaders of mounted troops in the South. His reckless daring always made him seek the personal leadership of a charge, and, more than any other commander of large bodies of troops, he won by the enthusiasm he excited by his own participation in hand-to-hand encounters. In this respect he was the ideal cavalry leader, in spite of the fact that he lacked the knowledge of tactics necessary in the best organization and instruction of the troops of his favorite arm. Even so warm a eulogist as Dr. Wyeth has to admit that his forces lacked discipline, and retained the qualities of irregulars to the last.

So long as we deal with the work he actually accomplished, almost unstinted praise may be given him as a soldier, and the attractive brilliancy of the figure he cut is matter of common fame and universal assent. As is usual in such cases, his admirers will not rest here, but assert for him the abilities of a general of the highest order, equal to any command. It is possible that he would have been equal to the leadership of a great army; but as he never was tried with such a responsibility, it is mere speculation to discuss the question. It is certain that the larger his commands became, the less he stood out as peculiar in power or success, and we have to confess, on careful analysis, that he owed more to the glaring incompetence of the men opposed to him than to the wisdom of his own conduct.

As a subordinate, he certainly was not a success. He quarrelled with Bragg, he quarrelled with Wheeler, and used influence and importunity to get away from the larger armies, even at the cost of leaving his experienced troops and going off to recruit fresh regiments for adventurous raids in secondary theatres of operation. In the battle with A. J. Smith, near Tupelo, Miss., when S. D. Lee was in chief command, it is only too plain that Forrest again failed as a subordinate to fulfil the duty assigned him. A bloody defeat ensued, and it requires subtle argument to absolve Forrest from responsibility for lukewarm coöperation.

His attempted raid upon Sherman's railway communications in October, 1864, was his own plan, submitted to Mr. Davis and authorized by him. Dr. Wyeth's praise of the results will not stand close examination. The stubborn fact remains that Forrest did not reach, much less interrupt, Sherman's railway line from Nashville to Chattanooga, which was the distinct objective of the raid. He burned bridges and trestles on the Decatur and Nashville line, captured some garrisons and bridge-guards, but declined to try conclusions with the troops under Gen. Rousseau, sent against him by Thomas. He shared Hood's disastrous campaign of the winter, and the spring witnessed his defeat by Wilson in the Selma campaign, which ended his military career.

The successes which gave him his real reputation were his earlier raids, with comparatively small bodies of troops, who could live on the country and go anywhere. His dash, his daring, his speed were all above praise, and marked him as an ideal partisan. But, even then, had he been dealing with experienced opponents, he would have accomplished little. By sheer "cheek" and brag, he scared green commanders of small garrisons into surrender, by systematically threatening to slaughter and take no prisoners, and by getting his opponent to come under a flag of truce, and be cheated into exaggerated ideas of his force, by petty tricks of twice or thrice counting his men. Such successes would, of course, end when garrisons were taught that the threats were hollow, and that, anyhow, they must fight.

This "breathing out slaughter" was part of Forrest's character through his whole career. His biographer treats it as only an amusing thing, which never meant anything serious, and, by repetition of this theory in all cases where it duped weak men into surrender, tries to exonerate him from criminality in the glaring case of Fort Pillow, where, the game of "bluff" having failed, the threatened slaughter became a horrible reality. In No. 1787 of the *Nation*, a correspondent, himself a veteran of the civil war, quotes Forrest's exultant dispatch of April 15, 1863, in which he gloried in the deed and did not hide its horrors. On the 26th the outcry of indignant humanity had been heard, and Forrest made a new report, so contrasted with the first in tone and in asserted details that it can have little weight as history.

All testimony of those who knew him shows that while Forrest was mild and even genial in his deportment on ordinary and peaceful occasions, he was transformed into a sort of demoniac rage in battle or in a personal quarrel. At such times he was apparently beside himself, and did the most inexcusable things. Messengers, his staff, his subordinates, and other officers are shown to have suffered from his passion. Dr. Wyeth has candidly admitted the truth of this; but the admission neutralizes his theory that the dire threats of "no quarter" which Forrest habitually used during his whole career, were to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. The threats of such a man would not grow less frantic in the moment of storming a fort while he himself was suffering from bruises got in being unhorsed in the attack. Self-control, so lost, is not regained in the culminating moment of the maddening excitement, nor would that be the moment in which he could unteach the lessons his repeated threats had taught his soldiery.

The correspondent mentioned opened the question of the policy and the orders of the Davis Government in regard to our negro troops, and quoted from the New Series of Official Records the Resolution of the Confederate Congress of May 1, 1863. The volume indicated is part of the Records relating to prisoners of war, the publication of which is only begun. Events were moving fast. The Confederate threats were met with notice of retaliation, and soon became a dead letter. By the time of the storming of Fort Pillow, Southern opinion had so much changed that Gen. Cleburne, with other prominent officers of the army in Georgia, had memorialized their superiors on the necessity of emancipation and the enlistment of negroes in their own service. Another campaign brought them to the acceptance of this doctrine and the actual beginning of such enlistment.

It will hardly do, therefore, to palliate Forrest's acts on the plea of superior orders. We look in vain for any parallel in the case of other commanding officers, whose orders would be the same. No practical difference seems to have been made at the South in the treatment of white and black prisoners from 1864 to the end; or the difference would be found in sporadic cases, where the passions of individual men broke over the usual custom. It is not unfair to treat the slaughter at Fort Pillow as the natural outcome of Forrest's methods and character. As he is shown by his biographer to have repented and atoned for other outbursts of passion, we are at liberty to assume that, after this gust of battle rage, he felt remorse for what was done. His early life prepared him for bloody execution when a garrison, mostly negroes, defied his summons and the fort was stormed.

As to the sincerity of his acceptance of the fall of the Confederacy and the value of his efforts to make a real and lasting peace, we can go heartily with Dr. Wyeth in his eulogy. An authentic incident not before published may add to the evidence of this. In the bitterest time of the reconstruction period, a Memphis paper called upon the people to boycott a Northern merchant who was in business there, and threatened to publish a black-list of those who traded with him. A day or two later the merchant was surprised to see Gen. Forrest enter his store. Forrest looked over the stock of plantation supplies and tools, and, with orderly deliberation, made out a considerable list for purchase, expressing himself glad that so good a stock was within the reach of neighboring planters. Some one present could not help making allusion to the black-list, and the General with grim dignity said he had come in early to offer to head the list. It need hardly be said that this was the end of that boycott.

We may remember that Forrest was cruel in the battle-storm, when, without having learned it through the poet, he followed the injunction of the eighth Harry, to "disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage"; but justice demands that we should not forget with what simple-minded earnestness he stood for equal rights and a re-

newed fellowship with the freedmen as citizens when the strife was over. Had he been willing to accept office, it might have been that we should have seen him returned to Congress by negro votes, as we saw there Gen. Chalmers, who was his second in command at Fort Pillow.

Nothing is added to the romantic career of the man by trying to make of him a Lee or a Johnston. As a striking figure in history, he shows to best advantage by remaining simply himself, with his defects and his faults, his limitations and his extraordinary leadership within his scope. We could wish that Dr. Wyeth had not attributed to him that verbose and rather stilted rhetoric of his proclamations and orders. Consciousness of his lack of education made him defer too much to the oratorical vein of his staff, or even to admire, as a thing quite beyond his own reach, the pretty compositions into which they turned his rough, but terse and trenchant, vernacular.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The great demand for Mr. G. L. Gomme's 'King's Story-Book' and 'Queen's Story-Book' has led the same editor to publish a third volume of selections which is entitled 'The Prince's Story-Book' (Longmans). It is avowedly compiled with a view to the Christmas trade, and should find favor with the benevolent uncle. The passages traverse English history from Harold to Victoria, and are taken almost wholly from the novelists. William of Malmesbury and Froissart come in, but the other authors are Sir Walter, Lytton, Peacock, James, Ainsworth, Cooper, etc. Nearly every reign is represented, and the several pieces maintain a high average of literary merit. For thoughtful children who have reached their teens, it is a gift-book of the best sort.

'The Listening Child,' by Lucy W. Thacher (Macmillan), is a selection from the English poetry of 600 years to suit a child's need. There is comparatively little narrative poetry, much of the very best lyric, to catch the child's ear by its tune and hold his mind by its fancy. Of course children will appreciate this lofty rhyme in varying degrees, but all will find here something to appropriate intimately, will gain from the reading a real intellectual pleasure and education of taste. Shakspere and the Elizabethans justly have a large place, followed by the moderns, while the earlier poets and balladists back to Chaucer are grouped at the end of the book. Notes explain uncommon words and allusions that might cause trouble to the child who reads to himself. The introductory essay on English poetry succeeds admirably in putting the gist of the matter, philosophically and historically, in a compact and pleasing form for young readers.

From various sources, where they were printed under different noms de plume, Mr. R. Brimley Johnson has gathered a number of the late W. B. Rands's verses for children, which are published by John Lane under the title of 'Lilliput Lyrics.' Many of them are really too slight to bear reprinting, but some pieces hold their own by virtue of an imaginative quality and a truly lyrical rhythm. A child may well chuckle over that which tells how

> "the children, clever bold folks,
> Have turned the tables upon the Old Folks,"

and of the new laws that they made:

> "Never do to-day what you can
> Put off till to-morrow, one of them ran."

The binding is attractive, if one can rise superior to a suspicion that the geese on the cover imply a jeer; and the numerous illustrations are from the clever, original hand of Charles Robinson.

The 'Gallant Little Patriots' of Maud and Mabel Humphrey (F. A. Stokes Co.) presents a timely variation in the chubby darlings which Miss Maud Humphrey delights to paint, and which in real life are sometimes considered such amusing toys. These befurbelowed dolls, however, are quite a distinct order of being from real children, who imitate their elders in no such half-hearted fashion. With them, too, war is—war, and the best bred hardly escape from that game without dirt and torn clothes.

The advent of 'Father Goose, his Book' (Chicago: Geo. M. Hill Co.) is thus explained on its first page:

> "Old Mother Goose became quite new,
> And joined a Woman's Club:
> She left poor Father Goose at home
> To care for Sis and Bub."

But time must prove the prophecy that follows—

> "When Mother Goose at last returned,
> For her there was no use;
> The goslings much preferred to hear
> The tales of Father Goose."

We fear this time of many books even in the nursery has waxed too late for Mr. L. Frank Baum with his taking jingles, and Mr. W. W. Denslow with the bold pictures in which he makes such able use of red, yellow, and gray, to step into the place held by old Mother Goose in the days before she became aware of her shortcomings and went to the club to amend them. In fact, even if she herself should return in chastened mood to offer her expurgated and adapted rhymes, she would find herself confronted by competition from which she might well shrink. Miss Edith Steinthal's 'New Rhymes for Nursery Times' (London: Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.) has no flings at the old lady, but continues her vein with considerable success, to the accompaniment of pretty colored designs.

'Jack, the Young Ranchman,' by George Bird Grinnell (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), is a story of hunting adventures and the wild Western life of twenty years ago. To read about such a life seems to any boy a poor substitute for sharing it, but few will be the Eastern boys lucky enough to spend six months in any region stocked with game as was the scene of Jack's adventures; and most of our young friends to-day must be content to do their hunting for big game between the covers of a book by a snug fireside. In this one the bear, antelope, and deer may be tracked across each page, and much curious information about the habits of wild creatures now on their way to extinction will be gathered from the talk of Uncle Will and old Hugh, the mountain hunter.

Four stories selected from his book, 'Wild Animals I have Known,' are published by Ernest Seton Thompson under the title 'Lobo, Rag, and Vixen' (Scribners). Mr. Thompson's admirable stories are too well known to need much comment, but we should wish to warn a highly imaginative and sensitive child that tears await him at each ending. A necessary tragedy closes each of the lives so sympathetically sketched; for, as Mr. Thompson says, no wild creature dies of old age.

The child's rapt interest in his grandmother's stories of old times is near akin to his mother's fascination with details of neighborhood gossip, in the dependence of both upon personality. Printed, both the stories and the gossip are wont to lose their charm, dull chronicles of a misty past matching the dulness of newspaper scandal. But, happily, in Marion Harland's 'When Grandmamma Was New' (Lothrop Publishing Company) a practised writer takes up the pen and brings art to supplement the personal interest. Thus she succeeds in recalling a vanished childhood in a series of pictures likely to amuse both children and those who love and study children. The critic inclined to demur at "a *new* grandmamma" must understand that the title phrase is of a child's devising.

Any child with a spark of humor will be glad to stock its library with 'Peter Newell's Pictures and Rhymes' (Harpers). Mr. Newell's manner is purely his own; his range is limited, but he seldom fails to amuse directly, and now and again he suggests a high power of imagination and draughtsmanship. Such was observable in his illustrations to the 'House-boat on the Styx,' and appears here in the admirable drawings of a cat in "A Statement," and of the little girl Sallie, who "murmured not" like the stream flowing under the bridge on which she was being kissed. The Dory and the Codfish conversing about attendance on the Fish Ball have a Japanese fidelity to animated nature. For mere conceit, one cannot tire of the lassie afraid of the "wild" flowers, or of the other who grows a "dairy" of milkweed, buttercup, and cowslip, or of the clever Indian boy shooting his arrow into the brook and always hitting the "bull's-eye" of the ripples. Mr. Bangs, in the prefatory account of the artist, makes him a native of Illinois, born in 1862.

In looking over 'The Jingle Book,' by Carolyn Wells (Macmillan), one realizes how delightful a toy is the English language. Our often deplored irregularities, our habit of admitting everything, requiring no barbarities to be tamed to euphonic rules, have provided us with a fine variety of words and rhymes, matchless to play with; as the tale of "The Tutor" illustrates:

> "A tutor who tooted the flute
> Tried to teach two young tooters to toot.
> Said the two to the tutor,
> 'Is it harder to toot, or
> To tutor two tooters to toot?' "

Oliver Herford's amusing pictures add much to the merriment of the book.

Japanese children deserve to pose as models for imitation if we may consider typical the delightfully well-bred boys of 'Tora's Happy Day,' by Florence Peltier Perry (The Alliance Publishing Co.). This little story, in giving an account of one day in a Japanese boy's life, pictures his home surroundings, where prevails that atmosphere of repose and beauty which the West can admire even if hopeless to attain. The illustrations are, appropriately, in Japanese style, by Gaingero Yeto.

In Chimney Corners. By Seumas MacManus. Doubleday & McClure Co.

The Other Fellow. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Via Crucis. By Francis Marion Crawford. Macmillan.

"Some of them do not find their fortune.

They never come. Their mothers in Ireland still cry, The door is open and the hearth bright. If this book happen into the hands of any of these, their tears will moisten its merriest page; for . . . they shall remember, . . . they shall remember."

These words, from the preface to Seumas MacManus's fairy-tales, show him at once in his most poetic mood and his most literary. In the stories that follow, of giants and princesses, each with its wild Irish boy with his joke, his drink, and his lie, there is less poetry than in most fairy history, but more drollery and invention. Thus, we find Bluebeard restoring to life all his murdered wives and sending them home, except the one whom he has found incurious enough not to open the closet, or rather whom he thinks so, for, with characteristic jugglery, she has outwitted him and has secretly unlocked the door like all the rest. Blood flows more light-heartedly and whiskey more seriously than in the witch and ogre tales of other lands. Irish Jack's victories over the powers of darkness, though frequently gained by the magic sword, helmet, and purse, are quite as often the fruit of his own ingenious and strictly Celtic devices. The little people, the bogies, and hen-wives are kind and helpful, but we almost think Rory could win the princess without them, so brimful of resource is his merry head. The horse that "had only three legs drawing pay," the team that "it was a moral to see," are among the novelties that endear themselves at once to the heart. Why essay a criticism on a book of fairy and witch stories? It is too much like peeping and botanizing on a mother's grave. Why preach against the killing and cozening, the folly and flatness of the adventures handed down in folk-lore? It is too much like indicting the universe. Pamela Colman Smith's gay-hued illustrations enter fully into the spirit of the text. They look as if they might have been frescoes on the nursery walls of little Irish princesses in the good old days when Ireland had half a dozen kings in every county, "a lee long time ago."

Mr. Hopkinson Smith displays a varied gallery of sketches of 'Other Fellows'—tramps, convicts, and orphans—treating them as sympathetically and as picturesquely as he does Venice, Mexico, or Holland. If he has chosen to put aureoles around their heads, we shall not quarrel with him; they are aureoles of possible gold, not impossible tinsel. Scattered among these tendency drawings are some engaging landscapes; the chapter on Dort is particularly delicate and delightful. A grotesque portrait or two complete the exhibition. We own that among these we class the "Man with the Empty Sleeve," in spite of his heroism. Whether in life or in print, the American on an ocean liner who shouts glittering generalities about the sweet sinlessness of Americans, is a nuisance whom it were flattery to call a bore.

There is nothing more restful than a romance by Mr. Crawford. However stirring his theme, it is always dealt with in a tone of gentlemanly leisure and lofty emancipation from the spirit that hurries, a spirit even more rampant than that which denies. A book like 'Via Crucis' recalls the little girl on the sea sands who said, "We're having a good time and we've time to have it." We sit at home at ease, like gentlemen of England, and read of treason, murder, and sins most foul, treated with no ethical uncertainty, indeed, but with literary patrician calm. The story is of the Second Crusade, preached by Bernard of Clairvaux, and undertaken by Louis VII. of France and Conrad III. of Germany. This Crusade it was which Louis's beautiful queen, Eleanor of Guienne, afterwards the wife of Henry Plantagenet, accompanied with her train of ladies. The hero of the romance is the English Gilbert, who conducted the French safely into Syria, surmounting the treacheries of the Greek guides who had led the Germans to slaughter. The loves he inspired in the Queen and in his English playmate, Beatrix, add their clashing to the turmoil of war. Yet it is not all war; there is monkish leisure and learning; there is St. Bernard's preaching, and Arnold of Brescia followed and adored by a Roman mob in the Rome which Mr. Crawford's pen is potent to make us see in any period. There are the sports and occupations of peaceful times, the costumes, the tennis, the illuminating and the letter-sealing of the twelfth century, the knighting of brave men by a queen, and the keeping of Christmas by Crusaders in their encampment by the Mæander. To speak the language of the stage, the story is gorgeously mounted, and there is quite enough of interest in the historic atmosphere to insure leniency to the somewhat unsteady ebb and flow of the love-story.

Recollections of an Old Musician. By Thomas Ryan. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"I was for many years the youngest musician in Boston; now, perhaps, I am the oldest, and still in harness." In these words the author characterizes himself, and he expresses his belief that, as he may "fairly be considered a type of the average professional musician," his reminiscences, covering half a century, may have some interest. Mr. Ryan is too modest. He is much above the average professional musician, and he has had many more opportunities than the average musician for becoming intimately acquainted with eminent men and women. As a member of the famous Mendelssohn Quintet Club he often spent days and weeks in the company of artists of the highest rank, such as Rubinstein, Wieniawski, Nilsson, etc., and concerning all of them he has some pleasant chat. On the numerous concert trips, too, he not only saw nearly all of the United States, but extended his travels as far as Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand; and these distant tours are briefly commemorated with pen and picture.

After his marriage Mr. Ryan became a neighbor of William Lloyd Garrison, of whose family life he gives a pleasant glimpse, and there are occasional references to other non-musicians—Agassiz, for instance, whose time was so precious that he "could not afford to work for money." Among the musicians to whom the author introduces us are Jenny Lind, Sontag, Alboni, Adelaide Phillips, Camilla Urso, Teresa Carreño, Ole Bull, Lowell Mason, John Dwight, Wulf Fries, B. J. Lang, Carl Zerrahn, J. K. Paine, Johann Strauss, Julius Eichberg, Otto Dresel, Ernst Perabo, with Oliver Ditson, Jonas Chickering, etc.; in most cases with some anecdote or trait of character. The romance of Jullien's life is related at some length, as is the story of Gilmore's monstrous "jubilees." A great many sins used to be committed in the name of music, and one cannot but admire the missionary spirit of the few musicians who travelled about the country trying to cultivate a taste for serious art in a public whose appreciation of that art is, perhaps, best gauged by an incident related on page 15. The orchestra in which Mr. Ryan played had a piece called the "Matrimonial Galop," in which one of the musicians blew into a little instrument that gave out a sound like the cry of a baby. One evening this instrument was mislaid, and the best the band could do was to get a fiddler to imitate the cry. This, however, did not satisfy the audience; "a howl of derision and rage went up, equal to anything ever heard in a menagerie." Mr. Ryan also recalls the time when Broadway was like the Bowery, with Barnum's brass band playing all day long on a high balcony opposite the Astor House.

As an offset to these bits of comedy, the author has a pathetic story of a consumptive whose life was sustained by the hope of hearing the club play for him Schubert's marvellous variations on "Death and the Maiden." The appended remark that "this unique master work of Schubert has always been the one oftenest asked for," indicates that there was, after all, a considerable leaven of good taste in the communities among which the Mendelssohn Quintet Club travelled. Indeed, at one concert a portly German got up after the first piece and shouted, "Hurrah for the Dutch"—which Mr. Ryan, an Irishman, did not take amiss. It may be added that the Mendelssohn Quintet Club had its origin in the ordinance which, up to about 1850, did not allow any theatrical performances in Boston on Saturdays. This gave the players a holiday which they utilized in playing chamber music, at first for their own amusement.

Matthew Arnold. By George Saintsbury, M.A. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899.

We all know Mr. Saintsbury and the kind of book he is sure to write—something opinionated, even cocksure, under the guise of endless qualification and limitation; bristling with allusion and comparison, the more or less digested result of tireless and varied reading; informed, however, with a lively feeling for what is most literary and poetical in literature and poetry, and presenting a series of ideas which, as they run, are always interesting and provocative; the whole set forth in a style so strained and twisted and unsimple as to be incredible coming even from a professorial mind.

So once again this book, which in all these respects is about the extremest thing Mr. Saintsbury has yet done. For, in the first place, Mr. Saintsbury had no call to write a book upon Matthew Arnold, his preface to the contrary notwithstanding; the attraction of opposites is poor promise of good criticism. And, in the second place, he has written it very badly. There is far too much of Mr. Saintsbury in it, and far too little of Matthew Arnold. Mr. Saintsbury does not catch the style of causerie. He tries hard, but he fails. His manner remains lumbering, and he is still the journalist reviewer. He is extremely jaunty and Tory and superior. Where he is not trying a fall, he condescends to patronize his sub-

ject. "*Despondency* is a pretty piece of melancholy, and, with a comfortable stool, will suit a man well" (p. 32). He imputes motives: "Whether that rather vague life-philosophy of his, that erection of a melancholy agnosticism *plus* asceticism into a creed, was anything more than a not ungraceful or undignified will-worship of Pride, we need not here argue out" (p. 26); "The windy vagaries of mental indigestion" (p. 29; cf. 38, 87, 144)—and much more of the like. In places it is simply a matter of bad taste, as where we are told that Mr. Arnold's famous passage of prose laudation of Oxford, in the preface to 'Essays in Criticism,' while pleasing to the friends of Oxford, "turns generation after generation of her enemies sick with an agonized grin" (p. 84); or in the grace and point of the following school-boy sarcasm:

"That Shakspere knew everything is much more certain than that miracles do happen; and he certainly knew Mr. Arnold's case, if not Mr. Arnold, when he introduced a certain main episode in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.' To frown on *Oberon* and caress *Bottom* is venial compared with the dismissal of the Bible as popular legend, and the implicit belief in *as*, *bhu*, and *sta*" (p. 142, cf. 89, 152, 176, 203).

This it is to be always straining to say the smart thing. This is what comes from the contamination of always living with the smart set in letters or in society.

The good portions of the book, revealing the hand of the practised critic, are the scattered pages—the few not biassed by partisanship or infected with flippancy—in which the author reviews those poems and those essays of Mr. Arnold with which he feels himself in some sort of sympathy. These pages are, alas! too few.

Mr. Saintsbury's serious criticism of Matthew Arnold (except of Matthew Arnold as poet and as literary critic) is not to be treated very seriously. It is too obviously partisan and personal. There remains Mr. Saintsbury's style, which is seriously very bad and a menace to good letters and to the peace of English prose. We cannot present a bill of particulars here, but the matter needs looking into. If you read his book, these are such phrases as you must ordinarily expect to meet:

"The well-known complementary pieces which make up Switzerland were either not written, or held back" (p. 17).

"The new Professor of Poetry (who might be less appetisingly but more correctly called a Professor of Criticism)" (p. 60).

"The attitude *dantis jura Catonis* is arranged" (p. 81).

"Mr. Arnold as an epistoler" (p. 101).

"His adversaries, if they were wise, would simply answer, 'Après?'" (p. 135).

"'Replies, duplies, quadruplies' are apt to be wofully tedious reading, and Mr. Arnold was rather a *veles* than a *triarius* of controversy" (p. 138).

"Ah! what a blessed word is 'humanisation,' the very equivalent, in syllables as in blessedness, of 'Mesopotamia'" (p. 157).

"Our poor dying *siècle*" (p. 170).

"Mr. Arnold's development as a *zoon politicon*" (p. 171).

"The refuge of his own undogmatic *Nephelococcygia*" (p. 175).

"The whole paper . . . is a sort of Nunc Dimittis in a new sense, a hymn of praise for dismissal, not from but to work . . ." (p. 177).

"Not a grain too much or too little of that *moi* so *haïssable* in excess, so piquant as a mere seasoning" (p. 182).

"But this is only saying that a bad Introduction is a bad thing, which does not get us much beyond the intellectual edification of the niece of Gorboduc" (p. 184).

"He is in the mere 'Pettys' of criticism . . . who judges a critical essay by his own agreement with it" (p. 186).

"And so he makes what even those who stop short of *latreia* in regard to Burns may well think mistakes about that poet likewise" (p. 192).

Is this the sort of learnedly lively writing that young Edinburgh is to give us for the future?

The "Conclusion" is better than the rest of the book, and contains some very good criticism.

The Tragedy of Dreyfus. By G. W. Steevens, author of 'With Kitchener to Khartum.' Harpers. 1899.

We have here a newspaper correspondent's book, which tells nothing new, but is an endeavor to present a great event as a contemporary Macaulay might have done. The very title betrays the author's preoccupation. He was sent to Rennes to find a "tragedy" and make a "pen picture" of it. He goes there—to "the emotional centre of France"—and is amazed to find the place asleep. In fact, "for the moment I was the life of Rennes, the emotional centre of France." Not for long. Soon "the enterprise of French and English newspapers had glutted the hotels with correspondents and artists and the operators of cinematographs," all "waiting with fierce and concentrated energy." A little later, the journalists appear to have become "95 per cent. of the population of Rennes." They now assume the impatience of an Uitlander majority at being compelled by the authorities to patrol the streets all night for a glimpse of Dreyfus's cab, in default of his being considerately brought before them at a five o'clock levee. It requires Mr. Dooley's hearty mockery to put such pretensions in their proper place. Never have they been more naïvely asserted.

Mr. Steevens, picturesquely as he can write when he is careful, was not the man to report a trial. He cannot forget the desert, the great guns, and the slaughter of Dervishes, or change the key of his picture. We have the white light of the Sahara beating on it all the time. It is crude, hard, bad. Dreyfus first speaks in a voice, "thin, sapless, split," "such as might rustle from the lips of a corpse." Later, "before us all, Dreyfus tore his very heart out. He was no corpse."

"God, what was that? What is it? A yell, fierce and poignant; the bursting of furious passion tight pent up! It ripped the calm to pieces and you half expected the hall to split asunder. Dreyfus was upon his feet, . . . his head and livid face craned forward at Mercier, his teeth bared as thirsty for blood. . . . It was half shriek, half sob, half despair, half snatching hope, half a fire of consuming rage, and half an anguished scream for pity," etc.

Before Mr. Steevens reaches the climax of the conviction, he becomes incoherent for very lack of words in which to sustain the crescendo of such emotions. As Col. Jouaust might remark, *il bégaie.*

Perhaps because accuracy little becomes a great "word-painter"—perhaps because his publishers, realizing (to quote Mr. Dooley again) that Dreyfus was like to sink deeper than treason and become a bore, dispensed with a proof-reader in haste to catch the public before it became wholly sober—the book comes out crammed with errors. In the English text they matter little. In the French they are so frequent as to cast doubt on the accuracy of stated facts themselves. We have the hero of the piece masquerading as *Dreyful!* And we recognize old friends under the disguises of *Demagne*, *Caviagnac*, *Boisdoffre*, *Piqart*, and *Ballotin Beaupré*, with the pleased surprise with which one makes out the English of a Swiss innkeeper. From this we are led to notice variants of other familiar words—*stagiairé*, *conciergé*, *borderacu*, and the free renderings of the same name, as Valérian, Valérien; Matthieu, Mathieu; Blanch, Blanche; Esperance, Espérance; Esperanza, Speranza; Cochefert, Gochefort, Cochefort; Sheurer Kestner, Sheurer-Kestner, Scheurer Kestner, Scheurer-Kestner; Lebrun-Renaud, Le Brun-Renault; d'Attell, d'Attel; de Gastro, de Castro; Bernard Lazare, Bernard-Lazare; Du Paty, du Paty; la Sauté, la Santé, etc. This is equalled only by the sweet indifference with which a French writer spells English proper names. A grisly portrait of Dreyfus, that should please only his enemies, adds to the faults of this unhappy book.

Westminster Abbey Historically Described. By Henry John Feasey. With an account of the Abbey buildings by J. T. Micklethwaite, V.P.S.A., an appendix on the Mediæval Monuments by Edward Bell, M.A., F.S.A., and seventy-five plates. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 1899.

The preface of this book states plainly that its purpose is to give to the student or lover of Gothic architecture a view of "the noblest ecclesiastical building in England," as it now is; and this with the assistance of a great number of photographic views made by Messrs. Bolas and others expressly for the work. It is, therefore, no disparagement to the archæologists who have worked upon the text to call special attention to the plates. These are seventy-five in number, 9x11 inches; and the student needs hardly to be told that even so noble a building as Westminster Abbey can be fairly well studied in seventy-five large pictures, used in connection with a good plan, such as this book offers. This might not be equally true of a great French building of the same relative rank, for there the extraordinary wealth of sculpture calls for a vast number of photographs of single statues, groups of statues, masses of foliated and floral carving, and great members of the building with their decorative sculpture all in its appointed place. In Westminster Abbey there is so very little sculpture of any sort that photographs do not require to be made especially for this. Take, for instance, Chartres Cathedral; if seventy-five pictures were to be made of that church, equivalent to what has been taken of Westminster Abbey as shown in this volume, there would still be required as many more to illustrate properly the sculptured porches alone.

Students of Gothic architecture esteem and love Westminster Abbey in quite an exceptional way. Mr. Charles Herbert Moore, in his admirable book recently reviewed for the second time in these columns, points out that it is, "after the choir of Lincoln, the most Gothic structure in England." It is this because of its constructional character, the systematic and logical vaulting, with the inferior parts of the building leading naturally and in the true Gothic way up to its vaulting, and with little of that ex-

traneous or even contradictory work the prevalence of which goes far to justify that writer's contention that the pointed architecture of England is hardly to be called Gothic at all. Westminster Abbey, in its main structure, its choir, nave, and transept, and all other details, is, if we ignore the barbarous restorations and rebuildings of parts of the exterior, the most important mediæval building in the British Islands. For students of the picturesque, of the truly effective and powerful in architecture, whether of the purest style and of the best epoch or not, Westminster Abbey has also its almost unrivalled Tudor structure, the famous Chapel of Henry VIII. This building, a mere addition to the great Abbey Church, but yet in itself a most remarkable monument, contains one of the three large fantraceried roofs in England, the other two being those of St. George's Chapel at Windsor and King's College Chapel at Cambridge. It has, moreover, what those important buildings have not, an entirely characteristic Tudor exterior. This remains true in spite of the almost complete refacing which the building has undergone; for the architectural detail in the heraldic carving of the Tudor epoch is not so delicate that it cannot be copied, and, while one would be glad to possess the original exterior, the existing exterior has its interest, hardly diminished by its admitted inferiority of detail.

Westminster Abbey has also a most interesting and precious body of accessory buildings, not only many chapels, but a most beautiful and effective chapter-house and cloister of almost unparalleled interest, minor courtyards and buildings no longer wholly in their original condition, but still full of instruction for the careful student. The doorways and flights of steps, porches, and vestibules leading from one part of the structure to another, and the familiar large architectural details, are of extraordinary value; and the building has been so carefully and patiently repaired, and the records of these repairs so minutely kept by the public-spirited men who have had charge of the building and of its reconstruction during the last fifty years, that the student of mediæval architecture need not be led astray. And this essential condition is aided by the utterly absurd character of the earlier and larger restorations, such as that of the western towers. All this is true; and in saying this there has been no mention of the sepulchral monuments, for which the church has its especially popular fame and in which it is, of course, unrivalled.

The collotype process never gives results which are wholly pleasing. The woolly texture, as of a coarsely worked lithograph, annoys the architectural student extremely. The more eager any one is to study details, the more is he vexed by the lack of clear definition. It is hard to understand what is meant in the preface by the claim set up for "a degree of definition only limited by the texture of the paper on which they are printed." If this is a roundabout way of saying that the process does not allow of minute definition, it will pass; but it seems odd that attention should have been called to the matter of "definition" at all. The difficulties in the way are well known. Photographs of the old fashion, printed on albumen paper, and the more recent modifications of the simple old process, give perfect definition; but they are known to be more or less perishable, and they require to be mounted; moreover, they never cease shrinking and trying to curl up, and the mounts are forced to follow them. The beautiful Parisian photo-engravings seem to be impracticable in the case of any undertaking not originating in Paris; but the valuable plates in recent English and German works like Gotch's 'English Renaissance' and Belcher and Macartney's 'Later Renaissance' are surely within the reach of the publishers of so fine a book as this. The negatives are the result of excellent judgment in the choice of subject and of point of view, and this makes it the more vexatious that they could not have been rendered in more perfect prints. They are imperfect, however, merely in this one matter of clearness of minute detail; in other respects they are extremely valuable plates, and, with an index, which they need fully as much as the text, but which any one can produce for himself, will serve to make the study of the church easy and pleasant.

The text is not very voluminous, and would not, by itself, make a very large book, for it consists of only 106 pages—in large quarto form, but also in large print. Mr. Feasey's contribution occupies more than half of the book, and is divided into four chapters: the Founding of the Abbey, in which a large amount of legendary romance enters; the History of the Abbey, in which there is little concerning the building; and in which, moreover, that which may properly be called history is less considerable than that which is more properly to be denoted as anecdote or even as gossip; the account of the Dissolution under Henry VIII. and the effect which that scandalous performance had upon the Abbey; and a chapter entitled "The Building," in which the history of the Abbey is gone through again with special reference to the church edifice itself. Mr. Micklethwaite's contribution, thirty pages long, is an analysis of the Abbey buildings, and to the architectural student this is the most valuable part of the work. There is a pleasant frankness of confession as to what cannot be absolutely ascertained, and a very proper hesitation to decide off-hand that upon which competent scholars disagree. Finally, a chapter twenty-five pages long is devoted to the mediæval tombs in the Abbey; these being very properly distinguished from the later monuments, whose place in history is in the guide-book, rather than in an analysis of the Abbey itself. A monument erected at any time before the accession of Henry VII., or even during his reign, has a right to be named as almost an integral part of the Abbey; but those of later time, even the picturesque and spirited tombs of Elizabeth's reign, are too much out of architectural unity to need mention in a volume as exclusively devoted to Gothic architecture as is this one.

Explorations in the Far North. By Frank Russell. Being the Report of an Expedition under the Auspices of the University of Iowa during the Years 1892, 1893, and 1894. 8vo, pp. 290. Illustrated. Iowa City: Published by the University.

Present conditions in Arctic North America are well set forth in this volume, and, by comparison with those outlined in the older literature, they furnish means of determining the changes that have affected the inhabitants of the region during the last century and a half. The book is an interesting narrative of personal experience; it is also the record of a collecting expedition to secure representatives of the wild animals of the frozen northland, and to gather anything else possible in the way of specimens and notes that might be of scientific interest. The work was done under the direction of Prof. C. C. Nutting for the Iowa University, by which institution the present report is published. To the student of natural history and to the ethnologist the publication is especially valuable. Inclusive of stoppages and hunting trips of varying lengths at different localities, the route is traced from Edmonton on the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Athabasca River, down the river to Lake Athabasca, through the Slave River to the Great Slave Lake, off to the northeastward for the musk ox of the barren grounds between the Coppermine River and Bathurst Inlet; back to the Mackenzie River and down to its mouth, and through the Arctic Ocean, Bering Sea, and the Pacific Ocean to San Francisco. Mr. Russell took no party with him; from time to time he hired one or more of the Indians of the different tribes, or, adopting their methods of life and travel, joined a hunting party in one direction or another. In this manner he secured an important series of notes on customs, folk-lore, etc., of the various natives encountered—Crees, Slaveys, Dog-ribs, Yellow Knives, Loucheux, and Eskimos—with a fine collection of implements and articles of dress. Feasting with them on their wedding, holiday, or other occasions, starving with them in seasons of scarcity, paddling with them through their rivers and lakes, or tramping with them for hundreds of miles across the snowy wastes, months and months without a bath unless by accident through the ice, with the mercury many degrees below zero, in their lodges or out of them—the author never very closely sympathized with his companions; he was always an outsider taking notes. Those curious to know the reason for the commonly reported greater success of the Dominion Government in its treatment of the Indian question, as compared with that of the United States, will find from the data at hand that the differences are not in the agents or in the white frontiersmen, but in the quality of the Indians dealt with, and also will find that, so far as the results on the red men are concerned, the Canadian has no reason whatever for self-gratulation.

The series of animals brought home and the notes relating to them were very satisfactory; the author's experiences in collecting are much better to read than to have lived through.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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A New Divinity, and Other Stories. Longmans, Green & Co. $1.
Arnold, H. P. Historic Side-Lights. Harper & Bros.
Aubrey, F. A Queen of Atlantis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Austin, J. O. The Journal of William Jefferay, Gentleman. Providence, R. I.: The Author.
Baker, Mary B., and Crawford, A. Animal Jokes. R. H. Russell. $1.25.
Barr, Amelia E. Trinity Bells. J. F. Taylor & Co. $1.50.
Barrett, W., and Barron, E. In Old New York. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Beck, F. V. The Three Bears. R. H. Russell. $1.50.
Bell, M. Rembrandt van Rijn and his Work. Macmillan. $12.

Bicknell, E. Territorial Acquisitions of the United States. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Bok, E. Successward. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50c.
Bouvé, Pauline C. Their Shadows Before. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Braine, Sheila. The Princess of Hearts. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.
Bullard, Dr. F. D. The Apistophilon. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons Co.
Bunyan, J. Grace Abounding. Cassell & Co. 10c.
Butterworth, H. The Treasure Ship. D. Appleton & Co.
Butterworth, H. The Story of Magellan. D. Appleton & Co.
Caird, Rev. J. The Fundamental Ideas of Christianity. 2 vols. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan.
Canavan, M. J. Ben Comee. Macmillan. $1.50.
Carlyle, T. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. [Centenary ed.] Charles Scribner's Sons. Vol. 4. $1.25.
Carret, Mary B. The Little Heroes of Matanzas. Boston: J. H. West Co. 50c.
Carrington, F. The King's Lyrics. R. H. Russell. 75c.
Chamberlin, J. E. John Brown. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 25c.
Cheyne, Rev. T. K., and Black, Prof. J. S. Encyclopædia Biblica. Macmillan. Vol. I.
Cholmondeley, Mary. Red Pottage. Harper & Bros.
Clark, H. S. The Legionaries. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Colorado in Color and Song. Denver: F. S. Thayer.
Comfort, W. L. Trooper Tales. Street & Smith.
Complete Poetical Works and Letters of John Keats. (Cambridge Edition.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.
Converse, J. B. Uncle Sam's Bible. Chicago: Schulte Pub. Co.
Cook, Jane E. The Sculptor Caught Napping. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.
Coulter, J. W. The Larger Faith. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. $1.
Crawford, F. M. Via Crucis. The Macmillan Co.
Crompton, Frances E. The Voyage of the Mary Adair. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Dana, J. M. The Wider View. Putnams. $1.50.
Demoor, J., Massart, J., Vandervelde, E. Evolution by Atrophy in Biology and Sociology. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Dickson, H. The Black Wolf's Breed. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co.
Dix, Beulah M. Soldier Rigdale. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Donnelly, I. The Cipher in the Plays and on the Tombstone. Minneapolis: Verulam Pub. Co.
Douglas, Sir G. James Hogg. Charles Scribner's Sons. 75c.
Doyle, Dr. C. W. The Shadow of Quong Lung. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Drew, Mrs. John. Autobiography. With introduction by John Drew. Scribners. $1.50.
Dugan, Caro A. The King's Jester. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Dyde, Prof. S. W. The Theætetus of Plato. Glasgow: J. MacLehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $1.40.
Evans, E. Botany for Beginners. Macmillan.
Ewing, Prof. J. A. The Strength of Materials. Macmillan.
Fahie, J. J. A History of Wireless Telegraphy. London: Wm. Blackwood & Sons; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.
Finck, H. T. Primitive Love and Love-Stories. Scribners. $3.
Fleming, W. H. How to Study Shakespeare. Doubleday & McClure Co. Series II. $1.
Fontaine, C. Doce Cuentos Escogidos. W. R. Jenkins.
Fox, Rev. J. J. Religion and Morality. W. H. Young & Co. $2.
Gallon, T. The Idol of the Blind. D. Appleton & Co.
Garland, H. Boy Life on the Prairie. Macmillan.
Garvie, A. E. The Ritschlian Theology. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.
Gastineau, E. Edgar Livingston. National Pub. Co. 50c.
Gasquet, Rev. F. A. The Eve of the Reformation. London: John C. Nimmo; New York: Putnams. $3.50.
Gibbs, J. A. A Cotswold Village. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.
Gilman, D. C. The Life of James Dwight Dana. Harper & Bros.
Gilman, N. P. A Dividend to Labor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Gollancz, I. The Works of Shakespeare. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 2 vols. $3.
Gonner, Prof. E. C. K. The Social Philosophy of Rodbertus. Macmillan. $2.50.
Goodwin, Rev. D. The MacSparran Diary. Boston: D. B. Updike.
Graham, W. English Political Philosophy. London: Edward Arnold. 12s.
Grahame, K. The Golden Age. John Lane. $2.50.
Greene, R. A. Songs from the Psalter. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Griffis, W. E. The American in Holland. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Guilland, Prof. A. L'Allemagne Nouvelle et ses Historiens. Paris: F. Alcan. 5 frs.
Hadley, H. E. Magnetism and Electricity for Beginners. Macmillan.
Hains, T. J. The Wreck of the Conemaugh. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Hamilton, Louise F. P. Romance of Graylock Manor. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.25.
Harland, Marion. More Colonial Homesteads and their Stories. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Harrison, Prof. J. A. Letters of Madame de Sévigné. Boston: Ginn & Co. 75c.
Haugh, A. Mother Duck's Children. R. H. Russell. $1.50.
Hennequin, A. Practical Treatise on French Modal Auxiliaries. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 50c.
Hill, G. F. A Handbook of Greek and Roman Coins. Macmillan. $2.25.
Hillis, N. D. Right Living as a Fine Art. Fleming H. Revell Co. 50c.
Hillis, N. D. Great Books as Life Teachers. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.
Hope, A. R. Ready-Made Romance. London: Adam & Chas. Black; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Hoyt, Rev. W. Saturday Afternoon. Philadelphia: American Baptist Pub. Society.
Hubbard, E. Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Humphry, Mrs. How to be Pretty though Plain. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50c.
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Ives, Sarah N. Songs of the Shining Way. R. H. Russell. $1.25.
Jayne, Lieut. R. H. Through Apache Land. The Mershon Co.
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Jevons, T. S. The Living Past, and Other Poems. Macmillan.
Jordan, D. S. The Book of Knight and Barbara. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Kennedy, W. Beasts. Thumb-nail Studies in Pets. Macmillan. $1.50.
Kent, C. B. R. The English Radicals. Longmans, Green & Co.
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Kipling, R. The Day's Work. Part II. Scribners.
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Lamb, C. The Essays of Elia. Illustrated. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $3.
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Lloyd, A. H. Philosophy of History. Ann Arbor: George Wahr.
Long, J. L. The Fox Woman. J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Lowell, J. R. Impressions of Spain. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Luther, M. L. The Favor of Princes. Macmillan.
Manwaring, Rev. A. Marathi Proverbs. Henry Frowde. $2.10.
Martin, B. F., and Charlotte M. The Stones of Paris in History and Letters. Scribners. 2 vols. $4.
Matheson, Annie. Selected Poems, Old and New. Henry Frowde.
Maycock, W. P. Electric Wiring, Fittings, Switches, and Lamps. Whittaker & Co. $1.75.
McMillan, Elva I. Lyrics of the West. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Meade, L. T. The Kingfisher's Egg. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 50c.
Michel, Emile. Rubens, his Life, his Work, and his Time. 2 vols. London: Wm. Heinemann; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $15.
Millet, F. D. The Expedition to the Philippines. Harper & Bros.
Milton, John. Paradise Lost. Cassells. 10c.
Miss Browne: The Story of a Superior Mouse. Illustrated by Madeline Hall. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Molesworth, Mrs. This and That: A Tale of Two Tinies. Macmillan. $1.25.
Monkhouse, Cosmo. British Contemporary Artists. Charles Scribner's Sons. $5.
Morrow, W. C. A Man: His Mark. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Neish, R. A World in a Garden. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. $1.75.
Newbigging, T. The Scottish Jacobites and their Songs and Music. London: Gay & Bird. 3s. 6d.
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Palfrey, Sara H. Old Times and New. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co. 35c.
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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1899.

The Week.

The currency bill matured by the caucus committee of the House, as furnished to the press, agrees in its principal features with the outline heretofore published, and, where it differs, it differs for the better, being more thorough and effective than we had ventured to hope. First and foremost is a section declaring that the standard unit of value shall be as now the dollar of 25 8-10 grains of gold, 9-10 fine, or 23.22 grains of pure gold. This is followed by a declaration that all the interest-bearing obligations of the United States and all United States notes and Treasury notes shall be payable in said gold coin. To this is added a new clause, that "all other obligations, public and private, for the payment of money shall be performed in conformity with the standard established in said section." This clause does not impair the legal-tender character of the silver dollar, which is safeguarded by a subsequent section making it the imperative duty of the Treasury to keep it at par with gold, and providing abundant means for that end. Probably all obligations, public and private, are payable in gold without this new clause, but the declaration is none the less important for that reason. It is safe to predict that when this clause passes into the statute-book, a controversy which has been almost continuous since 1876 will be set at rest. Some flickerings of life may still remain, but they will never again be serious enough to disturb the business community or to impair the national credit either at home or abroad.

The next feature of the bill is the machinery for carrying the foregoing intentions into effect. The currency functions of the Treasury are separated from its fiscal operations by establishing a Division of Issue and Redemption for the transaction of all business relating to the issue, redemption, and exchange of money. This division is provided with ample funds to carry out the purpose contemplated, the details of which need not be here repeated. This section is followed by another, which may be called the crowning excellence of the measure. After establishing the gold-reserve fund in the Division of Issue and Redemption, it says:

"And in addition thereto, he [the Secretary] is hereby authorized to issue and sell, whenever in his judgment it is necessary to the maintenance of said reserve fund, bonds of the United States bearing interest at a rate not exceeding 3 per centum per annum, payable in gold coin at the end of twenty years, but redeemable in gold coin at the option of the United States after one year."

To appreciate the change in public opinion which this provision attests, we have only to recall the fact that Secretary Carlisle, in January, 1895, entered into a contract with a group of American and foreign bankers for the purchase of about $65,000,000 of gold coin, issuing therefor bonds bearing 4 per cent. interest and running thirty years, at a price which made the rate of interest equal to 3½ per cent.; that the syndicate offered to reduce the rate to 3 per cent. if Congress would make the bonds payable specifically in gold; and that President Cleveland's special message to this end was rejected in the House by a majority of 47 votes, and with torrents of abuse for the Administration.

Ex-Speaker Reed, in announcing last week his opinion in favor of positive financial legislation, took occasion to let it be known that he is no friend of imperialism, and that he does not interpret the result of the election in Ohio as decidedly favorable to the policy of the Administration. What he said on this subject is worth repeating, viz.:

"Two years ago, when we were in earnest and the question of the monetary standard was fully before the people [of Ohio], the candidate who represented the gold standard received 526,000 votes, and all his opponents received 486,000. That was 40,000 majority. This year the Republican candidate had but 49,000 plurality, while a third candidate had 106,000 votes. In the old days, when a majority over all was required, there would have been no election. I do not enter into the question of whether such an opposition can be united; I think it could not; nevertheless, that is a chance which had better not be taken. But it is not the figures themselves that are of much account. It is what they indicate. If there is a settled national feeling, men vote for men and things, but when the public mind is unsettled they vote against men and things. Both Ohio and Kentucky are examples of this."

In other words, Mr. Reed thinks that if there had been no third candidate in Ohio, the 106,000 votes cast for Jones could not have been united in favor of McLean. They would have been cast in accordance with the predilections, the former party affiliations of the voters, and in that case Nash would have been elected. But he holds very justly that it is not wise to take any chances on those votes in the future.

What Gen. John M. Palmer, the Gold Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1896, says of the attitude of that wing of the party toward Bryan is undoubtedly accurate. With Bryan as a candidate, he asserts, the real issue will be silver at 16 to 1, no matter what may be the platform, and the Gold Democrats will not vote for him. His defeat, in Gen. Palmer's opinion, will be certain. How can it be otherwise? From what source will he gain enough votes to make good the loss of supporters in his own party? Neither he nor anybody else knows. Reason seems to be lost on him and on his supporters. He and they are quite unable to comprehend that in the estimation of a majority of the American people he represents antagonism to property, to business stability, and consequently to the general welfare. That being the case, it makes not the slightest difference what he may profess. If he were to repudiate all his present and past beliefs to-morrow, it would not make him any stronger as a candidate before the people. They distrust him utterly.

A revolt of considerable magnitude has begun against Bryanism in the State of Virginia, and among the revolters are reckoned both the Democratic Senators from that State. The foundation of the revolt is the fact that it is impossible to make any headway on the platform of 16 to 1 in the face of the prosperous conditions of business now prevailing. The hopeless nature of such a contest finds expression in the columns of the Richmond *Times*, which asks the question, "How long can we cling to this dead body?"—meaning free-silverism. It is not easy to answer the question, but it is pretty safe to say that the rural districts of the South will support Bryan in the next national convention, because they have no other candidate. Even if business is good, even though cotton sells for eight cents per pound, there must be somebody to take Bryan's place in the minds and hearts of the common people. To displace him a man must first be found; and where is he? If Augustus Van Wyck had been elected Governor of New York instead of Theodore Roosevelt, there would have been a possible substitute for Bryan. That was the programme of a very shrewd cabal in the Democratic party. It had its headquarters, not in New York, but in the Carolinas. Its scheme was a good one, but it was brought to naught by Richard Croker when he thrust Judge Daly off the bench, and thus alienated enough Democratic votes in the State to defeat Van Wyck at the first and most essential step in the far-reaching programme.

There is a hot fight going on in the Democratic party in Alabama over the succession to John T. Morgan in the United States Senate. Gov. Johnston appears now to have the best of it. He is a young man of great energy and self-reliance, and he seems to have the present Legislature of the State very much at his command. As an instance of his power in that quarter, it is recalled that

after the Legislature had passed a bill for a constitutional convention and steps had been taken for the election of delegates thereto, Gov. Johnston got wind of an intrigue to frame a constitution that would virtually make him ineligible for the Senatorship at the next vacancy. So he called the Legislature together in extra session, and had the constitutional-convention act repealed, much to the astonishment of his rival candidates. Senator Morgan's chances of reëlection seem to be slender in any event. His opponents say that he is too old for another term, and also that he has been latterly an assistant Republican rather than a Democrat. He sustained Bryan and the platform of 16 to 1, but in all else he has been a strong supporter of McKinley and Hanna, going in for Imperialism, subsidies, a big army and navy, and all sorts of foreign adventures. He has not his equal in wind power in the whole Senate, and, although he talks well for the first half-hour of every speech, he becomes excessively tedious in the concluding two or three hours. His present platform is the conquest of the Philippines in order to promote the sale of cotton and cotton goods in China. It will be so handy, he says, to have plenty of storage warehouses in the island of Luzon. The market for cotton that he sees in eastern Asia in consequence of our having storage-room in the Philippines is as limitless as his speech at the New England Society's dinner in this city a few years ago.

The full returns of the Iowa election show that the Republican victory was quite as complete as was at first claimed. Gov. Shaw has a plurality of over 58,000, against not quite 30,000 when he was first elected in 1897, and between 55,000 and 56,000 for the Republican Congressional candidates in 1898. The total vote is considerably larger than that cast either last year or the year before, so that the test of public sentiment appears to have been a perfectly fair one. Gov. Shaw's first administration has been so successful and free from criticism that the opposition could make no headway on State issues, and voters cast their ballots according to their views on national politics. Gov. Shaw profits much as a local leader of his party by this result, and it is not strange that his friends should suggest him as a good candidate for Vice-President next year.

During the first year of McKinley's Administration, he was severely criticised for his abuse of the pardoning power, particularly his unwarranted clemency toward criminals who had been guilty of breach of trust, like defaulting cashiers who had wrecked national banks. Then came the war with Spain, and next the war with the Filipinos, to obscure all the petty "parochial questions," and nobody paid any attention to so trifling a matter as whether the executive was doing his duty as one of the agencies in punishing or condoning crime. It now appears that the abuse has been flourishing throughout this period when the public were occupied with other things, the total number of Presidential pardons reaching 349, and the commutations of sentence 129. No fewer than sixteen bank-wreckers have been let out of prison, and eight other unfaithful bank officers have had their sentences commuted; while sixty-one postmasters who had been convicted of embezzlement and kindred crimes have been pardoned, and twenty-nine more relieved of part of their sentences. When Mr. McKinley began this sort of work in the summer of 1897, by pardoning a defaulting Maine bank cashier, who deserved no clemency, before he had served four of the ten years in prison given him by a federal court, and two other such offenders under similar circumstances in New York and Arkansas, a leading Republican newspaper of the first State complained that "the courts do not forget their function of punishing for the protection of the properties and lives of the people, but their work is now nullified to a large extent by executive volition." This nullification has been going on during the past two years all the more frequently that it so seldom attracted remark.

Attention has been called lately to a suit now pending in the Supreme Court of the United States under the anti-Trust law of 1890—the United States vs. the Addyston Pipe and Steel Company and others. There are six defendants joined together in the suit, all being producers of iron pipe for water, gas, and sewer service. They formed a combination for a division of territory, fixing the prices of pipe in thirty-six States, and agreeing not to compete with each other, but to keep up an appearance of competition by fictitious bids. It was provided in the agreement that whichever company should secure a contract for pipe under this arrangement should pay a fixed bonus to be distributed among the others. Among the curious pieces of testimony offered by the Attorney-General is a letter from the manager of the Chattanooga Foundry and Pipe Works (one of the defendants) to all the others, protesting against the exorbitant prices fixed by the combination. "The prices made at St. Louis and Atlanta," he says, "are entirely out of all reason, and the result has been, and always will be, when high prices are named, to create a bad feeling and an agitation against the combination." This letter was dated February 25, 1896. This was a true prophecy, for the suit was begun against them on the 10th of December following, in the Circuit Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Tennessee. The bill of complaint was dismissed by Judge Clark, but his decision was reversed by the Circuit Court of Appeals, which perpetually enjoined the defendants from doing business under the combination. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, where the case has been argued, and a decision is expected soon.

It seems to be a safe assumption that the State police bill will not become a law at the approaching session of the Legislature, even if the Governor does not decide to oppose it. The protests from the cities of this State other than New York are so vigorous that there is no possibility of its receiving sufficient support to insure its passage by the Senate. As we foresaw immediately after election, the fact that several of the cities to be included in the bill's provisions had been carried by the Republicans for the first time in several years, has operated against the measure. It was all well enough to propose to have a State police for them when they were under Democratic control, but when they are under Republican control, why, that is another matter. One of the most amusing developments of the discussion of the subject has been the appearance of two of the most expert jobbers in the Senate as possible supporters of the measure. They would like extremely to see it get through the Assembly and before the Senate, where their votes would determine its fate. Visions of the amount which Tammany would be willing to pay to have it defeated must be disturbing their slumbers nightly.

The decision of the Appellate Division, affirming the unconstitutionality of the Ahearn claims act, disposes finally, we presume, of one of the most indefensible pieces of legislation which ever came out of Albany. What got into Gov. Roosevelt's head to induce him to give his approval to such a palpable Tammany raid upon the City Treasury, is one of those things which no fellow can find out. The author of the bill has a well-earned reputation which furnishes ample reason for viewing every measure that he favors with suspicion. It was a safe presumption that this bill, when it made its appearance, was not in the interest of economical government. Its provisions enabled every office-holder under our municipal government who had been prosecuted for misconduct, to bring a claim against the city for expenses incurred in defending himself, and to collect it without the authorities of the city having much voice in the matter. Under this law, claims aggregating a half-million or more were filed almost immediately after its enactment,

and visions of wealth filled many Tammany bosoms with delight. The courts have dispelled all these, and the useful lesson is imparted that officials who get in trouble with the laws, must bear the expense which their carelessness may entail upon them in their efforts to get out.

We venture to call the attention of our strenuous Governor to some remarks which were made on Monday by Judge Bartine of the Somerset County Court, in the State of New Jersey. One of the participants in a recent "glove contest," or "sparring exhibition," in an ice-house at Raritan, was arrested in Pennsylvania and brought before the Judge for violating the law forbidding such contests. He pleaded guilty, and, in passing sentence upon him, Judge Bartine said that he wished to have it understood that dog-fights, cock-fights, and prize-fights, under whatever name they are held, are violations of the laws of New Jersey; that, in his estimation, they are low, brutal, degrading, and demoralizing, and the law was wise in forbidding them, and in inflicting severe penalties for its violation. He understood that such exhibitions were allowed under the laws of New York, and, this being the case, he thought that "those who are brutal enough and degraded enough to enjoy them had better go there." The laws of New York State, however, do not allow such exhibitions as we have had at Coney Island, but expressly forbid them. Neither do New York city laws, but our local authorities choose to construe them in favor of prize-fights, and if our Governor differs with them in that construction, he has not made the fact known.

Reluctance to be civilized and put in sanitary condition appears in various places in Cuba. People are objecting to having their houses entered by health officers, and stand aghast at all the scrubbing and deodorizing and sterilizing that is going on, with themselves as chief victims. They prefer to be left alone with their filth and their death-rate. This seems madness and ingratitude to us benevolent civilizers, though it is meant only as the assertion of personal rights and dignity on the part of those who dislike our carbolic spray. The thing is, of course, only one of the necessary incidents of trying to force one civilization upon another. People in Bombay preferred to die of the plague like flies rather than clean up. Their lives had to be saved violently. A Manila correspondent wrote us the other day that, among out doubtful triumphs in the Philippines, was the achievement of making the people "cleaner than they wanted to be." Yet we know that there is such a thing as being too clean even in this city. Col. Waring was thrown over with a kind of savage glee for having made us cleaner than we wanted to be. Manila or Matanzas could not have returned to its wallowing in the mire with greater enthusiasm than New York. But our new-caught sullen peoples are certain to revolt, for a long time, against being made by force altogether such as we are. We must take warning from the sad fate of the Zulu medicine-man. He was put to death by his tribe, and when the missionary asked why, the chief said that it was because he had given them such an intolerable deal of good advice.

The losses of British officers in the South African battles continue to be extraordinarily severe. To take their places England has practically stripped her reserves of every available officer. So serious has been the depletion that the War Office has been compelled to give commissions to fifty or sixty young fellows who have not passed a competitive examination. None of these, of course, will be sent to South Africa. They will simply take the place of more experienced men who are thus released from the home depots to go to the Cape. Gen. Methuen was reported to have ordered his officers to assimilate themselves in dress and equipment to the men, so that they might not be so shining a mark for the Boer bullets; but the returns of his battles show the same disproportionate mortality among officers.

Gen. Kitchener's quiet announcement, "The Sudan is now open"—as who should say, "I declare this museum thrown open to the public"—is the official notification that the long reign of savagery in that vast region is at last over. With Gordon's death and the triumph of the Mahdi, all that civilization had done for the Sudan was swept clean away. What sixteen years have done to reduce those once fertile territories and swarming villages along the upper Nile to wreck and desolation, official reports set forth in their cold way, but it takes imagination to picture the misery which lies behind the unimpassioned figures. The population is estimated at only 25 per cent. of what it was sixty years ago. Heaps of sand mark the sites of former villages. Cultivated fields have become desert wastes. Nearly all the men of fighting age have perished, so that mere human labor is the greatest need of the Sudan to-day. Lord Cromer says that there used to be 3,000 water-scoops, for irrigating purposes, between the Atbara and Khartum, but that on his recent visit he was told that there were but seventy left. The ruin is almost complete. The work of recuperation will have to be undertaken from the foundation. Yet there is no doubt what English administration will make of these ancient habitations of cruelty.

When Germany adopted the gold standard in 1873, she took into her Treasury all the silver subsidiary coins of the several countries composing the Empire, except the thalers or three-mark pieces, and issued instead the present subsidiary coinage of marks and fractions thereof. The old silver was either recoined or sold as fast as it came in, until 1879, when Prince Bismarck, becoming alarmed at the decline of silver in the market, ordered that the sales be stopped. He and the President of the Imperial Bank explained in the Reichstag that the sales of silver up to that time had resulted in a debit balance of 96,500,000 marks; and that it was desired to put a stop to these losses. This policy of discontinuing the sales of silver was carried into effect, although strenuously opposed in the Reichstag by Herr von Delbrück, Minister of Finance, and by Ludwig Bamberger, who contended that the longer the sales were postponed the greater the eventual loss would be. The price of silver in London at that time was 50¼d. per ounce. It has since fallen as low as 25d., involving a loss several times as large as that incurred before 1879, showing the folly of Bismarck's decision. The stoppage of sales left about 450,000,000 marks in thalers and 420,000,000 marks in other silver coins on hand, which far exceeded the current requirements of the public, so that all efforts to increase the amounts in actual circulation failed. Early in the eighties, the metallic money of the Empire consisted of three-fifths silver and only two-fifths gold, an unsafe proportion. For a number of years the store of silver was reduced only by the sale of a small amount to the Egyptian Government and of 26,000,000 in thalers taken by the Austrian Government for recoinage.

The commercial development of the past few years, creating an increased demand for small change, has pointed to a possible way out of the "limping standard" by enabling Germany to convert its unused silver into subsidiary coins for its own people. It is announced that a law will be proposed in the Reichstag providing for an increase of the proportion of subsidiary coins per head of population from ten marks to fourteen marks per capita, and also for the resumption of the sales of the remaining thaler money, compensation being made to the Imperial Treasury for the loss thereby incurred out of the profit realized by the Government from the increased silver circulation. It is assumed that by this operation the entire thaler surplus will be got rid of in the course of ten years without further loss to the Government. This will, of course, result in "limping" into an absolute gold standard, for which reason the projected law will, no doubt, meet with determined but futile resistance on the part of the bimetallic faction in the Reichstag.

THE REPUBLICAN DANGER.

There is something ominous in Senator Hanna's prompt rising to remark that the shipping-subsidies bill is certain to be passed in the coming session of Congress. It is prophetic of the determined raid on the Treasury which is sure to be made this winter all along the line. Bounties to shipbuilders are only symptomatic of the general appeal that will be heard for private aid from public funds. The demand for class legislation will be more powerful than ever at the very moment that some of the strongest bulwarks against it are removed. With every disposition to think well of Speaker Henderson, it is not to be expected that he will have the resolution or resource of Speaker Reed, or the support of his party, in beating off the assaults on the Treasury. And Hanna is the Jameson of the impending raid. He is the recognized Master of the Revels of the Republican party, and has already given the signal for the pipers to strike up. They will have to be paid later; but that does not trouble this Walpole of our politics. The old saying that "Every man has his price," Senator Hanna has improved upon by the addition, "Yes, and I am the man who pays it."

Shipping subsidies are one of his forms of payment. He gave his I. O. U. for them in 1896, and is naturally annoyed at the delay of Congress in honoring his signature. But now everything is in train for final settlement of this campaign note, and the Commissioner of Navigation, who in former years was a strong opponent of subsidies, has already made a report showing that, though the shipyards were never so prosperous, and American tonnage never so great, we must have subsidies or we perish. This limping logic and the subsidies bill itself we do not at present discuss. What we are insisting upon now is that this particular movement to take money from the public and put it in favored individual pockets is only a specimen of the many that are waiting just around the corner. The process is always like a letting out of the waters. It is the first bad bill that costs, and its cost is the total that has to be paid for all the bad bills that follow it Hence we say that Mr. Hanna's anticipatory announcement of one huge item of new extravagance is the sure sign of an era of lavish expenditure and reckless legislation at Washington.

This is the great Republican temptation, as it is the great Republican danger. It is the historic peril of the party since the war. Experienced Republican leaders might well say to Hanna, as the wit said to the man who clapped him on the back with the usual, "You don't seem to know me," "Well, I don't remember your face, but your manner is certainly familiar." Hanna's large and easy way of disposing of the public money is simply the familiar old precursor of the scandals of class legislation under Grant and under Harrison. Subsidies and rash Nicaragua Canal grants and service pensions, and every other suggested form of irrigating private gardens from the great reservoir in the national Treasury, may easily next winter make former periods of extravagance seem penurious by comparison.

Warnings against an "orgy" usually, we know, fall upon deaf ears when addressed to those who are ostentatiously preparing it. It is because they treat politics as a form of gambling. What, shall we not play the game for all there is in it? Shall we not break the bank when it is easily in our power to do so? Politicians who treat control of a Legislature or Congress as a means of speculation find the counsels of moderation ineffably silly. Yet even they might take warning from the prudence of gamblers and speculators. A poker-player in Dead-Man's Gulch knows that it is not always wise to take advantage of a run of luck to strip his antagonist of everything but a knife, lest he find that knife sticking between his own ribs. And speculators in control of a "corner" find it best to let their victims "settle up" without absolutely ruining them.

A similar considerateness on the part of those who are now preparing to parcel out the national revenues, even if, like Clive, they should be astonished at their own moderation, would have a better chance of being practised if they would remember two things. One is that the willingness of the people to endure taxation has its limits. War-taxes they will cheerfully pay, so long as times are good; but this does not argue that they will pay for all kinds of gorgeous schemes for making money out of the government. Of subsidies, bounties, and other forms of enriching the few at the cost of the many, they will say, "This is magnificent, but it is not war," and will grumble mightily at the resulting taxation. Then it will be well for the Republican managers to remember that it is not altogether certain that the badness of the Democrats will for ever excuse and make safe their own corruption. William of Canton looks at William of Lincoln, and says, as royal Charles said to James, "Well, whatever happens, they will never kill me to make *you* King." Saying nothing of this as a wise and safe rule of statesmanship, we have to remark, first, that the American people sometimes choose strange instruments to do their work, and, second, that the one thing which could make Bryan's election possible next year would be Republican extravagance and class legislation this session. Whatever real strength he now has is mainly as the representative of the ancient feud of want and have. Let a corrupt Republican Congress be followed by bad times and industrial disturbances, and Bryan's opportunity to assert that the government had been prostituted to the selfish ends of a few rich men would be used, we may be sure, with every art of the skilled agitator, and with tremendous effect. This is the chief Republican danger, which is only another way of saying that Hanna and his policy of grab and greed are the danger.

OUR SUGAR DUTIES.

The *Diario de la Marina* of Havana of November 17 makes mention of a delegation of Cuban gentlemen visiting the United States for the purpose of promoting a treaty of reciprocity whereby the sugar of the island shall be admitted to the United States free of duty. The Havana newspaper says that these gentlemen have received much encouragement from members of the New York Chamber of Commerce and from bankers and business men in various centres of industry. Simultaneously we receive the annual report of Brig.-Gen. James H. Wilson, commanding the Department of Matanzas and Santa Clara, embracing a special report on the industrial, economical, and social conditions existing there. Gen. Wilson strongly advocates an arrangement by which the sugar of Cuba shall be admitted to the United States free of duty. He conceives this to be the one thing needed to restore prosperity to the island. The subject will, no doubt, soon find its way into the discussions of Congress. It is time, therefore, to see what principles are concerned in such a measure, and to inquire whether our Treasury can afford to make the sacrifice involved in relinquishing so large a source of its income.

The United States imports about 1,600,000 tons of sugar annually, from which it derives a revenue of about $55,000,000. The island of Cuba has produced in a single year something more than 1,000,000 tons. It is capable of increasing its output indefinitely if a sufficient inducement is offered. It is probably safe to say that Cuba can produce all the sugar that the United States can consume. She has abundance of land adapted to the growth of the cane. Whenever the production shall be stimulated by a bounty equal to our present duty on No. 16 sugar (about two cents per pound), the increase of the industry will soon overtake our present consumption. Under the proposed treaty of reciprocity, the remission of our duty on sugar, if confined to Cuba alone, would be the same thing as a bounty to the Cuban planters of two cents per pound, which is equal to the cost of the article at the factory. What is proposed, therefore, is to give Cuban planters a profit of one hundred per cent. on their product at our expense. Gen. Wilson is well aware of the consequences to the American Treasury of such a step and of the op-

position it will have to meet. In his "summary of conclusions," therefore, he proposes as a compromise "the greatest allowable reduction of duty" on Cuban sugar.

We note that a delegation from Cuba, who called upon President McKinley last week, were more moderate in their proposals. They limited themselves to the reasonable request that Cuban sugar be given the same terms as sugar from the British West Indies under the newly made but as yet unratified treaties with those governments. The terms of those treaties have not yet been made public, but every one will agree that we ought not to discriminate against Cuba in matters of trade in the slightest degree. There are serious objections to discrimination in her favor, however, the principal one arising from the fact that the amount of the donation, when granted in this indirect way, cannot be known to the donors.

The average amount of revenue collected from duties on sugar and molasses is, as we have said, $55,000,000 per year. If the product of Cuba alone were admitted to our market free, the American consumers of sugar would pay the same price as before, and the 2 cents per pound now received by our Treasury would go to the Cuban planters. If they were able to supply one-half of our consumption, rather more than $25,000,000 per annum would be distributed among them in this way. As the Cuban production increased, the sum so distributed would be enlarged. If ever the Cuban product should exceed in quantity our ability to consume, the price would begin to fall and the American consumer would derive an advantage, unless possibly a Trust should be formed strong enough to control competition. The public revenue from sugar would, in the case supposed, be cut in half at the outset, and would dwindle from year to year until it became extinct. The Government could not afford so great a loss, when we consider its enlarged army and navy expenditures and the prospective increase of its pension list.

Of course, there are numerous middle ways of dealing with this question. All sorts of compromises are possible, and no doubt speculators of our own kith and kin will see that money is to be made by diverting the sugar duties to private pockets. Americans will buy plantations and put in sugar machinery. The industry is sufficiently attractive, regardless of the question of duties or bounties. The island of Cuba is probably the richest piece of ground on the American hemisphere. It is certainly the richest for sugar-growing. Mr. William J. Clark, in his recently published book on 'Commercial Cuba' (Scribners), says that, *ceteris paribus*, "sugar can be produced cheaper per pound than in any other country on the face of the globe." Therefore, there is little risk in investing capital there in sugar-planting, regardless of the American duties. The strong probability is that such investments will be made with a view to the early annexation of the island to the United States, since annexation would be equivalent to a repeal of the sugar duties. Cuban sugar would then stand on the same footing as that of Louisiana or the beet-sugar of Nebraska and California. This is one of our "rocks ahead." The Cuban people are not a desirable addition to the American republic. We have more social and political problems than we can deal with satisfactorily now. Cuba would supply us a new one, and the danger is that we shall presently have an irresistible lobby at Washington working for annexation for the money that is in it, and that the Cuban problem will be on our hands without any previous preparation for dealing with it.

CLERICAL IDEAS OF EDUCATION.

There was a meeting on Thursday afternoon in Brooklyn of "The Manhattan-Brooklyn Conference of Congregationalist Churches." The subject of discussion was "Our Sunday-School: Our Young People." It was addressed by two doctors of divinity. Both predicted a sanguinary conflict in future years between the poor and rich—unless, of course, something was done to prevent it. This something must be more Bible-reading in the schools. The children who read the Bible were to take the side of the rich. One of the divines said that there were thirteen million children in America "whose feet had never crossed the threshold of a Christian church." These are to take the side of the poor. We hope these thirteen million children may be able to go to church and read the Bible, but we have no expectation of it. We have no idea that we shall in this way ever save the rich from having their throats cut. No rich man who has any knowledge of history or human nature has the least hope of safety from any such source.

Now, will the Bible Christians listen to a few words of sober sense? The education of children in a civilized state depends only partly on its religious teachers, or in fact on any teachers properly so called. By far the more important factors in it are the way the laws are administered and the kind of men who administer them. Children are affected profoundly, from their earliest years, by their father's attitude towards the state and by the kind of men he associates with. If the state be represented to the child by thieving and unscrupulous legislators, by unjust judges, by corrupt bosses and faithless presidents, no amount of Bible-reading or school-teaching will make him a good citizen. He will grow up to be like those around him. He will try to get "a piece" of whatever is going. He will have no idea of public duty except Platt's or Croker's, and he will go to the Legislature only when they send him. Any modern state which relies on schools and Bibles to make up for defects in administration is sure to come to grief sooner or later. It cannot be too often repeated that it is the administration of the government which has most to do with the training of children. Such talk as this of the clergy in Brooklyn, of getting rid of our evils by Bible-reading, by hoisting flags on school-houses, and trying to make the boys believe that they will one day be strenuous colonels, is chromo, or "bouffe," education. The world outside must seem to the youth an outcome, not a mockery, of the school.

What is the first thing the state, as well as the school, should teach him? Is it not that the moral law is the supreme law of the universe? Is it not that the supreme rule of conduct is, "To live honestly, to injure no man, and to give every man his due"? We do not ask Baptists and Methodists to be good Christians; we ask them simply to be followers of pagan philosophers. We know, all of us, that it is on the respect of the poor for these principles that the safety of the rich man's property must in the long run depend. On nothing does it depend so much as on the belief of the mass of mankind that right is superior to might. that the use of might to deprive other people of life, liberty, or property, except to prevent graver social evils, is one of the worst offences that a civilized man can commit. Nothing can be more dangerous in a democratic state than to teach the poor that the moral law can be shaped or amended by merely counting noses. And yet what else are we doing? We are giving the American poor the first great lesson they have had, that in America might counts for right, that we may murder thousands of men, and sack their houses, without a shadow of a right to do so except what we can find in the fact that we are the stronger. What right that we have ever recognized in our American policy have we to do what we are doing in the Philippines, which the slums have not to do in Fifth Avenue? If the rich men were wise and read their Bibles more carefully, they would know that in entering on wars of conquest they were parting with one of the best defences of their property, for the poor are more numerous and more powerful than they, and think they know how the rich ought to live, and think so more and more every year.

For one other consideration we must ask the attention of the divines. The American Constitution has long been regarded, all over the world, as one of the choicest products of constructive wisdom. It has been for a century the envy and admiration of England, mainly as a protection to property. The respect for it by the American masses has been look-

ed upon here by us until now as our best and surest defence against the excesses of democracy and against the schemes of Cæsarism. To have created among such a large body of people, gathered from all parts of the earth, so much respect for a written document, was considered, until two years ago, one of the most wonderful political feats of modern times. Well, where is the Constitution now? One of the generals coming home from the Philippines last year announced that "the Constitution is played out," and millions reëcho the sentiment every time the President goes about on a stumping tour. We are all, too, in mortal terror of Bryan. Is it not time, Reverend Gentlemen, to grow up, and put away childish things?

CERVERA'S OWN STORY.

Admiral Cervera obtained from the Queen Regent, late in August, permission to publish the official correspondence relating to the operations of the Spanish squadron under his command. The result is a volume of more than 200 pages, a copy of which has just reached us. It contains many dispatches which have been published before, but some which are entirely new, and in particular several letters which passed between Admiral Cervera and the Minister of Marine before the war broke out, which are not only new but of the deepest interest. The whole is now offered as the Apologia of the gallant old sailor. With a proud humility, at once dignified and pathetic, he lays before his fellow-countrymen and the world the proof that, whoever blundered, whoever was the victim of wild illusions, he was not; but that, throughout, his head was as clear, his foresight as keen, as his heart was stout.

From the very beginning—going back as far as the letters of 1896-'97—Cervera's constant warning to the Minister of Marine was, "Do everything in reason or honor to satisfy the United States, for, if war breaks out, we shall be overwhelmed." Minister Bermejo was incredulous. A good part of the American navy was in the Pacific. Yes, replied clear-sighted Cervera, on March 7, 1898, but what does that mean except the immediate crushing of our feeble naval forces in the Philippines? Ah, rejoined the Minister, but you do not take into the account the "superiority of our homogeneous, educated, and disciplined crews in a combat with the mercenary levies of the United States." As to that, answered Cervera, sadly, you have only to remember what happened to our ancestors at Trafalgar. But, surely, urged Bermejo, with your swift ships you can ravage the Atlantic Coast, and speedily bring the enemy to terms. Are you crazy? was Cervera's despairing comment.

So the correspondence went on through all those weary weeks of waiting for the war. The men in charge of the fleet—Cervera and all his captains—solemnly warned the Government that their campaign must be defensive, or it would necessarily be disastrous. But at the same time Blanco was urgently telegraphing from Cuba, and Macias from Porto Rico, that the squadron must be sent, or all would be lost. Thus pulled about, the Government was at its wits' end, and finally called the famous Council of War of the eighteen or twenty admirals and captains in Madrid, which decided that Cervera must sail from Cape Verde and fling himself on the foe. That was about what his orders amounted to, for he was utterly unable then or later to get intelligible instructions from the Minister of Marine. His orders were simply to sail for the Antilles, calling at some neutral port for information, and then going to Porto Rico or Cuba, as he might think best, and doing there whatever his "skill, discretion, and courage" might suggest. Was ever hapless officer sent more bunglingly to the fate which he knew to be as certain as the sunrise? Yet Cervera set sail with his crippled ships as bravely and cheerfully as if going to assured victory. He said that if the admirals overruled him, one of them really ought to relieve him, but he was not the man to shrink from duty, and, with a proud *moriturus saluto* to the Spanish Government and people, he put to sea.

Cervera fully intended to go to Porto Rico after calling at Fort de France. His statement to that effect is a tribute to the shrewdness of our own naval strategists, who sent Sampson to that island to meet him. But at Martinique Cervera heard that Sampson was awaiting him; he himself had to go to Curaçoa for coal, and then, by a good deal of luck (*algo casual*), as he himself confesses, got into Santiago unobserved. To Cervera at Martinique the following extraordinary telegram was sent by the Minister of Marine:

"MADRID, May 12, 1898.

"Since your sailing the situation has changed. Your instructions are amplified so that if you judge that the squadron cannot operate to advantage where you are, you may return to Spain, choosing your own route and port of call, though this would preferably be Cadiz. Acknowledge receipt and advise of your decision."

Cervera did not acknowledge receipt, because he never saw the dispatch till he got back to Spain; he sailed before it was delivered. But as an indication of the state of mind of the Spanish Government, and of its fitness to carry on war, it needs no comment. In this respect, however, it was surpassed, if such a thing were possible, by the suggestion made by the Minister of War on June 3, that Cervera should run the blockade at Santiago, and go to Manila to smash Dewey, afterwards returning to finish off Sampson!

The later official correspondence has nearly all seen the light before. Cervera was never deceived about the ruin of his ships if he tried to take them out. He wished to blow them up in the harbor and land his men to assist in the defence of the place. But he was under Blanco's orders, and that officer insisted, as we know, upon the Admiral's going out to have 600 of his men killed, in a spirit of sheer "vanity," as Cervera called it. One incidental point is cleared up in these dispatches. Admiral Sampson has said that he never knew why his ships were not fired on at night when standing in close to the harbor's mouth with their searchlights. The reason is that the Spanish had not the guns or ammunition to do it. Cervera asked Gen. Linares to open on the American ships at night, but that officer had to inform him that he had no artillery mounted that could do it. And the ammunition on shore was as defective as it was on shipboard.

Where is boasting? Such is the question we may well ask after this full revelation of the weakness of the foe we conquered at Santiago. The only boast the Spaniards have made is that they showed the world they knew how to die. Never did men go more clear-eyed to death for their country than Cervera and his comrades. What he has now published is in defence of his intelligence. He wanted his friends and his country to know that he at least had been dwelling in no fool's paradise. "This squadron is already destroyed," he wrote, on sailing from Cape Verde. But no defence was needed of Admiral Pascual Cervera's patriotism or gallantry. Those are written imperishably in the faithful story of what he did and dared, with serene courage, in the face of fated disaster.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR.

DUBLIN, November 18, 1899.

The Transvaal war will be fought out independently of questions of responsibility for its inception or outbreak, or considerations concerning its conclusion and influence upon the world. The stronger will win, and there can be no doubt as to which of the contending parties is the stronger. Practical men are wont to decry the discussion of academic questions, and most of us consider ourselves practical. Yet how important is the discussion of such questions, and how impossible it is to ignore the ethical side of that war which now absorbs the attention of the British world!

To those who believe Mr. Chamberlain's motives, intentions, and conduct throughout to have been "all that's honest, honorable, and fair," the declaration of war by the Transvaal was unjustifiable. Those who take a contrary view may feel differently; and how much has a contrary view been justified by the utterances of the supporters of the Government since the outbreak of hostilities! The mask has been thrown off. We hear little now of the wrongs of the Uitlanders. The supremacy of England is and has been really the dominant consideration—"our supremacy," euphemistically

clouded under speech about the "supremacy of the Queen." The gospel as preached according to Kipling has carried the day. A member of the Government in a speech lately delivered in Dublin openly declares: "Questions of franchise and such things were only as dust in the balance. . . . The supremacy of Great Britain must be secured at all hazards." She was already supreme in South Africa. Further supremacy over the Transvaal can have meant nothing less than its acknowledgment of her suzerainty, the obliteration of its distinct rights as a nation, its relegation at the best to the position of a native Indian State, with a Resident, and, if with an allowed army, one supervised by British officers. Those, then, who take a view contrary to that of Mr. Chamberlain, his followers, and admirers, are likely to look upon the declaration of war by the Transvaal as inevitable. Similar warlike preparations, hurrying off of transports, massing of troops on the frontiers of any one of the great Powers, would have compelled a similar though earlier ultimatum. The responsibility lies with Mr. Chamberlain. Considering the forces at his command, he could with safety and dignity, while negotiating, well have afforded to shun even the appearance of military preparation. A few months' delay would not have signified to him. Had honest negotiations with an honest intent failed, he could, with a practically united Empire at his back and the unforfeited sympathy of the world, have set about his preparations as necessary. Those of us who have condemned the methods of Mr. Chamberlain and suspected his intentions, see in all his policy since the Jameson Raid a settled determination to inveigle the Transvaal into war. He has succeeded. We now fully realize the extent to which he has all along had the support of the Empire, and our sympathies are with the Transvaal.

It is said that had Mr. Krüger waited for Mr. Chamberlain to strike the first blow, he would have had the sympathy of the whole civilized world. This is questionable. Would it not have been said, "You waited till England had made every preparation, had mobilized her forces, had poured one army corps after another into South Africa, had fortified and provisioned every strategic point on your borders, had fastened her grip upon every line of communication, had occupied every pass into your territory; you knew that such preparations could be preliminary only to claims which in honor you could not grant; you knew you would have to fight sooner or later; you have forfeited all chance of making a respectable stand, and with it our respect; you must take the consequences of your folly"? Supposing, however, that Mr. Krüger had so acted as to secure the best wishes of the world, would that have helped him? It has been truly pointed out that since the fall of Napoleon there has been a marked and growing disposition on the part of nations to non-interference—allowing those that enter, whether singly or in partnership, into international quarrels to fight them out by themselves. After the Armenians, protected by solemn treaties, being left to their fate under the Turks, what possible chance is there of the sympathy of outsiders availing in contests between peoples? If the Boers were to fight at all, it appears to many of us here that they were wiser to precipitate hostilities.

Whether they are right in fighting at all is another question. Few cultured and thoughtful people, realizing the terrible consequences, could justify themselves in engaging in a conflict under like conditions. But as yet we must not judge nations as we judge ourselves. Perhaps in view of the lethal powers science has now placed at the command of civilized man, the ethics of national duty and honor will be rewritten. Perhaps, leaving aside for future consideration the allowability, under conditions, of wars between doubtfully matched Powers, the moral sense of humanity and the schools will condemn the opposition of small to great Powers. Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, Denmark will disband their armies as useless. Thermopylæs, Morgartens, and Sempachs are no longer possible. Children's minds may not in the future be clouded and led astray by being taught to draw lessons from them. Possibly the crushing of Denmark by Germany, of the Armenians by Turkey, of the Transvaal by Britain—may we not add, of Aguinaldo by the United States?—will contribute to this end. Meanwhile we gauge the action of the Transvaal by the old standards.

Its subjugation, indefensible as it will be, may spread the Pax Britannica throughout South Africa. We have little warrant for believing that nations ever really regret, or are given cause to regret, the sins they commit bringing immediate accessions of power and influence. There appears little probability of a general Dutch rising. It is more likely that the Transvaal will in the end submit to overwhelming force, like Alsace and Lorraine, than that permanent unrest will be maintained. The "never, nevers" of politics count for little.

For the colored races, British Indian and native in South Africa, the submission of the Transvaal will be a misfortune. So long as their maltreatment in the Transvaal could be used as an argument for interference in its affairs, some decency has had to be observed in contiguous British colonies, though indeed nothing much worse than the treatment of the Basutos within the past few years has stained the dealings of the white man with the colored. That motive failing, Downing Street will be scarcely more powerful to interfere between white and colored in South Africa than is Washington to stop lynchings in the States. And in this regard it will be found that the principles applied by Great Britain in defence of her colored subjects are likely in the long run to work out less favorably for their incorporation in the body politic than the principles embodied in the Constitution of the United States, set at naught as they now too often are. England will never go to war with one of her colonies, as she has shown herself prepared to go to war with the Transvaal, on questions of internal administration.

The stand being made by the Boers is a striking exemplification of the bearing and invigorating influence, under modern conditions, of Protestant as compared to Catholic thought. A Catholic people of like numbers could not within a like period have established such a nationality in the desert. The confirming and extension of religious thought and ecclesiasticism would with such a people have been paramount, not the building up of individual character and national institutions.

The part London has played in bringing about this war cannot escape attention. That enormous, closely compacted congeries of humanity, vitalized in all its ramifications, wielding such influence, controlling the greatest world power in existence, in the mass without conscience, all whose apparent interests are served by the extension of empire, may yet be productive of disastrous consequences to humanity.

One blessing may result from the tragedy being enacted. Since the Crimean war England has not until now entered upon a struggle with a white people. Her military prestige has been maintained in contests, increasingly easy, with colored peoples—thus has she practised the art of modern warfare. In them have her generals been trained, through them have her soldiers gained their laurels; in depicting such wars have the illustrated papers and yellow journals brought to British firesides a sense of England's prowess and glory, and inflamed military ardor in young and old. The practice of war, the training, the glory have been easily bought. The present contest, with people of the same origin as her own, is proving and will prove essentially different. She may realize the consequences of war as she has not realized them for forty years. This may tend—yet at what a cost!—to cool the Jingo fever, if indeed anything will now cool it in a land where military and naval preparation and war expenditure are the direct interest of preponderating masses of voters, where occasional war is essential to the position and prestige of the upper class, where wealth is so abundant and taxation is so arranged as that those who gain most by war feel its burdens least.

All roads lead to Rome. So consideration of most that affects the Empire leads to Ireland. The vigorous opposition of the National Party—such of them as now appear at Westminster—to the war is supposed by many to have given the *coup de grâce* to Home Rule. This is not so certain. The spectacle—after many years of killing Home Rule by kindness, and the running out of fifteen of the twenty years of resolute government that was to settle everything—the spectacle of general Irish sympathy with the Transvaal cannot but impress thoughtful persons with the conviction that something is still out of joint in the relations of the islands. Upon the other hand, there are not wanting Home-Rulers who feel that, if the present attitude of the Home Rule colonies—of blind sympathy with the Empire in an unjust war—is such as would prevail in Ireland under Home Rule, the change might not be altogether beneficial.

D. B.

HUGO'S 'THINGS SEEN.'

PARIS, November 1, 1899.

'Things Seen' (*Choses Vues*) is the title given to fragments left by Victor Hugo, by his executors, who are publishing the definitive edition of his works from the original manuscripts. These fragments are real memoirs, but incomplete memoirs; they are not quite a journal, as they were written without any chronological continuity. They must be considered as impressions committed to paper by Victor Hugo, when he had been struck by any particular event, great or small. His executors think that they owe it to his memory to publish these rapid jottings, perhaps quickly forgotten; some of them might

as well have been burned, but many of them bear the mark of the wonderful powers of Victor Hugo, and the two volumes published of 'Choses Vues' are, on the whole, very well worth reading. Hugo had at the same time a very clear vision of things, a sort of realistic power of observation, as well as the poetical faculty of magnifying and transfiguring what he saw. The poet appears even when he speaks of ordinary and trivial things.

The first volume of 'Choses Vues' is the collection of notes taken between 1838 and 1855, to which are added some taken in 1871 and 1875. The long interval between 1855 and 1871, the term of exile for Victor Hugo, is left bare. In the second volume there is no chronological order at all. The volume is divided into chapters, which bear on the most various subjects—theatrical representations, the French Academy, the Tuileries under Louis Philippe, the Chamber of Peers, the Revolution of 1848, the National Assembly, Louis Bonaparte, the Siege of Paris, the Assembly of Bordeaux, etc. The political life of Victor Hugo could be completely reconstructed with the help of these two volumes. We know by his poetical works that he began life as an ardent Legitimist; he wrote some of his earliest poems for the Bourbons. He belonged to the Romantic school, which was royalistic in contradistinction to the Liberals, who were all classic at the time. He was soon, however, reconciled to the Revolution of 1830, and some of his most interesting pages in the 'Choses Vues' are those which he wrote on Louis Philippe and his family. He gave his testimony in his lifetime in favor of Louis Philippe in a chapter of the 'Misérables,' where he calls him "un roi de plein jour."

I select from the many notes on Louis Philippe, whom Victor Hugo saw often at the Tuileries after the King had made him a peer. When the miserable quarrel between France and England on the subject of Tahiti broke out, the King said to him one evening: "We made a mistake in taking this protectorate. What need was there to embarrass ourselves with Tahiti? What was this pinch of tobacco in the midst of the ocean to us?" Then, speaking of Peel, he said:

"Peel knows no languages. A man who knows no languages, if he be not a genius, has necessarily some void in his ideas. Well, Sir Robert Peel has no genius. Would you believe it? He does not know French. So he understands nothing about France. . . . There are many Englishmen, and in the highest places, who understand nothing in France, like that poor Duke of Clarence who became afterwards William IV. He was a mere sailor. You must beware of the sailor spirit. I often say so to my son Joinville. . . . This Duke of Clarence told me, Duke of Orleans: 'We need a war every twenty years between France and England. History shows it.' I answered him: 'My dear Duke, what is the use of men of brains if they allow mankind to commit always the same follies?' "

This whole conversation between the King and Victor Hugo is worth reading. Was it a conversation? The King spoke a little more than an hour without interruption. I cite only the end: "Oh! I have a rough task. At my age, with my seventy-one years, I have not a moment of true repose, either by day or by night. How could I ever be anything but uneasy? I feel Europe pivoting on me." Another day, at Neuilly, the King unbosomed himself again to Victor Hugo, saying:

"Monsieur Hugo, I am ill judged. People say that I am proud, that I am clever, which means that I am a traitor. It wounds me. I am an honest man, that is all, and I walk straight before me. Thiers, working with me, told me one day, when we did not agree, 'Sir, you are proud, but I am prouder than you.' 'The proof that it is not so,' I answered him, 'is that you say so to me.' Talleyrand once said to me: 'You will never do anything with Thiers, who might be such an excellent instrument. The misfortune is, that you can use such men only by giving them satisfaction; and he will never be satisfied.' 'Thiers,' added the King, 'has much *esprit*, but he is too proud of being a *parvenu*.' "

Victor Hugo was always fond of horrors; his works, his dramas show it clearly. He thought it necessary to place the ugly beside the beautiful, so as to obtain powerful contrasts. In his notes, he dwells with extraordinary interest on crimes; there are chapters on the attempts made on the life of Louis Philippe by Lecomte, by Henri, on the prison of the Conciergerie. It was at his request, put in a celebrated quatrain, that Louis Philippe pardoned Barbès, who had led an attempt against a barrack and shot a young lieutenant. The King was very humane and always disposed to pardon His reasons were not the same as those of Victor Hugo, who invariably finds a touch of madness in all murderers, and seems to have foreseen the modern theories of Lombroso. As a peer of France, Victor Hugo sat among the judges of the Duke de Praslin, who murdered his wife in 1847. His account of the trial is painfully graphic. The Duke de Praslin poisoned himself in prison. Victor Hugo was also among the peers who had to pass judgment on the ministers Teste and Cubières accused of corruption.

After the Revolution of 1848, Victor Hugo was elected a Deputy to the National Assembly by the city of Paris; he was chosen on a general ticket, and stood second on the list. He was a witness of the invasion of the Assembly by the mob on the 15th of May, of the bloody days of June, 1848, and of the debates which followed this insurrection, which was as terrible, if not as long, as the insurrection of the Commune. "This June insurrection," he says, "showed monstrous and unknown shapes to a frightened society." He goes on, from quarter to quarter, taking notes: "It is a hideous thing, this heroism of objection, wherein is shown how much force there is in weakness; this civilization attacked by cynicism and defending itself with barbarism. On one side, the despair of the people; on the other, the despair of society." We see here the antinomy which dwelt constantly in the mind of Hugo; he makes a distinction between the people and society, as if the people and society were not the same thing. Of a generous and chivalrous nature, he had thrown in his lot with the people, and it almost seemed to him that the people "could do no wrong." He had an excuse for its excesses, he saw heroes in all its martyrs, he put his immense genius in the scale of the side of the *misérables;* he was a poet, he was not a statesman.

One day, in 1849, he meets the Chancellor Pasquier at the Academy. Pasquier takes him home in his coach, and complains of getting blind. "I say to him, laughingly, 'It is perhaps because you have governed so long.' He took it well, and replied with a smile, 'I am not alone in going down hill. You are all more ill than I am. I am eighty-two years old, but you are a hundred. This Republic, born last February, is more decrepit than I am, and will die before I do. How many things I have seen fall. I shall also see this fall.' " The Republic of 1848 died soon after this prophecy.

The first relations of Victor Hugo with Prince Louis Napoleon are very interesting. The President-elect invited him to his first dinner given at the Élysée, on the 23d of December, two days after his proclamation as President of the Republic. The letter of invitation was written by Persigny. "The President rose when I entered. We shook hands. 'I have,' said he, 'improvised this dinner. I have only a few dear friends; I hoped that you would consent to be among them. I thank you for having come. You come to me, as I came to you, simply. I thank you.' " The other guests were the Prince de la Moskova, Gen. Changarnier, Conti, Lucien Murat, and some persons unknown to Hugo, two ladies, Madame Conti and the Marquise du H.

"Louis Bonaparte seemed to prefer the lady on his left, Madame du H. She is thirty-six years old, and shows it—beautiful eyes, little hair, an ugly mouth, a white skin, a fine waist, a charming arm, the prettiest hands in the world, admirable shoulders. She is separated now from M. du H. She has eight children, the first seven by her husband. . . . 'You know,' said La Moskova to me, 'she has been the mistress of Napoleon, the son of Jerome; she now belongs to Louis.' 'Well,' said I, 'people change every day a Napoleon for a Louis.' "

After dinner the Prince took Hugo apart and asked him what he thought of the situation.

"I was reserved. I told him that things were promising well. The task was hard, but it was a grand task—to reassure the bourgeoisie, to satisfy the people, to give the former calm, the second work, life to all; that after three petty governments, the elder Bourbons, Louis Philippe, the Republic of February, we needed a great government; that the Emperor had made a great government by war, *he* was to make a great government by peace; that the French people, illustrious for three centuries, did not wish to become ignoble. What had destroyed Louis Philippe was his not understanding the pride of the people. It was, in short, necessary to decorate peace. 'How?' asked Louis Napoleon. 'With all the greatness of art, of letters, of science, with victories. The work of the people can make miracles. And then, France is a conqueror; when she does not conquer by the sword, she must conquer by the mind. Know this and persevere. Not to know it would ruin you.' He appeared pensive and went away."

We have in this passage all the grandiloquence of Victor Hugo. All his political speeches were made in this vein, and we cannot wonder that they produced little effect on public assemblies. Louis Napoleon was taciturn; he was a man of few words; he wanted to secure the good will of Victor Hugo, and for a time he succeeded. "The President, in his drawing-room, looked timid; he did not seem to be at home. He went from one group to another, more like a stranger than like the master of the house."

The first cabinet of the new President had just been appointed, but, says Hugo, "the cabinet is but a mask, or a screen, which covers a Chinese idol. Thiers is behind. Louis Bonaparte begins to feel ill at ease. He has to face eight ministers who all try

to belittle him. Among these ministers are some avowed enemies. All the nominations, promotions, lists, arrive ready made from the Place St. Georges [where M. Thiers had his house]. He must accept all, sign all." On leaving the Élysée, after his first dinner there, Victor Hugo made this reflection:

"I was thinking of this sudden housewarming, . . . this mixture of bourgeois, of republican and imperialist; . . . of the person, of the entourage, of all that was accidental. Not the smallest curiosity or least characteristic fact of the situation is this man, of whom one can say, at the same moment and on all sides in the same breath: 'Prince, Highness, Monsieur, Monseigneur, and Citoyen.' "

Correspondence.

BETWEEN BRYANISM AND IMPERIALISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the *Nation*, and having acquired sincere respect for your teachings, the embarrassing circumstances of the present lead me to apply to you for advice. A vexing probability has been causing uneasiness for some time, and your issue of November 16, in the article, "The Candidacies Settled," changes the trouble from a vexing probability to a still more vexing reality.

Naturally I am a Democrat, or at least I used to be, although now the primary judges, when I tell them whom I voted for at the last Presidential election, and that I am a Cleveland gold Democrat, and not one of the free-silver Bryan and Altgeld stamp, refuse to admit me. With many others of like beliefs I voted for Mr. McKinley, and the question now is whom shall I vote for next year.

Next year it will be fully as desirable to administer to the free-silver folly and the anarchistic demagogues a crushing defeat as it was three years ago, but can we now vote for a man who is ready to cast to the winds the principles of our government from its beginning; who is ready to break his promises, which were made in such a way as to lead those who did not know him personally to believe that he meant them—to break promises whether made for those at home or to the world at large; and who is ready to ignore the Constitution if it may interfere with his aims? Can we vote for such a man?

The success of Mr. Bryan and *his* party may mean widespread financial disaster, and certainly will mean folly. The success of Mr. McKinley will as certainly mean the endorsement of open wickedness. From financial disaster we can in time recover, and can bear the burden with a clean conscience, but can we ever recover from deliberate moral disaster?

Can you answer our questions? Shall we choose to be foolish or to be wicked?

F. J. Le Moyne.

Chicago, November 24, 1899.

[Some of us who faced a like dilemma in 1896 found a grateful escape in a third ticket. It is easier to predict that the dilemma will recur, personified by the same candidates, than that conscience will find the same relief available. For the present, our advice is—to wait.—Ed. Nation.]

THE IMPORTATION OF GNATS (*CULEX*) INTO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the very interesting article "Impressions of Honolulu," by W. H. D., in the *Nation*, No. 1792, November 2, I find the following passage:

"To cap the climax, the mosquitoes are said to have been imported, and a circumstantial story is told of some Nantucket whaleman who, to revenge himself of some slight, emptied barrels of water from Mexico, containing mosquito-larvæ, into one of the fresh-water basins," etc.

The authentic story of the introduction of mosquitoes into the Sandwich Islands has been told by me in the Trans. Entom. Soc., London, 1884, p. 494, and is curious enough to be reproduced here:

"The following case may be typical of the mode of importation of gnats across the ocean. About 1828-'30 an old ship from Mazatlan, Mexico, was abandoned on the coast of one of the Sandwich Islands. Larvæ of *Culex* were probably imported in the water-tanks upon it. The natives became soon aware of the appearance round that spot of a to them unknown bloodsucking insect; it so far excited their curiosity that they used to congregate in the evening in order to enjoy the novelty. Since then the species spread in different localities, and in some cases became a nuisance.

"This was related to me by Mr. Titian R. Peale, the well-known American entomologist and artist, who visited the Sandwich Islands a few years later with the United States Exploring Expedition under the command of Capt. C. Wilkes (1838-'40). A distinguished American who had spent many years on the islands, and whose acquaintance I made in Washington, confirmed the story to me, and told me that he remembered positively that there were no mosquitoes on the islands about 1823.

"This version is at any rate more probable than another of which I read in the German periodical *Die Natur* (1857, p. 232), that gnats were intentionally imported into those islands by a mischievous sea captain, in vengeance against the inhabitants!"

C. R. Osten Sacken.

Heidelberg, Germany, November 14, 1899.

THE BOSTON SLAVE-BURNING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have not seen the communications of A. M. or J. D. B. referred to by J. N. in his letter relating to the negro-burning in Boston in 1681, and perhaps the reference to that event in 'Pillars of Salt' may have been noticed by them. My edition of 'Pillars of Salt' was printed in Boston "by B. Green & J. Allen for Samuel Phillips at the Brick Shop near the Old Meeting-House, 1695," and from it I quote as follows:

"(VI) On Sept. 22. 1681 One *W. C.* was Executed at *Boston*, for a *Rape* committed by him; though he had then a Wife with Child by him, of a Nineteenth or Twentieth Child. . . . When he came to the Gallowes, and saw *Death* (and a Picture of *Hell* too, in a *Negro* then *Burnt* to *Death* at the Stake, for *Burning* his Masters House, with some that were in it,) before his Face, never was a Cry, for, *Time! Time! A World for a Little Time! the Inexpressible worth of Time!* Uttered, with a more unutterable Anguish."

It seems to me that the "Picture of Hell" would have not been very forcible if, as J. N. supposes, the negro was only a dead negro. X. Y.

Pequot Road, New London.

P. S.—I suppose the 'Pillars of Salt' to be the work of the Rev. Cotton Mather. My copy has the fly-leaf thus inscribed.

Eliphalet Adams,
His Book.
Ex dono Revdi Domi Cottoni Mather.

[We apprehend that the date "1695" should read "1699," which Sibley, in his 'Harvard Graduates,' under Cotton Mather, assigns to the sole copy known to him, in the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Mass. The book consisted of Mather's Boston Lecture of November 17, 1698, when, as he says, "I could not gett unto ye *pulpit* but by climbing over *pues* and *Heads*." The Lecture was repeated in the 'Magnalia,' vi., 37.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Henry Frowde (Oxford: University Press) will shortly reissue in a more popular form William Stebbing's biography of Sir Walter Ralegh; and in January an edition of the Hexateuch in two quarto volumes, the second displaying the text of the Revised Version in a novel manner. The editors are J. Estlin Carpenter and G. Harford-Battersby.

'Side Lights on South Africa' is the title of an opportune book of travel, by Roy Devereux, which Sampson Low, Marston & Co., London, have nearly ready for publication.

The New Amsterdam Book Co. have nearly ready 'The Key to South Africa—Delagoa Bay,' by Montague G. Jessett, F.R.G.S., and 'A History of the Transvaal,' by H. Rider Haggard.

A. C. Armstrong & Son will soon publish 'Studies of the Portrait of Christ,' by Dr. George Matheson.

Harper & Bros. are utilizing their amassed reproductions of the masterpieces of the world's art galleries (collected for use in their periodicals) through the Helman-Taylor Art Co. These will appear in two series, the first measuring 16½x23 inches, and selling at 35 cents apiece, or $2.00 for six; the second, 4x5 inches, at a penny apiece, or 75 cents framed.

The fashion of publishing collections of drawings seems to grow, and we have three such picture-books on our table—'Outdoor Pictures,' by T. De Thulstrup (Frederick A. Stokes Co.); 'Life and Character,' by W. T. Smedley (Harpers); and 'England,' by C. J. Taylor (R. H. Russell). Mr. De Thulstrup's drawings are half in brilliant rather than harmonious color, and half in black and white; Mr. Smedley's are all in black and white and most of them in wash; while Mr. Taylor's are all in pen and ink, and in a very sketchy style. Of the three, Mr. Smedley's collection, with its upright form, cloth covers, and pretence of text, comes the nearest to being a "book." The other two are frankly what the French call "albums."

A picture-book of a more pretentious type, but still a picture-book, is 'British Contemporary Artists,' by Cosmo Monkhouse (Scribners), which is a collection of magazine articles, profusely illustrated, on Watts, Millais, Leighton, Burne-Jones, Orchardson, Alma-Tadema, and Poynter. Without being a great critic, Mr. Monkhouse

is a thoughtful and cultivated writer, and of course his text gives the necessary amount of biographical information, while the well-executed illustrations include, besides reproductions of completed pictures, many of those preliminary sketches and studies which often throw so much light on the temper and aims as well as on the methods of an artist.

'Religio Pictoris,' by Helen Bigelow Merriman (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a serious effort to evolve a philosophy of life from analogy with the painter's methods in producing the picture; its moral being that the highest efficiency, and hence the greatest happiness, of the part, man, is in its just relation to other parts and its due subordination to the whole, the universe or God. The book is long, repetitious, and confusing, and finally no more convincing than reasoning by analogy generally is—that is, to some minds, not at all.

The author of 'Little Journeys to the Homes of Eminent Painters' (Putnams) gives his authority for nothing, so that it is difficult to tell when he is accepting discredited gossip and when he is making incidents out of whole cloth; but his writing has no biographical value whatever, and, to indulge for once in a bull, still less critical value! Even the illustrations are useless, for, through some whim, it has pleased Mr. Elbert Hubbard to reject all the known portraits of Rubens by himself, and to give us as a picture of that artist a head by Franz Hals which bears absolutely no resemblance to the great Fleming. The book is wholly misleading.

That a man who died but the other day should have clearly remembered the Peace Jubilee of 1814, gives us a startling sense of the briefness of time, and the changes that occurred in his life-span witness to the breathless pace of the nineteenth century. Nearly the whole of this century the late John Sartain (1808-1897) saw, and his 'Reminiscences of a Very Old Man' (Appleton) has therefore a very curious interest. As a boy he was assistant to a maker of fireworks who had charge of the "effects" at Covent Garden Theatre, and thus came into contact with many of the actors of the day. Later he became an engraver, and, crossing to America in 1830, knew many of the artists of that period, Inman, Sully, Neagle, and others. Still later, as magazine proprietor, he met many of the earlier literary men of America, and gives us, in especial, a curious glimpse of Poe when suffering from what seems like delirium tremens. His own life was a useful and honorable one, of which his children may well be proud. Mr. Sartain's style is not particularly vivid, and of many of the interesting people he knew he has not much to tell us; but the book is, nevertheless, an entertaining one.

The Scribners have begun to publish a series of Semitic text-books which promise to be of high usefulness. They are intended especially to be serviceable to college and university students, and will act for these as introductions to the different branches of Semitic. Thus, among the titles announced so far are the history and government of the Hebrews, their ethics and religion, the Sumerians, the history of the Babylonians and Assyrians, their religion, their life and customs, early history and religion of Arabia, development of Muslim theology, Arabic literature and science, etc. The general editor is Prof. Craig of the University of Michigan, and one volume by Prof. Sayce has just been published ('Babylonians and Assyrians; Life and Customs'). It is based on an elaborate examination of the contract tablets and letters, and gives a most vivid view of all the phases, public and private, of Babylonian and Assyrian life. That it is somewhat hasty in its statements is only what might be expected from the author. The book would have been very greatly improved by the addition of either an index or a very much fuller table of contents. We wish Prof. Craig all success in his undertaking.

The gorgeous robe which FitzGerald's genius cast around the Rubáíyát of Omar Khayyám is slowly dropping. Perhaps it was necessary that these verses should be picturesquely dealt with, as Galland did with the 'Arabian Nights,' if Western attention was to be caught; but that stage is over, and, whether the Omar clubs will like it or not, the true Omar is being brought to light. Mrs. H. M. Cadell did much for that in her article many years ago in *Fraser's*. And now, after her lamented death, her version of 150 of the Rubáíyát is published with an introduction by Dr. Garnett ('The Ruba'yat of Omar Khayam'; London and New York: John Lane). The introduction we could have done without; a reprint of the *Fraser* article would have been more in place and would have shown us better where Mrs. Cadell stood. Dr. Garnett, too, thinks it necessary to speak somewhat patronizingly of her verse-making powers. We commend the version heartily, and can only regret that Mrs. Cadell did not live to publish it herself. The printing would then have been more careful, and the Persian words would have escaped with their lives.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway has published a volume on 'Solomon and Solomonic Literature' (Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co.) which will not add to his reputation. Its methods are antiquated and out of touch with modern criticism. It may do harm to some half-educated people by confusing their ideas; it cannot be active in any other way.

The *Washington Historian* is the equivocal title of the new organ of the Washington State Historical Society, having reference, therefore, neither to the Father of his Country nor to the national capital. Number 1 bears date of September, and is published at Tacoma, in the ninth year of the Society's existence.

Mr. Edward Wilson James's *Lower Norfolk County Antiquary* enters upon its third volume, and continues to be a model of fidelity to the historical document which it is its sole concern to supply. He pursues in Part i. his valuable lists of owners of slaves and lands, in one of which (Norfolk Co. for 1860) it appears that free blacks, mulattoes, and Indians possessed a total of 8,735 dollars' worth of personal property, and 12,090 dollars' worth of real estate. The inconveniences of a want of money are evidenced in some of the records. A clergyman was invited from New England, in 1656, to be allowed yearly a quantity of corn and 3,395 pounds of tobacco. The tobacco was levied at the rate of 15 pounds per pole. A tanner in his will leaves to each daughter as much pewter as could be purchased with one hogshead of tobacco, and, for the education and maintenance of his son, thirty good tanned hides "to be layd out in the bringing him up to schoole." The story of Grace Sherwood, the Virginia witch, is retold. Mr. James's introduction shows him wise in giving notice that he will not be diverted from his own pleasure by answering, hereafter, any letters on questions about genealogical or historical matters. He knows that his time can be better employed, and he has had experience of the unreasonableness of such requests. This magazine is for sale by the Bell Book and Stationery Co., Richmond, Va.

The principal article in the *Geographical Journal* for November is by Prof. W. M. Davis of Harvard, upon the "geographical cycle," or systematic sequence of changes in the surface of the earth. The author advocates a strictly scientific and rational teaching of physical geography. Sir C. Markham outlines the geographical, Mr. J. Y. Buchanan the physical and chemical, work of the projected British and German Antarctic expeditions to sail in August, 1901. The latter makes the striking suggestion, deduced from the magnitude of the glaciers and the continuous fall of ice from their fronts, that their motion may be as rapid "as the stream of a sluggish river." Mr. R. T. Günther gives an interesting account of the exploration of Lake Urmi in Asia Minor, and Mr. O. J. Klotz some notes on Alaskan glaciers, in which he says "that the glaciers eastward of Glacier Bay have all diminished since Vancouver's time, *i. e.*, within the past hundred years"—a fact which would seem to indicate a rise in the average temperature of the area.

The "great impulse given in recent years to the library movement" is well illustrated by the 'Index to the Pictures and Plans of Library Buildings to be found in the Boston Public Library,' just published by that institution in a second edition. It is a pamphlet of thirty-one pages, prepared by Mr. James L. Whitney, acting librarian.

The Superintendent of the Buffalo Public Library has printed a "Graded List of Books for Classroom Libraries in Public Schools" which merits attention. A supplementary list suggests books for reference libraries in public schools.

The monument to Paul Hamilton Hayne undertaken thirteen years ago by the Hayne Literary Circle of Augusta, Ga., has made no further progress than "money in the bank" drawing a low rate of interest, and inadequate for the work. Those who feel an interest in commemorating this Southern poet are invited to remit any sum, large or small, to Hon. William H. Fleming, Treasurer of the fund, Augusta.

—Under date of November 23, Mr. Ferrell, the Superintendent of Documents, offers the 'Messages of the Presidents' in ten volumes, at $9.00 for the set. This marks one more step in the scandalous abuse (to use no stronger word) of official position. For nearly a year, Congressman James D. Richardson, ex-chairman of the committee on printing, has flooded the cities with his circulars, offering this publication at more than double the price the Public Printer would have charged, and no announcement was made by Mr. Ferrell of his having any copies for sale at cost. In May he issued a list of documents to be had from his office, and the Messages were not included. The conclusion is inevitable that

pressure or influence was brought to bear to prevent his making any offer to the public until the "Committee on Distribution" had swept the field and sold as many copies as they were able, for the personal profit of Mr. Richardson. That so open and gross a transaction should be permitted at the expense of the public is astonishing. No measure was omitted to push the sale. Now Mr. Ferrell offers the copies which were at his disposal from the beginning, and without a word of explanation.

—The recently published memoir of the late John M. Forbes has illuminated an obscure episode of our civil war, absolutely distorted in the 'Recollections of President Lincoln and his Administration' by Mr. L. E. Chittenden, former Register of the Treasury. That this subordinate participant in the transaction by which our Government sought to prevent the Confederacy from obtaining the Laird rams building at Birkenhead in 1863, was mystified by his superior, Secretary Chase, is made plausible by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, President of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in a paper just read before that body. It is impossible to condense the story in a note, but what emerges is that the bonds signed at such a physical cost by Mr. Chittenden, to catch a steamer for England, were *not* intended to secure an unmentionable "quiet gentleman" on the other side who volunteered to Mr. C. F. Adams, our Minister, to deposit coin (£1,000,000) that would satisfy the courts in damages if the rams were illegally detained. They were simply the means placed at the disposal of Mr. Forbes and Mr. W. H. Aspinwall to buy the rams if possible. These gentleman went out as the secret agents of Secretaries Chase and Welles, and their mission was in direct contravention of our Minister's vehement denial of "the legality of the construction or sale of such vessels for or to either belligerent." Mr. Adams shows from his father's diary how discreet Messrs. Forbes and Aspinwall were in concealing from him the embarrassing knowledge of their (finally ineffectual) endeavors. He also, and it is the main historic interest of his paper, shows "the United States, in the most serious complications, . . . represented in London by at least three different agencies, drawing their instructions from separate sources, and each operating in secrecy so far as the others were concerned." That our Minister chafed under this extraordinary state of things appears from his diary; but with Thurlow Weed, "a roving diplomat," he contracted "relations of a most friendly character." Mr. Adams's very readable paper will be printed in the forthcoming volume of the Historical Society's Proceedings.

—There died on November 24 at Leicester, Mass., his home for more than two generations of men, the Rev. Samuel May, in the ninetieth year of his age. If not the dean of surviving abolitionists, he was the last of that remarkable group of Bostonians who directed the moral propaganda against slavery. His elder cousins, Samuel J. May and Samuel E. Sewall, came earlier to the cause and were more important to it in the day of small things; but it would be hard to overrate his services as General Agent of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society from 1847 to the close of the civil war. His relations to the lecturers in the field, the arranging for anniversary and other meetings, the provision of ways and means, demanded the scrupulous business methods, the tact and courtesy which unfailingly distinguished him. He sought neither an adequate pecuniary return nor public notoriety. He fulfilled his task with absolute modesty and self-abnegation. A graduate of Harvard College in the eminent class of 1829, and of the Divinity School in 1833, he withdrew from his Unitarian charge at Leicester to share the opprobrium of the true patriots of his day, intent on ridding the republic of the curse and shame of slavery. He outlived the coolness of his parishioners and townsmen because of his reformatory convictions, and was foremost among them in all good works of charity and enlightenment. His intimate fellowship with Mr. Garrison discovered no flaw in a character which, as Wendell Phillips said, had been searched with candles by his enemies. On the voluntary termination of the *Liberator* in 1865 and of its editor's sole means of support, Mr. May undertook the raising of a national testimonial which insured Mr. Garrison's latter years against care and want. It may truly be said that this disinterested act of friendship on the part of so fine a nature as Mr. May's was itself a high tribute to the moral worth of his leader. With growing infirmity, Mr. May attained his great age with undimmed faculties and unabated interest in all that makes for righteousness.

—Readers of Edward FitzGerald, who are by no means, more's the pity, coextensive with admirers of his 'Rubáiyát,' know the estimate he put upon Crabbe's poetry and of his attempt to foster its survival. Taking the 'Tales of the Hall,' he abridged the narratives according to his own taste, filling the longer gaps with his own prose summary. He recommended to his literary executor a continuance of this selection, but it was left to Mr. Bernard Holland to act upon the suggestion. He has just published, through Edward Arnold, London, 'The Poems of George Crabbe: A Selection,' a very handsome volume with good old-fashioned steel engravings. Mr. Holland's preface modestly conveys in a few words the necessary information about Crabbe's uneventful life, and shows that the present editor, while following in the main FitzGerald's condensations and rearrangements when covering the same ground, has discarded the connecting links in prose. Altogether, he has undoubtedly satisfied the majority of the curious, who will perhaps not feel it incumbent on them to make Crabbe's further acquaintance at his original length. Much is given to exhibit Crabbe's minute observation, his sober and often sombre picture of human existence in his time, his humane feeling for the forlorn, that intimate knowledge and graphic portrayal of Suffolk and the sea which must have counted for much in FitzGerald's liking for him, and those occasional flashes of high poetic expression which relieve the monotony of the heroic couplet employed in narration. Mr. Holland's volume is much to be commended. It confirms Dr. Hermann Pesta's comment on the fact that Crabbe still reappears in anthologies and in new editions, that his influence is a lasting one for good in English literature. We refer to the brochure, 'George Crabbe: Eine Würdigung seiner Werke' (Vienna: Wilhelm Braumüller), one of the Vienna "Beiträge zur Englischen Philologie" edited by Schipper. It is a respectable performance, but devoid of any literary or critical flavor, and has no reference whatever to FitzGerald's homage to "one of [his] Apollos."

—Early in January of this year, as our readers may remember, a framed pavement of dark-colored marble, about 160 square feet in area, was discovered in Rome, not far from the arch of Septimius Severus. Signor Giacomo Boni almost immediately suggested the theory that this was the hitherto undiscovered "lapis niger" mentioned by Festus; on whose authority, supported by a passage from Varro, he christened it "the tomb of Romulus," though Festus himself points out that Romulus was not buried there. This discovery was immediately seen to be highly important. Whereas the ancient streets and squares of many Italian cities had been laid bare, there had nowhere, according to Signor Lanciani, been found a piece of black pavement. The same authority recalled the fact that the "fire of Carinus" in A. D. 283 was so intense that even the tufa pavement of the Forum had to be renovated, and that the present pavement must therefore be a restoration—by Diocletian or Maxentius—and not the original. To this we may add that, whether the marble be from Tænarus, as was at first believed, or from further Gaul, it proves a much later date than that of Romulus, for which time the importation of foreign marbles is not supposable. Signor Lanciani justly argued that the restoration of this pavement while other monuments destroyed by the same fire were not restored, proved it to have been regarded as something uncommonly sacred. While the pavement could not be anybody's tomb, it might probably cover something at least equally sacred, and this was suspected to be the "tomb of Romulus"—or of Faustulus Now, Dionysius of Halicarnassus reports a tradition that a stone lion once reposed above the body of Faustulus. Acro speaks of two lions; and further excavations have actually revealed two bases six feet by three, said to be of Etruscan workmanship, on which two lions may have stood. No lions have been found, and we believe that none will be found; for both Acro's *erectos fuisse* and Dionysius's ἔκειτο seem to us to imply that they were not there even in Varro's day. They may have been destroyed as early as B. C. 389, when the Gauls took and, in great part, burned the city.

—The discoveries had reached this point when there came to light a cippus or stele in the shape of a truncated pyramid bearing an inscription in archaic Latin engraved in characters said clearly to resemble those used in the coast country of Etruria. This inscription is engraved "boustrophedon," *i. e.*, with the lines running alternately from left to right and from right to left. One word was made out to be *calato*, which might well be from the verb *calare*, a word used of proclaiming religious festivals, and from which our word "calendar" is ultimately derived. This was enough to suggest that the inscription was of ritual import, and the Etruscan character of the lettering is invoked as new evidence in favor of the theory that Rome got her religious institutions from Etruria. Believers accordingly set the date of this cippus as far back as

the seventh century B. C., but sceptics are disposed to take off at least 200 years from this computation. No one, thus far, has, to our knowledge, shown any tangible connection between it and the "tomb of Romulus"; but, evidently, if the cippus can be referred to the reign of Numa Pompilius (716-672), who is believed to have settled the forms of early Roman worship, or even to that of Tarquinius Priscus (621-578), who was born in Etruria and whose wife was an Etruscan; and if it should also turn out that the inscription is really an important document from the point of view of the ancient religion and ritual of Rome, it will be evidence *pro tanto* of Etruscan influence in such matters. Yet another point may be made clearer by it. It has been generally believed that Rome received the art of writing from some one of the Greek cities of Italy—presumably Cumæ. It is now suggested that the type of alphabet used in this inscription may show that the art of writing was not received directly from Greek sources, but indirectly from Etruria.

—The Dante Alighieri Society, whose object is the refinement of the Italian language and the maintenance of its usage among the natives of Italy in foreign lands, has now concluded, at Messina, its tenth general assembly, composed of representatives from the Society's many branches scattered throughout all Italy. The occasion, characterized by much enthusiasm, has been one of special interest, and, by the reports of the various members present, has proved the purpose of the Society to be a very real and earnest one.. At this meeting Prof. Battignani testified to the persevering loyalty of the Italians in Tunis to the mother-country, despite advantages offered for the transference of their affection to the country of their adoption. Piero Barbèra described the continued patriotism of the Italians of the Argentine Republic; and Prof. Platania painted, in glowing colors, the struggle made by the Maltese Italians for the preservation of their native tongue against the adverse efforts of the English Government. Prominent among the speakers at this Assembly was the Society's President, the eminent Pasquale Villari. Prof. Passerini announces the discovery, in the archives of Ravenna, of a document giving irrefutable proof of the truth of the much disputed statement that Dante had a daughter, named Beatrice, who died a nun in the Convent of Santo Stefano degli Olivi at Ravenna. The document is dated September 20, 1371, and is the record of the legal transference to the convent of three gold ducats, the worldly possessions left by Beatrice Alighieri at the time of her death.

HISTORICAL FICTION.

Janice Meredith: A Story of the American Revolution. By Paul Leicester Ford. Dodd, Mead & Co.

A Lost Lady of Old Years. By John Buchan. John Lane (The Bodley Head).

Rupert by the Grace of God—. By Dora G. McChesney. Macmillan.

The Garden of Swords. By Max Pemberton. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Watchers. By A. E. W. Mason. F. A. Stokes Co.

Active Service. By Stephen Crane. F. A. Stokes Co.

Poor historical romance is the easiest sort of romance to write and the hardest to read, while with the good thing it is all the other way. First-rate historical romance is rare indeed, because it demands for its creation a very brilliant imagination, a certainty about the difference between wheat and chaff, and a faculty for that persistent study which so soaks the student with knowledge of his period that he uses it freely as a natural, not an acquired grace. So unusual is this particular combination of faculties that no writer of historical fiction in English has shown it conspicuously and abundantly except Sir Walter Scott, and even his expression of it sometimes fell short of perfection. Though 'Esmond' rivals 'Ivanhoe,' Thackeray is not just as free, as far away from the lamp, as his romantic predecessor; there is less assurance that he got his story, as children say, all out of his own head—which is the highest tribute to a story-teller. Historical romance has come again into fashion, volubly and profusely, and we are encouraged in dreary wanderings among ash-heaps very cold and dead by the expectation of meeting the Phœnix at any moment.

Acquaintance with Mr. Paul Ford's work, both in history and fiction, gives assurance that his story of the American Revolution, entitled 'Janice Meredith,' will be worth reading, and suggests a possibility of extraordinary merit. It is very soon clear that his plan is extensive, and, for that reason, more ambitious than wise. Historically, he covers agitations in New Jersey preceding the shock of arms in Massachusetts; rather particularly follows Washington's movements from the Morris House on Haarlem Heights in '76 to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown in '81. He discusses in some detail the political intrigues which constantly embarrassed the commander-in-chief, the jealousy and insubordination of Gen. Lee, and the vacillation of the people, which, more than political juggling, more than personal enmity, depressed Washington, as it would have embittered a less tolerant man and broken a weaker one.

Mr. Ford, we think, has too recklessly scattered his forces—dangerous tactics in fiction as in war. With the addition of the fictitious persons and events to the historical, he loses control, cannot mass or concentrate, and runs about in bewildering fashion attending to the destiny of rather insignificant detachments. Washington is the great historical figure, and Mr. Ford has done well with the idol, emphasizing neither the halo nor the feet of clay. The hero of the romance first appears as Charles Fownes, bond-servant of Mr. Lambert Meredith, Squire of Greenwood, near Brunswick, New Jersey. The mysterious Fownes joins the Continental army, and, under the name of John Brereton, rises rapidly, becoming one of Washington's aides. As bond-servant, he has loved his master's daughter, Janice, and, through all the vicissitudes of war, he continues to keep his eye on her, to meet her, to rescue her. Nobody ever needed so much rescuing, from war's perils, from undesirable lovers, from disease and famine, and unruly mobs. Most of the time the faithful lover knows that Janice is indifferent to him and that her father scorns him as Fownes the menial, and detests him as Brereton the rebel. Yet he keeps on being faithful, even to the point of risking military degradation to save the life of the scornful Squire, and thus avert from Janice a tragic sorrow. Brereton is very clearly imagined. His character is naturally affected by certain unhappy circumstances, and he preserves an individuality distinguishing him from any other gentleman adventurer. It is a matter of common knowledge that the best men sometimes break their hearts or necks for the sake of women well described as trifling creatures. Janice Meredith is a trifling creature, and that charm which may excuse light-mindedness and even graver faults is not vividly present. The lady is a trimmer, both in politics and in love; a fair woman also, without discretion. When Washington flatters her, she will die for the country; when British warriors court her, she is fervent for the King. No doubt Mr. Ford meant to draw woman ever variable and irresistible. We have no trouble at all in resisting Janice. We know that an up-to-date girl resembling Janice is not a person to desire or admire, and we are not made to feel that she was a nice girl of her century.

There is a great deal in the book that we are not made to feel, and that is because of a weakness of imagination which is, on the whole, its most evident defect. It is too long and too complicated for the author's power of infusing warmth and color; and it is probable, too, that his natural style is for this purpose a restriction. To revive the past sympathetically, all the passion and poetry and glow that a phrase can hold is needed, and that sort of thing comes not readily to one whose instinctive style is unadorned, almost business-like. Nevertheless, Mr. Ford's romance is far above the average of its species, and in spirit it is admirable. Without shouting his patriotism, and with due recognition of the nobility of some Britishers and the shadiness of some patriots, the author is always an American very heartily on his own side. A romance-writer who uses heroic episodes of his nation's history to criticise, or satirize, or belittle, is a belated traitor who can't be hanged, but whose book might be burned, and he thus exposed to obloquy for having stabbed one of those traditions which help to make a people strong. Mr. Ford is not in the least that sort of person.

In historical romance two innocent common words take on a sacred significance, generally an ominous one, too—"the Cause." No sooner spoken than we know how and where the tide of sympathy is expected to flow, and to say "the lost Cause" seems superfluous and tautological. If the scene is in the Scotch Highlands, there is never a moment of doubt; so any one who dislikes white cockades and will not weep for Prince Charlie may close the book. Mr. Francis Birkenshaw, whose adventures are narrated in 'A Lost Lady of Old Years,' becomes involved in the Cause, not for its own sake, but to do the will of one of those great ladies who to many gentlemen represented the Cause, the Prince, the King. The lady, Mrs. Murray of Brougham, does not, in the line which makes the title of this story, suggest to us that enigmatic vision projected by Browning into the poem "Waring." The temper to horsewhip a man supposed to be guilty of treachery is not the temper of one "accustomed to refusings." But she has the right kind of spirit, and the strength of will to control a vain, dissolute, reckless youth like Birkenshaw, and enough

goodness to lead him to develop independent strength and virtue. Birkenshaw's character is more interesting and uncommon than are his adventures. The wastes of heather and mists and mountains may have been provided by nature for the convenience of fugitives and emissaries, for pursuits and hidings, but the romance-writers since Stevenson have surely abused such beneficent foresight. The most vivid figure in the tale is, however, neither Birkenshaw nor Mrs. Murray, but Simon, chief of the Frasers and Lord of Lovat. The crafty, vain, vigorous old Highland lord lives in the page, and the rest of the book seems but a frame for his portrait. His equivocal attitude towards the Cause (though the Clan went out), his arrest, trial, and execution, are matters of history. Mr. Buchan gives these events all their dramatic worth, much heightened by his sympathetic interpretation of a character always open to difference of opinion. It is true that he calls Lovat a traitor, but when, at the trial, the old man is confronted with his chief accuser, John Murray of Broughton, one perceives that Mr. Buchan makes distinction between a traitor to the reigning king and a traitor to the Cause.

The cause for which Rupert, Prince Palatine, fought so well and thanklessly has furnished material for innumerable romances, but we recall none in which the Prince has been so vividly and probably characterized as in 'Rupert by the Grace of God—.' A great deal of study of campaigns, sieges, battles, and contemporary manners has gone into the making of the book, all loosely and by devious ways leading to a plot to dethrone King Charles and put his nephew in his place. A Bohemian astrologer (guiding his conduct by his Prince's horoscope) is the life of the plot, and he involves Will Fortescue, narrator of the tale, a young soldier, who permits his love for Rupert to overpower his loyalty. On the revelation of the conspiracy, Rupert's attitude is finely taken. He shows the wrath of an impetuous and loyal soldier, the dignity proper to a prince, and the sentiment of a true man deeply misunderstood by those whom he has implicitly trusted. This attitude is well sustained, without any theatrical pose, through a series of disasters for which the Prince was not responsible, though obliged to bear the blame. A large part of the book is uncertain in construction, but towards the end the interest concentrates, and there are passages exceptionally good, with spirited action and natural expression of that rare capacity for sacrifice which urges a man to lay down his life for his friend. The want of technical skill is, indeed, the only serious blemish, and by young readers, to whom the tale most directly appeals, incidental excitements and mysteries will probably be as much relished as if they were indispensable.

The historical episodes in 'The Garden of Swords' may still be considered modern. The Franco-Prussian war was a political war, and perhaps, besides, an explosion of race antagonism. Outside of Alsace and Lorraine no deep sentiment fired the people, and therefore, it may be, romancers are obliged to do without the mystery and enchantment of "the Cause." At all events, they never speak the words. The tale is told in a very good modern way, running along swiftly from the rout of Wörth to the stubborn defence of Strasbourg. The author twists the threads of love and war, and passes from grave to gay, with a dexterity and agility which keep up an agitation of interest, yet cannot be said to stir profound emotion. Everywhere is the trace of the facile hand turning out work pleasant to read and easy to forget. Only one scene arrests attention—that in which Captain Lefort surprises his wife with his view (every Frenchman's view) of her concern for the life of her English friend, Brandon North. Here there is understanding and a forcible illustration of feeling that few Englishwomen ever grasp and none can tolerate. The resentment of Lefort's half-English wife may have been cooled by tardy repentance and opportune death; but her most enduring memory would be of the hour when she had understood his gross interpretation of her conduct and felt an intimation of hopeless estrangement.

By the light of our century's progress in scientific knowledge the mystery of 'The Watchers' is too easily dispelled. Some manifestations of the phenomena of mesmerism and hypnotism are now so commonly known that, from the first intimation of their appearance, one jumps to a conclusion. Therefore the trances and other strange appearances which puzzled and terrified certain persons dwelling at Tresco in the Scilly Islands during the year 1758 do not cause us a moment's anxiety. This is not to say that the story is without interest, for that is well sustained by adventure and characterization, independent of mystery. The author's style is extremely pleasing, and, without recourse to antiquated construction or expression, he reproduces an eighteenth-century literary manner, on the whole, very happily. The very first scene is quite perfect of its kind, vivid and dramatic as well. Incidentally, the game of golf, played in Lieut. Clutterbuck's chambers by Mr. Macfarlane, a young gentleman of a Scottish regiment, adds to the chapter a special modern interest. Mr. Macfarlane, says the narrator, ignorant of the game, but unable to maintain indifference, "carried the firearms and Lieut. Clutterbuck's sword under his arm, and walked solidly about the floor after a little paper ball, rolled up out of a news sheet, which he hit with one of these instruments, selecting now the poker, now the tongs or the sword, with great deliberation, and explaining his selection with even greater earnestness."

The scene of Mr. Crane's 'Active Service' is laid in Greece during the recent war with Turkey. The events narrated will never be embalmed in serious history, and perhaps the day may come in America when men resembling Mr. Rufus Coleman will be so rare that Mr. Crane's realistic portrait can be considered a caricature. That Mr. Coleman should edit the Sunday edition of the New York *Eclipse* seems probable, and that the *Eclipse* should be edited by Mr. Coleman is perfect. Whether Prof. Wainwright declined for his daughter an alliance with Coleman because of himself or because of his vocation, makes no difference. No stern parent was ever more gloriously justified of his sternness. The Professor's device of carrying his daughter off to Greece with his archæological students was an excellent one for starting a story of adventure, but pitiably simple as a means of eluding Coleman. That he would follow them; that he would mix himself in their affairs; that he would prove their stay and comfort in a foreign land—no other conduct could be possible for a Coleman who was also the editor of the Sunday *Eclipse*. No matter how independently the chief characters in a tale may be drawn, the author is generally betrayed by some trick of the brain into expressing his private opinion of them. Mr. Crane's portrait of Coleman is clever and remorselessly truthful, but we should have more confidence in his ideals if he admired Coleman less. We feel that the author may actually have edited the Sunday *Eclipse*, and that, mentally and morally, the standards demanded by that position are very closely his own. This is a pity, because Mr. Crane has a pronounced talent for writing modern fiction. He has great force, and his work is thoroughly alive. He is humorous, and has a strong sense for comedy both in situation and in character. The commoner qualities of quick observation and ingenuity are conspicuously his, and his command of the vernacular of the streets is fluent. Whether he can distinguish between the spirit of a gentleman and the spirit of a hoodlum is, however, the only burning question suggested by 'Active Service.'

Nooks and Corners of Old New York. By Charles Hemstreet. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

The shape of Manhattan Island—a long, narrow parallelogram framed between deep tideways—determined the northward drift of its early population. That cross-current which in most of the world's great cities has, from some unexplained cause, swept the movement of life from the east westward, also directed the course, and partly the character, of its habitations. Into the débris and fragments of every kind deposited by this tide of human existence during three centuries, our author delves assiduously and quite promiscuously. The honor he pays to historical monuments is shared by old oddities. A bit of ruined wall, a dark crypt, an ill-famed alley, a buried lane, a deserted churchyard corner, a dried-up well or pond—all are touched with the glamour of the past, and rescued from the obscurity into which they are rotting in the nooks and corners of the older town.

The restless people drove onward as if goaded by instinct. Adrian Block, the first Dutch builder on the island, and also the first shipwright of its waters, not inaptly named his vessel the *Unrest*. For a century, mere movement stood for improvement, the dwellers of houses first yielding to the driving impulse. From the huts built by Block in 1613 to our day of palaces overlooking parks, our author records many curious phases and rescues many strange relics of these migrations. Places of resort and amusement followed in change the advancing crowds. The flitting abodes, in their growth from old to new, of nine markets, ten hotels, and eighteen theatres find in the writer a minute collector of dates and illustrative drawings.

The more solid structures of churches were slow to join in the flight of their retreating congregations, some of them preferring colonization to migration, and refusing to quit their first homes. The primal church was that built within the enclosure of Fort Amsterdam in 1626. About forty years later, Stuyvesant built at his Bouwe-

rie Village a chapel which has grown into St. Mark's. There was a Trinity Lutheran church on the south side of Rector Street in 1671, and twelve years later a French Huguenot church on Petticoat Lane denoted the growth of that strong and important element among the new settlers. Old Trinity was built in 1697. Of the thirty-five churches whose history the author recounts, two or three only hold their ancient site of two hundred years ago, and none stands on its ancient foundation.

The dwellers in these shifting homes surely found repose in the narrow house appointed for all? Not so. The doom of unrest foretold by Block pursued them even to the grave. The first graveyard of the city, situated on Beaver Lane, now Morris Street, was removed in 1676, the ground sold at auction, and the new plot was shared with Trinity until the law forbade burial within the city. Churchyard after churchyard unsealed its vaults on the removal of the church owning each, and even in our day this disturbance of the last rest from time to time occurs. A crumbling stone-mound, a plot of rank grass, or an iron gate for ever barred, piercing a low wall never scaled, marks many of these spots, and many deserted cemeteries exist up town, where the ancient tenants sleep, surrounded by high buildings and unsuspected by the crowds that pass them. The churchyards of Trinity and St. Mark's remain unchanged, and furnish the author with interesting subjects in their monuments and inscriptions. Though open to the sunlight, they are still nooks and corners for the throngs surging past them hourly, to whom the hour is everything and the past is nought.

A finer sense of the worth of life, though extinct, inspires the many patriotic societies which prove their tender care for the past by fixing memorial tablets of bronze upon spots noted in the city's historic or domestic annals. About a score of these are already placed, indicating the sites of ancient buildings or the scenes of early Revolutionary conflicts. These pages suggest fit occasions for many others. Uncertainty as to the exact site of the Dutch Stadt Huys, or first City Hall, has led to the placing of two tablets. The first of these, fixed by the Holland Society in 1890, is at No. 73 Pearl Street. A second was placed seven years later, on authority which seems doubtful, at the corner of Stone and Pearl Streets, and decorated with an inscription bearing a fantastic signature which is neither Dutch nor English.

The eastern side of the old city is richer in the deposit of quaint relics than the western one. Growth along the Hudson River was much retarded by the interposition between the present Charlton and Rector Streets of the King's Farm, granted in 1705 by Queen Anne to the corporation of Trinity Church. Held in mortmain by this ecclesiastical body, which would part with it only on long leases, unwelcome to the free burghers, it remained for many years a clog upon the city's advance in that quarter, and it was not until the beginning of this century that streets between Warren and Canal were laid out. In contrast to this delay, a sudden and sinister impulse startled the town to a northward flight into this quarter, in terror of the yellow fever in 1822. Greenwich village had then grown from an old Indian settlement about Gansevoort Street into a straggling suburb, when the fugitives, to the number, it is said, of twenty thousand, rushed into it. It sprang at once into a small city. Banks, public offices, stores of every sort, were hurriedly opened, and whole blocks of buildings rapidly put up. The streets and lanes then irregularly laid out account for the tangle of nooks and corners now marked in this quarter on the city maps.

These phantoms evoked from the past, in a group of nearly five hundred, present themselves under no finished description and are touched by no graces of style. They are the dry bones and memoranda of history, requiring only accurate identification. And this the author seems to have gained by painstaking labor, barring a few minor slips, as, for instance, in assigning to Daniel Drew an earlier share than he really took in the affairs of the Erie Railroad, and in interposing an interval of six years between the building and the opening of the Astor House. A graver error is that which ranks Jacob Leisler among the martyrs to liberty. It is true that Leisler was not a mere demagogue, and that he deserves the credit of suggesting the first Congress of the colonies. But, from the latest researches into the chaotic politics of his time, he emerges in the figure of a narrow fanatic, inflaming for the sake of his own ambition the popular alarms which he shared, and provoking, though not justifying, by his cruelties the vengeance wreaked by his victims after his downfall.

The book is admirably printed, and completed by a full and clear index. It adds another to the many recent publications denoting a recrudescence of the interest taken by New Yorkers in the story of the early settlers upon their island. The brilliant generalizations and the picturesque lights and shadows of colonial life traced by the keen perception of Mr. Fiske supplement the more modest and diffused annals presented by Mrs. Lamb. And while Mrs. Van Rensselaer portrays with genial insight the domestic ways of our Dutch ancestors, and perpetuates their genealogies, this volume searches out and stamps anew their very footprints in the places where they moved and had their being. All alike illustrate the truth that the branch of the Dutch race on this side the ocean has achieved its greatness by understanding and accepting the spirit of the age, yielding to its stress, assimilating its new elements, striving towards its wider horizons. On another continent another branch of the same race is expiating in bloodshed its obstinate honest resistance to that spirit, through blindness to the inexorable law that governs the survival of the fittest among nations.

Life of Charles Henry Davis, Rear Admiral. 1807-1877. By Capt. Charles H. Davis, U. S. N. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899.

The author of this biography, who is the son of Rear-Admiral Davis, gives as a reason for publication the sufficient one of the interest which, in these days, still attaches to the period of the civil war, and also offers it as a contribution to the naval history of that struggle, not yet properly written, by the presentation of the life of an officer who not only rose to immediate distinction in the administrative and military operations of the war, but who commanded in chief in the only general and exclusively naval engagements fought during the conflict.

Admiral Charles Henry Davis was born in Boston, of pure New England parentage, in 1807, and, entering Harvard College in 1821, remained through the freshman and sophomore years before entering the navy at the rather late age, at that time, of sixteen. In those days, before the establishment of the Naval Academy, the midshipman, when appointed, went directly to sea, acquiring his professional education as best he might in the practical school of service afloat. The necessities of naval education were certainly much less complex in those days, and the incentive of a severe final examination brought the diligent and capable midshipman with aptitude for the service up to a high degree of efficiency and preparation. At present those who excel number probably as many as in times past, while there is no doubt as to the higher general average of the officers in the service, who are weeded out before graduation from the Naval Academy, instead of after a career of greater or less duration in the servicce.

The first sea service of the young midshipman was in the frigate *United States* on the Pacific station; he was, however, soon transferred to the schooner *Dolphin*, then commanded by Lieut. John Percival, one of the strong but eccentric individualities of the time, and known to the service as Mad Jack Percival. The cruise which followed after Davis joined was made in search of the mutineers of the whale-ship *Globe* of Nantucket, who, after murdering their officers, took refuge in the Mulgrave Islands, from which place the ship, with a few members of the crew, had escaped and finally reached Valparaiso. This cruise, an account of which was afterwards printed by the late Admiral Paulding, proved both interesting and exciting, and gave young Davis a schooling in self-reliance which he never forgot. From this time he served almost continuously for a period of seventeen years at sea, after which, as a Lieutenant, he took up his residence at Cambridge, Mass., and resumed his mathematical studies under Prof. Benjamin Peirce—afterwards his brother-in-law—and took his degree at Harvard.

In April, 1842, he was appointed an assistant in the Coast Survey, and from that time for fifteen years he had very little connection with the active duties of the naval service. For seven years, 1842-1849, he was almost constantly employed in the Coast Survey, and acquired a high reputation while thus employed, especially in connection with his research and investigation of the coast and harbor tides. As a hydrographic surveyor, his work, in connection with the survey of Nantucket Shoals, brought him much distinction. It is only of late that his discovery of the New South Shoals has ceased to be linked with his name in the nomenclature of our coast. In 1854 he was made a Commander, and in 1856 he returned to active sea duty, in command of the sloop-of-war *St. Mary's*, in the Pacific, where he received the surrender of the filibuster Walker and his party on the coast of Central America. Returning from the Pacific in 1859, he resumed his former position as head of the Office of the Nautical Almanac, practically created by him in years gone by, when it was determined to untie ourselves from our mother's apron-

string and publish a better almanac than that of Great Britain.

At the outbreak of the civil war, Davis was summoned to Washington and employed upon various important and confidential duties incidental to the early days of that struggle. In September, 1861, he was appointed Fleet-Captain of the South Atlantic blockading squadron, under Flag-Officer Du Pont. The expedition under Du Pont sailed from Hampton Roads late in October, and upon the 7th of November the successful attack upon the forts at Port Royal followed, the plan for which was largely due to Davis. For his services he received the warmest praise from his commander-in-chief. As to this affair it may not be out of place to quote the generous words in after years of Admiral Porter, who says: "It was not so momentous an affair as the battles of New Orleans, Mobile, or Fort Fisher; but it was of greater importance to the country, for it was a gleam of sunshine bursting through the dark clouds which enveloped the Union horizon."

On the 9th of May, 1862, Davis, then a Captain, relieved Flag-Officer Foote from the active command of the Mississippi flotilla off Fort Pillow, and the next day repulsed an attack made by the Confederate gunboats at that place. On the 6th of the following month another engagement took place, this time at Memphis, which resulted in the surrender of the city, the destruction of the enemy's fleet as an organized force, and the freeing of the Mississippi from Cairo to Vicksburg for the Union vessels. For these actions Davis received the thanks of Congress and his promotion afterwards to Rear-Admiral. He was relieved in the autumn by Admiral Porter and recalled to Washington as Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, and thus his active service during the war closed.

Davis's career after the close of the war was principally linked with professional pursuits of a scientific nature, with the exception of his cruise as commander-in-chief on the Brazil station, which included an unpleasant affair with ex-Minister Washburn, of little credit to the ex-Minister or to the committee of Congress engaged in investigating it. Davis was concerned in the formation of the National Academy of Sciences, the soul of which was generally considered, and rightly, too, to be Prof. Bache. After his return from Brazil, Davis was in command of the navy-yard at Norfolk, Va., finally returning for the second time to the Superintendency of the Naval Observatory at Washington, where he died on the 18th of February, 1877. Admiral Davis was honored by Harvard University with the degree of LL.D. during the later years of his life, and, since his death, his career has been commemorated in Memorial Hall as the oldest representative of the University and the senior in rank in active service during the civil war.

Of this officer and gentleman (in the phraseology of the articles of war) it may be said that he combined professional attainments and practical skill of a high order with extensive scientific knowledge, to which also was added the cultivation of high standards and kindly courtesy characteristic of those officers of the old navy who were classed as of the Du Pont school.

The Commune of London, and Other Studies. By J. H. Round. London: Constable & Co.

This volume of rather miscellaneous papers is hardly so substantial as those two earlier books of Mr. Round, the 'Geoffrey de Mandeville' and the 'Feudal England,' by which he put all students of mediæval English institutions under such heavy obligations. But it contains at least two contributions of signal interest. One is the paper on the Commune of London, which gives the volume its title. As every one who has paid any attention to the subject is aware, two of the chronicles of the reign of Richard tell us in almost identical terms that in 1191 the government of the day granted to the citizens of London their *communa*. What this may mean has hitherto been a matter of conjecture. If we turn to the cautious pages of Dr. Stubbs, we find, on the one side, that "the victory of the communal principle" meant "the establishment of the corporate character of the city under a mayor." But, on the other hand, we are told that it merely "gave completeness to a municipal constitution which had long been struggling for recognition." We are warned against the temptation to suppose that "commune" could mean in England just what it meant in France: "The French charters are in both style and substance very different from the English." "The English have an ancient local constitution," while "the French *communia*" is that most abhorrent of things to most English constitutional historians, "a new thing." Indeed, but for the fact that a Mayor of London makes his appearance in 1193, and the further fact that abroad "commune" and "mayor" went together, we might feel inclined to regard the episode as scarcely creating a ripple on the smooth current of native development. But now comes Mr. Round with the actual text of the oath sworn to their commune by the Londoners of 1191. How he chanced upon it he does not tell us, but its authenticity seems to be beyond question. And here we find a promise of obedience, not only to the Mayor, but also to the "skivins" or "échevins"—officers never before suspected in London, but markedly characteristic of the "communal" organization of Rouen and other towns of northern France. Moreover, the oath of 1191 goes on to promise to keep the counsel of "the Mayor, the échevins, and the other *probi homines* who shall be with them." And when Mr. Round next produces from the year 1205 the "oath of the Twenty-Four," and shows that it was identical in its main features with the oath of "the Twenty-Four" of Rouen, he has established a high probability that the London Commune of 1191 was simply modelled on that of the Norman capital. At Rouen "the Twenty-Four" were divided into two bodies of a dozen each, known respectively as the Échevins and the Councillors *(Consultores)*; and the obvious presumption is that the échevins and the *probi homines* associated with them in London formed a similar body of Twenty-Four, similarly divided. And not only did London obtain "a fully developed commune of the Continental pattern," but, as Mr. Round also shows from the Pipe Rolls, the same year 1191 saw a reduction of the *ferm* of London from £500 to £300. Evidently much more happened than the mere introduction of a new name for old liberties. It will be the task of future historians of London to determine how far the institutions of 1191 survived in the later civic organization.

The other paper of special importance is the first in the book, that entitled "The Settlement of the South- and East-Saxons." Mr. Round describes it as merely "a pioneer paper," intended to point the way to a more systematic and critical study of English place-names. But it contains observations which ought certainly to arrest attention. In all the discussion which has raged around the English "village-community" and manor, no doubt has ever been cast on the assertion of Kemble that *ing* in English place-names had a "patronymic" significance. Even the bold Mr. Seebohm accepted this as generally true. Disinclined to accept Mr. Kemble's view that the patronymic involved a "clan" and a "mark-community of kinsfolk," Mr. Seebohm was reduced to the conjecture that it indicated a "tribal household" with a dependent group of servile cultivators. There was such a complete absence of evidence for such a contention that most readers were naturally inclined to abide by the simpler view of Kemble and Green and Dr. Stubbs, and to believe, in the words of the last named, that "all the primitive villages in whose name the patronymic *ing* occurs, were originally colonized by communities united either really by blood or by the belief in a common descent." They will hardly feel so sure of this when they have read Mr. Round's paper.

To begin with—Mr. Round will permit us somewhat to rearrange his argument—they will learn that the long and impressive lists, in Kemble's well-known Appendix A, of "Marks inferred from local names" are "merely a pitfall for the unwary." It has always been known that in some cases *ing* is a later modification, for euphony's sake, of some earlier and quite unpatronymic termination. But Mr. Round points out that misleading *ings* of this kind are much more prevalent than has been supposed. A mere reference to Domesday shows that in some instances the supposed clan name is nothing more nor less than a corruption of the name of an individual owner. How large a number of genuine *ings* are left on our hands, Mr. Round has not yet ascertained; doubtless there are a good many. But now comes this further consideration. If we are going to collect *ings*, we must not stop at villages; we must put together all the place-names containing *ing* to be found scattered over the country. And when we begin to do this, we find that the suffix frequently occurs in the names of farm-houses which are now and apparently always have been quite isolated. *Ing* may have something patronymic about it, but evidently from that syllable alone we cannot deduce a clan settlement. Let us give Mr. Round's tentative conclusion in his own words:

"Here, then, is the value of these cases of what we may term arrested development: they warn us against the rashness of assuming that a modern or even a mediæval village has been a village from the first. The village community may be so far from representing the original settlement as to have been, on the contrary, developed from what was at first but a farmstead. The whole argument of such scholars as Prof. Earle here and Dr. Andrews in America is based on the assumption that the land was settled by communities, each of them sufficiently large to have a head, whether civil or military. To that supposition such names as I have mentioned are, I think, fatal."

Landmarks in English Industrial History. By George Townsend Warner. Macmillan. 1899.

This is a very successful attempt to depict the course of industrial life in the past. No attempt is made to adhere strictly to the chronological order of events, nor even to trace fully the development and decay of institutions. There are certain periods, however, when marked changes take place in the direction of trade, or the character of agriculture, and the customs and institutions of these periods are properly called landmarks. Mr. Warner does not profess to be an investigator, but contents himself with the work of selection and arrangement. He makes little reference to authorities, but follows in the steps of Prof. Cunningham and Prof. Ashley in their studies of English industrial history. His style is unusually clear, and very few writers on these subjects have succeeded better in constructing really life-like pictures of the social activities of the men of earlier ages.

The chief criticism that we have to make of Mr. Warner's work is that it is not free from the influence of some modern theories. He accepts too guilelessly the explanations which our ancestors proclaimed concerning some of their proceedings. No one nowadays would take the platform of a political party as a trustworthy account of the motives of its leaders, or think of judging of the "true inwardness" of many laws by their preambles. We know tolerably well, for instance, how a protective tariff is prepared and what it is meant really to accomplish. The future historian who should accept the party explanations and estimates of these statutes, however, would make sad work of his task. He would simply perpetuate political cant and humbug. The profession of virtuous purposes is very slight evidence of their existence or of their potency; and we know very well that hypocrisy is not exclusively a modern failing.

Let us take, for example, the expulsion of the Jews by Edward I. Mr. Warner tells us that Edward did not look to his convenience in this proceeding, but to the good of the country as a whole. The Jews were hated. They did not work, and they lent money at interest. Edward's action "was a deliberate and disinterested attempt to improve the condition of commerce." At that time, Mr. Warner believes, it was generally true that no profit was to be made by the use of borrowed capital. If a man borrowed, "it was to relieve a temporary necessity, not to make more money with what he borrowed." No doubt there were improvident borrowers then as now, but to assume that no profit was made by the use of capital if it was borrowed is absurd. The Jews, Mr. Warner says, did not "readily" engage in any "handicraft or industry." What handicraft or industry was open to them? Were they allowed to own land or to enter the gilds? To represent the Jew-baiting policy as enlightened benevolence is really degrading history.

It is almost amusing to see how completely the fallacies of the protectionists are accepted by those who glorify the mediæval gilds. In the thirteenth century, according to Mr. Warner, "current opinion . . . made strongly against deceit, fraud, and concealment." In what century did opinion make for them? Was there ever a monopoly whose professions were not of the loftiest character? As a matter of fact, the gilds were governed by the narrowest protectionism, which they represented as a disinterested regard for the general welfare. The craft gild would let none but members work at its trade, because, Mr. Warner tells us, only by doing so could it guarantee good work. That was the reason assigned by the gilds, but we need not take their word without question. To say that under the gild system there was no underselling or cutting out of rivals by improved process or specious goods, and that there were no wealthy employers struggling to become still wealthier, is altogether too sweeping. Our commercial morality may not be very high, but human nature was essentially the same in the thirteenth century as now, and protectionism has always been as selfish in practice as it has been unselfish in profession.

Letters of Sidney Lanier. Scribners. 1899.

The seemingly chaotic make-up of this volume—four different sets of letters to different persons, not even distributed in the order of their dates—really does no harm in the end, especially as the musical impressions are mainly contained in one department of the book and the personal revelations in another. There can hardly be two franker exhibitions of character than in the correspondence between Lanier and Bayard Taylor, in which both sides appear at their best, the one always beginning "My dear Lanier," and the other, more reverentially, "My dear Mr. Taylor." The difference of seventeen years in their ages is perhaps enough to explain the difference in phrase, but it suggests also the difference in temperament in the men. Taylor appears, as always, true to the life—robust, generous, over-worked, apparently on the topmost wave of success, yet always uneasy in his quest of those highest laurels which were not destined to be his; Lanier always sweet, refined, modest, grateful. Taylor writes characteristically:

"When you consider that for eight years the —— has snubbed me and sneered at me in the most vulgar way, and 'I still live,' you will not allow so flippant a notice to trouble you. . . . If Whittier should come to Boston, go and see him: it will be enough to say that you are my friend. . . . I breakfast with Lord Houghton tomorrow" (pp. 132, 133).

In Lanier's answer he has forgotten all his troubles in the atmosphere of home, of which he writes thus deliciously:

"My three young men—one of seven, one of five, and one of two years—keep me in an endless labyrinth of surprises and delights; nothing could be more keen, more fresh, more breezy, than the meeting together of their little immense loves with the juicy selfishness and honest animalisms of the dear young cubs. What a prodigious Candor they practise! They're as little ashamed of being beasts as they are proud of being gods: they accept themselves at the hands of their Creator with perfect unreserve; pug nose or Greek, blue eyes or gray, beasthood or godhood—it's all one to them. What's the good of metaphysical moping as long as Papa's at home and you've got a Mamma to kiss, and a new ball from now till dinner, and *then* apples! This is their philosophy; it is really a perfect scheme of life, and contains all the essential terms of religion, while—as for philosophy—it is perfectly clear upon points which have remained obscure from Plato down to George Lewes" (p. 133-134).

Taylor's kindness to Lanier was unbounded, and his criticism faithful and good, with that slight predominance of commonplaceness which was what Lanier needed. Lanier also appears as he is wont—a sheet of pure flame, a man over-italicized in life as in his poems. "In truth," he says, "I 'bubble song' continually during these heavenly days, and it is as hard to keep me from the pen as a toper from his tipple" (p. 181). You must take him as he is. Even in music he is an uncertain quantity, complaining of "that poor, bald music of Mozart," and adding, "Why do we cling so to humbugs? Mozart's music is not to be compared with Schumann's or Wagner's or Chopin's or Mendelssohn's or Beethoven's" (p. 77). But when we read, in his letters to his wife, what music was to him, we pardon him all heresies. After playing first flute for $30 in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony and other music, he writes: "If they would only pay me by heartbeats, by agitations, by mental strains, by delights, by agonies, then I would already be grown rich on these aforementioned pieces. They say, however, that I play them very nicely, and this is some reward" (p. 89).

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aitken, E. H. The Five Windows of the Soul. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.

Baldwin, W. J. An Outline of Ventilation and Warming. New York: The Author. $1.

Burnett, Frances H. In Connection with the De Willoughby Claim. Scribners. $1.50.

Butler, S. Shakespeare's Sonnets. Longmans, Green & Co.

Champney, Elizabeth W. Patience, a Daughter of the Mayflower. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Chesnutt, C. W. The Wife of His Youth. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

Dante Alighieri. The New Life. [Siddal Ed.]. London: Ellis & Elvey. 2s. 6d.

Dawson, Marjorie. Rhymes and Jingles. New York: Wright & Co. $1.50.

Dewey, Prof. J. The School and Society. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 75c.

Encyclopædia Medica. Edited by Dr. Chalmers Watson. Longmans, Green & Co. Vol. I. $6.

Farmiloe, Edith, and Parnell, Winifred. Rag, Tag and Bobtail. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.

Garnett, R. Essays in Librarianship and Bibliography. London: George Allen; New York: F. P. Harper. $1.75.

Hand, Rev. J. E., and Gore, Rev. C. Good Citizenship. London: George Allen; New York: F. P. Harper. $1.50.

Inge, W. R. Christian Mysticism. Scribners, $2.50.

Jewett, Sarah O. The Queen's Twin, and Other Stories. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Kernahan, C. Scoundrels & Co. H. S. Stone & Co. $1.25.

Kropotkin, P. Memoirs of a Revolutionist. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

La Fontaine. A Hundred Fables. Illustrated by P. J. Billinghurst. John Lane. $1.50.

Lanier, Sidney. The Story of Our Mocking-Bird. Scribners. $1.50.

Lefroy, Ella N. The Man's Cause. John Lane.

Malan, H. Famous Homes of Great Britain. Putnams.

Marble, Annie R. Nature Pictures by American Poets. Macmillans. $1.25.

Maude Adams' Acting Edition of Romeo and Juliet. R. H. Russell. 50c.

Mayer, H. Fantasies in Ha Ha. New York: Meyer Bros. & Co.

Nichols, F. D. Milton's Shorter Poems. D. Appleton & Co.

Paine, A. B. In the Deep Woods. R. H. Russell.

Penrose, Margaret. The Burglar's Daughter. Boston: Jordan, Marsh & Co. 50c.

Peters, G. W. Picturesque Manila. Manila, P. I.: Chofre & Co.

Phillips, J. C. Plantation Sketches. R. H. Russell.

Rawson, E. K. Twenty Famous Naval Battles. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 2 vols. $4.

Reed, T. F. Justice to the Veteran. Hero or Pauper:—Which? J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co. 25c.

Singleton, Esther. A Guide to the Operas. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Smith, Pamela C. Annancy Stories. R. H. Russell.

Smith, J. H. The Troubadours at Home. Putnams. 2 Vols. $6.

Stalker, Rev. J. The Christology of Jesus. A. C. Armstrong & Son.

Stratton, H. W. Sparks and Flames. New York: M. F. Mansfield & A. Wessels. $1.25.

Strauss, M. A. Cupid and Coronet. R. H. Russell.

Sutcliffe, H. Shameless Wayne. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Swift, J. Gulliver's Travels. John Lane. $1.50.

Todd, C. B. A Brief History of the City of New York. American Book Co.

Townsend, M. S. Stories from Shakespeare. Frederick Warne & Co. $2.50.

Warren, Prof. F. M. French Prose of the XVII. Century. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. $1.

Williamson, W. The Great Law: A Study of Religious Origins and of the Unity Underlying Them. Longmans, Green & Co.

Willson, B. The Great Company: History of the Honourable Company of Merchants-Adventurers Trading into Hudson's Bay. Dodd, Mead & Co. $5.

Yechton, Barbara. A Young Savage. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1899.

The Week.

The opening of the Fifty-sixth Congress is noteworthy for the fact that each branch is controlled by the party which carried the country in the last Presidential election. How extraordinary such a state of things is, appears only when one runs over the record of administrations, to find that, with the exception of a dozen years after 1860, when the representation of the South was either suspended or abnormal, there has been no case since Jackson's day when the Executive sent his message to a Congress, chosen midway in the term, which had both a Senate and a House with a majority of his party. In 1895 Cleveland met a House which was overwhelmingly in opposition; in 1891 Harrison had the same experience; in 1887, while the Democrats had, contrary to precedent, retained the lower branch in the middle of Cleveland's first term, the Republicans still controlled the Senate; in 1883 Arthur addressed a House which was Democratic by a great majority; in 1879 Hayes found Senate as well as House opposed to him; and in 1875 a "tidal-wave" for the Democrats had swept the House from the Republicans, for the first time since 1861. Before the civil war, as during the past quarter of a century, it had become the rule that a political reaction against the party which had carried a Presidential election, came two years later, and prevented the unquestioned control by that party of both branches of the Congress sitting during the last half of a term. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the utter demoralization of the Democratic party through its surrender to Bryanism than the simple statement of these facts in our political history during the past sixty years.

Another noteworthy fact is, that, for the first time within the experience of this generation, a new Speaker having to be chosen (the old Speaker being ineligible), there has not been a contest for the nomination in the caucus of the dominant party, with "headquarters" for rival candidates and all the other accessories of a political contest. Reed, Crisp, Carlisle, Keifer, Randall, Kerr, Blaine, Colfax, Grow—to run back no further than 1861—all had to make a fight for the place when they first secured it. The singular feature of Mr. Henderson's choice by his party is the fact that it was made so clearly several months before the meeting of the House that everybody accepted the situation. Sectional considerations helped the canvass of the Iowa member somewhat, as there was a general feeling in the West that the office ought now to go to that side of the Alleghanies, after having been held by Eastern and Southern members ever since 1869, except during Keifer's incumbency and Kerr's still shorter period; but Mr. Henderson found warm support in the East last summer, as had Mr. Reed in the West when McKinley sought the place ten years ago. For the first time in the nation's history this high position, now universally considered the second office in power under our government, has gone to a State west of the Mississippi.

The important feature of the opening proceedings at the national capitol was the attitude of the House toward the Representative-elect from Utah. By a vast majority it assumed the position that, if anybody charges that a Representative-elect is ineligible, he shall not be admitted to a seat until the point thus raised shall have been examined by a committee, and the House shall have acted upon its report. It is a mistaken and a dangerous position. There is an attempt to strengthen it by reciting that the charge in the case of Roberts "is made through a member of the House, on his responsibility as such member, and on the basis, as he asserts, of public records, affidavits, and papers evidencing such ineligibility." But the fact remains that an attempt is made to keep a man out of a seat to which he has as strong a claim upon his credentials as any other Representative, on mere allegations.

The interesting question in the Senate whether Quay will get his seat upon the basis of the Governor's appointment, came to the front at once. The memorial against his admission, signed by many members of the Pennsylvania Legislature, is a strong document. Besides showing clearly Quay's weakness in the Legislature, where on the last ballot for Senator he received only 93 votes, against 85 for a second candidate, and 69 for a third, it cites the provision of the State Constitution, which Gov. Stone has disregarded, that "in case of a vacancy in the office of United States Senator of this commonwealth, in a recess between sessions, the Governor shall convene the two houses, by proclamation on notice not exceeding sixty days, to fill the same." It also puts forcibly the argument that, if the Senate recognizes the right of a Governor to make a temporary appointment when a term expires while a Legislature is in session, "it will inevitably result that efforts will be made by the executives of the States to gather round themselves a small band of adherents who, holding the balance of power, and preventing an election by the Legislature, will deliberately throw into the hands of a Governor the prerogative with which the Constitution of the United States has invested the several Legislatures." The Senate has so often decided against the Governor's right to appoint in such cases as this, and by so great a majority when the question was last raised in a case from Oregon last year, that a reversal of its attitude does not seem possible. But Quay's friends profess confidence that he will pull through, and the public does not feel that confidence in the force of precedents with the Senate in these days which was once entertained.

The President's long review of affairs in the Philippines adds nothing to our knowledge of the past; and as for the future, he distinctly refrains from making any recommendations until "peace shall be restored." Yet, while professing to leave the whole thing to Congress, he asserts that the islands "cannot be abandoned" by us, and goes out of his way to argue against the plan of giving the natives an independent government under an American protectorate. There is not a hint of intending to secure the consent of the governed, though, of course, the President assumes that the majority of the Filipinos are ready and anxious to have him come and bless them by force. It must have been humiliating to a Republican President to have to admit, as Mr. McKinley does, that our flag is now flying over slaves in the Sulu Islands; but he thinks to save himself by saying that the agreement with the Sultan "is not to be deemed in any way to authorize or give the consent of the United States to the existence of slavery." It is there, under the shelter of our flag; but if we only ignore it hard enough, why, for all campaign and oratorical purposes, it ceases to exist.

The message is not nearly so explicit in regard to Cuba as was Secretary Root's report. It is, in fact, strangely bi-vocal in this part. Referring to the joint resolution binding us to withdraw from Cuba, the President affirms that "the pledge" contained in it "is of the highest honorable obligation and must be sacredly kept." He also speaks of the possibility of a future convention of the Cuban people to establish an "independent government." But he elsewhere intimates that the ties which are to bind "the new Cuba" to the United States may be "organic" (that is, of course, by annexation), and long puts

off the day of self-government by the assertion that "our mission . . . is not to be fulfilled by turning adrift any loosely framed commonwealth to face the vicissitudes which too often attend weaker states, whose natural wealth and abundant resources are offset by the incongruities of their political organization, and the recurring occasions for internal rivalries to sap their strength and dissipate their energies." We fear that despondent Cubans and exultant annexationists alike will read those words and say, with the Irishman, that they are "so ambiguous that only one construction can be put upon them."

The President returns this year to the consideration of civil-service reform as a necessary topic in his message, having omitted all reference to it last year. He now defends his famous "backward step" on the familiar lines followed by Secretary Gage, and claims that it has resulted in improving the service, adding: "It is believed that the merit system has been greatly strengthened and its permanence assured." By whom is this believed? Certainly not by the authors and champions of the system. In regard to the establishment of a reform civil service in our Spanish inheritance, he says: "It will be my constant aim in the administration of government in our new possessions to make fitness, character, and merit essential to appointment to office, and to give to the capable and deserving inhabitants preference in appointments." Let us hope that this pledge will be worth more when the time for performance comes, than the President's fervid pledges before he entered upon his duties have proved to be in regard to our home service.

The clause of the proposed House currency bill which substitutes a tax of one-fifth of one per cent. on bank capital in place of one per cent. on circulation cannot be considered a desirable change. National-bank capital is taxed too heavily now, under State and municipal systems. As compared with other forms of moneyed investment it is largely overtaxed, and this bill would handicap it still more. Note issues are a proper subject of taxation, although one per cent. per annum is too heavy. If the Senate shall reject this part of the House bill altogether, it will be no cause for regret. Connected with the banknote question is a project for refunding the outstanding national debt into bonds having a long time to run, and bearing interest at 2½ per cent. The 4s of 1907 constitute one-half of the bonded debt. They will be due in eight years, and if paid will take that much away from the national-bank holdings. The national-bank circulation will be lessened one-half by that means. It is proposed to renew these bonds at 2½ per cent., mainly for the purpose of keeping the banknotes alive, but partly, we presume, to furnish a commission on the refunding job. This is, perhaps, the most dangerous political issue that could be thrust into the bill. It would raise the question whether the people ought to pay interest on the national debt longer than is actually necessary, in order to accommodate the banks. Such a project cannot be sustained in the forum of economics or of morals. A 4 per cent. bond running eight years will carry 32 per cent. interest. A 2½ per cent. bond running 13 years will carry 32½ per cent. interest. Therefore, the Government, if able to pay its 4 per cent. debt in 1907, could not afford to extend it now at 2½ per cent. beyond 1912. Any longer time than that would be an imposition on the taxpayers, which they would be likely to resent, or at all events ought to.

Secretary Long calls attention again to the fact that the officers and men of the North Atlantic squadron have so far gone not merely without reward, but absolutely without recognition, by Congress for their services in the Spanish war. The nominations for promotion made by the President were not acted upon. Through the promotion of others, several of the officers of Sampson's fleet are relatively worse off than they would have been had there been no war. Congress has not even voted them thanks. This, at least, it should now do, urges Mr. Long. He does not explain the extraordinary omission, but everybody knows the cause of it. A personal intrigue of the meanest sort, with a degrading admixture of "politics," is the only reason why this appearance of ungrateful neglect has been exhibited by Congress. The Secretary takes up none of these deplorable quarrels, but, in his renewed tribute to the "precision, brilliancy, and vigor" of the blockade of Santiago, he shows that he knows where the credit is due. We may add that striking testimony to the same effect is to be found in the telegrams which passed between Admiral Cervera and Gen. Blanco. Cervera told the doubting General in the plainest terms that it was impossible for him to escape from Sampson's grip of steel, and when, after the rush to ruin on July 3, Blanco intimated that the squadron might have fared better if it had gone out at night, Cervera answered that in that case its destruction would have been but the speedier and more complete.

Senator Foraker of Ohio has published a long statement to show how the financial plank in the Republican platform of 1896 came to be adopted. Mr. Foraker was the chairman of the committee on resolutions at the St. Louis convention, and he says that he has preserved the records of the committee, including every scrap of paper that was presented to or considered by the committee. The avowed purpose of the statement is to teach Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat of Chicago to know his place, and to show that the claim made for him of the authorship of the said financial plank is unwarranted and false. The immediate occasion of Mr. Foraker's writing is an article in the *Metropolitan Magazine* for September by William Eugene Lewis, in which it is affirmed that Mr. Kohlsaat drafted the gold plank of the Republican platform of 1896. Mr. Foraker says that he has seen this statement, or the substance of it, in print several times, and that since Mr. Kohlsaat, although having a newspaper at his command, has not seen fit to deny it, he (Kohlsaat) has perhaps come to believe it himself. So it is time to enlighten him as well as other people. Hence the long and rather tedious article which Mr. Foraker supplies to the press, and which goes to show that Mr. Kohlsaat had very little or nothing to do with the plank in question, unless he wrote the so-called Richards-Hanna resolutions, which were adopted only in part, and that part not very important.

Shortly after the adjournment of the St. Louis convention, and while the authorship of the financial plank of the platform was under discussion, Mr. E. A. Angell of Cleveland, Ohio, wrote to the New York *Evening Post* an account of the origin of that plank which was published in its issue of June 29. The writing of it was not known to Mr. Kohlsaat, nor was the author of it known to him, yet he immediately addressed a letter to the editor of the *Evening Post*, saying that it was a true account except in some unimportant particulars, which he specified. Mr. Angell's statement was in substance the following: On Friday, June 12, a number of gentlemen, among whom were Mr. Henry C. Payne of Wisconsin, ex-Gov. Merriam of Minnesota, ex-Gov. Proctor of Vermont, and Mr. H. H. Kohlsaat of Chicago, spent the entire day in a room at the Southern Hotel, discussing the phraseology of a financial plank which had been brought to St. Louis by Mr. Myron T. Herrick of Ohio, one of Mr. McKinley's intimate friends. This plank was worked over and reduced to shape in words differing very slightly from the form in which it now stands in the platform, and it contained the words "the existing gold standard should be preserved." The only change made subsequently, as regards this sentence, was the substitution of the word "must" for "should." The other changes were of little consequence, but were on the whole improvements. On Monday this plank was submitted by Gov. Merriam to Senator Lodge, Thomas C. Platt, and a few others, and was approved by them with some slight modifications, and on Tues-

day, June 16, it was telegraphed to Mr. McKinley by Mr. Herrick, and approved by him, and was adopted by Mr. Foraker's committee and by the convention. This was the substance of Mr. Angell's communication to the *Evening Post*, which Mr. Kohlsaat in writing endorsed and reaffirmed. Mr. Angell, as it were in anticipation of Foraker's present communication, added these words:

"It will be noted that the plank proposed by Gov. McKinley's adherents and personal friends contains the words 'existing gold standard.' It will also be observed that this plank was framed and agreed to by them before Mr. Platt, or Senator Lodge, or Mr. Lauterbach had arrived to teach our people the elements of finance, and before the great light had illumined Gov. Foraker's mind. It possibly has not escaped the attention of our Eastern friends that this distinguished apostle of the gold standard announced himself last January, after his election as Senator, as in favor of the restoration of the free coinage of silver."

The sworn statement of election expenditures which has been filed by the Ohio Republican State committee is an unusually interesting document. It represents the total outlay as reaching only $91,000, which will cause a smile in more quarters than one. The amount disbursed includes the committee's note for $20,000, which was discounted at the savings banks and trust company with which the treasurer of the committee is connected. According to the filed return, Senator Hanna did not contribute anything, but Col. Dick, chairman of the committee, assured the reporters who questioned him on the subject, that the "Senator did his duty nobly, and it is presumed that he will pay off the note." That is a new way of making a campaign contribution without having the amount revealed in the sworn return of the committee. Another item which is missing in the Ohio return is the amount received from postmasters and other federal employees throughout the United States in response to the begging circulars of the finance committee. It is set down in the return that Gen. Horace Porter, Ambassador to France, contributed $500; Powell Clayton, Minister to Mexico, $250; Francis B. Loomis, Minister to Venezuela, $200; and Senator Foraker, $250, but no sum, individual or lump, is mentioned as coming from minor members of the federal service. Surely all those begging letters were not sent in vain.

The movement for the wholesale disfranchisement of the negroes in Georgia has utterly collapsed. The committee on constitutional amendments in the lower branch of the Legislature reported favorably upon the scheme to establish a new test, by which nobody should be a competent voter unless he not only could read and write any paragraph of the Constitution, but could understand and give a reasonable interpretation of it—except that any man who was entitled to vote in January, 1867, or the lineal descendant of any such man, might vote, even if he did not possess the educational qualification. This would enable white election officials under the forms of law to deny the suffrage to almost every black man in the State. The injustice of the proposition was so obvious and gross that it could never stand discussion. When it came up in the House on November 28, the chairman of the very committee which by a majority vote had reported it favorably, opposed its passage as unwise, and the only person to say a word for it was its introducer, a member of no special influence. But two representatives joined him when the roll was called, while 137 members voted against the bill. The net result of the agitation is fortunate, as it has shown that the spirit of fair play is dominant in Georgia when an attempt is made to draw the race line. Moreover, other States are likely to be deterred by it from imitating Mississippi.

A very interesting analysis of the city budget for 1900 has been made by Mr. P. T. Sherman, the lonely reform member of the New York Board of Aldermen. He shows that chief among the "fundamental advantages of consolidation" has been an annual increase, during the first three years of the enlarged city's career, of about $22,000,000 in municipal expenditure. He finds in all departments increased salaried forces, and many duplicated and unnecessary salaries, and estimates the amount of money paid out yearly in useless salaries at fully $7,000,000. He is doubtless well within the limits in this estimate, for nearly every department of our government has converted itself into a little city government of its own, with all kinds of subordinates, advisers, special clerks, special counsel, confidential stenographers, and other paraphernalia of administration, all at the public expense. Mr. Sherman is quite right in saying that this $7,000,000 "is really used to pay workers for Tammany; for the officials who draw these salaries, having no work to do for the city except to draw their salaries, can readily spend their time in political work for their organization."

The plethoric condition of the Tammany treasury is revealed with great freedom by Mr. Croker and his associates. They raise $60,000 with perfect ease for the purchase of the Parnell homestead in Ireland, an act which the Lord Mayor of Dublin says will make the name of Mr. Croker beloved for ever in all the homes of Ireland. They are now proposing to take hold of the Dewey Arch fund and carry that through to complete success. Whence comes all this wealth? What is Mr. Croker living on? How does it happen that he can sail for Europe, for several months of idleness and comfortable living, amid the cheers of a great host of admirers, and with no anxiety whatever about paying his bills? These are questions which at one time might have excited mild curiosity in the minds of the people, but nobody bothers himself about them now. Mr. Croker has become one of our most familiar institutions. We accept him and his government, which he says publicly that he runs for his personal benefit, as a matter of course. He serves on our committees of eminent citizens on great public occasions, his name is signed in all lists of notables, and he rides in our processions and accepts gratefully the homage of the people. Through habit, we have come to accept him, as we come to accept everything else. He is, in fact, the chief of those "fundamental advantages of consolidation" which our new charter gave us.

Ever since the *Sun* declared its independence of Typographical Union No. 6 the officers and agents of the union have been bombarding the merchants of New York with letters and circulars threatening them with loss of trade and other injury if they advertise in that newspaper. They have also done everything in their power to prevent newsdealers and newsboys from selling the *Sun*. They have picketed the newspaper office and its branch offices, its patrons, its agents, its advertisers, and its sympathizers. All the machinery of the boycott has been brought in requisition to cripple and break down the paper; and all because the *Sun* hired such men as it chose to do its work. The particular facts which led to the boycott are all comprehended in a single sentence: The *Sun* insisted on managing its own affairs, and the Typographical Union objected. Hence the boycott and the picketing which have been running on for a period of three months. The *Sun* gave the boycotters fair notice that it would appeal to the law for protection. It showed, by citations from similar cases that had passed through the courts, that boycotting is an unlawful conspiracy, punishable by fine and imprisonment; but, of course, the boycotters did not desist on that account. In due time the *Sun's* case came to a hearing in the Supreme Court, and on Friday an injunction was granted by Judge Bookstaver against the officers and agents of Typographical Union No. 6, restraining them from all the acts complained of, such as sending threatening letters to merchants and other advertisers, intimidating newsdealers and newsboys, picketing the *Sun's* offices, intimidating its employees, or otherwise injuring its business, its property, and its property rights. The injunction is as sweeping as the boycott itself. It now remains to be seen whether the law as pronounced by the courts can be enforced in New York.

SECRETARY ROOT'S REPORT.

It is a satisfaction to read Mr. Root's annual report as Secretary of War, for one thing because it is evidently the work of a trained mind, of real grasp and power, going straight to the point, in the spirit of the sound advice of Bishop Blomfield: "When you come to a man of business, keep to your business, finish your business, and go about your business." We can only sigh as we think what Mr. Root might have done had he been in Gen. Alger's place from the beginning.

The sections relating to army reorganization are of the highest importance. We shall discuss them presently. But what will most instantly command attention is the Secretary's discussion of the questions of insular government forced upon us by the war with Spain. These come necessarily at present within the purview of the War Department. Besides, it was understood, when Mr. Root took office, that his legal abilities were especially sought, for the aid they might give the President in making recommendations to Congress of legislation in execution of the Treaty of Paris.

Of Mr. Root's proposals we must say that, given the circumstances, they are enlightened and honorable. In regard to Cuba, the Secretary's trumpet gives no uncertain sound. "We shall," he flatly says, "transfer to the Cuban government the control now held by us in trust for the people of Cuba." "The revenues of the island of Cuba have been treated as a trust fund for which the United States was accountable to the people of Cuba, and the accounts have been so kept that this department will be ready to account for all money received, whenever the proper time comes." These words will be received with joy by the Cubans, and will alone be as valuable in calming agitation in the island as two regiments of soldiers. Mr. Root is much more explicit and emphatic in this official utterance of his than the President has ever been; but it must be that the subordinate now speaks with the assent of the chief, and that we are by so much nearer to keeping faith with the Cubans. Military control must be for some time continued, the Secretary believes, but the islanders will not mind that; they will rather welcome it if along with it goes the distinct promise and preparation of independence in the end. For the rest, Secretary Root urges that our temporary military occupation of Cuba be made to minister as directly as possible to the physical and moral recuperation of the people, along the lines now so successfully followed. He also recommends that Congress should, during the period of our control, grant to Cuban exporters fully as favorable terms as to their competitors in the West Indies.

In his general discussion of the kind of government to be given the islands ceded to us by Spain, Mr. Root strikes the right note by saying at the start that "it is our unquestioned duty to make the interests of the people over whom we assert sovereignty the first and controlling consideration in all legislation and administration which concerns them." This will excite the sneers of the speculators and the office-seekers, who snuff the spoils from afar, but it must be made the watchword of Administration and Congress alike, if we are not to fall off our "glory-crowned heights" into a pit of falseness and failure, to the derision of all mankind. In regard to Porto Rico, for which Mr. Root sketches out a somewhat elaborate scheme of territorial government, he says, with unmistakable clearness of intent, that "it will be necessary that some cardinal rule shall be adopted and rigidly followed regarding appointment to office." What this rule should be, he describes in cold-blooded terms, calculated to send chills down the spine of every Charley in Ohio:

> "Wherever a Porto Rican can be found capable and willing to perform official duties he should be selected, and the aim should be to include in the civil service of the island no greater number of Americans from the United States than are necessary for the introduction of the methods of administration in which Americans have been trained and Porto Ricans have not.
>
> "Wherever it is necessary to employ Americans, except in the chief offices, a system of civil-service examination should be provided, under which requests from the Governor of Porto Rico for suitable persons to be appointed may be filled."

Into the legal and constitutional questions involved in such a plan of government we need not now enter. Congress and the courts will have their fill of them before they get through. Though Mr. Root thinks that the Porto Ricans have no constitutional right to demand uniformity of tariff laws, he strongly urges, as a measure of policy and justice, that "the customs duties between Porto Rico and the United States be removed." This is a grave question, the discussion of which in its constitutional and fiscal aspects must be postponed.

The radical and able recommendations for the improvement of the army include a general war college, corresponding to similar institutions in Europe; staff corps to consist of officers temporarily and not permanently detailed; promotions for merit and by selection instead of for seniority only; close relations with the navy and the National Guard, and, generally, a careful preparation for war in time of peace. In regard to these proposed changes, he says, what has frequently been pointed out in these columns, that they will accomplish "results which are provided for in every considerable army in the world, and which under our organization are not the business of anybody in particular."

There can be no difference of opinion as to the necessity of the creation of a general war college, or general staff, after our experience in the war with Spain. A similar organization furnishes the eyes, ears, and brains of every Continental military body, and has everywhere been the most favored and cherished corps since the one at Berlin, under the guidance of Moltke, raised Prussia to the front rank of military nations, and made possible the overwhelming defeats of the Austrians in 1866 and of the French in 1870-1871. Its absence here rendered the United States unfit to carry on so puny a war as that in Cuba without extravagance, inefficiency, and intolerable scandals, together with needless suffering and loss of life. Given an efficient general staff, and there will be a competent body at hand to make graduation from West Point not, as is so often the case, the end of an officer's professional education, but merely the beginning of a life-long study of the science of war and the art of handling as large bodies of troops as may be got together in this country. Given trained staff officers, and there can be mapped out long before the outbreak of war every foreseeable detail, from the plan of campaign and the selection of generals down to the purchase of shoes in Massachusetts and canned fruit in California. If the perfection of the German system is fortunately impossible in this republic, it is none the less possible to map out complete plans which would produce similar results to those accomplished by the navy in 1898. And all this may be done, as Mr. Root points out, with comparatively little expense, and "without any revolutionary interference with the general scheme of organization," except that, in our opinion, the existing staff corps must be abolished or consolidated.

In regard to the latter, Mr. Root again takes advanced ground. His adoption of the principle that the staff corps, whether executive or supply, should be made up of officers temporarily detailed from the line, instead of being appointed to them for life, or until retirement for age, will cause much unhappiness in certain Washington military circles. We cannot improve upon Mr. Root's statement that—

> "Nothing can be more important than that the officers of the army shall feel that their rise in rank depends upon what they do; that ability, intellectual activity, faithful performance of duty, and gallant conduct are more certain claims to preferment than social or political influence. A system of promotions which is divorced from the efficiency record is not merely unjust, but it destroys ambition and checks the effort of the army."

The Secretary's proposal that officers shall be promoted not only because of becoming seniors in their grades as is done now, but also because of gallantry or special ability or merit, is again merely the adoption of a principle in force in all foreign armies. Its value to the army will depend upon the justice with which the merit system is applied, and the absence of political or

personal favoritism. It is amply sufficient at this time to point out that, had such a method been in use in this country during the last ten years, Gen. Shafter would not have commanded the Fifth Army Corps at Santiago, Gen. Brooke would have had no opportunity to blunder in Porto Rico and Cuba, and, in all probability, Gen. Otis would never have commanded more than a brigade, if as much. The friction between the military and naval officers during Gen. Otis's tour of command in the Philippines would alone justify Mr. Root's plea for a close alliance between the two services, did not the country's long coast lines make such a union a tactical necessity.

For decades past most of our army expenditures have been wasteful, and therefore inexcusable, because with them there has been purchased a very inferior military machine. If the Secretary's views and plans prevail in Congress, the people will at least get what they pay for—a modern, capable, and efficiently administered army.

THE "NEW DIPLOMACY" AND WAR.

Mr. James Bryce has rendered a great service to the public in printing, as a "Prefatory Note" to the third edition of his 'Impressions of South Africa,' an absolutely impartial, clear, and succinct narrative of the events in the Transvaal since 1895, which have resulted in the present war. The situation, as he describes it, which existed in the Transvaal, in the Orange Free State, and in Cape Colony, was one of complete friendliness between the Dutch and English races. There was good feeling towards Great Britain in all three; in Cape Colony and in the Orange Free State, progress and enlightenment, and a growing town population. The people of the Transvaal were much more conservative, pig-headed, and ignorant. They were totally unable, through want of knowledge, to provide for the proper government of the great horde of foreigners which their newly discovered gold mines had invited to their territory. It is to this incompetence, rather than to malice, and to the retention of the administration by the older men, that Mr. Bryce ascribes most of the grievances of which the Uitlanders complained. But to set this off, there was, according to him, a growing younger party, among the burghers, which, already containing the moral and intellectual influence of the country, perceived that the actual state of things could not continue, and was ready to join the Uitlanders in agitating for sweeping changes. Consequently, the sorrows of the Uitlanders were on their face temporary; property was secured, and the complaints of disability were not greater or more serious than mining adventurers in new countries usually have to make. This promising state of things was all changed by the Jameson raid, which nobody attempts to defend, but about which many have lied. It was due to the haste and greed of the capitalists who were engaged in exploiting the country under the superintendence of Mr. Rhodes.

After that, the Boers naturally became very suspicious. They could not be persuaded that the British had not designs on their independence. These suspicions were strengthened by the attitude assumed by Mr. Chamberlain. Instead of being patient, conciliatory, and indulgent in dealing with an ignorant but well-meaning population, who were well known to be ready to sacrifice everything for their independence, he suddenly became querulous, exacting, and haughty. He grew more and more deeply impressed with the wrongs of the Uitlanders. He could not see, what every other rational man saw, the probability that these wrongs would be made transitory by the rapid growth of the new mining population, by the rise of the young burgher party, and by the disappearance from the scene, in the course of nature, of Krüger and the old Dutch oligarchs. These facts made it plain that, even if the Uitlanders had to suffer, they would not have to suffer long. The poor old Boers, who trekked so bravely and fought so valiantly, were destined surely, in the ordinary course of nature and through the mere spread of civilization and wealth, to disappear from the scene, and leave the soil, which they had bedewed so plentifully with their blood, to the potent forces of the coming time.

Mr. Chamberlain even went so far as to raise new points in the negotiations which ensued, and, when he found that the mention of "suzerainty" inflamed and frightened the Boers, instead of keeping it out of sight and belittling its importance, he enlarged its meaning, and gave out that it meant not merely, as Mr. Bryce says it really meant, the right to control foreign relations, but the right to interfere in domestic concerns, which was the very thing the Boers had dreaded and foretold.

Mr. Chamberlain's position in England was at that time peculiar. In London, in June last, before the controversy had entered on its acute stage, there were but few who denied that he was bent on war. There were many who told you that he must have war or he would be ruined. The earlier schemes with which he entered office, such as the treatment of the colonies as "neglected estates," and the creation of the Zollverein to include them and the mother country, and the plans for the elevation of the poor and the comfort of old men, had come to nothing to speak of. In the twinkling of an eye the great English Radical became wholly possessed by the sorrows of the emigrant miners in South Africa, and the saving of the British Empire from the hellish designs of 70,000 Dutch farmers in the Transvaal. Most of his dispatches and speeches bristled with taunts and threats. It soon became very evident that his mission was not settlement, but provocation. We do not recall, except Bismarck's challenge to the French in 1870, a similarly diabolic rôle as having been played by any modern statesman.

From the month of May on, the "new diplomacy" was in full play. Every dispatch, instead of being kept, as in the old diplomacy, in the Minister's desk until called for by Parliament, was laid before the public with a Chamberlain gloss. The services of the press in inflaming the people with news of the absolute necessity of conquering the Boers, were eagerly enlisted. In London, editors are even more impressionable by official recognition than they are here. Consequently, a few of the more influential found themselves welcome once a week or so, at the Colonial Office, to talk over the affairs of South Africa with the great statesman himself, to hear fresh revelations of Krüger's duplicity and malice, and British official rejoicing over the progress of the imperial movement in America.

The resulting harangues in the press and the growing excitement of the public naturally enabled Mr. Chamberlain to hold his own against the peace-loving members of the Cabinet, though they well understood his character and designs. The Jingoes became every day more audacious, began to break up public meetings, and howls "Rule Britannia" at the music-halls and in the streets. The voices of the men of light and leading, like John Morley, Sir William Harcourt, James Bryce, and Bishop Percival, had harder work in making themselves heard. Nevertheless, the party of peace made progress, owing to the Colonial Secretary's inability to put on paper what his demands were, or what his ultimatum, if he went to war, would be; for every war has to be preceded by an ultimatum. This was the trouble which stared the Right Hon. Joseph in the face. He had an easy time enough while he was declaiming, but sooner or later he would have to formulate reasons why the Boers had to be killed for doing, or not doing, certain things. At this critical moment of his career, Krüger came to his rescue by his deplorable ultimatum, and Mr. Chamberlain was able to laugh at those who asked what *his* ultimatum would be, somewhat as the confidence man laughs at you when you fail to find on him the watch which you think he has stolen from you. We have here a perfect picture of the working of the "new diplomacy"—the need of war to distract public attention, felt by a demagogue or party in trouble; the selection of some weak foreign antagonist for a quarrel; the making of insulting demands on him; the conduct of negotiations with him about these demands in

public before people excited almost to frenzy already by a subsidized or cajoled press; the steady provocation of the enemy till he does something to silence completely the voices of reason, justice, and mercy, and the conversion of the successful demagogue into a first-class national hero.

TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP.

Every little while the press gives us an account of some new discussion of the well-worn question of "training for citizenship." The subject is one of the most common, if not one of the most hackneyed, in the whole field of educational debate. It is "standing matter" on the programmes of teachers' conventions and young men's congresses. It is sure to crop out in every college president's inaugural address, and is rarely absent from baccalaureate sermons and commencement speeches. No educational journal would be complete without more or less extended reference to the subject at least four times a year. Wherever students, young or old, or men for the time being educationally inclined, are gathered together, there is this perennial question in their midst. It is very significant that, with all the wealth of rhetoric and good intention lavished upon it, it should still hold its place, and rarely fail, when vigorously and incisively presented, to arouse the interest and enthusiasm of an audience. The story may be old, with repetitious phrase and familiar illustration in the telling of it; but somehow it does not seem to lose its charm.

It is interesting to note the more important elements of which training for citizenship is commonly thought to consist. Surely it is not for want of panaceas that the body politic continues to be diseased. One writer or speaker, for example, urges a broader and more thorough study of history, particularly American history. At the root of most public sin lies ignorance—ignorance of the course of human progress, of the critical moments and pivotal points in the development of civilization, of the steps by which our country has come to be what it is. It can but clarify the vision and strengthen the hands of an honest, but ill-informed, Democrat to study the lives of Jefferson and Jackson, just as it can but set right every honest Republican to know the political principles of Hamilton and the extraordinary career of Lincoln. Another writer urges a more general study of "civil government" in schools, and would have every child become acquainted with the administrative machinery, local, state, and national, that so he may come to realize his duties and responsibilities as a citizen. Still another would have political economy and sociology taught in grammar and high schools, and give boys and girls, from early life, correct notions about capital and labor, currency and finance, and the fundamental conditions of healthy political society. Some would adopt all three suggestions at once, and so alter the curriculum of school and college as to make place for the studies bearing most directly on what they insist is the chief business of life.

It will not escape notice that each of these suggestions—and they are the ones most frequently urged—purposes to attain civic goodness by increasing the citizen's stock of information. Now, it cannot be denied that information on every one of the points mentioned, and many others, is highly desirable; nor can there be any doubt that ignorance is often an effective bar to the satisfactory performance of political duty. It ought to be apparent, however, without much argument, that knowledge and right conduct are not quite the same thing, and are not always even found together. Were all men as righteous as they are well informed, the dawn of the millennium might ere this have been discerned. On the contrary, some of the greatest rascals in American politics have been men of intellectual attainments and varied accomplishments. There has never been a visionary project launched, or a scheme for getting around some constitutional prohibition or legal safeguard set on foot, which has not drawn to its support men of marked intellectual strength. In our own day, we have seen men of information and cultivated tastes swearing allegiance to the economic vagaries of Mr. Bryan, and apologizing for the scandalous invasion of the civil service by President McKinley. Knowledge, in short, is only the accumulated stores of the human mind, and may or may not determine, in the right direction, opinion and conduct.

In the same way, what we have in mind when we talk about "good citizenship" is not necessarily furthered by exceptional familiarity with the details of government and administration. It is not so much ignorance of administrative methods, as the employment of those methods for corrupt and selfish ends, that stamps our politics with evil. The experts who "run" the political "machine" are perfectly acquainted with all its parts, but they are hardly the men we should like to have instructing our children in the duties of citizenship. We fancy that Mr. Platt could give an extremely interesting and informing course of lectures on "practical politics"; but we do not think of Mr. Platt as a good citizen. Mr. Hanna could doubtless discourse most instructively on the conduct of Presidential campaigns, but we do not think of Mr. Hanna as primarily a good citizen. President McKinley could greatly enlighten us on the obligations of the executive to enforce the laws of the land; but we should hesitate to select President McKinley as a type of the good citizen. The patent fact of the matter is that knowledge, in and of itself, carries no necessary power for good, and does not prevent those who know the most about government from governing us the worst.

What we need, over and above a knowledge of historic fact, is a certain moral touch, a critical appreciation of measures and men, a kindling enthusiasm for a proper conduct of affairs. It is useless to inform ourselves of the ways of the fathers, under the impression that we are thereby training ourselves for citizenship, unless we also grasp the ideals toward which the fathers worked, and light up with our own imagination the picture of government as they meant it to be. It is useless to delve among administrative details, unless we gather some sense of obligation to keep them from perversion. It is useless to master the laws of currency and finance, if, in practical life, we are to be swayed about by every wind of doctrine. We must have the frank and conscious judgment as to the moral worth of things, as well as knowledge of the things themselves. Such is not, we are aware, the universal view. Moral instruction of any sort has practically disappeared from the public schools, and our learned historians are shy of getting beyond a careful narration of events. But good citizenship has as its foundation, not only knowledge, but patriotism—it is patriotism in action; and patriotism is a moral ideal as well as a mass of facts. Matthew Arnold defined religion as morality touched with emotion; we may define patriotism as knowledge touched with imagination. It is the passion for cleanness and purity in politics, the hunger and thirst for righteousness in public life, that is to secure for us good citizens and good government, if anything can; and it is this, added to knowledge, that holds for us the promise of the future, as it is our safety here and now.

THE FUTURE OF THE SMALL COLLEGE.

If one were asked to name the most important development in higher education in this country during the present generation, the answer would, undoubtedly, instance the rise of the universities. Starting from a condition in which professional instruction was on a low plane, and graduate instruction almost unknown, the whole structure of the American university now familiar to us, with its professional and graduate schools, its libraries, laboratories, and museums, and its large and highly organized teaching and administrative corps, has grown by leaps and bounds, and, for the most part, before our own eyes. Each year finds the student less dependent than formerly upon European institutions for the training which his particular business in life demands,

while in many directions the facilities for scholarly attainment and research are already distinctly superior to any offered abroad. To be sure, we have learned, sometimes by painful experience, that it takes a good deal of money to "run" a university, and certainly none of our greater institutions has as yet anywhere near as ample funds as it could profitably use; but the money seems likely to be forthcoming, in larger and stronger flow, to the continual and rapid enhancement of every facility and opportunity now enjoyed.

It is a serious question what effect this development of the university is likely to have upon the immediate future of the so-called small college. The small college has filled a peculiar place in American society. Located, often, outside of the larger centres of population, and drawing its students from a limited geographical or social area, it has offered a type of education which, useful as a foundation for more advanced study, has served also to perpetuate much of educational tradition and custom. Such a college, as a rule, has comparatively small financial resources; its faculty are rarely great scholars; and its social advantages are inconsiderable. Yet, important and indispensable as the work of the small college has been, and praiseworthy as are those who have unselfishly labored in its behalf, it is fairly open to question whether the future of higher education in the United States does not now rest with the university. The university is undeniably the great force to-day in educational councils, and quite the most conspicuous figure in the public eye. Its superior wealth enables it to offer facilities for instruction with which no college can compete. It is steadily attracting to its service the ablest men in all departments, until no college can now hope to retain long a professor who makes a name for himself. There can be little doubt but that undergraduate instruction in the university—the instruction which comes directly into competition with the college—is of a superior sort, better in quality and greater in variety and amount than any college can offer. There is a more eager and enthusiastic intellectual life, a clearer view of the worth of sound learning, a closer contact with scholarly instructors, and a richer and a healthier social atmosphere. These are things with which the small college cannot compete; and if there be added to them the attractive force of numbers—the inevitable tendency of the largest institutions to grow the fastest—it becomes a question of pressing and vital concern whether the college must not before long become either a preparatory school on the one hand, or a university on the other, or, failing either, close its doors.

The action most likely, we think, to bring matters to a head, would be the reduction of the undergraduate course in the university from four to three years. So long as the first degree can be obtained anywhere only after the same length of time, institutions of widely different grade can continue to flourish side by side. But the dropping of a year by a few leading universities would bring the small colleges face to face with a problem whose solution might well involve, not only their standing in the educational world, but their very existence as well. The contingency is not remote. Harvard has for some time had the matter of a three years' course under consideration; and what Harvard does to-day, most institutions are likely to be doing ten years from now. The increasing tendency to make the undergraduate course a prerequisite for admission to the professional school, the late age at which the graduate of the professional school now enters upon his work in the world, and the superior meaning of the baccalaureate degree now as compared with its traditional significance, are arguments strongly urged in favor of the change. It will not escape notice, also, that a number of universities already practically shorten the undergraduate course by allowing the fourth year to be spent in the professional or graduate school. As to the wisdom or propriety of the proposed change, we do not now express any opinion. What we wish to call attention to is the fact that such a change, if once brought about, cannot fail to put the small college in jeopardy. When the degree of Bachelor of Arts can be had at Harvard or Yale, for example, in three years, how long will any New England college be able to hold its students for four? No loyalty to an honorable past could long avail against the opportunity of saving a whole year in the preparation for bread-winning.

Once the change of which we have been speaking shall have come about, the path of the college, if it is to maintain itself under the new competition, would seem to be reasonably clear. The college must, in the first place, reduce its own course to three years. It may do this promptly, or it may delay until the operation is necessary in order to save its life; but that it must do it, sooner or later, is obvious. In the second place, the undergraduate course in the college must be made fully equal, in scope and value, to the undergraduate course in the university. At present such equality is far from obtaining. A number of the leading universities now rate the average college course as the equivalent of but from two to three years of their own; that is to say, the graduate of the college is admitted to the junior or senior class in the university, while the acknowledged superiority of university work might very likely be a sufficient warrant for bestowing the first degree at the end of three years instead of four; but it may well be doubted whether public opinion would tolerate a corresponding "degradation" of the degree on the part of the college. Somehow or other, the college must raise the standard of its work, at the same time that it is cutting down the time of its course.

The crucial question is whether this can be done. Something, no doubt, can, without much difficulty, be accomplished. The intellectual standards of most colleges are not very rigorous, and might well be stiffened. The college cannot, of course, lower its standard of admission; to do that would be to lose much of what has been won by a generation of strenuous effort. Whether, however, the college, placed between the efficient high school and the powerful university, can continue to hold its own, and still offer an education worth rewarding with a degree, is the question whose serious consideration cannot long be evaded. Yet nothing can be clearer than that unless the college can so hold its own, its days, at least in its present form, are numbered. It may become a high-grade preparatory school, sending its pupils, unadorned with a degree, to such professional careers as may still be open to them; or it may in some way affiliate with the university and take over some of the work of elementary instruction now done by the latter. But it cannot hope to retain its present independent and honorable status, or exert a large influence in educational affairs, unless it is able to convince the critical public of the soundness and adequacy of its work.

THE VILLARI TESTIMONIAL.

FLORENCE, November 17, 1899.

Ceremonies such as those just terminated in the hall of the University college at Pisa are so common in England and in America that they excite little curiosity, but in Italy it is extremely rare that an individual, unless he be a popular soldier or statesman, gets honored in his lifetime. Therefore, when last year it was announced that the colleagues and admirers of Pasquale Villari intended to commemorate him in his capacity of teacher of youth during the last forty years, and that the form proposed was to be a foundation for assisting future students to pursue their historical studies, there was considerable doubt whether sufficient funds could be raised for this Fondazione Villari to insure the sum of four or five hundred dollars, which suffices for the modest requirements of real students in Italy, who are as frugal as the Scotch when really bent on study, and on study only. One thousand pounds sterling was the most the sanguine friends expected to raise, but an English admirer, Col. Gilman, opened the ball with one hundred pounds; admirers from England, Scotland, the United States, contributed with hearty good will, while the subscription list contains the name of almost every man of note and culture in Italy; his Majesty King Humbert closing the list with $1,000 and a genial telegram duly read and appreciated by the crowded audience of scholars, professors, friends, and admirers, gathered from all parts of the country, together with a num-

ber of illustrious foreigners. The presence of Augusto Conti, the well-known Catholic philosopher, and one of the chief and most ardent promoters of the testimonial, is a proof of the esteem in which Villari is held by all classes of patriots, whatever be the difference in their political and religious opinions. Augusto Conti was the standard-bearer in the famous battalion of professors and students who signalized Tuscan valor on the bloody field of Curtatone in 1848, where so many of their numbers fell dead or wounded on the field. As he was unable to read his speech, owing to failing eyesight, it was read for him by Prof. Raini, and one paragraph is worthy of quotation, as it touches on the part of Villari's varied and laborious work which seems to us his highest claim to the gratitude of his countrymen:

"You, the active benefactor of the working classes, have toiled with fraternal, I might say paternal, solicitude, not to arouse evil passions and to promise imaginary equality among them, but to secure just wages, to elevate their morality and dignity. This is well known to the Tuscan straw-plaiters; to the Sicilian toilers in the sulphur mines; to the dwellers in caves and cellars of your native city, and now to the poor navvies in the excavations of the Simplon tunnel, about whom you have written with so much wisdom and kindness, sparing neither long journeys nor sojourn in order to ascertain the real facts and propose ameliorations in their hard lot."

(A touching telegram came from these grateful toilers, or rather from the band known as the *Salesiana*.)

The Professor himself, while naturally embarrassed at having to listen to such various and warm praise from all sides, seemed in excellent health and spirits, and was exceedingly happy in his speech of thanks, saying that criticism had become so entirely a second nature with him that he felt sure he could write a better book than any yet published if devoted to a criticism of his own writings. He attributed the "unmerited honor" paid to him to various fortuitous circumstances: the choice of Florence for his historical studies—Florence, the beloved of the civilized world, which appeared as an electric spark in the night of the Middle Ages, illuminating the world and determining the character of the new Italy; the result of such studies proving that the greatest and strongest nations are those wherein society is justest, most honest, which give the highest proofs of social justice, the one solid basis of all civilization. This conviction it was which led him to a study of the social conditions of Italy, to the denunciation of many and gross injustices which abound. This, he said (and alas with what truth!), arouses sympathy, but little more. People read your descriptions of the poor wretches toiling in the Roman Campagna throughout a long day without earning enough to satisfy their hunger, and say, "What a beautiful article!"—simply that and nothing more.

The remainder of his speech was devoted to his beloved Institute, to his colleagues, and, above all, to his scholars, who had presented him with a capital portrait painted "to the life." Villari dwelt lovingly on many promising students cut off in their prime, on the pleasure of meeting old scholars now engaged in tuition in the different provinces, and always gratefully affectionate. His tribute to Augusto Conti was duly appreciated by all. As the Dean of the Institute, he spoke of his science and love of country, not forgetting his defence of the flag confided to him by the University battalion, and was greeted with such hearty applause as must have delighted his English wife and perfect helpmate, Linda, daughter of the fine old radical member for Brighton, James White, and the perfect translator into English of her husband's historical works on Savonarola and Machiavelli. Their one son, bright and very English looking, Gino, was also present, and will certainly carry through life a pleasant memory of the day, not forgetting that the unusual tribute paid to his father was due quite as much to his sterling courage and honesty, to his generous, unostentatious, and disinterested character, as to his real merit as historian and well-done work as a professor.

The subscriptions, amounting to 43,000 lire (about $8,500), are, by Villari's own desire, to be administered by a Commission composed of the presidents of the faculty of letters and of the Istituto Storico Italiano in Rome; of a representative of the Accademia dei Lincei and of the Accademia della Crusca, with one other professor of history. The Commission is to meet every three years, and decide what special branch of history shall be chosen for the candidates for the fellowship, which will be eagerly competed for by graduates from all the universities and superior institutes, women laureates (who are now increasingly numerous) included.

As a historian, Pasquale Villari needs no introduction to the readers of the *Nation;* as Senator, Minister of Public Instruction, member of the Superior College of Public Instruction, to which he is elected whenever the rules permit, he is as well known in Italy. Born in Naples in 1827, he has given a capital sketch of public instruction there in his preface to the works of his college friend, Luigi La Vista, and of his beloved master, De Sanctis, "the last of the purists." After the fatal 15th of May, 1849, when his friend of friends, La Vista, was shot to death at his side by one of the Swiss Guards of King Bomba, he came to Florence and commenced his historical publications with an introduction to the History of Italy, followed up by a study of Cesare Beccaria; an essay on the origin and progress of the philosophy of history; a critical essay on the biographers of Savonarola, who had always attracted his sympathy, but concerning whom he found, from his researches in the Florentine archives, that he knew next to nothing. It is characteristic of the man's honesty that he burnt his already prepared manuscript and set to work afresh, publishing his now well-known work only in 1860, after he had been appointed Professor of History in the University of Pisa by the Minister Ridolfi in 1859, and later to the post he still occupies in the Istituto di Studj Superiori, founded by Ricasoli, Peruzzi, and other valiant Florentines, but which owes its rank as a real and first-class university more to Villari than to any one else.

In 1860 he returned to Naples, and was appreciated at his true worth by Dr. Agostino Bertani, Garibaldi's *alter ego* for the time being, who, even more than to political affairs, devoted his attention to the horrible sanitary conditions of the city and the appalling misery and degradation of the poorest classes. The idea of the disembowelling of Naples was originally Bertani's, as the reports which he drew up and which have been published since his death amply prove. He chose Villari as the representative of the dictator Government in Turin, and, though the latter declined the office, he drew up the instructions for the office, which were approved and signed by Garibaldi without a single alteration. During the time Villari spent in Naples, he first became acquainted with the actual state of the population; but when Garibaldi handed over the liberated province to the King, the governments which succeeded one after the other took no thought for the welfare of the inhabitants, but simply of subjecting the south to the north.

Villari returned to his Institute, but could not long refrain from mooting the subject which often saddened him in the midst of his scholars and literary studies. In October, 1861, he wrote a letter to the ultra-moderate newspaper, the *Perseveranza* of Milan, on the Camorra of Naples, insisting that it was a duty of all in authority to do their utmost for its suppression, because of its material oppression and moral degradation of the very poorest classes. He showed that it was of no use to arrest the camorristi and send them to the common prisons to which all their friends and accomplices had access, and recommended the rigorous punishment of the chiefs, who should be confined in penitentiaries, while their victims should be encouraged to resist their requisitions to the utmost. But the sixties were not years propitious for the study of social questions. With Venice to be freed and the French to be dislodged from Rome, the political question occupied the minds of all. Bertani, after the Mentana episode, demanded an official inquiry into the conditions of the peasant classes, and Villari was one of the few moderates who seconded him. As a rule, the wealthy classes of all nations object to the raising of the social spectre, and when Villari's "Lettere Meridionali" appeared in the chief organ of the Moderate party, the *Opinione*, he was assailed on all sides by the members of his own party for his revelations, or, as some of them said, his "fictitious narrations"; indeed, many of them maintained that the "fondaci" (or barns), where the miserable denizens of the slums are huddled together like sardines in a barrel, were his invention pure and simple. He was told that he knew nothing of the misery of other cities—of Vienna, Berlin, New York, not to speak of London. So to London he went, and saw by night and by day the worst quarters and the vilest alleys that the most courageous policeman could show him; visited the lodging-houses, the dens of the opium-eaters; and, returning, affirmed "on his honor" that the poor of Naples were infinitely more wretched than the very poorest of London.

But of this, his persistent and exhaustive work, we have already spoken in the *Nation*, where also have appeared extracts from his many pamphlets on social questions. What marks out Villari from his colleagues who started in the race is that he remains alone to do battle for the unhappy millions who cannot help themselves. Once it was the proud vaunt of the Liberals that they had initiated a series of social remedies, but, with the death of Bertani, of Saffi, and their fellow-workers, nothing has been done, nothing attempted for their benefit, and, therefore, it is no wonder if the entire working population and now numbers of

the peasants have enrolled themselves under the banners of the Socialists—the Collectivists, as they style themselves—who succeed in persuading them that, if they will but fill the city and provincial councils with their members, and send them to the national Parliament, very soon the face of the country will be socially transformed and general prosperity and plenty prevail. That Villari does not subscribe to this belief goes without saying. What he insists on is, that things are going from bad to worse, and that the old dilemma repeats itself, "Reform or revolution." He has but just returned from his inspection of the Simplon excavation, and we shall soon have the result of his observations. Even as we write comes the last number of the *Nuova Antologia*, with the first of a series of his articles, entitled "New Problems," where we find such sentences as, "A corrupt Italy has no right to existence." "The truth is, that, after the first heroic enthusiasm faded away, the North, which for so long governed Italy, lost its faith in the force of justice and virtue, and failed in courage to do its duty at any cost. Had it not so failed it would have moralized both North and South, and promoted the true welfare of the whole country." Then, recurring to the sad old theme, he continues:

"Every time that I return to Naples, I think of the hundred millions of lire destined for the amelioration of the city from a sanitary point of view, and above and before all for the housing of the poor. And when I look at the Rettifilo (the quarter of Naples built on the site of the old slums), with its new, lofty, sumptuous palaces, and then turn my eyes downwards to the right and left, and see the old filth, the old corruption; when I remember that numbers of the old hovels were pulled down without a single habitation being built for the really poorest, as has been proved over and over again; when I see how those utterly destitute are worse off than ever, because they have been compelled to huddle together in ever-increasing numbers in the hovels that have been left still standing; when I think of the depredations committed and the money wasted, it seems to me that many of the people driving by in their carriages ought to be sent to the galleys."

J. W. M.

HUGO'S "THINGS SEEN."—II.

PARIS, November 6, 1899.

The sentiments which Victor Hugo first entertained towards Louis Napoleon were far from hostile. The President showed him many attentions, of which he was sensible. Still, he said as early as February, 1849:

"With the best intentions in the world and a certain very visible measure of intelligence and aptitude, I am afraid Louis Bonaparte will succumb beneath his task. For him, France, the century, the new spirit, the instincts proper to the soil and to the time, are so many sealed books. He views without comprehending the agitations of the human mind, Paris, events, men, things, ideas. He belongs to that ignorant class called princes, and to that category of foreigners who are called emigrants. To those who examine him carefully, he has the air of a patient rather than of a governor. He has nothing of the Bonaparte either in his face or in his manner; he probably does not belong to them. People remember the easy ways of Queen Hortense."

On the 5th of December, 1850, Jerome Bonaparte met Hugo at the French Theatre, at a representation of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and complained bitterly to him of his nephew. "Louis is mad," said he. "He has no confidence in his friends, and gives himself up to his family. He distrusts his family, and allows himself to be garroted by the old royalist parties. I was better received, after my return to France, by Louis Philippe at the Tuileries than I am now at the Élysée by my nephew." And so the old King of Westphalia went on, telling Victor Hugo that the presidency of the Republic had first been offered to himself by Fould, in the name of Thiers, Molé, Berryer, and Marshal Bugeaud. Molé, according to Fould, considered Louis a mere idiot. Thiers saw in him (Jerome) a figurehead; he alone could succeed and beat Cavaignac. He had refused, saying that he was an invalid, Louis was young. Now, Louis had forgotten all this, and would not see his cousin Napoleon, who had taken up his defence. After having thus reproached the President, "the King of Westphalia paused a moment and then said: 'And do you know, Monsieur Victor Hugo, what he answered me?' 'You will see.' Nobody can see inside that man." This curious passage reminded me of an answer Louis Napoleon, then Emperor, is said to have made once to his cousin Napoleon, who had a violent temper, and who incessantly visited him with demands and reproaches: "You have nothing, nothing of Napoleon." "I beg your pardon, I have his family."

Victor Hugo has interesting portraits distributed here and there in his 'Choses Vues.' To begin with the court of Louis Philippe, where he was so often received as a Peer of France, he says of the Duchess of Orleans:

"She is a rare woman, of great mind and great sense. I do not believe that she is completely appreciated at the Tuileries. The King, however, holds her in high esteem and often converses very particularly with her. He often gives her his arm in the evening to take her from the family drawing-room to her apartment."

The Duchess, speaking to Victor Hugo of her son, the Count de Paris (February 26, 1844), said to him:

"My son is not what you call an amiable child. He is not one of those pretty little prodigies who do honor to their mother, and of whom one says, How witty! what grace! He has a good heart, I know; he has some wit, I believe; but nobody knows it and believes it except myself. He is timid, shy, silent, easily put out. What will he be? I don't know. Often, at his age, a child in his position understands that he ought to please, and begins, small as he is, to play a part. My child hides himself in my gown and looks down. Such as he is, I love him, and I even prefer him. I prefer a savage to a comedian."

The Count de Paris remained always of a grave and mild nature; his timidity diminished with age, without ever completely disappearing. He had a certain depth of thought and sentiment which was inherited from his mother. Victor Hugo tells amusing stories about the princes, especially about the Prince de Joinville, who was, in his youth, very boyish. "What annoys most these poor princes is to receive people and to speak to them ceremoniously. This obligation recurs nearly every day. They call it—for there is a language of princes—doing the function. The Duke de Montpensier is the only one who always does it with grace. One day the Duchess d'Orléans asked him why; he answered: 'It amuses me.' He is twenty years old [1847]." The Prince de Joinville was very early affected with deafness. "He loves France and all that touches her. As he cannot speak at his ease, he becomes concentrated at times and bitter. However, he spoke more than once, and worthily. They did not listen to him or hear him. He asked me once: 'What are they saying about me? It is they who are deaf.'" "The Prince has not, like the late lamented Duc d'Orléans, the princely coquetry which is such a victorious grace. He likes to please individuals." This is a very just remark on the part of Victor Hugo, as there never was any banality in the Prince de Joinville.

The judgments which Victor Hugo passed on the statesmen whom he knew are generally very severe. Royer-Collard seems to have inspired him with a respect he did not often feel. There is an interesting conversation with him reported verbatim (1843). Royer-Collard was a Legitimist; he had played a very great and honorable part in the Chambers of the Restoration, and did not serve the Government of July.

"'But, sir,' said Victor Hugo to him, 'there was in the Revolution of July a foundation of right which you could not deny; you were not among those who could protest against it.' 'Neither did I,' answered Royer-Collard. 'I do not blame those who acted differently from me. Each man has his conscience, and in political matters there are many ways of being honest. People have the honesty which results from the light there is in them.' After a moment of silence, Royer-Collard added: 'Well! Charles X. also was honest. He was an honest king, and, whatever may have been said, he fell only by his own fault. Historians may arrange this as they like, but it is so. It was Charles X. who upset Charles X. People have said that he was badly advised. They have pretended that he consulted the Cardinal de la Fare, M. de Latil, M. de Polignac. . . . Would to heaven he had done so. . . . All those who surrounded the King, those who were called the courtiers, were wiser than he.' And, after a moment of silence, he added, with the sad smile which he often wore during this conversation: 'Wiser—that is to say, less mad.'"

It was the belief of Royer-Collard that Charles X. never really took advice. He was the same man in his old age that he was as Count d'Artois. The only quality which he praised in a man was immutability. He said often that since the Revolution there had been but two men, M. de La Fayette and himself. He esteemed La Fayette. Royer-Collard knew the King well, as he had always been a royalist. The King saw him from time to time, and always showed him much courtesy and kindness. It was Royer-Collard who had to take to the King the address of the Chamber which preceded the Revolution of 1830. "I might say," he said, "that on that day I read the Revolution in his eyes." The King read the answer which he had already prepared. He manifested no anger. The answer had been carefully worded and several times modified; but the King had made up his mind, and, three months afterwards, appeared the famous Ordinances which caused the Revolution.

In the chambers in which he sat—the House of Peers, the National Assembly of 1848—Victor Hugo amused himself by making sketches of his most important colleagues. These sketches sometimes border on caricatures, but are generally very true to life. He describes very well Odilon Barrot, the solemn and ponderous orator; M. Dufaure, with his provincial and nasal accent, "a mind so clear that it becomes at times luminous. . . . a slow and cold eloquence, but sure, solid, and calmly pushing difficulties aside. . . . M. Dufaure

is an honest and grave man, who has held power without greatness, . . . who has figured at the tribune without glamour, but with authority." Gen. Changarnier "has the look of an old academician, as Marshal Soult has the look of an old archbishop. . . . He has a long and dry body, a soft speech, a gracious and artificial air, a wig like Pasquier's, and a smile like Brifaut's. Withal, he is a determined man, bold, expeditious, but two-faced and dark." His portrait of Thiers is interesting:

"M. Thiers will treat men, ideas, and revolutionary events with parliamentary routine. He plays his old game of constitutional distinctions in the presence of an abyss and of the terrible uprisings of the chimerical and unexpected. He does not understand the transformation of everything; he sees some resemblance between the times in which we are and the times when he governed, and that is enough for him. These resemblances in fact exist, but there is something colossal and monstrous mixed up with them. M. Thiers does not suspect it and goes his way. He has spent his life in caressing cats and taming them with all sorts of feline manners. Now he wants to continue, and he does not perceive that the beasts have grown enormously, and that what he has now about him are tigers. A singular spectacle, this little man trying to caress with his little hand the roaring head of a revolution."

This was written after 1848; perhaps Hugo would have written a little differently in 1871, after the Commune. The portrait ends with these severe lines: "I have always felt for this celebrated statesman, this eminent orator, this mediocre writer, this narrow and small heart, an indescribable sentiment of admiration, aversion, and contempt."

There is a charming conversation between Victor Hugo and Béranger, in November, 1847. Béranger compliments Hugo on being able to dominate his popularity; he is himself the slave of his own popularity.

"What a slavery! You know, their reform banquets [it was the time of the agitation for electoral reform] bore me to death. I make excuses, so as not to go: 'I am old, I have a poor digestion, I don't dine out any more, I cannot travel,' etc. 'You owe it to us! A man like you must give us this pledge,' etc. And I must put on a good face, and smile. You know, it is simply the life of the old court buffoon. To amuse the Prince, to amuse the people, is the same thing. What difference is there between the poet who follows the court and the poet who follows the crowd? Marot in the sixteenth century, Béranger in the nineteenth century. . . . I hate popularity."

While talking thus, they arrived at the Rue Mazarine, at the door of the Institute, where Hugo was going. It was Academy day. "'Are you going in?' said Hugo. 'Oh, no, not that. That is for you,' and he went rapidly away."

The account which Victor Hugo gives of his last visit to the dying Balzac is very graphic and touching; but 'Choses Vues' is full of such fragments and impressions, scattered in the two volumes in a curious disorder. The vistas which Hugo opens here and there on the theatrical world are not the least interesting: he takes us behind the scenes, and shows us Mademoiselle Mars (who first played the part of *Doña Sol* in "Hernani"), Rachel, Mademoiselle Georges, in their real life, away from the stage.

The volume which has just appeared ends with a long list of all the people with whom Hugo came in contact, high and low, great and small.

"I have sometimes had in my hand the white and gloved hand which is above and the large black hand which is below, and I have recognized that there is but *one* man. After all this passed before me, I perceived that Humanity has a synonymous word, Equality, and that there is under heaven one thing only before which we ought to bow, namely, genius; and one thing before which we ought to kneel, namely, goodness."

Correspondence.

A PROPHECY RECALLED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: You may recollect how, in February of this year, I objected to your remark that Mr. McKinley was doing this or that to catch "delegates," upon the ground that his nomination in 1900 was already a foregone conclusion; and my additional remark that his reëlection was also certain, because the Democrats could not get rid of either Bryan or of free silver. As to the nomination of the two old candidates I suppose there is now no doubt in anybody's mind, and there should be just as little of McKinley's success. It is idle to speculate about the meaning of the vote for Nash, Jones, and McLean in Ohio, for there is the rest of the Republican ticket, below the Governor, which won, if by a small, yet by a substantive, majority. Whatever opposition to the President's policy in the Philippines has been developed must collapse when the war is ended, as it substantially is now; for the American loss in blood and treasure was the main ground of that opposition, not the wrong done to the Filipinos. The Democrats have recovered only one of the McKinley States of 1896, namely, Maryland, and that only by putting up three pronounced gold-standard men as their candidates, among them the (to the Bryan crowd) unspeakable Isidore Rayner. On national issues Maryland is still good for a Republican majority of thirty thousand. Kentucky may fall into the Bryan column; but the twenty-one electors of Kansas, South Dakota, Wyoming, and Washington are a good set-off. Times are flush; that means success to the party in power.

As I said in February, all questions before the American people should be weighed and discussed in the light of McKinley's certainty of success next November, as far as there can be any certainty in political events eleven months off.

Respectfully, L. N. D.

Louisville, Ky., December 8, 1899.

WHY CALLED ŒCUMENICAL?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Early in the summer each member of the American Board's European Turkey Mission received a circular letter addressing him as "Dear Friend," and inviting him to attend the "Œcumenical Conference on Foreign Missions," to be held in New York next April. The mission was also urged to make a good showing in the Missionary Exhibit, and one of its members was appointed to take the responsibility of preparing its contribution thereto.

But, a few days ago, this member received the following communication, dated September 2:

"Since writing you requesting coöperation in connection with the Missionary Exhibit, I learn that the General Committee of the Conference have decided that work done in Europe is not to be represented at the coming Conference, either on the platform or in the Missionary Exhibit. Hence I will not trouble you to aid us as formerly requested."

The foregoing implies that members of the European Turkey Mission will have the same standing in the Conference as citizens of New York or Boston—who are not Secretaries of Mission Boards. Aside from the obvious inference that European Turkey is as highly Christianized as the respected communities mentioned, it will be interesting to trace out some other logical results of the General Committee's decision.

Aside from its other work, the European Turkey Mission is trying to do something for Albania, the country along the east shore of the Adriatic. This is one of the wildest and most uncivilized countries in the world. It can hardly be said to have a literature, while it is practically impossible today to obtain permission from the Government to print Albanian books. The first school for girls ever conducted in the Albanian vernacular was opened by our mission, while the only boys' school in the same vernacular (opened by the people because of having our school behind which to hide it) has just been closed by the Governor-General of the district. Were I a Japanese, a Hindu, or a Chinese, it would give me "de dry grins" to have my nation rated behind the Albanians in education, where the managers of the Conference seem to place it.

Again, I am confident that the gentlemen of the General Committee would travel much more safely through almost any part of China, Japan, or Zululand than they would through the heart of Albania. Recently I was speaking of bicycles with a wealthy Albanian. Said he: "What good would a bicycle do *me?* I couldn't ride it with my rifle on my shoulder and one hand on my revolver!" He added that on arriving at Monastir—the terminus of the railway—he should telegraph to his home at El Bassan, and a band of fifteen armed retainers would come out on the road two days' journey to meet and escort him home. The great natural abilities of the Albanians, failing of development in legitimate channels, find vent in feuds, lawlessness, and bloodshed. Two days since, a friend mentioned a good-sized Albanian city which he said no foreign consul has ever visited, because none could go there without a guard of from seventy to one hundred soldiers. Is there any such city in Japan? Why, then, should the more civilized country be represented in the Conference as a mission field, and the less civilized country shut out? Because the latter, forsooth, is in Europe!

The *reductio ad absurdum* of the Committee's position appears in Constantinople. The American College for Girls may be represented in the conference because it is in Asia, while Robert College may not because it is in Europe. A missionary to the Armenians in Scutari has a standing in the Conference, while one to the Armenians of old Stambul has not. Dr. Greene, if present, may speak of the work which he does on the Asiatic side, but must not mention that which he does in Pera!

The dictionaries define "œcumenical" as "general, universal, pertaining to the habitable world." May one venture to ask, then, in what sense the coming Conference will be œcumenical? Says the circular: "The Secretaries extend a cordial invitation to all

the *Protestant* missionaries to unevangelized peoples." Evidently the Roman and Eastern churches are not included, and the Conference will not be œcumenical in the sense of embracing all who bear the name of Christians. Naturally, one would conclude, then, that the intention is to make it *Protestantly* œcumenical. But no, the Protestant missions to the unevangelized peoples of European Turkey, Bulgaria, Austria, Spain, etc., are ruled out. This is bewildering to the plain man who has been accustomed to accept as authoritative the definitions of the leading dictionaries, and makes him wonder whether the managers of the Conference have not lost the jewel consistency down some knot-hole.

It is not hard to find a reason for the Committee's decision to exclude all work done in Europe. It would be highly incongruous to have represented as mission-fields stanch Protestant countries like Denmark and Sweden, by admitting to the Conference those who are engaged in persuading the people of such countries to leave the Lutheran or other Protestant churches for the Methodist, Baptist, etc. But even the Chinese long since discovered that it is not necessary to burn down your hut to roast your pig. The object could easily have been attained by ruling out of the Conference all work done in communities commonly known as Protestant. This would have been consistent, and would have made the Conference œcumenical as touches the Protestant world.

The members of the General Committee are intelligent men who understand the use of words. Honesty requires of them either to make their Conference œcumenical in the widest and real sense by inviting the Roman and Greek churches to participate, or to make it œcumenical in the sense of embracing all Protestant missions in non-Protestant lands, or to drop the high-sounding misnomer which they have selected for the proposed gathering. Is it necessary to crown all the shams of the century with a sham-œcumenical conference on foreign missions?

Very respectfully yours,

EDWARD B. HASKELL,
Missionary of the American Board.

SALONICA, EUROPEAN TURKEY,
October 11, 1899.

THE -ING SUFFIX IN ENGLISH PLACE-NAMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of Round's 'Commune of London' a statement is made which needs a slight modification. The reviewer says:

"In all the discussion which has raged around the English 'village community' and manor, no doubt has ever been cast on the assertion of Kemble that *-ing* in English place-names had a 'patronymic' significance."

From this the reader would infer that, up to the present time, scholars have not hesitated "to deduce a clan settlement" from every *-ing* suffix and to accept without question Kemble's lists. This is far from true. Prof. Earle, in his 'Land Charters and Saxonic Documents,' page 454, called attention eleven years ago to the fact that the patronymic use of *-ing* was only one special application of a form that differed little in its original sense from a genitive case. In 1889 Mr. W. H. Stevenson, in reviewing Prof. Earle's work, went much further:

"Kemble's *gā* delusion," he says, "naturally brings to mind another of his extravagances—the list of local names in *-ing* supposed to record tribal settlements. He was well aware that this suffix had other meanings besides the patronymic, but this did not suggest to him any caution. Prof. Earle has done good service by pointing out in his notes that *-ing* is sometimes merely the equivalent of the genitive singular. It has in some cases merely a possessive signification even where used in the genitive plural form *-inga*, whilst in other cases it is merely a pet or diminutive suffix to a personal name." (*English Historical Review*, April, 1889, p. 356.)

Your reviewer is doubtless quite aware of this expression of doubt, but I do not think that the average reader would infer it from his words. The truth is that no student of this subject to-day pretends to accept all Kemble's place-names as representing clan or kin settlements. I do not understand that Mr. Round has done more than eliminate from the lists a large number of names which mean something else. The important point is, that he has still left many genuine *-ings*, and this fact is sufficient, even without other evidence, to warrant the assumption that in the main the land was settled by communities. No one in recent years, who has had a theory on the subject, has, however, failed to leave plenty of room for war-bands, and chieftains, and individual allotments. Prof. Maitland expressed himself very cautiously, but conclusively, when he said two years ago, in 'Domesday Book and Beyond,' "Originally, the men who settle down in a village are likely to be kinsmen. Some phrases in the Continental folk laws, and some perhaps of our English place-names, point in this direction" (p. 349). What Mr. Round has discovered will not modify this opinion.

We are in this, as in so many other particulars, greatly indebted to Mr. Round for reaching a more certain conclusion where hitherto there has been only doubt; but the point upon which I would lay stress is, that the doubt has existed before. Your reviewer has given, unconsciously it may be, that slight twist to his comment and quotation which has made his statements to the uninitiated not a little misleading.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

BRYN MAWR COLLEGE, December 2, 1899.

GOETHE TRANSLATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Kuno Francke of Harvard, in his interesting article in the November *Atlantic* upon "Goethe's Message to America," quotes Goethe's poem, "Eins und Alles," and adds, in a footnote: "So far as I know, this wonderful poem has never been translated into English; and it seems indeed untranslatable." In that important early work, "Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature, edited by George Ripley, the third volume was entitled 'Select Minor Poems, translated from the German of Goethe and Schiller. With Notes by John S. Dwight' (Boston. 1839). This book contains ten of the most striking poems from the rubric "Gott und Welt," and includes the above poem. They were all translated by John S. Dwight except "Dauer im Wechsel," which was rendered by N. L. Frothingham, and "Urworte: Orphisch," by James Freeman Clarke. The translation seems to me made with rare felicity. The whole cycle is profoundly significant of Goethe's view of nature, and shows the influence of the philosophy of both Schelling and Spinoza upon him.

The entire volume of these early translations is of great interest, and contains contributions, in addition to those above mentioned, by George Bancroft, William H. Channing, Frederic H. Hedge, S. M. Fuller, G. W. Haven, Charles T. Brooks, and C. P. Cranch. A monograph upon the relation of New England thought to German literature and philosophy at this period would be of great value.

W. T. HEWETT.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, December 2, 1899.

BEGET IN ELIZABETHAN ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Sidney Lee, in his recently published biography of Shakspere, discusses in appendix v., p. 390, the relation of Thomas Thorpe and "W. H." to the first edition of Shakspere's Sonnets. He recapitulates in substance a theory that has long been held by careful Shakspere scholars in regard to the identity of the mysterious "W. H.," along with some fresh and interesting details about Thomas Thorpe's publishing career. He explains Thorpe's use of the word "begetter" in the phrase, "the onlie begetter of the ensuing sonnets," as being due to a habit of grandiloquence which led the publisher to use the word with an artificial sense of "obtain," "acquire," though he says later that the word is not unfrequently employed in Elizabethan English in this attenuated sense (it is really the original sense of the word), and adds a quotation from Dekker's "Satiro-Mastix." If the reader will turn to the words *beget* and *begetter* in the New English Dictionary, he will see that though this meaning of "obtain," "acquire" is there set down for the words, the illustrative quotations are not entirely convincing. Shakspere's "acquire and beget a temperance," in "Hamlet," III., ii., 8, would point to the fact that *beget* had some different meaning from that of the *acquire* already used by *Hamlet*, and probably referred to some effect which the actor was to produce on his audience. The other quotations are even less convincing; the last one under *begetter*, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, being obviously a mere imitation of the Shaksperian quotation. But the assumption that Thorpe did not use the word "in an exact sense" to explain the relation in which "W. H." stood to the Sonnets is entirely unnecessary, for the quotations given by the New English Dictionary confuse two distinct usages of this word *beget* in Elizabethan English.

First, as to *begetter*="obtainer," "procurer." In Sewel's 'Dutch and English Dictionary' (I quote from the second edition, Amsterdam, 1708), p. 41 of the first part, we have *beget* glossed not only by *teelen*, *voortbrengen*, but also by *gewinnen*, *verkrygen* (*verkrygen* in the second part is glossed "obtain," "get," "acquire," and *gewinnen* is there glossed "gain," "get"); *begetter* is glossed not only by *een Teeler*, *aanteeler*, *voortteeler*, but also by *verkryger*, which is the sense Thorpe used it in. Similarly, *begetting* is glossed *verkryging*. *He begot* is glossed *hy gewaan* (*i. e.*, he acquired), and *begotten* is glossed by *gewonnen* (acquired) and *verkreegen* (obtained).

In 'Skinner's 'Etymologicon Linguæ An-

glicanæ,' 1671, after *beget* stands the gloss *obtinere*. In the Cambridge 'Phraseologia Generalis' (1681) we have "beget or procure" glossed *parere, parare*. These references show clearly, coming, as they do, from independent sources, that *beget* and *begetter* in the seventeenth century were commonly used in the sense of "acquire," "obtain," "procure." Thorpe, therefore, in the phrase "onlie begetter" is using a natural and ordinary form of expression, and not a figurative or stilted one.

Beget has another shade of meaning which has not, I think, been sharply defined by the New English Dictionary. The Cambridge Phrase Book, just cited, has a number of quotations to illustrate *beget* in the sense of *conciliare*. These will throw light on some of the theological quotations in the Dictionary, and aptly explain *Hamlet's* usage of the word as well as our modern usage of it in the idiom "to beget confidence." In the Phrase-Book we have: "To beget, procure, or make friendship; *conciliare amicitiam;* to beget or procure men's favour, and good liking to ones self, *conciliare sibi animos hominum;* . . . to beget or procure credit, favour, etc., to himself, *conciliare fidem, gratiam, &c., sibi;* . . . to beget or procure peace amongst any, *conciliare pacem inter aliquos;* to beget or procure sleep, rest, &c., *conciliare somnum, quietem, &c.*"

Reading this *conciliare* meaning into *Hamlet's* advice to the players, we have a deeper and more far-reaching principle of dramatic art than that the usual interpretation of his words gives us: "Wrest the intensity of your passion into a self-control that will win over your audience to share your power, and thus give the strength of your acting smoothness—the ease of strong power."

MARK H. LIDDELL.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, November 25, 1899.

Notes.

'Sir Walter Scott,' a new biography, by James Hay, is in the press of A. S. Barnes & Co.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish immediately 'Lewis Carroll and the Real Alice in Wonderland,' personal reminiscences by Miss Isa Bowman.

Elder & Shepard, San Francisco, announce for this week 'Moods, and Other Verses,' by Dr. Edward Robinson Taylor, translator of the Sonnets of Hérédia.

We learn that Siebert's 'Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom' (Macmillan) has already reached a second edition.

Resuming our notice of reprints, we have to tell of John H. Ingram's edition of Poe's Works in four volumes (London: Black; New York: Macmillan), now brought out as a "Standard Edition." The books are beautifully printed and well adapted for the hand, and the blue cloth binding is tastefully stamped. Mr. Ingram's prefatory memoir is still open to animadversion, especially since the publication of the Griswold Letters; but no one need ask for a better presentation of the writings themselves, quite apart from the very moderate price. From the same cis-Atlantic house we have Mr. Marion Crawford's 'Saracinesca,' in two volumes of elegant typography, with illustrations by Mr. Orson Lowell, in which the novelist must be deemed equally fortunate. Both the wash and the pen-drawings are skilful and decorative, and much thought has evidently gone into them. Mr. Crawford, in a new preface, tells us that the exclusive world of 'Saracinesca' has been already invaded by the march of modern ideas and events, and has mingled with the majority, so that he is inclined to recommend his pages as much for the history as for the human interest contained in them. The Siddal Edition of Dante G. Rossetti's works, charming little volumes, proceeds with his early and late product, the translation of Dante's 'New Life,' of which the verse is a standing test of Rossetti's theory of translation, as it more than once involves the rendering of the simple by the obscure (London: Ellis & Elvey). As usual, his brother furnishes a prefatory note, and a graceful frontispiece is from the brush of Arthur Ellis. Herbert Cole supplies the pretext for another issue of 'Gulliver's Travels' (John Lane), and is to be praised for the general quality of his designs; but, as is often witnessed in the case of pen-and-ink draughtsmen, his smaller drawings—vignettes, head and tail-pieces—are much superior to the larger, in which, strange to say, he often omits the scale (*e. g.*, in depicting individual Lilliputians). As a whole, however, Mr. Cole has kept his embellishments in harmony with the old-style typography, and the result is a very pretty book. Harmonious, too, are the adornments of the luxurious edition of Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie's 'My Study Fire' (Dodd, Mead & Co.); but here, to our thinking, the two ladies, Maude Alice and Genevieve Cowles, who designed them have succeeded better in the larger series—character sketches, interior groups, landscapes. They are all praiseworthy, however, and can but be acceptable to Mr. Mabie's admirers.

Miss Larned's 'Historic Gleanings in Windham County, Conn.' (Providence, R. I.: Preston & Rounds Co.) is, as might have been expected of the historian of that county, a substantial addition to knowledge. If the characters here celebrated are minor and subordinate, one at least, Major James Fitch, cut no inconsiderable swath in his day, and, somewhat as an equal, engaged the attention of the colonial Legislatures of both Connecticut and Massachusetts. The Rev. Joseph Howe, another well-forgotten name, made his mark in college instruction and in pulpit eloquence, and his too brief career is deservedly remembered. The chapter, "A Life's Record," is a noticeably artistic handling of a typical Connecticut Yankee diary, 1777-1843. Miss Larned's humor is at its best in this case, and has easy play by virtue of her familiarity with the annals and the genealogy of her especial province.

A neighboring antiquarian, Mr. John Osborne Austin of Providence, author of the remarkable 'Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island,' puts forth, in a volume of modest dimensions, 'The Journal of William Jefferay, Gentleman' (Providence: The Author). This is an original and really ingenious imagining of "a diary that might have been," based on the materials at hand in the Dictionary just named. The diarist is an actual personage, whose gravestone may be seen in the old cemetery at Newport, and he is depicted to the life by Mr. Austin, both individually and as a part of the (chiefly Rhode Island) community, from 1623 to 1675. Some of the entries are purely genealogical, others convey the leading historical incidents of the colony, as may be seen in the index under the rubric "Massachusetts oppressions"; for variety's sake, some excursions by land and water are invented, and the food, the occupations, and manners and customs of the people are shown in a natural fashion. The stories told at the Seven Club are the least effective of Mr. Austin's diversions. His experiment is much to be commended.

'Personal Reminiscences of the Anti-Slavery and Other Reforms and Reformers,' by the late Aaron M. Powell (Plainfield, N. J.: Anna Rice Powell) is an unfinished fragment of autobiography, whose chief interest lies in the simple story of the author's enlistment in the abolition cause. He took the field as a lecture agent in 1854; had his share of being mobbed, notably at Syracuse in January, 1861, a ticklish period for the abolitionists everywhere; was present at the hoisting of the flag over Fort Sumter in April, 1865. On the division of the abolitionists in that year over a continuance of the organization, he sided with Wendell Phillips and the pros, and was made editor of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*. His subsequent reformatory labors were mainly in behalf of temperance; but prisons and peace and social purity also largely occupied him, and drew him many times across the Atlantic as delegate to congresses. His reminiscences add but little to our knowledge of his eminent coadjutors. He reports the mild-mannered Stephen Foster, who had a genius for getting into hot water, as contending "that he really had very small combativeness, but that what he had was very active." After hearing Gladstone, John Bright, John Morley, and Lord Rosebery speak, Mr. Powell still gave the palm for oratory to Mr. Phillips. Lucretia Mott, at her hospitable board, he shows, during the period of the dessert, relieving her maids by drying with her own hands the plates of the earlier courses which had been removed and washed; "meanwhile bearing her full share with her guests in the most engaging table-talk." Numerous portraits and facsimiles further make this volume a useful contribution to anti-slavery literature, as well as a memorial of a most excellent man.

'Famous Actresses of the Day in America' (Boston: L. C. Page & Co.), a series of sketches by Lewis C. Strang, differs from the general run of books of the character in being well written, but resembles them in being prepared chiefly for theatrical consumption. The biographical part of it, apparently, has been compiled with considerable care, and has been verified, it is said, in many cases by reference to the subjects themselves; but the critical opinions, both those which are original and those which are culled from various sources, are, in the vast majority of cases, far too complimentary to inspire confidence. It will be surprising to most persons familiar with the present condition of the stage to hear that no less than thirty-one of our actresses are "famous." The deficiency in the sense of proportion which permitted the use of this word in the title, is apparent in almost all the notices. The fact is, that Mr. Strang has ascribed fame to almost every actress who has ever had

her name printed in large letters upon a theatrical poster, and to some others of whose very existence the average New York playgoer is probably still in ignorance. That he has been able to quote glowing eulogies about all of them is a melancholy demonstration of the true value of current journalistic criticism. Some of the praise is "craftily qualified," as *Cassio* says, with adverse comment, but not sufficiently so to destroy the pleasant flavor of adulation. As to the proportion observed, it may be stated that more space is devoted to Mrs. Fiske than to Ada Rehan or Helena Modjeska. The book, however, is agreeable in style, and is illustrated plentifully with attractive photographs.

The second volume of the publications of the Alabama Historical Society (Carrollton, Ala.) is one more evidence of an awakening of historical studies in the South. Monographs on the early roads, on the beginnings of public education, and on war incidents are interesting, but the most valuable parts of the volume are the statistical tables, prepared by the secretary of the Society, Mr. Thomas M. Owen. Among these are a list of the sessions of the General Assembly, statistics of each county, and bibliographical notes at the end of each article. Tatum's topographical notes on the Alabama River, made in 1814, are also of high interest, and are now published for the first time.

Mr. T. A. Coghlan, the well-known statistician of New South Wales, has prepared a monograph on child-birth in that colony. While much of it merely confirms the experience of other countries, there is established an actual decline in the birth-rate within the last twenty years. In a new community this is not the rule, and Mr. Coghlan sees important effects for the colony. "Taking Australia as a whole, and including New Zealand, the fall in the birth-rate is such that there are 47,000 births less than would have occurred under the rates prevailing as late as ten years ago." New Zealand complains that there are not enough children to fill the schools, and the same condition is to be found in Victoria, as the number of children under ten years of age is less than in 1891. The law formulated by Galton, on material supplied by Körösi, governing the number of parents to whom children will be born during a year after marriage, is disproved by the Australian statistics. It is possible that Mr. Coghlan's conclusions may be modified by fuller statistics, covering a longer period of time, but he has made a very suggestive study of the material at his command. The essay is issued through the Government Printer at Sydney.

The returns of the foreign trade of the United Kingdom for 1898 have been published, and the form of five years' figures has been retained by Mr. Pittar. This makes it possible to see at a glance the changes in quantity or direction of trade in any one article, and makes the volume a veritable encyclopædia of the world's commerce. Another feature may be noted, viz., that these figures have never been under suspicion, as the Board of Trade has not for a half-century been manipulated in favor of any commercial theory or political policy. We wish we could say as much for our Treasury Bureau of Statistics.

The expedition of Mr. H. J. Mackinder of Oxford to Mount Kenya, in East Africa, adds materially to our knowledge of this interesting region. It consisted of six Europeans, including two Alpine guides, a natural-history collector, and a taxidermist, and its scientific results are a large number of observations on the topography of the region, the discovery of ten new glaciers (making fifteen in all), large and representative collections of the fauna and flora, as well as geological specimens. In an interview recorded in the London *Times* the leader describes the Meranga country through which he passed as an "informal republic. There are no chiefs or kings, and the government is in the hands of a Shauri, or council of elders, of whom there are about fifty. Two or three of the elders are recognized as leaders. . . . Practically the whole country was under cultivation. There were large banana plantations on all the shambas, and hundreds of acres were under maize, while sweet potatoes, beans, and sugar-cane grew in abundance. . . . The roads were good, and in some places were actually fenced, wearing in places the aspect of an English country lane, with the addition of tropical plants and flowers." The present accessibility of the interior of East Africa is illustrated by the fact that the expedition left England on June 8, and the return journey, after the successful ascent of the mountain, was begun on September 21, and Mr. Mackinder was in London on October 30, twenty-eight days after reaching the Uganda railway.

Macmillan Company will issue on January 1 a new magazine, the *International Monthly*, the first number containing articles by Édouard Rod, Prof. N. S. Shaler, Prof. J. T. Trowbridge, Norman Hapgood, and Charles de Kay.

The *Century Magazine* promises copious extracts from the entire journal of Dr. O'Meara at St. Helena, only partly drawn upon for his account of Napoleon in captivity.

The Paris *Temps*, referring to a recent important auction sale in Munich, finds new proof of the growing prosperity of Germany in the flourishing condition of the market for works of art in that country. The sale in question is that of the private collection of the late Dr. Martin Schubart, consisting of valuable paintings and various other rare objects of art. (We called attention to this interesting collection in a note of August 4, 1898, little expecting that it would so soon be brought under the auctioneer's hammer.) From the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* we learn that one of the finest canvases, Hobbema's "Water Mill," was bought for the Dresden Gallery for 86,000 marks, while Rubens's "Diana Bathing" was knocked down to J. Böhler of Munich for 126,000 marks, Metsu's "Lady and Gentleman at the Spinet" and Gerard Douw's "Housekeeper" to Sedelmayer of Paris at 45,000 and 37,000 marks, respectively, and Rembrandt's "Portrait of an Old Man" to Colnaghi of London at 31,000 marks; the latter also buying two portraits by Amberger (of Augsburg) for 51,000 marks. More than fifty collectors, dealers, and directors of galleries from without having been attracted by the auction, the bidding was lively throughout the sale. But the majority of buyers were Germans, and the *Temps* accounts for the good prices obtained, even for second and third-rate objects, by the increasing number, in Germany, of amateurs of moderate means, a class not existing in France.

—The growth of patriotic societies in this country is shown by the portentous size of the Year-Book of the Sons of the Revolution in New York, a quarto volume of nearly 700 pages. Composed as it is of lists of members, and of ancestors and descendants, the general impression left is one of self-glorification. The claims for consideration are often so slight as to be grotesque, and the wish to make much out of little and magnify the services of all whom accident involved in the Revolution is too manifest to be pleasant. Some short and rather perfunctory biographies are given as samples of an intended series, but they make indifferent reading, and are neither history nor biography. Why do not the Sons aid the Historical Society to publish the Revolutionary manuscripts deposited in its store? That would be serviceable, and would reduce some of the pretensions so loudly made. In reading over the long list of privates and non-commissioned officers mentioned in the Year-Book, some names are found whose owners did not figure very creditably in the service. The punishment of 500 lashes or less, and dismissal from the army, were frequently given to offenders. Then, too, how few really know about their ancestors. Read Washington's opinions of his general officers, and bear in mind that he was cool and just in his judgments. There were many fine characters and reputations in the army, but to claim preëminence for all is carrying the matter to an extreme.

—Of like description is the report of the Daughters of the American Revolution, 1890-97, printed at Government expense, and containing many illustrations of plates and monuments raised by the Society. It was a bit of favoritism which saddled the printing of these reports on the country, and the Daughters are not backward in advertising their claims to recognition. To preserve interesting buildings is laudable, and private effort can do this better than the Government of a State or of the nation. The old redoubt at Fort Pitt was certainly worth preserving, and the monument to Mary Washington was a fitting expression of the regard for historic characters. Lesser events and places are commemorated by tablets placed on houses or sunk in stones. And in placing these, the different societies have shown little discrimination. The very profusion is bewildering, and every house and rock of any age or weight promises to have a tablet. Nor is this the only form of activity. Prizes are offered for historical essays; pilgrimages are made to historic spots. "Each chapter possesses a gavel made of some historic material. Almost all have their charters framed in woods connected with some famous event. Many have made the exhibition of historic heirlooms a specially instructive part of their work," and so on. The old-time historian, who verified his facts, will be overwhelmed with the mass of legend, tradition, and curios gathered by the Daughters, and it will be difficult to sift what is offered. The Daughters and Sons cannot do better than to follow the excellent example set by the Colonial Dames, who are raising the best of mementos by publishing the Letters to Washington written during the colonial period.

—Prof. William MacDonald's 'Select Charters and Other Documents Illustrative of American History' (Macmillan) seems to take its title from the Bishop of Oxford's

celebrated collection of English constitutional documents. American history, of course, affords ample material for a volume similar in scope to that of Dr. Stubbs, although his handbook ends at the beginning of the thirteenth century. Among points of difference between Prof. MacDonald's manner of editing and that which his predecessor pursued, the following ones may be mentioned. Prof. MacDonald writes no general introduction, his prefaces are briefer than those which Stubbs supplied, and in connection with each passage he gives a paragraph of bibliographical references. The period covered is 1606-1775, the series beginning with the first charter of Virginia and ending with the Prohibitory Act. One would expect to find in such a book as this many pieces taken from the seventeenth century, when all the most important colonies gained constitutional status, and so it is. For the period which lies before the peace of Ryswick, Prof. MacDonald is much more detailed than for the years 1697-1763. He gives eighty documents in all, and of these only eight are allotted to the sixty-six years which we have last indicated. Indeed, he almost scampers from the Peace of Ryswick to the end of the Seven Years' War. With the Peace of Paris he again becomes detailed, and traces distinctly each principal stage of the rupture between the colonies and the mother country. Twenty-six documents relating to the last twelve years of the colonial era do not, however, constitute an undue proportion when one considers the interests at stake. Prof. MacDonald shows good judgment in his selections, and his book should materially assist the teaching of American history in colleges which are unfortunate enough to lack large libraries. More than this, it will be a great convenience everywhere.

—Historians and heralds have long puzzled over the meaning of FERT, the motto of the House of Savoy. When Amadeus VI., the Green Count, founded the Order of the Most Holy Annunciation, in 1362, he gave this motto to it, and the mysterious word still appears, separating pairs of true-lover's knots, on the collar of that order. We say "word," but as the form F. E. R. T. was early used, it came to be taken for granted that the four letters were the initials of four words. Accordingly, various phrases have been suggested. *Fortitudo Ejus Rhodum Tenuit* (His fortitude held Rhodes) had many upholders; but when it was discovered that the defence of Rhodes against the Turks by Amadeus V. occurred in 1315, whereas the motto is found on the tomb of Thomas I., who died in 1233, they were silenced. Of another guess, *Fœdere Et Religione Tenemur* (We are bound by covenant and religion), which appears as the legend of a comparatively late coin, we may remark that it seems too evidently an attempt to invent a phrase whose initials should compose the required word. *Frappez, Entrez, Rompez Tout*, a version popular in Savoy, describes the bold methods of the Counts in acquiring new possessions, but is neither philologically nor historically possible. During the middle of this century, when Italy was struggling for her independence, patriots gave the motto a prophetic significance by assuming that the letters stood for *Fiat Emanuel Rex Tuus*. Such are some of the more or less fanciful solutions. Now we learn from the Milan *Perseveranza* of November 3 that Count Massimino di Ceva has published a monograph in which he reads the riddle in a new fashion. It was not uncommon, he says, for the first word of a well-known line or sentence to serve as the motto of a noble house: *Exegi*, for example, is so used, instead of the whole phrase, *Exegi Monumentum Aere Perennius*. With this clue, let us seek a line in which FERT is the keyword. Knowing that Virgil was the most quoted author in mediæval times, we turn to the 'Æneid,' and quickly come on the passage:

"Talibus orabat, talisque miserrima fletus
FERTque refertque soror: sed nullis ille movetur
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit" (iv., 437-439).

—This is ingenious, but ingenuity should go on and show, if it could, how this quotation applies to a Count of Savoy of the thirteenth century, or earlier. What has the description of Dido's sister, carrying again and again to stony-hearted Æneas the story of Dido's woe, what has this to do with Count Thomas or his predecessors? We are told that other families—the French Bussay, the Spanish Agreda—have this very motto, and that a Spanish town has it; but we fail to see that these facts are conclusive. Neither is the further statement that, for the marriage of Charles Emanuel I. with Catherine of Spain, in 1590, a medal was struck, on which appears the longer quotation, FERTQUE REFERTQUE. We do not feel, therefore, that Count di Ceva's solution is final. We believe, rather, that in these matters the simplest interpretation is the likeliest; and that it is more probable that a warrior noble of 1230 chose FERT for its common meaning, "He bears" or "He endures"—a soldierly motto—than for any intricate allusion bound up in it. In any case, it is interesting that the oldest reigning House in Europe should have forgotten for six centuries what its watchword means—a striking instance of the way in which tradition may be interrupted.

—The seventh volume of the "Versailles Historical Series" (Boston: Hardy, Pratt & Co.) consists of selections from the correspondence of the Princess Palatine, the Duchess of Burgundy, and Mme. de Maintenon, arranged and translated by the editor. Very judicious care is shown in the choice of extracts, for the purpose of presenting to their readers the salient traits of character and disposition in these three contemporaries of exalted birth or station, and likewise of illustrating the points discussed in Sainte-Beuve's prefatory essays to each division. The portraits thus offer an interesting and piquant contrast. Madame, Princess Palatine, and mother of the Regent, appears in these pages perfectly undisguised, outspoken even to violence in her expression of private hatred and race prejudice, and, perhaps because of this very arrogance of her rank, better fitted to receive the adulation of a *Residenz* than to play a strictly subordinate part in the throng of a splendid court. And yet it is amusing to note, in spite of this pride, the bourgeois element of her early training in her lifelong sighings after the somewhat substantial dishes of her native land, with corresponding contempt for the flimsy achievements of French cooks. The frankness of her speech, amounting in some cases to positive coarseness, is entirely in keeping with this materiality of bodily habit, and is faithfully rendered by the translator. In the letters of the Duchess of Burgundy, little more can be found than the natural affection of a girl for her parents, with the flutterings of a very charming social butterfly. As for Mme. de Maintenon's correspondence, the specimens here given deal chiefly with her educational work at Saint Cyr, her private letters being for the most part restricted in this instance to a few confidential communications with Mme. de Glapion and the Princesse des Ursins, the latter of whom was evidently a cherished kindred spirit. The tone of imperious patronage which forms the running accompaniment of these epistles helps to explain the persistent, rancorous hatred expressed by the German Princess Palatine for the *parvenue* morganatic spouse of Louis XIV. If it was the editor's object to emphasize Mme. de Maintenon's love of domination, ill-concealed under her constant exhortations to modesty, that object has been completely attained. It must be added that throughout this volume Miss Wormeley's translations are both minutely accurate and freer from Gallicisms than in the preceding volumes of the series.

RHODES'S UNITED STATES.

History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. IV., 1862-1864. Harper & Brothers. 8vo, pp. xv, 557, with maps.

The two and a half years from the spring of 1862 to the reëlection of Lincoln in the autumn of 1864 measure the agonizing period of the civil war, when the belligerents were straining their strength to the utmost, and when other nations, watching the stubborn struggle, might be pardoned if their forecast of the result was in accordance with their interests and sympathies. The wrestlers often seemed to be in deadlock, with little apparent change of position or of chance, each stiffened into iron and grimly waiting for some indication of the other's exhaustion. The weeks and months passed in a monotony of indecisive military campaigns, and an equal monotony of legislative and executive activity in supplying the waste of war in blood and in treasure. Foreign policy was, on the one hand, a strenuous effort by the Davis Government to induce England and France to intervene, and on the other Mr. Lincoln's wise diplomacy to ward off or postpone such intervention. Everybody was waiting in painful suspense for some evidence of decisive superiority in the field which should be a basis of intelligent judgment as to the end.

This painful and troubled period Mr. Rhodes treats in his fourth volume, and as we are now familiar with his method of reconstructing each critical situation from a broad array of contemporaneous testimony, we find ourselves following with unflagging interest his strong synthesis of current facts, actions, and opinions, which make vivid the actual life of the time. We breathe the atmosphere of the period itself, and share the doubts, the fears, and the deep solicitude of the actors in it. We realize how hard it was to foresee consequences, and at how great a risk every decision of responsible leaders had to be made. We are charitable towards their doubts and their hesitation, and admire the faith and

courage that inspired their patient, unflinching efforts. The historian so well preserves his own balance of judicial calmness, and his full knowledge of all the facts which should temper and modify our judgment is so well at his command, that we easily yield to his interpretation of events even against our own predilections. Our consciousness of this effect upon ourselves goes far to make us believe that we have here something very near to what time will prove to be the accepted story of the nation's great struggle for self-preservation.

As everything turned upon military success, the campaigns of McClellan and Halleck, of Pope, Burnside, and Buell, of Meade, Rosecrans, and Grant, occupy us most, until the victories of Vicksburg and Missionary Ridge had developed a general-in-chief to whom the Administration and the country could commit the leadership of our armies, with a confident trust that there would be unresting activity and a steady progress towards a final triumph. When the period of experiment with generals not equal to the gigantic task is over, the historian feels that he may broaden his sketch of military affairs and give them much less space in the narrative.

An excellent analysis of the Peninsular campaign justifies Mr. Rhodes's conclusion that it "was a failure, and the chief cause of its failure may be ascribed to McClellan," who was proved to be "not equal to the position of Commander-in-Chief" (p. 49). Halleck's reputation for military knowledge and his successes in the West made him the natural, almost the inevitable, choice of the Administration for the general command. It was soon discovered, however, that he lacked the combative energy necessary to the command in the field, and he subsided into the position of Chief-of-Staff to the President and made it a bureau office in Washington.

The recall of the Army of the Potomac from Harrison's Landing on the James was ordered unwillingly, and Mr. Rhodes fairly states the case in saying that "the decision was a choice of evils made on the side of safety, a natural result of the balancing of chances, in which the poor promise of the future of McClellan's failures in the past outweighed the many disadvantages of his withdrawal" (p. 104). The vexed question of the removal of McClellan from command Mr. Rhodes finds hard of solution, but sums up its consideration by saying, "It is not surprising that he was relieved, but it is no less true that his removal was a mistake" (p. 188). It is almost impossible in such a case to avoid a judgment after the fact, and full weight is not given, perhaps, to the actual opinion of the ablest patriots then in public life. The judgment supported by the common assent of Mr. Lincoln, his Cabinet, the ablest Governors of States, and the leading Union men in the Senate and House of Representatives, cannot justly be said to be so contrary to sound reasons which were then within their reach that one may now affirm that they ought to have known better. The question was not whether McClellan could keep his army from destruction or rout after defeat, or maintain a cautious defence. The Union could not be restored in that way. The whole of McClellan's career made the authorities conclude that the cause would not triumph by his military leadership. To continue him in command was to give it up, and if it were to be given up, the sooner the better, and less costly. They concluded that the only other way was to try a change, and keep trying till the fit leader was found. If they ought to have known that Burnside was unfit by reason of his lack of self-confidence, and Hooker by reason of his excess of it, why ought they not to have known McClellan's deficiencies also before he was tried? We are constantly brought back to the simple truth which all military history teaches, that for the highest qualities of generalship there is absolutely no sure test except actual trial in the field. Mr. Lincoln had to do what all other rulers have done, to take the most promising of subordinate rank for the chief place. His frank admission that he did so with great fears that the successors would not do better (which Mr. Rhodes quotes, p. 189), did not absolve him from acting, but was a necessary condition of action. And here, in the larger sense, the event proved him right, for the time and the man came at last.

Our author does justice to Mr. Lincoln's diligent study of the problem before him with the aid of theoretic books on the military art and of practical discussion with his military advisers. Such study, to his wonderfully clear intellect and practical sagacity, was so profitable that already, in the spring of 1863, he was "now the best of counsellors in the relation of the civil commander-in-chief to his officers of technical training and experience" (p. 271). The point was reached where officers in the field could feel that the President's judgment of their work was soundly critical and appreciative as well as discriminating. The process of selection went on more rapidly and surely. The capture of Vicksburg and the victory of Gettysburg marked the end of the period of doubt and the beginning of that rational hope, ripening into confidence, which was to grow into assurance in another year.

In the conduct of our foreign affairs during the critical period, the attitude of England was what gave most concern, and this was not because England was most disposed to be unfriendly, for she was not. France, already committed to the enterprise of establishing a monarchy in Mexico on the ruins of Juarez's republic, knew well that a humiliating retreat could be prevented only by the permanent disruption of our Union. Louis Napoleon was therefore the instigator of all hostile movements, constantly repeating his desire to intervene decisively in our conflict whenever England would consent to join him. This was so well understood that our State Department did not waste much effort in argument with the French Emperor. Seeing clearly that the true way to restrain France was to dissuade England from yielding to Napoleon's seductions, the diplomatic campaign was fought out in London with rare ability by Mr. Adams. It was a curious result of this, that the chafing with the more friendly of the two Powers was the more painful and irritating, because the more active controversy went on with her.

Even in the matter of the Confederate cruisers, the controversy over their building and fitting out was with England instead of France, though England was less willing to permit their construction. France offered much greater encouragement and even active coöperation. But French shipyards could not compete with the English in the rapid and efficient construction of such ships, and so the Lairds took the contract, and the burden of maintaining the neutrality laws was upon the English Ministry.

Mr. Rhodes has had the very great advantage of access to Mr. Adams's MS. diary, and has thus been able to trace the course of the English Government and the ebb and flow of English sentiment with a clearness and fulness which would have been impossible without the use of so important an original document. This helps him to fix the exact date and the circumstances in which some of the most significant of Earl Russell's dispatches were written, and to throw a bright light upon the motives of the English Secretary and his colleagues. He has found it a grateful task to unravel the intricacies of a correspondence in which letters crossed each other on the way, and took thus a tinge of meaning which did not properly belong to them. We can go gladly and heartily with him when, in summing up the evidence, he reaches the conclusion "that Russell deserves applause for his methodical straightforwardness and his honest purpose in this affair [of the ironclad rams], where action was hedged about with difficulties, owing to the evasion of the true ownership and to the force of the precedent made by the narrow and doubtful construction of the statute in the case of the *Alexandra*" (p. 381).

The escape of the *Alabama* had shown that something more than a leisurely and perfunctory enforcement of the neutrality laws was necessary if Great Britain was to escape responsibility for the destruction of American commerce, and Lord Russell was deeply chagrined at the evident lack of earnestness in the action of the law officers and others in that case. His seizure of the rams was in spite of the sympathies of subordinates and their wilful blindness to evidence. It was a vigorous assumption of responsibility on his part, all the more worthy of remembrance because Palmerston, the Prime Minister, was so open in his sympathy with the Confederate Government that he would have continued to shut his eyes to the peril in which he was putting the relations of the two countries. By the summer of 1864, however, all the English officials saw new light, and we had no more cause to complain of the inefficiency of their statutes. Mr. Rhodes's judicial quality is well shown in his reminder that a modern nation is the corporate constituency which elects its Legislature and practically chooses its Ministry. The wide enlargement of the franchise in England since our civil war has brought into political control classes other than those which governed the state in the sixties, and while those who then gave shape to English policy were hostile to our national cause, the new voters were almost unanimously friendly to us and now give the tone to British policy and governmental conduct.

"If there still remain an American Jingo who wishes to retaliate, when the bided time comes, for the depredations of the Confederate cruisers, the cynical ill-will of Palmerston, the speech of Gladstone, the leaders in the *Times* and the *Saturday Review*, he must remember that the England which arouses his indignation has passed away" (p. 360).

Our home politics depended, of course, upon the questions involved in the conduct of the war. The acknowledgment of the

independence of the Confederacy could not be made an open issue between parties, and the opposition was ostensibly based on criticism of the measures of the Administration. Within the Union party the most radical seemed to lead, and in the middle of his term Mr. Lincoln appeared to be almost without hearty support. It is a curious fact that among Congressmen, especially, there was no ability to see the practical wisdom and solid abilities which lay behind his awkward form and manners, and personal contempt for him may be said to have been the ruling fashion in Washington. His papers and public letters, full of shrewdest judgment and most taking argument, would seem to have been read by the people at large, but not by their representatives. Mr. Rhodes brings out the courage and the conservatism of his policy, his delays that were never timid but only a calculated waiting for the fit time to come, his refusal to allow his hand to be forced in the matter of emancipation, and his action at last in accordance with a deliberately fixed purpose. His methods of dealing with men were also peculiarly his own, whether he were dealing with Greeley as assumed spokesman for "twenty millions," or with Pendleton's committee protesting against Vallandigham's trial. He was very patient with his military officers so long as they kept persistently at work, and was unwearied in giving them the means of success. Inaction he deeply felt was certain ruin, and this he could not tolerate. Yet he did not supersede a dilatory general till he had given him fair warning and had tested his capacity for energetic initiative. The steadily growing activity of our armies was good proof of the advantage and the necessity for the unfaltering activity he asked of them, and the attendant successes completed the demonstration. The results were so far seen in 1864 that opposition to his renomination melted away, and the strength of his hold on the hearts of the people was such that even the names of Chase, Wade, and Davis proved vain to conjure with. He was reëlected by an almost unanimous Electoral College, and by a popular vote large enough, as Mr. Rhodes reminds us, to give in Congress "the requisite majority of two-thirds for the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery" (p. 538).

On the vexed question of arbitrary arrests and the suspension of newspapers, our author takes strong ground, going so far in summing up as to conclude "that all of this extra-judicial procedure was inexpedient, unnecessary, and wrong; that the offenders should have been prosecuted according to law, or, if their offences were not indictable, permitted to go free" (p. 234). Few thoughtful people will now deny that the power of arrest under the suspension of the habeas corpus was abused, while many will probably hesitate to go the whole length of giving the executive in a time of civil war no discretion in seizing and holding persons suspected of being spies or agents of the enemy, or otherwise actively engaged in giving him "aid and comfort." The matter was complicated by the fact that in some communities, such as Baltimore or Washington itself, ordinary juries would certainly contain some sympathizers with the rebellion who would prevent conviction, no matter how clear the evidence. It was also unfortunately true that, in similar communities, courts could not be relied upon to administer the law, and inferior judges were in some instances cynically daring in the protection of bounty-jumpers and deserters. The constitutional provision for the suspension of habeas corpus in time of insurrection is itself the clearest recognition of the existence of conditions under which exceptional powers must be exercised if the government is to be preserved. All nations in all times have seen this, and no stronger reason for sedulously avoiding war can be found than the persistent truth of the old maxim, *Silent leges inter arma*. The 'Records regarding Prisoners of War,' etc., now coming from the Government printing-house, will give the means of a scientific study of this subject which has before been almost impossible. The act regarding suspension of habeas corpus of 1862 did not attempt to deprive the Executive of exceptional powers in this respect; it only provided means for securing reasonably prompt action or the release of suspected persons. Of it Mr. Rhodes says that, "had it been strictly observed, no lasting hardship, nothing but transient injustice, would henceforward have been done" (p. 236); and we may add that, in peace as well as in war, it will always be true that the administration of justice will involve transient injustice to persons accused on reasonable suspicion who may yet be finally acquitted. When the war was over, the Supreme Court in the Milligan case declared void his trial by a military commission for organizing an armed insurrection in Indiana in aid of the rebellion; but we cannot forget that, while the war was flagrant, the same court refused to apply the same doctrine to Vallandigham's case.

In holding to the stronger doctrine of limitation of executive war-powers, Mr. Rhodes touches neatly the real reason why the loyal people of the country sustained the President in his action and were not disturbed by the cry of usurpation:

"That he had assumed unwarranted powers might be true; but that he had done this with regret, that he was no Cæsar or Napoleon, and sought no self-aggrandizement, that he had in his own loyal and unselfish nature a check to the excessive use of absolute power, was then almost as clear to his friends and opponents as it is now to the student of his character and acts" (p. 171).

The period covered by this volume was one in which the natural expression of the people's prayer was, "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee!" In the rest of the work the historian will have the more cheerful task of telling the story of the reëstablishment of the Union, to the wonder and admiration of the world. But even in this sober-tinted narrative, Mr. Rhodes has sometimes brightened his pages with quotations from the classics and from the poets, the aptness of which has the enlivening effect of wit. The definite clearness of judgment and the right-minded fairness of criticism shown in each chapter support our earlier judgment that the whole book will be a trustworthy guide and a friendly companion in our study of the time, as indispensable to those whose canons of political judgments may differ from the author's as to those who fully accord with him.

RECENT BOOKS ON MUSIC.

The National Music of America, and Its Sources. By Louis C. Elson. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Famous Violinists of To-day and Yesterday. By Henry C. Lahee. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

A Guide to the Opera. By Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Standard Opera-Glass. By Charles Annesley. Brentanos.

Stars of the Opera. By Mabel Wagnalls. Funk & Wagnalls.

Favorite Songs and Hymns. Edited by J. P. McCaskey. Harpers.

The Academic Hymnal. G. Schirmer.

Unlike most European countries, white America has no genuine folk-songs—melodies that seem to grow up spontaneously like wild flowers, belonging to no one in particular. The nearest approach to real folk music is found in the songs of Stephen Foster, who was not uninfluenced by the music of the negroes as heard at camp-meetings and elsewhere. Under these circumstances one feels surprised, on first opening Mr. Elson's book, to find that he has succeeded in writing more than three hundred pages on his chosen subject. The first three of his chapters are, however, devoted to Puritans, Pilgrims, and psalm-singers, and the fourth discourses at considerable length and with many interesting details on European national songs. Nearly thirty pages are devoted to "Yankee Doodle" and the various theories of its origin. Mr. Elson quotes Richard Grant White's assertion that this tune "can scarcely be regarded as being properly music," but fails to add his own condemnation of it, which is to be regretted. It is true that, as he says, the "patriot" cares very little for the musician who tells him that the air which pleases him is very trashy music. "It represents the land he loves, and that is enough. Many a man thinks he is being thrilled by music when he is really being moved by memories." Herein lies the philosophy of the subject; it is our misfortune that most of our "patriotic memories" should be bound up with such rubbish—imported rubbish, too. "The Star-Spangled Banner" alone is worthy of the honor bestowed on it, and that seems to have been originally an English drinking song. If Mr. Elson has not cleared up all the problems relating to our national music, it is not because of a lack of judgment or industry. His book, which is written in his usual entertaining style, free from pedantry and posing, will be welcomed by thousands who seek information heretofore scattered in hundreds of places.

Of books on violinists and violins there are many, yet none of them is as up-to-date as Mr Lahee's, which combines history and biography in a chatty way, and does not encumber its pages with pedantic piles of useless knowledge about players of whom nothing but the name remains, and in whom no one is any longer interested. Among the great violinists there have been some—like Paganini and Ole Bull—whose life affords many elements of romance, and whose story will be written many times more. Mr. Lahee has also a chapter on famous quartets. Perhaps the most useful section of his book is that on women as violinists, which brings us up to those two gifted players, Miss Maud Powell and Miss Leonora Jackson, of whom the latter is to make her début in her native America in a few weeks.

Another class of books for which the de-

mand must be great, judging by the supply, is guides to the opera. Esther Singleton is very much mistaken when she declares in her preface that there is no work that exactly covers her field. There are at least two—Upton's 'Standard Operas' and 'The Standard Opera-Glass,' by Charles Annesley—which cover that field more satisfactorily than her book does. The last-named contains the plots of 123 operas, while the 'Guide to the Opera' has only 29. These, no doubt, are well chosen, except in the case of Donizetti's 'Don Pasquale,' which is no longer in the current repertory anywhere. But the author of the 'Guide' has not the gift of condensing a libretto into an entertaining story, and her comments are often crude and useless. It helps no one to an understanding of an opera to be told that in a certain place a minor chord is "preceded by a chord of the diminished seventh in F minor"; that in another place "the strings give us pearly shakes in the lower parts; flute, oboe, clarionet, and bassoon sounding the upper part"; or that "the flutes reveal the *ardour* of Tristan." The portraits of thirteen famous operatic artists adorn the volume.

The fact that Annesley's 'Standard Opera-Glass' has reached its fifteenth edition indicates its utility. The present edition, which bears the imprint of Brentano, is not so convenient as its predecessors for slipping in the overcoat pocket, yet it is not too large to be taken along, and it has, what the others lacked, a "prelude" by Mr. James G. Huneker, who discourses interestingly on the vitality of operas and other topics. What gives additional value to this volume is the brief historic remarks which precede the tersely told story of each opera. It is the best book of its kind.

Opera appeals to all sorts of persons, from those who go to study the interweavings of leading motives to those who simply take pleasure in hearing popular works and seeing famous singers. The latter class will find entertainment in 'The Stars of the Opera,' by Mabel Wagnalls, who, by the way, was introduced to a New York audience as a pianist at a Theodore Thomas concert. There is no food for thought or historic information in her volume, but simply gossip; which gossip, to be sure, will be utilized by future biographers of great singers. The table of contents tells the whole story: An interview with Marcella Sembrich; "Semiramide"; a call on Emma Eames; "Faust"; "Werther"; "Calvé and 'Carmen' "; "Carmen"; "Hamlet"; a talk with Lillian Nordica; "Lohengrin"; "Aïda"; "The Huguenots"; an hour with Lilli Lehmann; "Melba, the Australian Nightingale," etc. There are also seventeen portraits, mostly in costume.

In 'Favorite Songs and Hymns,' Mr. McCaskey has brought between two covers 450 songs and hymns, the best of which had appeared previously in the eight volumes of the 'Franklin Square Song Collection,' while others are new. The selections are, on the whole, judicious, and there is no lack of variety, from Balfe and Foster to Verdi and Rubinstein. The 'Academic Hymnal' is intended specially for use in college chapels, being a collection of hymns and chants with tunes harmonized for men's voices and in unison, whereas the harmonizations in the hymnals generally used in college chapels are for mixed voices, and therefore useless for men's voices. Eight well-known American musicians aided the compiler.

RECENT COMPILATIONS OF POETRY.

The London *Spectator* has lately declared that "serious study of the great English poets" is "far more general" in America than in England. There is this year, in this country, an unusual harvest of books of selected poetry; but the only one of these which justifies the *Spectator's* remark is 'A Book of Seventeenth Century Lyrics,' selected and edited with an introducion by Prof. Felix E. Schelling of the University of Pennsylvania, aided, as he says, by those two high authorities, Dr. Horace Howard Furness and Professor Kittredge of Harvard. It forms one of the Athenæum Press Series (Boston: Ginn & Co.), and in all respects—selection, editorship, commentary, and annotation—it comes very near perfection. If it errs on the side of limitation in regard to its notes, this is surely on the right side, since our books of selections, for schools especially, grow more and more minute and even elementary in this respect.

Perhaps this is not the defect of Mr. Henry S. Pancoast's 'Standard English Poems' (Holt), but there is a marked element of commonplace in its criticism and sometimes of inflation in the phrases employed, as where he speaks of "the tremendous vogue" (p. 696) of Byron, and describes Wordsworth's life as "idyllically peaceful." It is curious, too, to find him (p. 729) treating Browning as still holding a questionable position in English verse, and still more curious to find him construing his range, "Spenser to Tennyson," so as to include, alone of living authors, Rudyard Kipling.

Less critically pretentious, but selected and arranged with very uncommon felicity, is 'The Listening Child: A Selection from the Stores of English Verse, Made for the Youngest Readers and Hearers,' by Lucy W. Thacher (Macmillan). It contains many poems not commonly to be found in books intended for children, and in this shows unmistakable indications of a mother's experience, since the poems which give most delight to imaginative children are apt to be those supposed by their prosaic elders to be a little too old for their comprehension.

'The Kings' Lyrics' (Russell), selected and arranged by FitzRoy Carrington, contains lyrics of James the First and Charles the First, together with Drayton's "Ballad of Agincourt." This is a charming little book to the eye, enriched by many portraits of poets. The necessary omissions are discreetly made, here and there, and it would be difficult to find a prettier present for a young person of poetic taste. The only criticism to be justly made on it is that modern spelling has been adopted in part of the extracts, but not in all; and this discrimination seems not quite justified.

Mr. Howard S. Ruddy's 'Book Lovers' Verse; being Songs of Books and Bookmen Compiled from English and American Authors' is perhaps the fullest collection of this kind, yet inspires, like its predecessors in the same line, but a languid interest.

'The Best Short Poems of the Nineteenth Century,' compiled by William S. Lord (Chicago: Revell), is a rather dingily printed little book, put together on what strikes us as being a very poor plan. "Two hundred representative literary people" were recently asked for a list of twenty-five of the best short poems (limited to fifty lines) written in the English language in the nineteenth century. The twenty-five poems receiving the highest number of votes are here printed in the order of the ballots received, namely: Holmes's "Chambered Nautilus," Tennyson's "Bugle Song" and "Crossing the Bar," Mrs. Howe's "Battle-Hymn," Browning's "Lost Leader," Keats's "Chapman's Homer" and "Grecian Urn," Wordsworth's "Phantom of Delight" and "The World Is Too Much with Us," Mrs. Browning's "A Musical Instrument," Bourdillon's "Light," Bryant's "To a Water-Fowl," and so on. There would doubtless be a certain interest in such a list, even were the vote taken among any chance roomful of intelligent persons; but the fatal defect of the ballot as described in this book is, that the "representative literary people" have absolutely no vouchers except in the judgment of Mr. William S. Lord himself, whose name is new to us and is not to be found even in that refuge of literary hospitality, 'Who's Who in America.' We intend no disrespect to him in pointing out that we cannot tell whether his literary jury included the best-known authors of the country or only his immediate acquaintances. The list of twenty-five leading poems selected would indicate an intelligent body of jurymen; yet when we take into view not merely these chosen winners, but also the supplementary list of poems suggested by the various judges, that fell short of success in the competition, the result is not quite so satisfactory; since these certainly indicate a great deal of commonplace material. On the whole, it is a disappointment to find ourselves called upon, first to receive the verdict from the jury, and then to judge of the jury only by its verdict.

'For Love's Sweet Sake: Selected Poems of Love in all Moods' (Boston: Lee & Shepard) is edited by Mr. G. Hembert Westley, and has some of the very worst faults that such a collection can have. There is, as frequently happens, a mixture of the choice and commonplace, but the evil is especially enhanced by taking many poems to pieces and printing only a verse, or a line or two, here and there. We doubt the right even of publishers to give the short poems of Longfellow, for instance, to be cut into bits and served up in fragments, as happens to his "Endymion," of which about half is printed (p. 51) under the name, "How Love Comes." In one case (on page 39) three lines are taken from Tennyson's "Fatima" and published without any acknowledgment, as a part of a poem by some anonymous author. The illustrations of the book have the same second-rate quality which marks its literary structure.

The Expansion of Western Ideals and the World's Peace. By Charles Waldstein. John Lane. 1899.

The New Pacific. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. New York: The Bancroft Company. 1900.

The right of conquest is in modern times defended in various ways. For some the good old rule sufficeth—that they should take who have the power and they should keep who can. The consciences of others are too queasy to accept this simple plan,

and much casuistry has been recently employed in explaining the propriety of doing evil that good may come, and how the end justifies the means. The task is, at this stage of the development of ethics, not without difficulty, and it seems logically indispensable to apply some rules of morality different from those commonly accepted. This Mr. Waldstein has attempted to do. He has, perhaps unwittingly, gone back to Aristotle, who made his system of ethics apply to the Greeks, the Barbarians being excluded. According to Mr. Waldstein, the "English-speaking nations"—he rejects the term Anglo-Saxon for good and sufficient reasons—occupy the position assigned by Aristotle to the Greeks, and taken later by the Romans and the Turks. As Aristotle held that Barbarians were slaves by nature, so Mr. Waldstein thinks that dark-colored people are intended to be subjects of the white races, or such of them as speak the English language.

This discrimination between the whites is justified by the imaginary confessions of the most virtuous of the Germans, Russians, French, Spanish, and Italians. These worthy people, if they were quite frank, would say what they at heart believe, that the cause of civilization would be furthered more by the expansion of the English-speaking peoples than "by that of Russia or any other of the Continental nations or grouping of these." In fact, "a conscientious Russian" has stated this to Mr. Waldstein, and several of the distinguished men with whom he is intimate have at least implied it. It only remains to convince the English-speaking peoples of their own superiority to the rest of the world and the responsibilities which it involves. Mr. Waldstein is pained to find that many worthy people in this country cling to theories of equal rights and impartial justice which blind them to the virtues attendant on the use of the English language. These misguided persons are condescendingly assured by Mr. Waldstein that it is disloyal for them to "counteract the success of American arms" in such a war as is now carried on by the Government. They are told that they are guilty of "nefarious abuse" of the term self-government when they say that the Filipinos should have it. Those who maintain that we ought to correct the abuses with which our political system reeks, are informed that "inquiries into local corruption tend ultimately to debase rather than to elevate the national conscience." And finally the administration of colonies is to purify and elevate the politicians; for the spirit which moved the "yellow journalists" to call the Americans to arms against Spain "gave a new lease of life to the national morality of the American people."

It is a relief to turn from this Pecksniffian theory of national ethics to Mr. Bancroft's frank avowal of what the "Expansion of Western Ideals" really means. We shall let him state at some length the principles on which conquest is justified:

> "It has come to be a doctrine of orthodox civilization that it is right, humane, and just for a people of culture and nominally good morals to take in hand the affairs of any weaker people of low intelligence occupying lands which the stronger nation would like to possess; that in law and equity it is not proper for savage or half-savage races to take up the room on this earth which can better be filled by better people, and that therefore any nation strong enough at once to conquer the weaker nation, and at the same time hold at bay or mollify its covetous compeers, may honorably seize upon and oversee, manage, manipulate, and govern the persons, property, and country of another whenever a plausible pretext can be found for so doing. As it is the destiny of all savage peoples to give place to civilization, so these half or wholly savage islanders must be content to have their affairs managed by those stronger and more intelligent than they. Thus we see the importance to us and to civilization of the tropical islands which have recently fallen to us, and which with wise management and proper care will become useful and profitable."

It would be interesting to inquire what the results to human society would be if individuals as well as nations were to act on these principles of morality. We all know people much inferior to ourselves who do not improve their opportunities, and whose possessions would be much better administered by us than by them. That, however, is an inquiry which is not pursued by the defenders of conquest, for reasons which are obvious. Concerning Mr. Bancroft's work, we need only add that it is of prodigious bulk, and that the most of it is too diffuse to be readable. There are some speculations concerning the future development of the Pacific States and their trade with the East which are occasionally suggestive. A few chapters about notable voyages, celebrated pirates, etc., furnish padding, which, in view of the size of the book, might have been dispensed with. Nor do we understand why a long account of the recent war should be thought necessary in treating of the "New Pacific."

Scotland's Ruined Abbeys. By Howard Crosby Butler, A.M., sometime Lecturer on Architecture in Princeton University, and Fellow of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome. With Illustrations by the Author. Macmillan. 1899.

This volume is the production of an enthusiast who is also a sincere and diligent student. Its shortcomings, then, are naturally of two kinds only—first, limitation, because research in the way of using the spade and of careful comparison of what excavation reveals is a thing almost unknown in Great Britain; second, a popular tone, because the choice has been deliberate not to attempt the careful, half-technical descriptions of Macgibbon and Ross in their important book already reviewed in these columns, but to describe for less advanced students what should impress the intelligent observer. It is, however, with a little pang of regret that one notes the evident love of the writer for the picturesqueness of ruined and of ivy-grown walls and piers. It puzzles the appreciative reader that Mr. Butler should find it possible to say that the ruined window of the refectory at Dryburgh finds its effect enhanced by "a rich growth of ivy covering the bareness of the ruined wall and gable." The true lover of ancient architecture should regret every leaf of ivy that besets and that helps in the rapidly advancing destruction of these precious ruins; he should watch his chance to cut the plants up by the roots rather than his chance to praise them.

So much of protest must be allowed to the lover of architecture as opposed to the lover of the picturesque, as Sir Walter Scott and his followers understood it. That protest having been made, there is nothing but praise left for the book before us. Twenty abbeys, including the well-known remains at Melrose and Dryburgh and the far northern and seldom visited Beauly and Kinloss—together with three in that savage region of Galloway, close to the English border and yet so wild that the masters of the present school of Scotch romance find there a wilderness in which any strange outrage may be supposed possible—all these have received the loving visit and have been the subject of the patient study of our author. His drawings are numerous, and he has deserved the thanks of every student by his recollection of the need of general plans. Such plans are disagreeable to make when they are of ruins only—when the practised hand and the trained eye have to stop for lack of trustworthy treatises, and can only put in a line of wretched dots to show where the artist fully believes the nave or the cloister wall was carried on. Such work as that is vexation itself, and the student who will master his impatience and make the plans honestly, as material is allowed him, and stop where the stone walls disappear, is one who deserves well of his kind. Of the other drawings it cannot be said that they are altogether delightful. In some cases, as in the picture on page 279, the perspective is certainly at fault. In this case the nave is made vastly too long; so, on page 249, the view of Dundrennan is so treated that the transept wall seems curved. Let those who have no experience of the difficulty of avoiding these defects in their work be loud in their denunciation of such errors. It is only a past master in out-of-door drawing that will know how to avoid them always. The drawings show a sincere love of the architecture, both in mass and in detail, a sense of stony solidity and of crumbling ruin each in its proper place, and a love of that tracery and sculpture which remains nearly intact.

As to the tone and character of the text, it can well be judged by a careful reading of the chapter on Dunfermline. Some account is given of the foundation of the church by Malcolm Canmore and his wife, Margaret of England; and the question as to how much of the existing nave is of their building and how much is of the time of David I. is very properly discussed without final decision being reached. The architectural character of the building is treated in a simple and easily comprehended fashion; the connection of Robert the Bruce with the building and the disapearance of his structures at the time of the Protestant Reformation are handled in the right spirit, and the recent discovery of Robert's tomb, coffin, shroud, and body cut through the breast for the extraction of the heart, as is described in the ancient legends—all this, with the preposterous way in which the newly completed structures were compelled to do honor to King Robert, is as well urged as possible. The reader who understands what may be done and what cannot be done with twenty pages of large print from which must be deducted the space taken up by five large cuts, will understand that what most travellers need and will ask for will of necessity prevent the use of space for more minute archæological examination. And as this chapter is, so are others—perhaps all. The book can be read at home with perfect satisfaction and content as if it were an unusually intelligent novel, and it could be read in your Scottish inn at morning, and at night with renewed sense of what the day's work is to be and has been.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1899.

The Week.

The Philippine insurrection is evidently "over" in just the same sense that it has been over at least twenty times before. Aguinaldo, instead of being caught, or surrendering to Wildman in Hong Kong, appears to have evaded pursuit and to be on his way to rejoin the insurgents in the south, where even Gen. Otis admits them to be in great force and enthusiasm. In the town of Imus, which is now assailed by a force led by the man whom Prof. Worcester chose as first trusty American Mayor of the place, the people are so fond of us that they take pot shots at our troops from their windows. Even in Negros, where the Philippine Commission told us that the inhabitants were just tickled to death to have Amerioans ruling over them, there has been a revolt of the native police, who have killed an American officer. So stupidly do the Filipinos misread the signs of the times. If Ohio had gone Democratic, we could understand their strange obstinacy; but, as it is, they seem to be flying in the face, not only of the good McKinley, waiting to bless them, but of the election returns. Those regrets which were expressed the other day that so large an American force was en route to the Philippines will not be heard again. The men will all be needed. It took the English four years to suppress the feebler Burmese insurrection; and if the Filipino stomach for a fight continues to be of the historic Malay reputation, we may still be hearing that the insurrection is "over" somewhere about the year 1907.

Gen. Otis is having trouble with the American newspapers again. These are, we observe, always his worst enemy when anything happens to show that the Filipinos have not yet had enough. As long as they are surrendering and fleeing, Otis has no complaint to make of newspapers in this country; but as soon as the natives start a fresh revolt anywhere, or make a stubborn stand, he is able to trace a hard-and-fast connection of cause and effect between "defamatory newspaper articles of United States" and the fact that the Filipinos do not at once quit. But, speaking of defamatory articles, the American papers in the Philippines can do pretty well in that line. Here is the Manila *Freedom* of October 24 referring to a contemporary as "one of the scurviest, scabbiest, meanest, most untruthful, and dishonorable rags," which "rakes around in the mud and filth of rabid, unintelligent, pimple-headed criticism of the Administration," and "has hesitated at nothing contemptible and devilish." We cite this as defamatory matter which Gen. Otis has full power to suppress, but which he allows to go unrebuked, for the purpose, we suppose, of instructing the ignorant natives in the amenities of American journalism.

The promotion of Leonard Wood is undoubtedly a preliminary step to his appointment as Military (not Civil) Governor of Cuba. To this appointment everybody who has any knowledge of the condition of affairs in the island must give a hearty assent. While the duties devolving on him if he were appointed Civil Governor would be nearly the same, his powers would be less and his troubles would be augmented by the intense dissatisfaction of the Cubans, some of whom would look upon such an appointment as the destruction of their hopes for independence. They know that military rule must come to an end some time—that it is merely a makeshift. On the other hand, a civil governorship, with the appointing power at Washington, may last as long as it did when the appointing power was at Madrid—and be as disastrous, also. The motives for continuing it would be the same. Politics would always be in search of reasons for prolonging it, because of the places it would supply to Congressmen and bosses for their henchmen. The upshot of the whole matter would be annexation to the United States and perhaps a fresh revolution in the island. Hence we are not surprised to learn that all parties in Cuba desire the military government to continue for the present, under a man of steadiness, of experience, and of humanity.

There is very little enthusiasm, either in Congress or in the country, for the new treaties of reciprocity which have been laid before the Senate. On the other hand, there is very little opposition to them, and the probability is that they will all be ratified in due time. The only decided objection to them comes from the fruit-growers of the Pacific Coast, who protest against the admission of oranges and similar products at reduced rates. They advance the usual objurgation about pauper labor and home markets, but they are not likely to gain much attention for such threadbare arguments. The whole course of American trade is running against them. The absurdity of maintaining high duties on articles which we are exporting to foreign markets and selling in competition with English, German, and French producers, is becoming grotesque, and when these duties are employed to build up Trusts and to compel American consumers to pay more for American goods than foreigners pay for them, the feeling of indignation cannot be altogether repressed, even in the breasts of protectionists. Even Mr. John Wanamaker has put himself in the ranks of the tariff reformers. In his testimony before the Industrial Commission the other day, he said that the worst blow the carpet business in Philadelphia had ever received was the high tariff on carpets, which had stimulated overproduction at home to the ruin of the producers and the severe distress of their operatives. He might have added that the duties on wool had contributed notably to the same result.

The attitude of the free-traders toward the treaties of reciprocity is one of indifference generally. They regard these treaties as attempts to relieve the pinching of the shoe by cutting holes in it here and there—an unscientific method of securing relief, yet better, perhaps, than no relief at all. They are not unwilling that the protectionists should take the lead in demonstrating the advantages of lower duties, believing that every such reduction will lead to others sooner or later. Yet they will not take the initiative in promoting such treaties, since they consider them partial and one-sided, and founded upon private rather than public interests. The drift of opinion in the Republican party on this subject, if not toward free trade, is certainly toward freer trade. The Philadelphia *Ledger* quotes one of the leading protectionists in the Senate as saying:

> "Industrial conditions have changed and are changing every day. The wisdom of the Republican policy has been shown by the building up of great industries in this country to such a point that they can now compete with foreigners, not only in our own markets, but in the markets of the world. This result having been reached, the same degree of protection that was formerly necessary is no longer needed. We can very well enter into agreements with foreign countries to allow certain of their goods to come in free in return for similar concessions on our products. How fast we will go in that direction I cannot say, but I expect to see the United States ultimately living under a revenue tariff, with very little direct protection in it."

Of course, this leading protectionist did not want to have his name used—not yet.

The death of Senator-elect Hayward of Nebraska before he could take his seat, reduces by two the Republican majority in the upper branch of Congress, as the Populist Governor will appoint a member of that party, who will hold the seat until the Legislature shall have a chance to elect, a year from next January. Four seats in the Senate were vacant before Mr. Hayward's death, through the failure last winter of legis-

latures to elect in Pennsylvania and Delaware at the East, and in Utah and California at the West. Gov. Stone is the only one of the four Governors in these States who has yet made an appointment, but, of course, if the Senate shall admit Quay, the other executives will promptly follow this example. Executive appointments in Utah and California would make no difference in the representation of those States as compared with election by the legislatures, since the Governor and majority of the lawmakers in Utah are Democrats, while in California they are Republicans. But the Democrats will gain a seat if the Senate shall admit Quay from Pennsylvania on the credentials which he presents, and then later receive a man from Delaware on similar papers, as the Governor of the latter State, chosen in 1896, is a Democrat, while the Republicans carried the Legislature in 1898, and might have had a Senator sworn in on Monday week if they could have agreed among themselves as to who he should be last winter.

It is already evident that the more sensible and candid among those members of the House who refused to let Representative Roberts of Utah take the oath last week, regret that they were swept off their feet by the wave of popular clamor. The claims which were made for this hasty and revolutionary action do not stand examination, while the arguments in favor of following both the precedents and the obvious dictates of justice, by admitting Roberts and then expelling him if a fair investigation should warrant the step, grow stronger the more carefully they are examined. The situation is made the worse by the fact that the investigation which has been ordered is to be made by a packed committee. It is always the custom in a legislative body, as it is the obvious dictate of justice, that the minority should be allowed representation on every committee. Nearly sixty members voted with Mr. Richardson of Tennessee, the Democratic leader, to let Roberts take his seat and to refer the charges against him to the judiciary committee for investigation, but not one of these men was given a place on the special committee which was finally ordered. This unfairness on the part of Speaker Henderson is only another illustration of the way in which one false step leads to another, in a legislative body as in every other relation of life.

A great deal has been said in the talk concerning this case about the necessity of "preserving the sanctity of the American home," the loudest voices raised being those of editors who have done most to demoralize family life by their newspapers. The truth is that the safety of the home, as of everything else worth preserving, depends upon the maintenance of justice. Every sensible person appreciates this when it is a case of lynch law by a mob, like the shocking one at Maysville, Ky., last week. It is equally true when the principles of lynch law are accepted by Congress, as happened in the House on December 5. The personality of Roberts has no more to do with the issue involved in this case than had that of Jay Gould years ago, when he represented the maintenance of the rights of property in this city. Investigation may show that the claimant of a seat from Utah is an odious wretch, who ought to be expelled by the House; but to refuse him admission on mere allegations of his badness, when he meets all the requirements of the Constitution and the laws for the swearing in of a Representative-elect, is an outrage. The homes of Maysville would be more sacred to-day if the people had allowed the law to take its course in the case of the negro criminal whom the mob burned and tortured to death. In like manner, "the sanctity of the American home" would have been better maintained if Congressmen had visited upon Roberts the punishment which he probably deserves, by expelling him in an orderly and impressive manner, than by violating the principles of justice and offending the sense of fair play.

The most gratifying feature of the first day's debate on the House currency bill was the unloosening of the tongues of Republican members who had hitherto been cringing or speechless whenever the silver question had been under debate. Mr. Dolliver of Iowa is a good example of the transformation that has been wrought in the party since the Sherman act was passed in 1890. Mr. Dolliver says that he voted for that measure, but that he now considers it "an act of unutterable stupidity." When the bill to repeal it was before Congress in 1893, he was in great perplexity, and he went to Senator Sherman himself to obtain some light on the subject. Mr. Sherman told him to shut his eyes and vote for the repeal, adding that all the prophecies he (Sherman) had made concerning the effect of financial measures during twenty years had been contradicted by the events. Mr. Dolliver did not stop with this joint confession for himself and Mr. Sherman. In response to a question whether he would now favor the opening of the mints to silver if an international agreement could be obtained, he replied: "No, sir; I have had my last whirl with silver; I have been humbugged for the last time."

It becomes clearer every day that no issue can be made between parties on the question of Trusts next year. To make such an issue on any question, one party must be for a thing, and the other party against it. This is what happened when the extension of slavery was pushed before the civil war, and again when the reduction of the tariff came up, a dozen years ago. But when the Republican President is ready to denounce Trusts in his message to Congress as vigorously as the leader of the Bryanites himself ever does on the stump, it is quite impossible to make an issue on this matter between the two parties. Even on the narrower ground of what should be done against an evil which all the politicians condemn, there is no such thing as a Republican position and a Democratic position. Bryan himself has always been vague when it came to outlining any policy of positive action, and now one of his followers in the House proposes to postpone all legislation by waiting until the Constitution shall have been amended so as to give Congress explicit powers in the matter. This suggestion by Representative Naphen of Massachusetts really marks the collapse of the attempt by the Bryanites to substitute the Trust issue for "16 to 1."

All Americans have a right to be proud of the Kentucky Democrat who has resisted all the "pressure" which the organization of his party could bring to bear upon him, and has done his duty as the man who had the casting vote in the Board of Election Commissioners. That board, like the law under which it acted, was the creation of Goebel, the "regular" candidate for Governor, and was expected by him to give the certificate of election to the Democratic nominee, even if it had to tamper with the returns in order to accomplish that result. There were three members, and both of the Democrats were supposed to be men who would "stand by their party." But Mr. Ellis proved to be a man who put his duty to the State first, and he joined with the Republican Commissioner in awarding the certificate of election to the Republican candidate for Governor, who had a plurality of 2,383 on the face of the returns. He did this, too, although he has always been a strong partisan, and although there were plausible grounds for going behind the returns, if there had been legal warrant for such action. His own comment upon the act shows how hard was the task, and how great the credit which he deserves:

> "This has been a hard thing for me. I say frankly I did not like to do this thing; but under the law and the evidence there is nothing else I can do and be an honest man. I know there are plenty of men who think that, strong Democratic partisan as I have always been, I should have remained a Democratic partisan and voted otherwise. But I have done what my conscience and my long career as a lawyer tells me is right, and I will do otherwise for no man or upon any consideration."

It was inevitable that the Mazet com-

mittee should close its labors in a general "row" among its members and its counsel as to who is responsible for the failure of the investigation. There is no doubt in anybody's mind as to where the responsibility belongs. The committee was never designed for any other purpose than a partisan inquiry, and its Republican majority had no idea of making any other use of it. Like all investigations, however, it got beyond the control of its conductors, for nobody can foresee, when the probe is applied to political methods in this city, what the outcome will be. This committee started out with the intention of exposing Tammany and Croker, very stupidly overlooking the notorious fact that Platt and his machine had been so closely allied with Tammany for many years that it would be virtually impossible to expose the doings of the one and leave the doings of the other unrevealed. They had not been in session a week, consequently, before they disclosed the fact that the two bosses and their followers were engaged in precisely the same kind of political business, and that when occasion required they united their forces for the plunder of the city. This was a result which naturally greatly incensed Mr. Platt, and he will never forgive the Republican members of the committee for allowing the showing to be made. We doubt very much, also, if he will ever forgive Mr. Moss for saying that he stampeded the committee finally by demanding the calling of Mr. Platt to the witness-stand. It will be extremely interesting to note the severe regard for the State's interests which the Republican majority of the Legislature will develop when the question of Mr. Moss's compensation comes before them.

The calm way in which Mr. Odell announces that the constabulary bill is dead, even before the Legislature has been convened, shows how completely our form of government has been changed. Formerly all questions of legislation were decided by the members of the Legislature at Albany. Now Mr. Platt and Mr. Odell decide them in this city or in Washington. "When I was in Washington," said Mr. Odell, on Thursday, "I saw Senator Platt, and, after looking the ground over, we decided that the constabulary bill would not be introduced. The organization will therefore not stand for the bill, and this information will be given to Gov. Roosevelt, who has always been in accord with us." Any bill which the organization does not "stand for" has not a ghost of a chance of becoming law, no matter what its character. This is so well established a rule of procedure that it is really a waste of time to have the Legislature sit for a longer period than is necessary for passing the supply bills. All general legislation can be transacted much more expeditiously either in Mr. Platt's rooms at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, or at No. 49 Broadway. That is where it is really transacted now, and it would be cheaper for the State to pay him a salary for his "work," than to keep up the cumbersome and obsolete machinery of a Legislature of 200 members.

Those English newspapers are wide of the mark which attribute to resentment of Chamberlain's speech the coldness of the President's references to Great Britain, in his message, and his pointed warning against "entangling alliances." This was clearly a line which the Administration had long ago determined to take. In the Ohio campaign too much was made of McKinley's susceptibility to English blandishments to leave any doubt that his next public appearance would be in the rôle of a cool and rather distrustful observer of English wiles. His message was, in this respect, only an echo of Secretary Hay's letter to the alarmed Irish Republicans and German Republicans of Ohio, assuring them that no "alliance" existed. Foreign editors and diplomats would do well to note that Mr. McKinley is an exceedingly shrewd politician, and that all his public utterances are primarily designed for home consumption. He has no objection, we presume, to the English comments on his studied neglect, or to the official pleasure in Berlin at his warm expressions of regard for Germany; but the real target he was aiming at was, of course, the disaffected Irish and German votes in our own country.

Gen. Methuen's successive battles are regarded by English military experts as "very expensive fighting," yet they point out that there was nothing else for him to do but to make his costly assaults on the intrenched positions of the Boers. His column is going in light marching order. He is, therefore, compelled to cling to the line of the railway for his commissary supplies and ammunition. Slow flanking movements are, besides, out of the question if he is to accomplish his main purpose, the speedy relief of Kimberley. Thus it is maintained that he is playing the game correctly, though at such cost. This is the reflection with which Gen. White in Ladysmith is also said to comfort himself. It is hard to sit still in garrison under daily bombardment, but if that is the correct game, the thing must be done. An added reason why Ladysmith was not abandoned, and why White was ordered to hold the town at all hazards, appears in the leaking out of the fact that the Government had accumulated there immense stores of various kinds. Their value is said to be hard on to $5,000,000. To have allowed them to fall into the hands of the Boers would have been a greater military disaster than any which has yet befallen the British troops in defending them.

To develop and defend Germany's expanding empire, the Emperor calls upon the Reichstag for a doubled navy. The voice is that of Hohenlohe, but the hands are those of the Kaiser. He distinctly foreshadowed the new naval programme in his speech at Hamburg last summer. At first sight the thing seemed impossible. The naval enlargement of 1898 had been wrung from the Reichstag only after desperate efforts, and after what seemed to be a solemn promise that nothing more of the kind would be asked. Prince Hohenlohe declared that the bill known as the "sexennate" naval bill, introduced in the Reichstag in December, 1897, would be "binding on the Federated Governments"; and no longer ago than January 30 of this year Admiral Tirpitz assured the Deputies in behalf of the Ministry of Marine that the rumor of a fresh scheme of naval construction was "not to be taken seriously." Here it is, however, and Von Bülow can only say that when he vowed he would ask for no more ships he did not think he should live to do so. Our war with Spain has opened his eyes in some mysterious way to the need of a larger German navy, and that the Reichstag is now asked dutifully to vote, with the comfortable assurance that no new taxes will be necessary to foot the bill. The money is to be borrowed, and the Treasury asserts that expanding revenues are fully sufficient to meet the interest charges without fresh imposts.

It is by no means certain, however, that the ambitious naval programme will have clear sailing in the Reichstag. Its terms have been practically known for some weeks, and have been vigorously discussed in the German press. Several powerful Parliamentary groups are bitterly hostile to the measure. The Social Democrats and the left Radical wing, under Richter, are against it on principle; and the Clerical Centrists oppose it also. On the other hand, the Conservatives, the National Liberals, and the Moderate Radicals of the school of Dr. Barth accept the general principle of the bill, which is, of course, strongly supported by industrial interests and exuberant patriots of all kinds. The Reichstag has just contemptuously rejected the Emperor's bill against the right of Socialists to hold public meetings, and his naval bill may fare no better at its hands. But he announces his intention to dissolve the Reichstag and appeal to the country in case the greater navy commensurate with the needs of Greater Germany is refused him. In the present prosperity of the nation, the probabilities are that a new Reichstag would give him his ships if the present one declines to.

LYNCHING.

The horrible affair in Maysville, Kentucky, on Wednesday of last week, calls special attention to one of the most valuable portions, if not the most valuable portion, of Booker Washington's book on 'The Future of the American Negro'—what he says about lynching. It is valuable because it is the part which most seriously calls for immediate action by the American people, and it is, probably for that very reason, the part that has received the least attention from the newspapers. On all subjects, we love generalities which do not entail obligations that will interfere with "business."

What Mr. Washington says is, in substance, this: That "many good people in the South and also in the North have got the idea that lynching is resorted to for one crime only." Now for the facts. During the past year, 118 were lynched in the South, and 9 in the North and West. Of these, 102 were negroes, 23 were whites, and 2 were Indians. Only 24 of the entire number were charged with rape, or assaults upon women; all the others were charged with offences for the punishment of which the criminal law is instituted and courts established in civilized countries. In other words, 81 of these unfortunates were executed without trial by mobs actually engaged in the work of spreading civilization in the Philippines—of all places in the world—and who at home are squatted on "glory-crowned heights." During one week last spring, Mr. Washington says, he kept a careful record of the lynching of 13 negroes in three States who were all accused of murder or house-burning only. He cites another year, 1892, when 241 persons were lynched in the whole United States. One hundred and sixty were negroes and five were women. Well, out of these only 57 were charged with assaults on women, so that 184 were executed without trial by mobs, for other crimes. To sum it all up, he says, within a period of six years, 900 persons have been lynched in the Southern States. He does not give the proportion in figures of those who suffered for assaults on women for offences ordinarily triable by the courts, but they were numerous.

The Associated Press tells us nearly every week that the practice of lynching is extending to white men also, and that lynchings are attended largely by youths, and sometimes even by children. There is a story of a boy who, returning home, told his mother "that he had seen a man hanged, and he did *so* want to see one burned." In the latest lynching, in Kentucky, the victim's eyes were destroyed with acids, and women and children fed the fire in which he was burned!

We thus see that the evil is spreading, and that the cause assigned for it by apologists is not the true one. It is purely and simply a descent into barbarism by people who pretend to be civilized, and, not only that, but are pretending to spread civilization. The recent mutilation and slicing of the negro in Georgia shows that plain lynching was not enough to satisfy the savage instincts of the whites. This had simply dulled their palates. They needed to have them tickled by the torture of a human being—which shows, we think, that, if this practice goes on, Booker Washington, or somebody, will have to write another book on a still more important subject, "The Future of the American White."

It is no wonder the clergy call for more Bible-reading in the schools, but they will find that Bible-reading in the schools will not save them, unless the adult whites can show more regard for life, property, and order. The only sign we have as yet seen of reaction against this barbarism is the rescue by the constituted authorities in South Carolina of five negroes accused of an assault on women, from the hands of a mob, and the bringing of them to legal trial before a court. At this trial four were acquitted, thus casting a dreadful light on the fate of hundreds of others who have suffered at the hands of lynchers. How many unfortunate wretches must thus have been done to death whom even a slight judicial inquiry would have saved? Methodists and Baptists among us hold up their hands in horror over the atrocities of the Inquisition in Spain and of arbitrary power everywhere; but what were the atrocities of the Inquisition in Spain, and what are the atrocities of arbitrary power *anywhere*, compared to the atrocities of lynching mobs among us? The Inquisition at least gave the victim the form of a trial, and there is no arbitrary power except Turkey during a rebellion which does not favor its victims with a drum-head court-martial. But fancy being dragged to death, often in the darkness of the night, by a roaring mob, whom no prayers would pierce and no evidence convince, for they must have their diabolical excitement!

We have allowed this to go on, year after year, with slight notice from the authorities, and not much from the newspaper press, which may be said to have adopted for its motto the Italian inscription on the sun-dial: "*Nessun' ore ricordo che le serene*," which may be freely translated, "I speak only of pleasant things." During the Philippine crusade this has been particularly the case. It does not do to tell a strenuous people that they are not doing their proper work.

"STRENUOUS" EXCITEMENT.

A distinguished European psychologist who discusses human frailties with the calm of a doctor considering symptoms of disease, while talking last summer called attention to the steady growth of brutality in amusements. He said that in the French democracy at least there was a distinct return in this respect to the Middle Ages. He pointed out that the progress towards refinement and humanity during the fifty years that followed the Revolutionary wars was made while the intellectual classes, or, as he called them, *les classes dirigeantes*, were in the ascendant. Since the democracy has come into power the direction of the tide has been reversed. He pointed to the bull-fights as an illustration. They had always been regarded in France as the amusement of a half-civilized and declining nation. Universal suffrage had not been long established in France before they made their appearance at Arles and other places in the neighborhood of Spain. The sport is prohibited by the French law, but no one is empowered to prevent it. All that can be done is to punish by a fine after the act the persons who get up a bull-fight; but the fine is a trifle compared to the gate-money, so that no attention is paid to it. Bull-fighting had, accordingly, made its appearance further north, in Paris and even in Boulogne, where it draws crowds from England. The philosopher said that it would be difficult to get the law amended, owing to the Representatives' fear of the bull-fighting vote. Since then his theory has received some confirmation by the appearance in Paris of *le boxe* and *la savate*. *La savate* is an entertainment which consists in kicking your opponent in the lower part of his body, or, in fact, in any place that the foot can reach, from which the boxer is precluded by the Marquis of Queensberry's rules. The first match in Paris drew a paying crowd, and *la savate* was easily victorious. We may be sure the experiment will soon be repeated. The rules will probably be revised so as to enable the English boxer to hit below the belt.

These illustrations might be multiplied, but what would be the use? We are greatly afraid that the French philosopher is even now adding to their number from what he has seen going on in America, where also democracy is triumphant. The rapid growth of athletics has, of course, developed a certain contempt for wounds and bruises, whether inflicted on one's self or on other people. One of the most awful facts of human history is the thirst of man for the blood of his fellow-man. He is the only animal who "delights in" and is proud of killing his congeners. We fear the transports of joy with which the war with Spain was received, especially in the West, would not have been displayed over the liberation of Cuba by peaceable means. Many people wanted the excitement of plenty of bloodshed, wounded to nurse, and battle hymns to sing; and, alas, it is a passion on which politicians are always ready to play. Another sign

of the times in which our philosopher will delight is the growth of pugilism in the State of New York, the difficulty (so like that in France about bull-fighting) of suppressing it by law, the election of a fighting Governor to our highest office, his secret sympathy with the pugilistic ring, and the conversion of a room in the Executive Mansion into a sort of studio for learning the art of "knocking out," which we may be sure will figure as illustrations of our philosopher's thesis in his forthcoming work. And his thesis will be that the rapid increase of the multitude, which is always the less instructed portion of the community, naturally increases the temptation both of politicians, legislators, and showmen, to cater to their tastes.

Is it "going too far" to suppose that lynching, which was begun, doubtless, to supply the defects in the administration of the law, is now pursued as a mode of excitement intended to mitigate the dulness of Southern and Western towns? We have not the slightest doubt that this has had much to do with overcoming the old Christian horror of unnecessary wars. This dulness has been undoubtedly rendered harder to bear by the improvements in the means of communication, and the increased spread of cheap literature. When the reader of the cheap magazine hears of the glorious things which are occurring in courts and palaces and on battlefields all over the earth, his discontent with the sight of his own quiet streets and the monotony of his own sad existence is intensified, and he longs for a sensation, no matter of what kind, just as the Frenchman longs for a "bagarre" or "manifestation." But it must, if possible, have a little bloodshed in it. There must be bloodshed in every strenuous life. As Mr. Dooley said of the French trial, every witness must be sworn, else how could he commit perjury? So a strenuous American must stab or shoot somebody, else how could he show his valor? And do you suppose that the children and youths who accompany the "niggers" on their way to be burnt and tortured will grow up Christian gentlemen of the old type? The best thing that can be said of "nigger" torture is that it is the latest sensation for the strenuous world.

THE TREASURY REPORT.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury possesses an unusual degree of interest this year, by reason of the great changes wrought in the public income and outgo by new taxes and expanding business on the one hand and by the wars in Cuba and the Philippine Islands on the other. The receipts for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1899, were within a small fraction of $611,000,000, and the expenditures a fraction more than $700,000,000—a deficit of $89,000,000. The postal service ($95,000,000) is included in the totals. Of the receipts, $273,000,000 came from internal revenue, and $206,000,000 from customs, and $12,000,000 from Pacific Railroad refunds. Of the expenditures, about $230,000,000 was for the army, $64,000,000 for the navy, and $139,000,000 for pensions. There was an increase of $116,000,000 in receipts and of $161,000,000 in expenditures, as compared with the previous year. For the four months of the current fiscal year, there has been a surplus of $7,000,000, and the Secretary expects that this will be increased to $40,000,000 for the full year. He says that it has been impossible in recent years, on account of deficient revenues, to comply with the sinking-fund requirement of existing law, but that he has set apart $25,000,000 for the purchase of bonds at the market price under the statute.

This is a very gratifying exhibit. It is due in about equal parts to the new taxes and to the revived prosperity of the country. These two factors have made Mr. Gage's task a much easier one than his predecessor had to face.

Next in importance to the balance-sheet is the Secretary's discussion of the currency question, and to this we are glad to give our unqualified approval, both as to the thoughts embodied in it and the manner of their expression. Mr. Gage has been an unswerving advocate of the gold standard not only during his official career, but ever since this question became an issue in national politics. His previous reports have left nothing to be desired on this score. In the report before us he limits himself to a brief but earnest recommendation that Congress declare all of the Government's obligations, whether due now or at a future time, payable in gold coin of the present weight and fineness, and that it be made mandatory on the Treasury to keep the two kinds of money, silver and gold, at a parity under all conditions.

The larger part of the Secretary's discussion of the currency question relates to the banks, and here he shows a leaning toward a credit currency of the kind recommended by the Indianapolis Commission. He begins with a sketch of the processes by which banknotes were first brought into use experimentally, being a part of the operation of exchanging the banker's credit for that of his customers. It is immaterial to the banker whether the claims held by the public against him exist in the form of notes or book credits. His liabilities are the same in either case, and ordinarily they are no more pressing in one form than in the other. Why should not he and his customers be allowed to exercise their choice in this particular unhindered by the law? Evidently, because the public, *i. e.*, the noteholders, are not familiar with banking in general, and have no means of knowing whether the banker's assets are good or bad. Hence they are liable to be cheated. The law rightly protects them. It may protect them in different ways. It may do so by a deposit of bonds beforehand, as under our national banking law, or by a first lien on assets and unlimited liability of shareholders, as in Scotland, or by a mutual insurance fund, as in Canada, or by other devices which experience has proved to be sufficient. Mr. Gage points out the fact that we had good banking systems as well as bad ones before the civil war, and he recommends that these be studied, with a view to securing a banknote system that shall be both elastic and safe, both responsive to the varying needs of business and at all times redeemable in gold.

It may be asked why it is necessary to discuss this matter at all. Have we not a good banknote currency now? Is it not absolutely secure? Why should we be talking about a change in a system which works well already? Apart from the consideration that the present system is inelastic and unresponsive to the varying but legitimate demands of business, the fact stares us in the face that the national debt is likely to be paid off within a very few years. The bonds owned by the banks will be called in and the security for their circulating notes will disappear. This is the reason, probably, why the Senate Finance Committee proposes to extend for thirty years the bonds that are soon falling due. We observe that Secretary Gage does not refer to the refunding scheme in his report, and this is sufficient evidence that the plan did not originate with him. The refunding scheme can hardly pass the House. It is too full of mystery to be gulped down at one mouthful with all the other things embraced in the currency-reform measure. It is not the habit of Congress to meet any crisis so long as it can be avoided. This one can be avoided a few years longer, and it will be, but meanwhile people should be considering means and methods of issuing banknotes without bond security, as other nations do. Secretary Gage has done well to turn the public mind into that channel.

THE GREAT GODDESS PROSPERITY.

Most civilized countries are just now riding on the flood-tide of prosperity. We are not entitled to thank God that others are worse off than ourselves. England is snapping her fingers at the cost of a bloody war, so overflowing are her coffers. In France the tall chimneys are smoking in a way to please Thiers, if he were here to see his wish fulfilled. Germany is getting rich so rapidly that the mediævalisms of the Emperor are forgiven; anything can be pardoned a ruler who brings the nation wealth. Even in Italy, the Minister of Finance reports a surplus as grateful as it is rare. Prosperity is thus a world-phenomenon at the present moment.

It also reveals in all nations striking characteristics in common. One of these is the tendency to exalt, or degrade, government into a solicitor of business. Presidents and Kaisers and Prime Ministers take on more and more the rôle of a commercial traveller. Admiral Beresford went to China, Emperor William to Constantinople and Jerusalem; President McKinley acquires the Philippines—all exactly in the spirit and with the methods of a drummer. There is the same eye for business, the same eagerness to "place" an order, the same fierce competition, and, we must add, unscrupulousness in securing trade at all hazards. That was a terrible caricature which M. Veber made in Paris in connection with the Kaiser's journey to Palestine—William and the Sultan gloating over the butchered Armenians, and exchanging presents and railway concessions. What might not an artist make of our own William striking hands with a polygamous and slaveholding Sultan—all to book an order for goods! No, the modern prosperous nation is not squeamish about the source of the gold that flows to its till. It may smell of blood, but what of that, with all our handy disinfectants and deodorizers? If the balance in the ledger is on the right side, we need not scrutinize too closely either our laws and treaties or our manners and morals. "Let us alone," is the cry that prophets and preachers hear in answer to all their protests; and it is the cry not of dreamy lotus-eaters, but of beings bearing an uncomfortable resemblance to the dwellers in Epicurus's sty.

No one can be ten minutes in company with active men of the world, nowadays, without being struck by their passionate absorption in the golden opportunities for trade now before our country, and by their general moral obtuseness as respects all questions of national right or wrong and State and civic corruption. They look at you with mingled amazement and impatience if you speak of such things. Are we not all getting rich? Then what can there possibly be to complain of? It is this attitude of "Who cares?" and "What does it matter?" which fills one with dismay, and arouses doubt if, after all, adversity be not, as Bacon said, the true blessing. Prosperity won and used in the right way is an undoubted blessing. Where increasing wealth means increasing comfort and opportunity and education for all classes; where the resulting good is in widest commonalty spread, and the new leisure and power are used to drill the raw world for the march of mind; where ideals are heightened and private and public morals purified as men are left more free from the struggle for existence to enter upon the struggle for an enlightened society and good government —then, indeed, abounding prosperity is the delight of philosopher and patriot. But if mounting wealth means declining civic sensitiveness; if we erect prosperity into a fetish like the Goddess Diana of the Ephesians, before which we must all go hushed, not daring to point out the thieving done in its name; if, as our bank accounts expand, our consciences must contract, and we are expected to "dodge and palter with a public crime," we cannot too soon go to the poets and the prophets to learn to what frightful catastrophe our pride of wealth is hastening us. It is written, not in vain, that Sheol hath enlarged her desire, and opened her mouth without measure to swallow up a people drunk with power and gold.

One thing is sure. The lean years will follow the fat. Amid all the flaunting banners of modern civilization, it knows that the red flag lurks just around the corner. Crop failures or industrial disturbances may at any moment launch upon us an army of the unemployed and unfed. And be sure that they will practise in those pinching times the gospel our lives have been preaching to them in these prosperous times. Can we then turn about and bid them be patient and moderate, when we have been setting them the example of headlong and unwinking greed? Can we ask them then to consider the public good, when we have been neglecting it for the sake of private gain? Can we appeal, against their passions, to courts and legislature and army, all which we have utilized, or allowed to be debased, to gratify our passions? These are questions which make, to the attentive ear, the prosperous earth sound hollow under our tread. Of the complete absorption of our best men in money-getting, with their impatient dismissal, as complete, of all questions of public purity, justice, and honor, we can only say, as Wordsworth said of the similar insensate and swinish rush of Englishmen to be rich early in this century, "This is idolatry." England had a fearful bill to pay for her idolatrous worship of war-bought prosperity, and so shall we have a sorrowful reckoning day unless we smash our idols betimes.

OUR COLONIAL PRODUCTS.

The beet-sugar men have risen to protest against the admission of cane sugar from Porto Rico and the Philippines free of duty. They are gathering unto themselves the producers of tobacco, rice, and semi-tropical fruits, whose industries are threatened by the competition of these islands. At a meeting held at Omaha on December 5, Mr. Herbert Myrick made a speech, saying that domestic agriculture, as regards these specialties, is about to have "a fight for life." The immediate cause of alarm is the report of the Secretary of War, endorsed by the President in his recent message, recommending free trade with Porto Rico and a reduction of duties on sugar from Cuba. If these concessions are made, Mr. Myrick says, free trade with Cuba and the Philippines may be expected, and then farewell to our rising beet-sugar industry, not to mention tobacco and the other things which can be produced so much more cheaply there than here. "It might be possible," says Mr. Myrick, "for American farmers to raise sugar beets in competition with the coolie labor of the tropics, if our farmers were content to live on an even lower scale than their coolie competitors; but under our code of morality this is not to be thought of."

In order to prevent this degradation of American farm labor, he advocates the immediate formation of a league of sugar, tobacco, rice, and fruit growers, cigar manufacturers, and truck farmers, to oppose every movement for the introduction of these articles from Porto Rico, etc., free of duty. He believes that if the issue can be fairly presented to the American people, "not 1 per cent. of the voters will favor any such prostitution of American agriculture and manufactures for the benefit of colonial syndicates." We think that Mr. Myrick's position is on firm ground. If we are to have free trade, let us have it all around the board, and above board too, not in little spots and by indirect methods. This is a great question, and one which involves much more than the free admission of sugar and tobacco from our insular appendages. It involves the whole question of the "open door" in Eastern Asia. If our tariff applies at once to the Philippines, giving us an advantage over everybody else in the trade of those islands, how can we demand from Russia, for example, equal trade rights in North China? And in such case shall we not be taxing the Filipinos for the benefit of the United States?

Mr. Myrick's voice is not the only one that has been lifted up in protest against the free admission of the products of Porto Rico and the Philippines. The New York *Press*, a true-blue tariff organ, sounded the alarm immediately after the President's message was received. His admonition that it is our plain duty to abolish all customs tariffs between the United States and Porto Rico and give her products free access to our markets is considered by the *Press* "the greatest victory for free trade since George M. Dallas, as Vice-President of the United States, gave the deciding vote for the adoption of the Walker tariff." In another article the same paper says that "President McKinley has struck the heaviest blow at the American tariff system which it has ever received from a Republican." If this policy is to prevail, it predicts disaster to the Republican party in all the Western agricultural States, including Ohio. It scores Secretary Wilson for his "wretched juggling play on the word 'imported.'" The simple-minded Secretary of Agriculture seems to think that $200,000,000 of tropical productions coming to our markets

from Porto Rico and the Philippines will do us no harm, if our flag waves over those islands; but if they were free, or if they belonged to Spain, the damage would be immense, because, in the latter case, they would be "imported." Bless your heart, that is what we all thought a few years ago. We were all agreed that it would be disastrous to import Canadian barley and Canadian lumber while that country remains attached to Great Britain, but it would be beneficial to receive them if Canada were a part of the United States. That was the orthodox doctrine a little while ago. The only fault of Secretary Wilson is that he adheres to these earlier lessons. His political economy was interwoven with his patriotism in a manner that was likely to prove disastrous in an emergency like the present, and to call for reproof from wiser and cooler heads like the editor of the *Press*. We are glad to see that the latter is alive to the occasion and does not hesitate to apply the rod to both the Secretary and his chief.

Back of the question of the tariff policy to be applied to the islands lies the question of constitutional law. The Constitution of the United States provides that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." Language could not be plainer than this. If we agree that Porto Rico and the Philippines became a part of the United States immediately on the ratification of the treaty with Spain, then the levying of any duties in those islands different from those of our tariff, or the levying of any duties at all on goods from the United States, has been illegal. If we turn to the decisions of the Supreme Court, we shall find cases where it has been held that a treaty of cession of foreign territory to the United States does *ipso facto* spread our customs laws over such territory. On the other hand, it may be said that these decisions are fifty years old, that all the judges who concurred in pronouncing them are dead, that the circumstances of the nation are now different, and that the law must adapt itself to the nation's progress. Notwithstanding these old decisions, it is not unlikely that the courts to-day would uphold any action that Congress might adopt, or any that the Executive might adopt in the absence of action by Congress. Therefore, it must not be considered settled that our customs duties necessarily apply to Porto Rico and the Philippines as a consequence of the treaty with Spain. Nor is it desirable that they should so apply. We are committed to the policy of the "open door" in the East Indies, and it is difficult to see how we can adopt a different one in the West. If our tariff is spread over the Philippines and Porto Rico, we are estopped from complaining against any discriminating policy which European Powers may choose to apply in Chinese territory controlled by them.

ROUSSET'S HISTORY OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

PARIS, November 18, 1899.

It is painful to look back on a period of defeat and reverses such as the unfortunate war of 1870-1871; but just as we are recommended by moralists to make examinations of our conscience and remind ourselves of our sins and misdoings, we ought to look back on periods marked by national catastrophes and to take a lesson from the past. The war of 1870-1871 belongs already to history, and we can judge of its developments with more impartiality than we could have done at first. We have also at our service a multitude of documents which were wanting just after the conclusion of peace; we are able to compare the French documents with the German documents, and especially with the very accurate and precise accounts given by the German staff, a document of the first order, and, we may say, of an almost mathematical exactitude. There is already a whole literature of the war which it would take pages to catalogue completely.

One of the most useful institutions created in France after the war was what is called the "High School of War." It was felt that the old "État-Major" had not been quite equal to its task, and that it was not sufficiently numerous. Officers of all arms are admitted to the High School after an examination; they there go through a course of special studies, all bearing on military matters, and, after another and very severe examination, they receive at the end of their studies a brevet which gives them a title to be employed in the staff in time of war. Among the professors of this High School is Col. Rousset, who published, chiefly for his pupils but also for the general public, a very remarkable 'General History of the Franco-German War.' The work had so much success that Col. Rousset has just published a second edition, much improved and with many valuable additions. The first volume only has appeared, with the subtitle of "The Imperial Army." It extends from the beginning of the war to the first battles fought before Metz.

It opens with a chapter on the causes of the war, which Col. Rousset finds chiefly in the series of questions raised by Bismarck's desire to establish the Prussian hegemony, and to satisfy the growing aspirations of the German people towards unity. These aspirations were sometimes helped, more often thwarted, by the policy of Napoleon. After Sadowa, it became evident that war was inevitable between France and Prussia, and the French Government most imprudently furnished Prince Bismarck with the occasion for which he was waiting. The most foolish and frivolous pretext was seized by Napoleon's Government, and war was declared against Prussia on July 18, 1870.

What was, at that moment, the state of the French army? The law of 1832, the work of Louis Philippe and of the illustrious Marshal Jourdan, had ceased to be in force. This law fixed the duration of the service at seven years, and divided the army into the active and the reserve; the Chamber fixed every year the number of men called to the active army, according to the necessities of the budget. Such as it was, this law gave in 1848 to the Provisional Government an army of 500,000 men. Several changes were made in the law of 1832 during the Second Empire: service in the active army was reduced to five years, in the reserves to four years, and a National Guard was created. The system of substitutes was abolished. The National Guard was called *mobile*, and it was enacted that, in time of war, it should form part of the active army. In 1870 the organization of the *mobile* remained a dead letter. The active army, war once declared, amounted to 639,748 men, but only on paper; and there remained, after deducting the necessary garrison troops, only about 300,000 to make a campaign. "We were thus," says M. Rousset, "at the very beginning, in a state of numerical inferiority." He shows besides that the organization of the army and the character of the great commands were defective. There was no effective or rational preparation for what now goes under the name of mobilization, and in this respect the Germans were far ahead of us.

Gen. Thoumas, in his book on 'The Transformation of the French Army,' has criticised severely the imperial army of 1870, with regard to its intrinsic qualities. "The law of 1855," he says, "destroyed the precious homogeneity secured by the law of 1832. There remained, it is true, in the ranks a quantity of good soldiers, but there were also mediocre ones, and if the devotion of the regiments to the country and the flag continued to be undeniable, it was no longer supported by the totality, as was the case in Africa and in the Crimea, where every man did prodigies. The quality had diminished, therefore, as well as the quantity." As for the officers, Gen. Thoumas says:

> "Study was not held in honor; officers spent their time at the café; such as might have stayed at home to study would have been suspected of affecting to live away from their comrades. . . . As if this cause of diminution was not enough, literature and the theatre played their part. A novelist of talent invented a ridiculous type of a captain, and, to the good public, all captains became this type. The generals were, to the same public, confounded with the ridiculous type of Gen Boum [of the "Grande Duchesse"], an operatic personage imagined by two men of wit."

This same process of ridiculing, in novels or on the stage, the officers of the army, has been going on since the war. The "Belle Hélène" has again been put on the stage, and will be played, with an extraordinary *mise en scène*, during the entire Exhibition. New types of officers and non-commissioned officers and ridiculous types of common soldiers have been popularized. Gen. Thoumas attaches, perhaps, too much importance to this view of his subject. He says himself, at the end of his criticism: "However, the French army still had enough of what remained of its pristine virtues to be victorious; so much so that, notwithstanding the number and intelligence of its adversaries, it would have been victorious if it had been commanded."

That it was not commanded becomes only too obvious when the campaign of 1870 is studied in its details. The French infantry had an excellent weapon, superior to the German, an admirable *morale;* but it wanted two things, numbers and science. It had not been made familiar with the tactics necessitated by the new weapon. "The cavalry, in 1870, was in a state of great inferiority in the triple point of view of instruction,

remounting, and numbers. The responsibility which fell on it was effaced by torrents of blood nobly shed." The French artillery had an inferior *matériel*, defective tactics, a bad apportionment on the battlefield. In short, since the Crimean campaign. the potential value of the army had been constantly diminishing.

It was not so with the German army. After Sadowa the first care of Prussia consisted in augmenting its army and in using its preponderating influence in Germany, so as to utilize the troops of its confederates. Military conventions made with Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Baden had added three corps d'armée to the Prussian corps. After 1860 the Prussian army proper included 370,000 men in active service, in time of war, besides 100,000 men in the *dépôts*, and 150,000 men of the Landwehr well instructed and armed. "It was enormous, and not a single Power in Europe had attained these numbers." M. Rousset explains at length in what technical points the German army was more efficient; he insists especially on the character of the high command, on its organization, on the efficiency of the artillery and its superiority to the French, and on the high qualities of the Landwehr, which formed an immense reserve of well-instructed soldiers. With the corps d'armée of the confederate southern States, Prussia had more than 500,000 men with 1,500 guns to place in the first line against barely 300,000 men, armed with insufficient artillery. She had, besides, an army of the second line of nearly 190,000 men, against whom France had nothing to oppose. The disproportion of forces was so great and so evident that it cannot be conceived how the Imperial Government could rush as it did into war. It was a desperate venture. The war party counted too much upon the prestige of an army which had triumphed in the Crimea and in Italy.

The mobilization of an army is the series of operations which places it on a war footing, completes it, and transforms it into an instrument ready for service. Concentration is the second act of the drama, and consists in transporting the mobilized troops to the scene of their future operations, according to a secret plan prepared by the general staff. These two successive operations were made with much disorder in the campaign of 1870, and consequently much too slowly. The Prussian mobilization, on the contrary, long and well prepared, was effected with mathematical rapidity and regularity. In seven days the infantry regiments were put on a war footing, the cavalry regiments in ten days, the artillery in eleven days. The Germans formed three armies, one of 72,000 men between Trier and Saarbrück; the second of 252,000 in the centre; the third of 182,000 men, between Landau and Germersheim. On August 3 the King of Prussia could dispose of 510,670 men, of 152,000 horses, of 1,206 guns. The great fault, according to M. Rousset, of the French plan of operations lay in the belief that the choice of good positions secured success. The position of Wörth had been marked beforehand in Alsace; in Lorraine another position had been marked between Sarreguemines and St. Avold. "There are," says M Rousset, "no good positions against an enemy determined to attack them." While Moltke said to his officers, "Attack the enemy wherever you meet him," the generals who prepared the French plan of campaign thought too much of defensive positions, and to this preconceived idea can partly be attributed the defeats of Froeschwiller and Spicheren.

I will not go into the details of the first actions of the war; they will be found abundantly in M. Rousset's valuable work. The first operations at Saarbrück, the battle of Wissembourg, the battle of Froeschwiller, the retreat on Châlons, the battle of Spicheren, the battle of Borny, fill the second part of a volume which will prove very instructive to all military men, and has a general interest that need not be insisted upon.

Correspondence.

OUR DUTY IN DILEMMA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One of your correspondents, in your issue of last week, asks, in view of the present political situation, whether we shall "choose to be foolish or to be wicked"; and you advise him "to wait." Possibly, if the question had been put in different form, your answer might have been more satisfactory.

There may be as great an interval between two enormous evils as between evil and good; there may be as solemn and imperative a duty to choose between such evils at one moment as to choose between evil and good at another. It cannot be foolish to discriminate between a fault and a crime; between an error of the head and one of the heart; between a temporary disease and one which is radical and permanent; between a national policy which is politically and economically unsound, and one which assails the vitals of the republic and essentially destroys it.

Now your correspondent, and probably a majority of your readers, including the writer, who has been under the education of the *Nation* for the past thirty years, have been doing a great deal of waiting, whatever form it may have taken, and have thought that the patriotic course. But waiting has its legitimate limits. However much we may regret it, we cannot avoid the conclusion that the issues for the next Presidential campaign are made up, the candidates selected. The man who waits too long wastes his influence. No one seems to have a keener appreciation of that fact than the President. He may fairly be regarded as the shrewdest, the most astute, and (tested by the severest standards) one of the most unscrupulous politicians who ever occupied the Presidential chair. It seems to have been a part of his policy not to wait, but to "stampede" public sentiment—to shift the mass of inert and mobile voters who are near the fulcrum of the see-saw to his own side on the question of imperialism; and no one can have watched closely the trend of public sentiment and avoid the conclusion that he has been to a certain degree successful.

Perhaps, therefore, it would be better to advise your correspondent, and all others who like him see a great interval between a possible financial error—I say possible, for few of us believe that free silver is probable, in any event—and a policy which absolutely destroys the ideals which have made us a nation, not to wait, but to face the situation courageously, and to use their voices, their pens, and their votes to prevent the wickedness which they clearly perceive. Frank W. Lewis.

West Newton, Mass., December 5, 1899.

A GOLD VOTE FOR BRYAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read Mr. Le Moyne's letter in your issue of November 30 with considerable interest. Believing as he does that our choice next year will be only to be foolish or to be wicked, I find no difficulty, as a Cleveland gold Democrat, in taking the foolish end of the dilemma. The next House and Senate, whatever else they may be, are anti-free-silver. The election, therefore, of Mr. Bryan cannot possibly bring in its train the evils the fear of which drove so many of us to vote for McKinley in 1896, and can and will prevent much of the threatened raid of Hanna and his conspirators on the Treasury. We voted for a gold standard and got—Hanna, the McKinley tariff, and Imperialism. I, for one, will chance Bryan next year, if the candidates are, as seems most probable, the same as in 1896.

James F. Burns.

Hopkinsville, Ky., December 8, 1899.

THE GROUND OF THE OPPOSITION TO THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Though one may doubt the certainty of Mr. McKinley's reëlection, which your correspondent L. N. D. prophesies, there is no very solid basis to support this doubt; but his statement that the opposition to the President's policy must collapse when the war is ended, perhaps deserves a more emphatic dissent. In support of this opinion your learned correspondent says, "The American loss in blood and treasure was the main ground of that opposition, not the wrong done the Filipinos." It seems to me that both of these grounds have been but incidental to that much greater one—the danger to the republic which the President's policy involves. The opposition which is based upon the cost of the aggression is surely subordinate, and that which cries out against the wrong done to the Filipinos is but preliminary to the vital question which must be met and answered if this policy is persisted in. "We protest against this attempt to degrade this great republic into an empire," declared the Boston meeting in May, and this has been the keynote of the opposition throughout the country. The Conference in Chicago in October declared, "The foe is of our own household. The attempt of 1861 was to divide the country. That of 1899 is to destroy its fundamental principles and noblest ideals."

Naturally, the wrong the President was doing the Filipinos has been emphasized, as an existing fact, out of proportion to its real and ultimate importance. The criminal aggression is but incidental to the far greater wrong threatened to be done to our own people. Nor has the cost of the war been an important factor, in my opinion. The cost in blood affects but the stricken few, and the cost in treasure has not yet been felt to any extent. This cost will not

end with the war, but its burdens will continue and increase, and may hereafter be so widely felt as to add an irresistible strength to the ranks of the opposition before the country is irretrievably committed to the folly of Imperialism. When the war ends, the work of the Anti-Imperialists really begins. C. B. WILBY.

CINCINNATI, December 9, 1899.

BLANK BALLOTS IN NEBRASKA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter of November 12, the prediction was hazarded that it would be found that 5,000 foreign-born Republicans had voted blanks as to State officers this year in Nebraska. The official returns published this week show that 16,697 ballots were unmarked as to Supreme Judge, Prohibition. University Regents received a little more than 6,000 votes. There was no Prohibitionist candidate for Regent. This number may be allowed of blanks to the Prohibitionists. Five thousand blanks have occurred before from careless marking. Deducting both of these, leaves more than the 5,000 to the credit of Republican disaffection.—Yours, etc. W. G. HASTINGS.

WILBER, NEBRASKA, December 4, 1899.

BOER PREPARATION FOR WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: As a plain American, with a fairly good memory for ancient wrongs and modern benefits received by this country at the hands of Great Britain, there are several points connected with the present Boer war that need elucidating.

It is argued that, while the franchise question was under discussion, Great Britain was guilty of sending more troops to South Africa than were really needed in that country unless war was actually contemplated. It is said that "similar warlike preparations would have compelled a similar, though earlier, ultimatum if such troops had been massed on the frontiers of one of the great Powers." The inference is plainly intended that Great Britain was the only party preparing for hostilities, and that poor, simple-minded, pious Mr. Krüger, Bible in hand, was in the meantime doing nothing inconsistent with the most sincere desire to keep the peace.

On the other hand, we read in the daily press from day to day accounts of the wonderfully large siege-guns possessed by the Boers and of the skilled Continental officers who are assisting the Boers. A few exact dates would be wonderfully interesting as to when those big guns were purchased and brought into the Boer country, when the Continental soldiers were invited in, and why such steps were taken if poor, guileless Mr. Krüger was actuated solely by a desire to keep the peace all the time. According to treaties and conventions, the Boers had only their internal relations in their own hands. Foreign relations were by treaty lodged in British hands. Did the big guns and big officers come in during, previous to, or subsequent to the franchise discussions? Were they needed against the Boer domestic enemies, the Basutos, Matabeles, and Zulus? Is it likely that such preparations were made under the very noses of the British without their knowledge? Is it not a fact that the Boer guns, secured before the ultimatum, outclassed the British until naval guns were brought from the *Powerful*, long after the ultimatum? Who was the better prepared for war?

To an unbiassed American without Dutch or Irish blood in his veins, one whose great-grandfather fought at Lexington on the American side, it would seem that the above-cited pro-Boer argument is unworthy of serious consideration. There are good arguments pro and con, but that is not one of them. AN AMERICAN.

CHICAGO, December 4, 1899.

PREACHER AND POET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you kindly quote the following passage apropos of your recent statement as to the decline of the minister's influence? The clipping is from the *Congregationalist* of December 7, 1899:

"Edwin Markham during the past year has been hailed the country over as a true and remarkable poet. Yet when he made his first appearance on the lecture platform in Boston several weeks ago, only three or four hundred people peered at him out of the vastness of Tremont Temple. The contrast between such an audience and the one at any session of the International Council in the same place was startling. When 3,000 cultivated people come to hear a preacher and 300 a poet, does it truly reflect the public estimate of the relative value of the two callings?"

TH. CH.

PORT HURON, MICH., December 9, 1899.

THE SMALL COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the editorial in your issue of December 7 on the "Future of the Small Colleges," you state very fully the arguments in favor of the universities, but, I think, omit some that may fairly be adduced on the other side. With regard to younger instructors, who will become the professors of the next generation, the supply is now so large that the smaller colleges can obtain men as well equipped as the universities can. In the universities these men are overworked, and are confined to instruction in one subject. Reading one hundred themes a week, for instance, does not conduce to healthy development. Admitting that a man who obtains decided distinction in his department is apt to receive a call at a higher salary to a university, we must remember that it is, very properly, the policy of every university to promote the members of its own teaching force. Nor are examples wanting where a professor, having perhaps acquired a home and feeling attached to his surroundings, has refused to leave a small college to receive double the salary in a university.

You say that in the university there is "a closer contact with scholarly instructors." That I should be disposed to deny, especially of the freshman year. In a small college the instructors become personally acquainted with all the members of the freshman class in a few weeks. There are always some students who become dispirited and discouraged early in their course because no notice is taken of them by their associates or their instructors. To such men a word of cheer is sometimes of great value. This undue sensitiveness is possibly a weakness, but it marks some young men of admirable qualities. Of course, the instructors in a university are as anxious to help a boy of this character as those in a small college can be, but they cannot find him out; he is lost in a crowd of three or four hundred. I admit, however, that there are cases of exactly the opposite nature—boys who are improved by being thrown on their own resources, and forced to find their own place without advice or encouragement.

Making the fourth year of the undergraduate course count as one year in a professional school cannot well be done in a small college. The power to do so is undoubtedly an advantage to the university. I hope to see the day when the A.B. degree is given after passing a certain number of courses with a certain average standing. This would give competent and well-prepared men a chance to finish their college course in three years, and would not degrade the degree as a three years' minimum residence must do.

I think that facts will hardly bear out some of your conclusions. All the New England colleges have in the last ten years raised their standards as much as Yale or Harvard has. All have improved their equipment and added to their funds in as great a ratio as Yale or Harvard has. All with the exception of Trinity have increased in number of students in no less a proportion than Yale or Harvard has.

You omit one great attraction to the universities—the prospect of being a spectator, possibly a participant, in the great athletic games. That is one of the strongest motives that can appeal to the youth of eighteen. Indeed, it appeals to the youth of sixty with hardly less force. It is not a very academic motive, but is a thoroughly human one.

In conclusion let me say that I am thoroughly in accord with the last sentence in your editorial: "It [the smaller college] cannot hope to retain its present independent and honorable status, or exert a large influence in educational affairs, unless it is able to convince the critical public of the soundness and adequacy of its work." I write because I recognize in you an organ of the "critical public." By the way, there is one test from which I am sure none of us would shrink, and that is the relative standing of the graduates of the smaller colleges and of the universities in the leading professional schools.—Yours very truly,

CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

HARTFORD, CONN., December 8, 1899.

A COLLEGE POEM OF ALLSTON'S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: On February 21, 1800, there was observed at "the University in Cambridge," a "solemn commemoration of General George Washington"; President Willard gave an address in Latin, Dr. David Tappan a "Solemn and Pathetic Discourse in English," while two "senior sophisters," Washington Allston and Benjamin Marston Watson, delivered respectively an Elegiac Poem and a Funeral Oration, of which, however (as we are informed by a note in the pamphlet containing these proceedings), "These two young gentlemen modestly declined giving copies for the press."

One's natural desire to see a poem by Allston on such an occasion is heightened by what one of his classmates (Leonard Jarvis, cited by Flagg, in his 'Life and Let-

ters of Allston') tells of the way it was received at the time:

"The audience had been cautioned, on account of the solemnity of the occasion, to abstain from the usual tokens of applause, but at several passages they could not be restrained. . . . The oration that followed, though well written and creditable to its author, was coldly received, and the consequence was that, at the following commencement, the government of the University took care to place our friend in the order of exercises so far from the orator of the day as not to suffer the poem to destroy the oration."

I send you this note in the hope that it may result in bringing to light this poem of Allston's, which seems not to have been printed at all. Any one who can tell where it exists in manuscript (if not in print) would by so doing confer a favor on the public as well as on

Yours very truly, W. I. FLETCHER.

AMHERST COLLEGE LIBRARY, December 9, 1899.

LONDON FILES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very desirous of consulting files of the London *Morning Post* and of the London *News*, between 1861 and 1865, in connection with a work upon which I am now engaged, bearing on our foreign affairs during the war of the rebellion. Bound copies of the *Times* during that period are not uncommon—they can be examined in almost any one of our large public libraries; but I have as yet been unable to discover files of either the *Post* or the *News*.

The *Nation* is as generally read as any other publication in the country among those likely to know of the ownership of the papers named. Could I be put upon the track of such, I should feel under great obligation.—I remain, etc.,

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

23 COURT STREET, BOSTON, December 5, 1899.

Notes.

D. Appleton & Co.'s December list contains a 'History of American Privateers,' by Edgar Stanton Maclay; 'The White Terror,' a new romance by Félix Gras, translated by Mrs. Janvier; and 'The Story of Ronald Kestrel,' by A. J. Dawson.

Thomas Whittaker has nearly ready 'An Apostle of the Western Church,' a memoir of the Right Rev. Jackson Kemper, D.D., by the Rev. Greenough White.

'The Automobile Almanac and Trade Directory for 1900' is announced as in preparation by the Technical Office of the *Automobile Magazine*, No. 31 State Street, New York.

No one will begrudge Mr. Frank R. Stockton the uniform reissue of his novels and stories undertaken by Charles Scribner's Sons. The "Shenandoah Edition," as it is called, will embrace eighteen octavo volumes, and beginning has been made with 'The Late Mrs. Null,' dating back to 1886, 'The Squirrel Inn—The Merry Chanter' somewhat posterior in date. The DeVinne Press has put its unmistakable stamp on the presswork, which is as legible as it is elegant. Paper and binding (a silky green cloth) match well the printer's types. Mr. Stockton's portrait in one volume, a design by Frost for another, give promise of one such embellishment for each of the series. We must add that this attractive embodiment of a favorite author is not to be had through the trade, but only by subscription, so that those who are to find æsthetic pleasure in it must necessarily be much fewer than those whose sense of humor has been hitherto ministered to by Mr. Stockton during his period of active productiveness.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford's 'Janice Meredith' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) has met with a success that has justified the publishers already in bringing out an illustrated edition, with a miniature by Lillie V. O'Ryan and designs by "Howard Pyle and his Pupils." *This* is really a circumstance in American book illustration, which can show but few schools. The result is sufficiently harmonious and is at all events interesting. The binding, in blue and gold, is very tasteful.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, still a devotee of Edward FitzGerald, puts the 'Rubáiyát' for a time on the shelf, and does a greater service by enlarging than by intensifying the public knowledge of his author. For L. C. Page & Co., Boston, he edits an extremely pretty edition of "Salámán and Absál" and "The Bird Parliament" combined, prefixing the translator's references in his correspondence to these Persian diversions, as well as FitzGerald's introductory matter and notes. A portrait and tasteful rubrication are also to be mentioned among the adornments.

In May, twenty years ago, the same FitzGerald wrote to Mr. Lowell at Madrid: "I think that you will one day give us an account of your Spanish Consulship, as Hawthorne did of his English." This was not to be, nor is its place taken by the little volume, with a good portrait, entitled 'Impressions of Spain: James Russell Lowell' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Mr. Joseph B. Gilder has compiled it from Mr. Lowell's dispatches to the State Department, and it consists, first, of some general reflections on the domestic political condition of Spain, with a forecast of a conservative republic, sooner rather than later; reports of the King's first marriage, the death of Queen Mercedes, the second marriage, the attempted assassination; and a bare statement of Gen. Grant's itinerary on occasion of his visit to the peninsula in October, 1878. It cannot be said that these dispatches were worth disentombing. There is in them nothing very striking, no profound insight, while their style is far too conscious and studied to befit an official communication. The accounts of the pageants are but a superior form of journalistic correspondence. The poet has done nothing for the statesman.

Paul Laurence Dunbar's 'Poems of Cabin and Field' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) pass into a new edition, in which each stanza occupies a right-hand page, while opposite is a pertinent "living picture" of Southern blacks or Southern landscape, chosen or composed with much skill and taste. Both the photographs and the text are set in a floreated tinted border, of diverse patterns. The total effect is very pleasing.

Sidney Lanier's many loyal admirers will be pleased with Charles Scribner's Sons' reprint of his 'Bob: The Story of Our Mocking-Bird,' upon which they have lavished illustration in colors and all the art of the Merrymount Press. Four sonnets by the poet, not heralded on the title-page, come very near justifying such a sumptuous edition of a tale so slight, however gently and humanely written. The last of them is, like the beauty of the book itself, " its own excuse for being."

From the Pacific Coast comes another small and handsomely printed book, in which the quality of type and paper seems surprising, when bestowed upon 'A First Glance at the Birds' of California (San Francisco: Elder & Shepard). Mr. Charles A. Keeler, the author, is proud of his State and proud of its birds, which are large in number, varied, and full of interest. He writes of them with understanding and appreciation; and, like all good modern ornithologists, records his protest against their wanton destruction by milliners and idle collectors, their two worst enemies. This 'First Glance' is a prelude to a larger work.

Kenneth Grahame's 'Golden Age' (John Lane) makes a new appearance in a beautiful dress, and whatever opinion may be held of it as a book of tales *for* children, few will deny uncommon excellence to Mr. Maxfield Parrish's illustrations. There is one for each story, and if sometimes, as in that to "The Burglars," one suspects the assistance of the camera, the style is individual and the decorative sense is ever very true. There is, in particular, a charming mastery of landscape viewed directly or through latticed windows. Very clever, too, are the more or less humorous vignettes. So the volume must needs be an evangel of good taste if nothing more.

We must make the same comment on Mr. Percy J. Billinghurst's designs for 'A Hundred Fables of Lafontaine' (John Lane) that we did on those provided by him for the same publisher's 'Æsop' the other day: there is no humor in them, and no great accomplishment in animal drawing. In other respects the volume is taking. The authorship of the translation is not indicated.

Oliver Herford's second triumph of the season is 'An Alphabet of Celebrities' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.), already known to the public by its serial publication in *Life*. It is by no means meant for babes, upon whom its more audacious humor will happily be lost. The portrait caricatures and the grouping of celebrities are most amusing, in key with the verse from the same pencil. Take

> "I is for Ibsen reciting a play,
> While Irving and Ingersoll hasten away,"

or

> "K is the Kaiser, who kindly repeats
> Some original verses to Kipling and Keats."

The square volume is lavish of red letter and red border, and is beautifully printed.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have added to their one-volume "Cambridge Edition" of the poets 'The Complete Poetical Works and Letters of Keats,' and for this conjunction they are to be praised on the same grounds as Messrs. Macmillan for joining Tennyson's Life to his Poems in their late reissue. Keats's letters are the true portal to his poems, and might well have stood first instead of last in the volume. The reading of them would both tempt one to the poems, and would pave the way for the understanding and enjoyment of them. But they are also a discipline in poetic taste and criticism. The editor has done well to effect a chronological arrangement so far as possible—with no poet more necessary than with this short-lived genius. Besides "Notes and Illustrations" and an index of titles and first lines, there is an index to the Letters

for which the editor is under no obligations to Forman.

In the tiny "Beacon Biographies" of Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mr. Joseph Edgar Chamberlain's 'John Brown' is distinguished for nothing so much as for the frontispiece portrait from a daguerreotype of the beardless Kansas partisan. It may well be compared with that of the same era in R. D. Webb's life, but it is more symptomatic of the unhumorous and unbalanced mind which was at once the weakness and the strength of the man of Harper's Ferry.

Whether the poems in 'Colorado in Color and Song' (Denver: Frank S. Thayer) were written to fit the illustrations, or the illustrations made to fit the poems, it would be hazardous to guess. Be this as it may, the illustrations are easily the prominent feature of this book, and, as such, are good in so far as they are photographic reproductions, but suffer in effect from color laid on with too lavish a hand. From the publisher's announcement that "this publication is the most pretentious of anything of its class heretofore attempted in this State," we are led to hope that something may yet be done for the art of tasteful bookbinding in Colorado.

Dodd, Mead & Co. send us the fifth volume of Mr. Luther S. Livingston's 'American Book-Prices Current' (September 1, 1898-99), covering the twelvemonth's auction sales at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. The chief feature of the arrangement is the grouping of the products of the Kelmscott Press, which it seems to be the prevailing fad to acquire. The Manson sale in Boston is responsible for the large number of New England historical works included in the present list. Conspicuous among the MSS. and autographs disposed of are those of Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, Fulton, Grant, the Brontës, and Eugene Field.

Volume 2 of Prof. Gudeman's 'Latin Literature of the Empire' (Harpers) consists of selections from the poets of that period (which, according to the latest phraseology of the subject, does not include the Augustan age, but follows it). It is fully up to the standard of the first volume, which was favorably noticed in these columns at the time of its publication. The two volumes together will give any one a nodding acquaintance with most of the Latin authors after the golden age, and might even take the place of a considerable Latin library for those who like their classics in small doses.

Among recent contributions to English scholarship there comes from the Macmillan Company, with the title, 'The Seege of Troye,' an expanded Yale doctor-dissertation on a Middle-English Romance of the Trojan cycle which is found in MS. Harl. 525 of the British Museum. The text of the poem here presented is not of great value from a language point of view on account of its numerous evident corruptions, few of which the editor attempts to explain. If MS. Harl. 525 contains anything like a faithful representation of the Middle-English poet's translation of Benoist, it is pretty poor stuff, too, from a literary point of view, even when judged by the low standards which must be employed in dealing with some of the Middle-English Romances. As to the introductory matter which Prof. Wager prefixes to his transcription of the MS., it shows little originality, no vitality, and no great scholarship. It is one of those miscellaneous arrays of bibliographical references and polyglot quotations with which the German doctoral dissertation has made us too familiar—all set down in a dull, card-catalogue style which betrays the writer, and makes us see clearly that he does not understand the strength and resources of the very idiom to the scientific study of which he is offering his contribution. The text, however, seems to be a faithful reproduction of the MS. as far as it was in the editor's power to make it such, and the glossarial index is eloquent of a commendable industry. There is a field for such work, and it is a hopeful sign to see publishers becoming aware of the fact. If American students who enter upon it can once shake themselves free of pedantry and dulness, we shall gain a more vital knowledge of our language and literature, and cease to study our speech as if it were an interesting mechanical toy.

Dr. Wychgram's *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Ausländisches Unterrichtswesen* for October (Leipzig: Voigtländer) contains, besides much other matter, an essay on popular instruction in Italy, which cannot fail to interest educators in this country and others who have not become indifferent to the fate of the country to whom the world's civilization is under such heavy bonds of indebtedness. "The more ignorant my people is, the more clever I shall appear to them," was the maxim of the Bourbon King of Naples. "We should teach the people as much as they need, and educate them as well as we can," is the high aim which the present Italian kingdom has set up for itself. The writer—W. Braun of Milan—does not deny the shortcomings of public education in modern Italy, but he maintains that the Government, ever since the foundation of the public-school system, in 1861, has striven to perfect it; what is lacking is not the right intention but the necessary means. To tell the truth, there are features which might serve as models worthy of imitation by the nations most advanced in popular education, Germany and the United States. We will mention only, with a view to the former country, the absolute religious and political freedom of the teachers, and, with especial reference to conditions at home, their appointment, first for three years and then for life. In spite of the excellent school laws, however, his partial dependence upon the community frequently makes the life of the Italian teacher, especially the woman teacher, a cruel burden—a state of things described by De Amicis in 'Il Romanzo d'un Maestro.'

R. H. Russell brings out "A Calendar" consisting of pictured sheets of small-folio size, corded with silk, and not otherwise designated than by the figure of a polar bear on the outside. The series is, in fact, animal, and Bruin reappears in February, from his winter fast, only to slink back till furs become cheap. Mr. Frank Ver Beck is the designer and probably the poet also. He draws well, generally with humor, and his verses are amusing, if they fall short of Oliver Herford's, which seem to have prompted them. Mr. Gibson might pass for the prototype of Mr. J. Campbell Phillips, the artist of a still larger 'Cupid's Calendar' from the same house. His drawing is firm and knowing, and his groups pleasing; but of all the lovers we like the aged couple in December best. With Cupid himself, by the way, Mr. Phillips is least successful.

The twelfth annual meeting of the American Economic Association will take place at Ithaca, December 27-29, and will be notable for the address of President Hadley, and the discussion of Trusts or combinations, in which ex-Secretary Charles S. Fairchild and Mr. James Brooks Dill, counsel for the organization of several of the largest companies recently formed under the laws of New Jersey, will participate.

—Each one of three decades in the history of the fur trade in the United States is marked by some notable enterprise. The first of these has its overland Astorians of 1811-13, and we have our Irving for the imperishable record. Of the second, the full account is yet to appear, though it is notable for the exploits of William H. Ashley in 1822 and later years. For the third we again turn to Irving, whose Bonneville of 1832 and so on is familiar to the public. But in 1832-33 and 1834-35 some operations of much wider scope and further-reaching effect were conducted by an enterprising person whose name has never yet been popularized, though Irving has much to say of him in Bonneville. This is Nathaniel Jarvis Wyeth, whose two expeditions were undertaken in the years last mentioned, both for the purposes of fur trade and for the occupation of Oregon. Wyeth's second expedition was accompanied by the ornithologist J. K. Townsend and the botanist Thomas Nuttall; and a full account of it is given by the former in his 'Narrative' (8vo, Philadelphia, 1839); but of the earlier one our knowledge has hitherto remained very incomplete. Now we have the original documents in the case of both expeditions in vol. i., parts 3-6, of "Sources of the History of Oregon," subtitled 'The Correspondence and Journals of Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth, 1831-36,' being a continuation of Contributions of the Department of Economics and History of the University of Oregon by the Oregon Historical Society, edited by F. G. Young (University Press, Eugene, Oregon, 8vo, pp. xx, 262, maps). This is of prime authenticity and authority, being nothing less than 245 letters written by Wyeth before, during, and after his expeditions, together with his original journal of them both, just as it was jotted down day by day. Nearly all of this is brand-new matter, hidden from the public in manuscript all these years, and no more genuine "sources" of history of trade, settlement, and adventure in the West will ever be forthcoming.

—We cannot here go into the substance of these precious documents, now first brought to light, but may note as perhaps the most important single operation of Wyeth the founding, on Snake River, at the mouth of the Portneuf, of Fort Hall—an establishment that was for many years a focal point in the region now represented by Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and Oregon, and which bequeathed its name to another Fort Hall in a different place, as well as to an important Indian agency. The editor's work is very carefully and thoroughly done; he gives us the original Wyeth manuscripts in all their roughness and eccentricities of syntax, spelling, and punctuation—indeed, Mr. Young's scrupulosity leads him to print, for example, "her[e]tofor[e]" where Wyeth wrote "hertofor." This is perhaps beyond the verge of editorial requirements, especially as the converse cases of superfluous or misused letters in the manuscripts cannot be similarly rectified. The editor is

also at great pains to keep or set right Wyeth's dates, which are often wrong in the original. He undertakes scarcely any other annotation, and we cannot criticise him for what he did not set out to do; but there are hundreds of places where Wyeth's geographical names, now lapsed, or misgiven in the manuscript, need elucidation; as, for example, the repeated appearance of "Porpoise" River, which the editor might, in mercy to most of his readers, have shown to be a mistake for Popoagie River, which joins Wind River to compose the Bighorn.

— There is some truth and some exaggeration in the sketches published by G. W. Steevens, under the title 'In India' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The author, no stranger to our readers, describes himself as a "respectable newspaper correspondent." In the course of his career he has visited India, and now presents us with his recent but somewhat hasty notes on the people, plague, hunting, pagodas, mills, morals, and canals of that much bewritten land. The style is picturesque: "As for steaming heat—w-w-w-wr! . . . Tropical India! W-w-w-w-wr!" It is thus that the truly vivid newspaper correspondent slapdashes his picture, like an impressionist painting with his thumb. Nevertheless, apart from such blots, the chapters on serious subjects are well worth reading. Though the author is too cocksure about everything to be convincing, his remarks on the army and the frontier question contain some solid matter, and it is evident that he has half-studied his subject, which is more than can be said of many writers on India. But why say that there is not one honest native in the country? It is evident that the wisdom is in great part second-hand, out of the mouths of English officers who talk through another's name. This, however, is not wholly an evil, for it is a gain to get officials' opinions unofficially expressed, as we have them here, to wit: England is ruining her army and playing fast and loose to no purpose on the border; while in the interior she is losing the people's confidence and respect. Plain moral: Do more for the army, let the country take care of itself if necessary, but at any rate down with the intellectual baboo, who is a coward, and give the fighting fellows a chance. It is very funny reading, part of it; but other parts are mournful. We should, however, be unjust to dismiss the book quite thus. As a picture-book of modern India it is brightly written and the descriptions describe. It recalls what one has seen, it makes visible the unseen; one who has read it has really been *in India*, for a short time.

— Dr. A. W. Ward's 'Great Britain and Hanover' (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York, H. Frowde) is a small volume containing the six Ford Lectures which were delivered at Oxford during Hilary Term of this year. For a century and a quarter the two states, though never linked by a real union, were held together by virtue of allegiance to a common sovereign. This whole period Dr. Ward does not cover. "For the last time," he says, "the historic connection between Great Britain and Hanover was brought home to the populations of both countries by the battles of Quatrebras and Waterloo." He passes over the last twenty-two years of the union altogether, and touches very lightly on the relations which existed between the two countries during the reign of George III. It is only for the time of the first two Georges that his study is detailed. From the personal nature of the bond, the topics discussed in such a book are to a large extent personal. George I. and George II. were foreigners in England, as William III. had been, and they loved their old home as he loved Holland. But neither of them succeeded in rendering England subservient to the interests of the electorate. This fact conditions the whole character of Dr. Ward's monograph. On the other hand, Hanoverian influences, while not predominating, made themselves felt pretty steadily at the Court of St. James from 1714 to 1760. The appendix to Lecture II., entitled "The Hanoverian Junta under George I.," shows how completely the first sovereign of the Brunswick line was cut off from English society. "Unless contemporary accounts are incorrect—which on this head there can be no reason for supposing them to be—the personal *entourage* of King George I., from his body-servants upwards, consisted, with the exception of Mahomet and Mustapha, entirely of Germans." In a lesser degree the same influence existed during the next reign, but, thanks to Walpole, England suffered little from it. That Minister's remark to the Queen, at a time when the court wished England to join in the War of the Polish Succession, is delightful: "Madam, there are fifty thousand men slain this year in Europe, and not one Englishman." Dr. Ward's book is thoroughly good—indeed, it is quite the best thing on its subject with which we are familiar.

—'The Peasants' Rising and the Lollards' (Longmans) is a collection of unpublished documents which is intended to supplement Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's 'England in the Age of Wycliffe.' The name of Mr. Edgar Powell is coupled on the title-page with that of Mr. Trevelyan, presumably because he first disclosed to his colleague the existence of the materials which are now published under their joint responsibility. Mr. Trevelyan writes the preface and introduction, besides, we should judge, preparing the volume for the press. The seventy-three pages of contents are divided into five sections, according to the different topics which receive illustration. First come a good many reports of trials which were held after the suppression of Wat Tyler's rising; next, some papers relating to the trial in 1387-8 of John of Northampton, an ex-Mayor of London; then a certain amount of evidence respecting the Lollards; fourthly, a list of foreigners who held places in the Church of England during the reign of Richard; and lastly, a table which shows how the personnel of county members changed during the last Parliaments of the fourteenth century. While the book is but a slender one, it contains good data. It shows, for instance, that the rebellion of 1381 extended more widely than Froissart and the other chroniclers have led us to suppose. Thus, disturbances in the Wirral of Cheshire add a new county to the discontented zone. Kent naturally furnishes the longest list of charges against peasants who did damage during the brief period of popular control in the south. Of all Mr. Trevelyan's documents, by far the most unusual and striking is a "complaint made to the kinge and his Councell against John Fox, Maior of Northampton, and others" (pp. 45-50). The chief count of the indictment runs as follows: "Item, the maior hath made the whole toune in manner to become Lollardes so that the whole toune is gouerned by them, no one daring gainsaie them for feare of theire lives. All ribauds infected with Lollardy, that come into the said towne are all courteously received and mainetayned as yf they were prophetts before all others." The volume establishes no facts of the first importance, but is a welcome addition to our knowledge of grave episodes concerning which the chroniclers were not sufficiently explicit.

—'The Letters of Lady Jane Coke to her Friend Mrs. Eyre' (Sonnenschein) form a volume of purely private and personal correspondence which has been edited by Mrs. Ambrose Rathborne. The originals are in the possession of the Rev. R. G. Buckston, who represents at present the Cotton family of Derbyshire to which Mrs. Eyre belonged. The letters are of no literary value, and they seldom illuminate important phases of political or diplomatic life. The writer was a good-hearted woman whom the accident of birth had connected with several leading branches of the English aristocracy. The subjects which filled her thoughts appear to have been the balls, weddings, and escapades of London (which are much better related by Horace Walpole) and the domestic interests of her personal friends. However, there are a good many people who derive more pleasure from family correspondence than they do from novels. These will doubtless welcome Lady Coke's letters and Mrs. Rathborne's ample illustrations of contemporary life by which they are accompanied. The letters are thirty-seven in number, and fall within the years 1747-1758. Many of them are extremely brief and none are long. The editor's comment, we should think, considerably exceeds the text in bulk. Lady Coke herself was a sister of that singular being, Philip, Duke of Wharton, who, in spite of Whig favors, became a Jacobite, suffered attainder, and ended his life in Spain. She married for her second husband a descendant of the great Chief Justice Coke, who, besides being well born, had inherited a large property. As the movements of the present Viceroy of India are followed with considerable interest in this country, it may be worth while to state that the Curzons of the last century figure in Lady Coke's letters. For example: "Sir Nathaniel has certainly great merit to his son, and I admire him prodigiously for letting Mr. Curzon please himself, without thinking of money. Caroline is one of my beauties and very much commended. I suppose you will have some gaieties at Kedleston when she arrives. I should think your gold silk the handsomest on such an occasion. I am sure nobody would choose to buy clothes now, silks are so excessive dear, the best plain damasks of common colors are eighteen shillings a yard, and I have given half a guinea for an unwatered tabby."

MICHEL'S RUBENS.

Rubens: His Life, his Work, and his Time. By Émile Michel, Member of the Institute of France. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. With forty colored plates, forty photogravures, and two hundred and seventy-two text illustrations. London: William Heinemann; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899. Two vols., quarto.

M. Michel's life of Rubens, as given us

in the splendid volumes imported by the Scribners, is by far the most important and the most sumptuous art publication of the year hitherto. In some respects it surpasses even the fine work on Rembrandt by the same author which the same publishers brought out in 1894. In size and general style the two books are alike, but the binding of the present issue is more ornamented, and the illustrations even more lavish and superb than were those of its companion. To our mind, the text is also superior. The materials for a life of Rubens are, fortunately, abundant, and it is possible to construct an authoritative and accurate story without much recourse to the elaborate guessing and the constant transformation of possibilities into probabilities, and probabilities into facts, which the obscure career of Rembrandt rendered necessary or, at least, excusable.

This difference in the amount of recorded fact concerning the two greatest artists of the seventeenth century (or, rather, two of the three greatest—for Velasquez should be admitted to the trio) is characteristic of the profound contrast between the men themselves. They were not in the strictest sense contemporaries, Rubens being nearly thirty years older than Rembrandt; but much of their best work was produced in the same years. Peter Paul Rubens, Knight, Secretary to His Majesty's Privy Council, and Gentleman of the Household of her Serene Highness the Princess Isabella, the most famous artist of the age and one of the finest gentlemen of Europe, died in 1640, leaving a fortune to his family, who spent a thousand florins on his funeral. At that time Rembrandt was still enjoying something of that brief local popularity which seems never to have reached as far as Antwerp, but, twenty-nine years later, he died in poverty and obscurity, a broken-down old bankrupt, and was buried at a cost of thirteen florins. Owing to the indiscretions of his father, Rubens was born in a period of eclipse for his family, and the place of his birth was long doubtful. These doubts have now been dispelled, and the rest of his life is as open as the sunlight. He was an accomplished scholar, a man of great personal charm, the friend and companion of princes. He rode the finest horses, wore the most magnificent clothes, and married the most beautiful women. About the solitary Rembrandt grew up a fantastic legend of mingled debauchery and avarice, and it is not yet known whether the serving-wench who was the mother of his surviving children ever became his wife. Rubens had as many pupils as Raphael, and relied as much on their collaboration; Rembrandt seems to have been hardly more able than Michelangelo to utilize the work of others.

In all these points we seem to see the eternal contrast between the two great types of artist, the Classic and the Romantic. The Romantic artist is intensely personal, intensely poetic, occupied solely with self-expression. The virtue of his work is something that he alone can give it, and he has no use for the hand of another. The Classic artist is engaged in the clear and perfect expression of the ideals of all the world. His work is not so much different from others as it is better, and he generally cares so little for the personal note that he is quite willing that the inferior execution of a pupil should have its place in the work, if only the work be accomplished. The great Romantic artist is generally misunderstood by his contemporaries, as was even Michelangelo, and is rarely materially successful. The great Classic artist is the delight of his time and is covered with honors and rewards, though his fame sometimes suffers a relapse in the next age. Rembrandt was one of the greatest Romantic painters of all time; Rubens we take to have been the great Classic artist of his epoch. Between them stands Velazquez, the Naturalist, neither Romantic and poetic nor Classical and decorative, a pure painter, "le peintre le plus peintre qui fut jamais."

To-day we find Rubens often coarse and vulgar, and we are apt to think of him as a ruddy giant and of his art as a magnificent display of animal strength. It seems to us much more Flemish than universal, more realistic than ideal. To call this *beau sabreur* of the brush, Delacroix's hero and Ingres's devil, a Classicist, may seem to savor of paradox, yet a Classicist we think he essentially was: a Classicist of the seventeenth century and translated into Flemish, yet one who embodied the ideals of his time almost as perfectly as Raphael did those of the high Renaissance in Italy. The faults of Rubens's work are much less individual—much less national, even—than we are apt to think. He was admired even in Italy, and if he was the favorite artist of the King of Spain and of the Italian Queen Regent of France, it was because his art pleased them as it pleased his own countrymen. He was, like Raphael, a humanist, and, like Raphael, an eclectic. The allegory, the pomposity, the exaggeration, and the bad taste of his pictures mark equally the literature, the architecture, and the sculpture of his contemporaries. It was the time of elaborate conceits and long-winded Latin, of the Jesuit churches, and of the Cavaliere Bernini. Rubens was born one hundred years after Titian, and one year after Titian's death. The Venetians had remade the art of painting and the school of line was dead. His Flemish nature might have made a colorist of him in any case, though it did not save some of the Italinates, his predecessors; but an art which was to satisfy the ideals of Europe in the seventeenth century had to be an art of color. Rubens's worship of flesh is little greater than Titian's, and his female types, though less severely drawn, are not more gross than many of the latter's. An artist who greatly influenced Rubens during his stay in Italy was Federigo Baroccio, whose use of exaggerated curves in drawing was nearly as great as Rubens's own. The Flemish woman has been unduly blamed. Rubens's method of drawing was deliberately adopted, and, while it was partly influenced in its flourishing and writing-masterly style by his technical handling of the brush and his desire for rapid execution yet a thousand drawings show that it was carefully prepared for. His copies after Michelangelo show instructively the difference between the sixteenth and seventeenth-century ideals, while it is precisely in his portraits, where he was bound most closely to fact, that his peculiar drawing is least noticeable. He could draw like any one else when he was not trying to be grand and effective.

Of his prodigious ability and fecundity there is of course no doubt. He carried on a vast manufactory for the production of religious and decorative pictures, with the aid of an army of assistants and collaborators; and the amount of work produced and its general excellence are amazing. If he had done nothing but design the canvases that bear his name, and never painted a stroke of them, their number would still be almost incredible; but he is known to have worked more or less on almost all of them, and to have painted many (and some of the largest) entirely with his own hand and in an astonishingly short time. Such rapidity of production was possible only by virtue of the utmost systematization. Each of his assistants was allotted a special task for which he was specially trained, and in the master's own work there was no reliance on mood and no place for accident. Everything was arranged for and calculated in advance, and every day's tranquil and regulated labor brought the picture just so much nearer its predestined completion. If anything was bad, it was easier to paint a new picture than to change the old one. The very handling, with all its ease, certainty, and celerity, was always methodical and never hurried. Rubens was systematic in all things, and his life was ordered like his pictures, and his pictures like his life. In such works as the Medici series in the Louvre there is little personal feeling and little poetry, but the ideal of the time is embodied in a robust and rhetorical prose. If we no longer admire them greatly, it is because our ideals have changed.

To have been the representative artist of an epoch is to leave a great name; but if Rubens had produced nothing but such works as we have been discussing, one could understand the sneer that Mr. Whistler is said to have uttered, "Whether or not Rubens was a great painter, he was certainly an industrious person." But Rubens was more than the incarnation of the seventeenth century in art—he was the precursor of the eighteenth and even of the nineteenth century. Though a precocious artist, he yet ripened slowly, and his best and most personal work was done late in life. After his second marriage in 1630, his travels over, rich, famous, and very much in love, he painted more often for himself alone. A series of canvases of moderate size, painted throughout by his own hand and for his own personal satisfaction, are scattered through the collections of Europe. Most of them are portraits of Helena Fourment, who, sixteen when he married her and only twenty-six when he died, lives for ever in her comely youth in these pictures. She is shown us in her habit as she lived, or masquerading in the characters of sundry saints and mythological persons, and she is shown us in next to no clothes at all, either coming from the bath in a fur pelisse, or posing as Andromeda or Susanna. Here, at last, we find personal feeling, and we find painting the most masterly, color the most delicious, character, beauty, and charm. In the nudes there are still mannerisms and faults of drawing, but there is a perfection of flesh painting that passes even Titian, while the draped portraits are as perfect as anything ever painted. Through Van Dyke, Rubens profoundly influenced the English portrait school of the eighteenth century; in such pictures of this later period as "The Garden of Love" we see Watteau foreshadowed. The subject is

a very Watteau; and while there is more robustness, more solidity, a less ethereal sentiment, there is as much charm as with Watteau himself. Watteau not only founded his technique on that of Rubens, but discovered in such pictures as this his type of subject and treatment. He refined upon it and transported it from earth to ballet-land, but he lost in vitality as much as he gained in grace, and the "Embarcation for Cythera" yields no greater sum of delight than "The Garden of Love."

In his last years Rubens began to live a part of the time in the country, and landscape first occupied him seriously. The backgrounds of his earlier works, where landscape is introduced, were generally painted by others, but now he began to study nature for himself, and to devote his prodigious skill and the knowledge of his art acquired in a lifetime of production to the rendering of natural effects. The result is a series of pictures of quite astonishing modernity and truth—far in advance of anything produced by the professional landscape painters of his time. M. Michel is probably quite justified in saying that "the best landscapes of Gainsborough, and even of Constable, owe as much to Rubens as to Nature."

To read this book and to study its illustrations is to gain a renewed respect for the good man and the truly great painter whose name it bears, and we are thankful alike to M. Michel and to the publishers for the feast so lavishly spread for us. It remains only to speak of the translation, which, while fairly adequate, is not as idiomatic or as free from traces of Gallic origin as was that of the previous work.

MAU'S POMPEII.

Pompeii: Its Life and Art. By August Mau. Translated into English by Francis W. Kelsey. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

At first thought, the irony of fate seems never to have been better illustrated than by the preservation of Pompeii. Athens and Rome, paramount in civilizing importance and to the sentiments of educated men, are gone, and have left barely a sign of the physical habit in which they lived. But this little dot on the map of Italy, in acres less than many a private park of to-day, absolutely of no importance historically, producing not a single scholar or statesman or soldier, of no high commercial rank, and enriching the world with neither inventions nor discoveries—this ordinary provincial town, not even a provincial capital, has been saved as by a miracle when the great cities of antiquity have vanished almost as completely as if they never had been. Still, it is well for the students of ancient times that if but one type could survive, it should have been the type not of the extreme but of the mean. New York and Paris are not America and France: Athens and Rome were not Greece and Italy. A great metropolis, no more than an eminent individual, can afford us the fair estimate of a nation. We must look to the forgotten millions and to the towns if we are to understand correctly the life of a people. And so Pompeii, unoriginal, imitative, mediocre, with its borrowed environment of laws, religion, literature, and art, teaches us the state of general culture, and the plane of ideas which were prevalent, in the Roman world during the first century of our era.

To quote the author of the work before us, "Any one of fifty cities might have been overwhelmed in the place of Pompeii, and the results, so far as our knowledge of the ancient culture in its larger aspects is concerned, would not have been different." The political institutions of Pompeii were those which Rome imposed upon the world wherever Roman arms advanced. Its religious cults were quite abreast of the fashion. The scraps of literature upon its walls are drawn, so far as we can recognize them, from the books which everybody was reading everywhere. In Pompeian art we find no great masterpieces, but at the best mere reproductions of such—just as every little modern town has its photographs and chromos of great works. In short, Pompeii is the interpreter of the every-day life of the Roman world of its day; it offers us a complete mirror of that which Roman writers wholly passed by, or treated only casually or with ridicule; it helps us, therefore, better than any other source to understand how the Roman millions really lived and worked and prayed and played.

It is surprising enough how little has been written in English about this wonderful town. In Continental languages the literature of the subject has been steadily growing ever since the middle of the eighteenth century; but, for English and American readers, there is Bulwer's romance and almost nothing else except Dyer's book, which, compiled in 1867 and based on a much earlier publication of the Society for the Diffusion of Universal Knowledge, is now quite behind the times. The beautiful volume before us amply makes up for a long period of waiting. Prof. Mau, of the German Archæological Institute in Rome, has devoted himself for twenty-five years to the study of Pompeii, living in summer among the ruins, and passing his winters in Rome digesting the material. Every student of Roman archæology knows that there is nobody better qualified to write with authority on Pompeian antiquities; he has given his proofs in many a special article and in his revision of Overbeck, published so long ago as 1884. But perhaps few have supposed that he could write a book in a style which would make it as attractive to the general reader as this one certainly is.

For this book is obviously intended not primarily for students; it contains little actual information that they will not have met already if they have kept up with the literature of the subject, nor can it enable them to dispense with Overbeck-Mau. It will, however, give them a better broad general view of that for which Pompeii really stands than they have hitherto been able to obtain. And to the reader who knows Pompeii only from Dyer, a new world will be opened. The book is above all a readable book. While the sound conservative judgment of the writer is constantly in evidence (see, for instance, his judicious treatment of the picture called the "Judgment of Solomon" on page 17, of the topic of Christians in Pompeii, on the following page, and of Dörpfeld's theory of the Greek theatre, on page 145), while many old bubbles here get the pricking which they deserve, yet we have in this volume no mere manual of antiquities, but a treatment in a sympathetic spirit by a man not only of sense but of sensibility. No Dryasdust could have written the chapter on the situation of Pompeii, full as it is of poetic coloring; few specialists have the breadth of mind which produced the brief appreciation of the significance of Pompeian culture with which the volume ends.

Doubtless Mau intends to publish a German edition, possibly somewhat enlarged and more technical in its details; but ours is made from his MS., and Americans have the unusual experience of reading a German's book before his own countrymen have seen it. Of Prof. Kelsey's translation nothing but words of praise will be in place; we even suspect that, in clearness of presentation as well as in some other respects, the book owes much more to him than his modest preface might lead one to suppose. The whole work, in some 500 pages, is divided into an introduction and six parts. The introduction, in six chapters, treats of the situation of Pompeii, its history, destruction, excavation, the building, materials, and methods of construction employed there, and the architectural periods through which it has passed. Part first, 25 chapters, deals with public places and buildings; part second, 14 chapters, with the private houses; part third, 3 chapters, with trades and occupations; part fourth, 2 chapters, with tombs and other burial places; part fifth, 4 chapters, with art; and part sixth, 3 chapters, with inscriptions. There are twelve full-page plates, beautifully reproduced from photographs, six plans (in which it is a comfort to find the scales indicated in honest English feet), and 263 illustrations in the text. Of these last, a great many are reproduced from photographs, some (especially restorations of buildings) are from drawings made for this book, about sixty come from Overbeck, and about a dozen from publications of the German Institute. We are glad to say that no more in its pictures than in its text does the book present the appearance of being a rehash of old materials. Scholars will not find here much of the deadly repetition of the old woodcuts of which they have long been tired, though we confess that we do hope to live long enough to see a book on Pompeii which does not contain the cut of the Chinaman ladling out soup. But it is a great blessing to be spared the picture of the slave eavesdropping while his master scolds his mistress in the (restored) house of the Tragic Poet.

We conclude our notice of this most interesting book with mention of half-a-dozen points of fresh interest or of criticism. We find here the first full account in English of the house of Veltius and the villa at Boscoreale, excavations of 1893-'95. The former is noteworthy chiefly for its frescoes—a good selection from which is here published and well described. Perhaps it would have been safe to hint that the so-called "goldsmith's shop" is taken by some to be a scene in the Roman mint. Jewelry, it has been observed, is not ordinarily made with sledgehammers. The villa has preserved for us a Roman bath with its arrangements in a better condition than any yet discovered. A practical plumber would dance with joy at its complicated system of pipes. Prof. Mau's general treatment of the atrium of the Roman house deserves careful reading. Ordinarily in restorations this room is represented as much too low compared to the surrounding rooms. Mau's

restoration of the House of Sallust (page 280) shows the height as it was. His account of the triclinium (page 257) is obscure; no layman, we think, could possibly understand how the writer thought that the guests were arranged. One final word: there was a side of art in Pompeian houses which we do not find in houses nowadays. It could not be shown in the illustrations of this book, but no chapter on the subject of Pompeian art should ignore it altogether, unless, indeed, a book is meant only *virginibus puerisque*—as we suppose this is not.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

In the 'Red Book of Animal Stories,' edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans), we have a compilation of tales, in part frankly legendary, such as treat of the Phœnix and Dragons, and in part extracted from works which make more or less pretension to actuality. Perhaps no comparison more antithetic could be cited than that which these stories make by the side of modern animal stories like the 'Jungle Books,' or Seton-Thompson's 'Wild Animals I have Known.' Precluded by the editor's disavowal of accuracy from complaining of the sea captain who met a boa-constrictor in the woods of Delaware, we must express our conviction that fiction, to be enjoyable, should, when it treats of natural objects, be at least moderately plausible. The camel evolved from an inner consciousness should at least be a beast in harmony with itself, and of a certain life-likeness. Apart from the legends, we have found these stories tedious, artificial, and destitute of even literary charm. However, the elegance of the printing and illustration, and the presence of a few old favorites among the folk-lore stories, may make the volume acceptable to some undiscriminating youngsters.

The interest which every child feels in "creatures" is agreeably fed by Wardlaw Kennedy's 'Beasts: Thumb-Nail Studies in Pets' (Macmillan). Not contented with the common house pets, this author kept tortoises, lizards, slow-worms, snakes, rats, an alligator, mongoose, armadillo, and sundry others as unusual. His close and intelligent observations upon their characters make good reading, in which the instructive element is not too obtrusive. He even finds room for the old story of a certain (English) booking clerk, who announced, "on reference to instructions," that, for the purposes of a railway carriage, "a cat's a dog, and a rabbit's a dog, and a squirrel in a cage is a parrot; but a tortoise—why, a tortoise is a insec'."

Animals of a more ordinary sort have posed for Mr. William Nicholson's 'Square Book of Animals' (R. H. Russell). A dozen tenants of house and farm, the dog, cat, hen, cow, horse, goat, etc., designed in this artist's well-known competent manner, adorn each his full square page, facing a neat verse or two by Arthur Waugh which serves to turn the leaf.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris's 'Plantation Pageants' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) and 'The Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann' (Charles Scribner's Sons) are in the familiar vein of his most recent publications, continuing, as they do, the eventful lives of those interesting personages, Aaron and the children of the Abercrombie plantation, with Aunt Minervy Ann and Major Tumlin Purdue. "Glancing back over its pages, it seems to be but a patchwork of memories and fancies, a confused dream of old times," is the author's characterization of 'Plantation Pageants,' and it will, perhaps, answer as well as any for this rambling collection of scenes and events, insufficiently linked together for a coherent tale, and with rather too much of the mythical thrown in. Yet it is not wholly devoid of that charm which has made the creator of Brer Rabbit so dear to the hearts of young and old, and it carries on the picture of reconstruction or pulling together at the South after the civil war. It is in the stirring narrative, told in the rich dialect of Aunt Minervy Ann, that Mr. Harris appears at his best. This typical "Aunty," strong in physique and in executive ability, and still devoted, in spite of newly acquired liberty, to her quondam owner, describes in vigorous language and with delicious humor the return of the moneyless proprietor to his despoiled plantation, the makeshifts to keep the pot a-boiling, and the general social demoralization attendant upon the reversed relations of white and black. Excellent illustrations by A. B. Frost add not a little to the attractiveness of these tales, and are in strong contrast to the poor efforts of E. Boyd Smith in the 'Plantation Pageants.'

Folk-tales from India, gathered by W. Crooke, are retold for the children's benefit by W. H. D. Rouse under the title of 'The Talking Thrush' (London: Dent; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.). The telling is lively, and these folk-stories, the tales of grown-up children, may be expected to take the fancy of a child, who yet, let us hope, will be oblivious to their morals, prompted by experience of Eastern cruelty and cunning. The illustrations, by W. H. Robinson, are also commendable.

From hoary India to modern California is a long jump, and equally great is the distance between Mr. Robinson's clever pen-and-ink work and the clumsy scratches from children's hands which serve as illustration for the California 'Book of Knight and Barbara,' by David Starr Jordan (D. Appleton & Co.). Impromptu stories liberally sprinkled with marvels and magic compose the bulk of this volume—stories on all sorts of topics, which were told by the author to children and owe their present form to a stenographic report. The odd, childish illustrations were selected, we are informed, from a large number contributed by many different children to whom copies of the stories had been sent. Thus, a considerable share of the book's interest is pedagogical, and hardly appeals to a youthful audience. Some stories of animals, true, or with a basis of truth, are also added; the whole making up a book so miscellaneous that, like the Sunday-school Christmas tree, it seems to promise something for everybody.

'The Little Fig-Tree Stories' of Mary Hallock Foote (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) pick up their subjects all the way across the continent. The West has its share of frontier incidents. The California garden, the sheep-range, the horse-ranch, the miner's camp, are levied upon; but, for contrast, "Grandfather's Farm," the Eastern farm remembered through long years of absence, also claims a place; and its gates, its waters, its wonderful spare bedroom are dwelt upon with affectionate sentiment.

The fairies, though they are only "pretend fairies," have things pretty much their own way in 'Nannie's Happy Childhood,' by Caroline Leslie Field (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Where inconsistencies and improbabilities are so easily to be explained by reference to their meddling, cool criticism is clearly out of place; so we may as well leave the child happy in her vain imaginings of exalted rank and magic powers for all her friends and relatives, and in the consciousness of being the central, beneficent sun round which all her little system revolves.

Always amusing, though often pathetic, too, are the little London guttersnipes pictured by Edith Farmiloe, in 'Rag, Tag, and Bobtail' (E. P. Dutton & Co.); and the accompanying verses by Winifred Parnell are full of the spirit of these ragged little rascals. But the pictures themselves, with their obtrusive carelessness and uneven finish, remind us again that only a consummate artist can reach that height where art conceals itself and succeeds without apparent effort. When we must choose between success and ease, no wonder we prefer the former.

Father Tabb's 'Child Verse: Poems Grave and Gay' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) is most attractively printed; but its gay pieces are chiefly punning, usually too subtle for a laugh until explained, and its grave are marked by conceits which contain little for the infant mind. Few are like "The Brook," which is really musical; or this, entitled, "Chimney Stacks," which is apt for understanding:

> "In winter's cold and summer's heat
> The hospitable chimneys greet
> Their never failing guests;
> For when the sparks are upward gone,
> The swallows downward come anon,
> To build their neighboring nests."

A slender book of music for children, by Marjorie Dawson, bears the title of 'Rhymes and Jingles' (New York: Wright & Co.). The rhymes are mostly from Mother Goose's budget, and, set to fetching tunes, they seem better fitted than ever for their mission. The jingles are bits of lively dance music to start small feet in motion.

If of making translations of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales there is no end, there is good reason for it; for they are, from their very nature, as perennial as the generations of men themselves, and are apparently destined to be well-nigh as lasting. The latest, however, 'Fairy Tales from Hans Christian Andersen, translated by Mrs. E. Lucas, and illustrated by Thomas, Charles, and William Robinson' (London: Dent; New York: Dutton), is not the usual edition that, after a certain calculable period, is sure to appear. With its paper and letter-press, its pictures and binding, it is an altogether glorified Andersen, that stands out among its fellows almost as the swan in the story, in the perfection of its plumage, outshone its companion ducklings of the pool. The translation, too, which has been made directly from the Danish, as a whole is a better one than we have before possessed in English, and this in spite of the numbers of its predecessors. No pretence of a fresh version is made in still another volume bearing the above title (New York: Truslove, Hanson & Comba). It may, perhaps, be the first, Mary Howitt's, the only one mentioned by Edward Everett Hale in his introduction. Helen Stratton's illustrations are the real excuse for being of this reprint, and they

are freely sprinkled up and down the broad quarto pages. For the great number of them they are of a pretty even quality and display considerable fancy. Any child will be glad to get this book.

Under the Sjambok: A Tale of the Transvaal. By George Hansby Russell. London: John Murray; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

The author of 'Under the Sjambok' has seized the opportune moment for speaking his mind about the Boers; and his mind, being an English one, naturally does not overflow with charity towards the burghers of the Transvaal. He is not an accomplished novel-writer, but he gets in plenty of excitement, showing himself in this matter heedless of probability in incident and in the working of any human intelligence of an order higher than that attributed to the Boer. Mr. George Leigh, the narrator, who goes to South Africa to hunt up a long-lost English girl, is such a simple person that he always seems to be the victim rather than the hero of his adventures. The lost girl is supposed to be in the custody of Hans van der Merwe, who lives in the veldt; and the place with a more particular name nearest to his farm is Middelburg. From this town Mr. Leigh, who knows the country well, sets out in an ox-cart, well furnished and provisioned, and accompanied by two Kafirs. As he journeys he observes and describes the landscape. "What a lovely country!" he exclaims. "What prospects are there not here for future generations! . . . Here the lion roams unmolested, monkeys chatter and dart from tree to tree; the deadly black and green mamba twist and twirl their glittering shapes, and the mighty boa-constrictor is not at all uncommon." The prospects for future generations do not seem to us altogether enchanting, and we yield the veldt to posterity without a pang when Mr. Leigh goes on: "But there are worse things to face than lions and snakes." His narrative confirms this ominous statement. The worse things are Boers, especially Van der Merwe (a hopeless ruffian), who knows about Leigh's business in the veldt, and means to stop at nothing to keep him out of the way until he shall have married the English girl to his friend, the Landrost of Middelburg, also an incomparable villain.

While Van der Merwe is plotting and pursuing and Leigh is plotting and escaping, we hear much about the Boers that is interesting and greatly to their discredit. Inhuman treatment of the native black races is the most serious accusation. To be 'Under the Sjambok' is not (as in our ignorance of Cape Dutch we supposed) to be a traveller taking one's ease under a wide-spreading tree with an unpronounceable name, but to be a Kafir writhing under the lash of a Boer. For the sjambok is a whip made of water-pig's hide, and it is the Boer's delight, with or without provocation, to whip the Kafir with the sjambok until he faints. Mr. Leigh gives many instances of wanton cruelty. Once, when he is in hiding, he sees a Kafir whipped and contemplates rescuing him from further ill-treatment, remarking:

"I had not travelled through South Africa from north to south and east to west for nothing, and knew well what was in store for the wretch at the hands of the quiet, peaceful, God-fearing, Bible-thumping hypocrites that constitute the majority of the farming population of South Africa in general, and the Transvaal in particular."

With due allowance for violent feeling, all that Mr. Leigh says on this subject is corroborated by writers who possess a calmer style, and, as the Boers, by their constitution, exclude the blacks from almost every human right, extreme brutality to the defenceless slave is not improbable. Whether or not the criticism of the Boer's character and customs is equally well founded, we cannot say, but it is a frank expression of detestation. A few quotations will give the best idea of its quality. Mr. Leigh, stranded alone on the veldt, sees three horsemen approaching. "Three Boers—dirty, ugly specimens of a dirty race. . . . Their faces were covered by rough, bushy beards, and looked as if they had not been washed for a year. Very likely true, as your Boer hates water." These unpleasant persons shook hands "after the manner of their countrymen, holding out a dirty hand straight from the elbow, then dropping it into mine as if it were a dead fish." Mr. Leigh asks a service of a Kafir, making in return a promise. "The groote Baas is an Englishman?" says the Kafir, "and I believe him. The Boer menser lie; they all lie, and if the Baas was one I would not do it." The Boers' favorite pastime when half-drunk is "shooting at empty bottles and betting on their shots; for the men of this holy race are inveterate gamblers." They "play on wheezy concertinas—their idea of music." They sometimes "set up a kind of a howl which no doubt they intend for a cheer," and they are for ever shouting songs about Majuba Hill, no one apparently having the remotest notion of a tune. "When retiring to rest they seldom remove more than their coats and boots," and they are so "gruesome" that they can plunge into mourning on the shortest notice, because they keep a stock of black clothes on hand; also, they "take a great pride in their coffins and keep them in their houses for years." The courts of justice are farcical, their police the "most corrupt in the world," and many customs officials "open to bribes" and, of course, "addicted to drink." An exception to the rule is Viljoen, the field-cornet (sheriff), whom Van der Merwe, being unable to corrupt, shoots in the back. Mr. Leigh thus laments him: "He seemed to be a blunt, straightforward sort of fellow, and I was glad to find that amongst this race of hypocritical humbugs there existed one who bore the semblance to an honest man."

These quotations are fairly representative of the author's feeling and style. It is given to few to be so serious, so sincere, and so amusing.

Fisherman's Luck: and Some Other Uncertain Things. By Henry van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons.

There are so few people who know how to write and fish, and at the same time are lovers and interpreters of nature, that, in this country, they may be more than numbered on the fingers of one hand. When 'Little Rivers' was published a few years since, Dr. van Dyke proved himself easily the head of this select class, and 'Fisherman's Luck' amply confirms his position. In spite of the differences in the points of view between now and the middle of the 17th century, it is not hard to discover in Dr. van Dyke's prose something very like the attitude of Walton towards nature, morals, religion, and sport—not an imitation, but, so much as falls in with our later idea, a community of feeling, which, in its modernized form, brings a likeness in expression. Walton was a homilist; so is our Rev. Doctor. Walton knew and loved nature and his fellow-man, and was very apt to pause in an angling lesson for the purpose of interjecting some ethical idea which had occurred to him, or of quoting from the store of verses and songs he had at his tongue's end; our Rev. Doctor does all of these things but the last, his quotations being from well-known authors and his verses his own.

Dr. van Dyke has not served his best wine in the first chapter of the book, which is called "Fisherman's Luck," and (in our judgment) falls short in interest of many of its successors, though on every page or two one comes to some paragraph or expression which shows the master hand. The second chapter is entitled "The Thrilling Moment," and describes the capture under difficulties of a large ouananiche on the "unpronounceable" river in Quebec. It is a thorough angling chapter, and the story is capitally told. How every angler will feel the truth of the experience described as follows:

"You stroll through the streets of Montreal or Quebec to see whether you can find a few more good flies. Then, when you come to look over your collection at the critical moment on the bank of a stream, it seems as if you had ten times too many, and, spite of all, the precise fly that you need is not there."

There follows a chapter called "Talkability," being conversation about subjects on which one can really talk, and talk interestingly, as distinguished from talkativeness, the propensity to "harangue, dispute, prose, moralize or chatter." Dr. van Dyke makes "goodness" "the first thing and the most needful" for talkability. As to this we differ from him, for it is well known that many great villains excel in powers of interesting conversation, and indeed owe their greatest successes in the paths of vice to their arts in concealing the truth and giving its verisimilitude to falsehood, whereas there are those literally overflowing with goodness whose company is shunned like a pestilence. We can agree with Dr. van Dyke that, "after all, the very best thing in good talk, and the thing that helps it the most, is friendship," and, without expressing any opinion about it, we quote the last paragraph of the chapter: "The one person of all the world in whom talkability is most desirable and talkativeness least endurable, is a wife."

"A Wild Strawberry" and "Lovers and Landscape" have a tenuous angling thread running through them, and are charmingly discursive and (especially the latter) full of good bits of thought and description, *e. g.:*

"In old times you could rely on lovers for retirement, but nowadays their rôle seems to be a bold ostentation of their condition. They rely upon other people to do the timid shrinking part. . . . How foolish the average audience in a drawing-room looks while it is listening to passionate love ditties. . . . How many of these [the plays] that are imported from France proceed upon the theory that the seventh is the only commandment, and that the principal attraction of life lies in the opportunity of breaking it."

In fact, there can be nothing but commendation for this chapter, with the possible exception of the author going rather

out of his way to praise 'The Rise of Silas Lapham'; but possibly that was from a piscatorial standpoint.

Next in order is "A Fatal Success," being that of a man, himself a "passionate and triumphant fisherman," who, after years of trying, converted his wife too entirely to his own beliefs; she being a woman who, "when she came into the breakfast-room and said 'Good-morning,' it was with an air as if she presented every one with a check for a thousand dollars." Such benefactions as this are not confined to the fair sex. "Who Owns the Mountains" is full of philosophy and beautiful thoughts, with a good bit of satire running through the chapter for such as yield to the popular idea of valuing a man according to his possessions.

"Pomposus Silverman purchased a rich library a few years ago. The books were rare and costly. That was the reason Pomposus bought them. He was proud to feel that he was the possessor of literary treasures which were not to be found in the houses of his wealthiest acquaintances. But the threadbare Bücherfreund who was engaged at a slender salary to catalogue the library and take care of it, became the proprietor. Pomposus paid for the books, but Bücherfreund enjoyed them."

There is much more of wit and wisdom in some of the other chapters, and pervading them all but one is the evidence of that intimacy with nature which could not be feigned, and which so few of those who feel it can express. Indeed, it seems that to none since Walton could Wordsworth's lines be better applied:

> "Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line
> Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort
> To reverent watching of each still report
> That Nature utters from her rural shrine."

And now for the one chapter, that entitled "Fishing in Books," at page 131. Dr. van Dyke says that Izaak Walton's success with 'The Compleat Angler' was a fine illustration of fisherman's luck. He set out, in partnership with a pastry-cook named Thomas Barker, to produce "a little discourse" of fish and fishing," etc. This Thomas Barker was the author of 'Barker's Delight,' an angling-book published in 1651, from which Walton two years later copied extracts in 'The Compleat Angler,' giving Barker credit therefor. Barker speaks of himself as a "Master Cook," which would probably imply that he had, with other culinary accomplishments, a deft hand at pastry, but we cannot find any evidence to show that Walton ever saw him, though, as they were contemporaries and had the same publisher, it is very possible that they were acquainted. Even were they acquainted, the idea that they worked in collaboration on the 'Compleat Angler,' which seems a reasonable inference from the quotation above, does not prevail among lovers of angling literature, and will be news to most of them. Perhaps Dr. van Dyke based the "partnership" on the use Walton made of Barker's book; but, if so, the word is a little strong for his meaning.

A number of other works on angling are commended, and the list might well have been enlarged by the addition of such charming books as Peard's 'A Year of Liberty,' Newland's 'The Erne: Its Legend and its Fly-fishing,' Crawhall's various treatises, and that characteristic Irish work, O'Gorman's 'Practice of Angling in Ireland.'

There is a very handsome and limited large-paper edition of 'Fisherman's Luck,' for the benefit of the Pomposi Silvermen and such collectors as can afford it.

A Prisoner of the Khaleefa: Twelve Years' Captivity at Omdurman. By Charles Neufeld. With numerous portraits and plans. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899. Pp. xiv, 365. 8vo.

Charles Neufeld was captured by the dervishes in April, 1887, while on a trading expedition in the Sudan. On his manly and persistent refusal to renounce Christianity, he was put in fetters which he wore continuously, except for thirteen days, until his release by the English, September 3, 1898. The first four years were spent in the prison at Omdurman, the succeeding four as a prisoner-at-large in Khartum, where he was employed in the manufacture of saltpetre. Reimprisoned on the escape of Slatin Pasha, the remainder of his captivity was about equally divided between the arsenal and the prison. He thus had little opportunity for personal intercourse with the dervish leaders, but he refers to them occasionally, and among others to Osman, of whom he says that "it was well known to the Khalifa and every one else in the Sudan that Osman had an excellent eye for a field of battle, and knew an hour before any one else did when to make a bolt for it on a losing day." This fortunate characteristic was shown in the recent battle in which the Khalifa's followers were cut to pieces and he himself slain, but Osman escaped.

On reaching Cairo, Neufeld immediately began the dictation of the narrative contained in this volume, his principal motive being to defend himself against accusations of actively aiding the Khalifa and of refusing to avail himself of opportunities to escape when offered. How far his statements on these points, unsupported by witnesses, can be credited, it is of course impossible to say; but the prison and chains in which his rescuers found him would seem to have furnished convincing proof that the Khalifa regarded him as a dangerous enemy. His story leaves the impression of a man not without serious blemishes, indeed, but one faithful to his principles—"the only avowed Christian in the Sudan" among the European captives—and of splendid courage and endurance. It unavoidably lacks the general interest of those of Slatin Pasha and Father Ohrwalder, as they, having the freedom of the dervish capital, could describe its life and the main incidents of Abdullah's reign. But nothing which they have written can equal in graphic force and terrible interest Neufeld's account of his prison life. Even allowing for some exaggeration in the horrible details of the nights in the "Umm Hagar," or dungeon, comparable to the Black Hole in Calcutta or the hold of a slave-ship, it is difficult to conceive how life could have been sustained, not for a week or a month even, but for years. Insanity, not death, was what he feared, and he gratefully acknowledges that the kindness of the Austrian missionary and others of the prisoners-at-large alone "kept that slender thread [his reason] from snapping." His description of the routine of life in an Oriental prison, of his jailer and fellow-captives, as well as of his work at the arsenal, though not without interest, contains nothing especially noteworthy. But with the approach of the Anglo-Egyptian army the reader shares in the excitement of the prisoner, whose reason is well-nigh overthrown as the shells, the harbingers of his release, begin to fall in the city. Of the eventful day of the victory of Omdurman he says, "The whole night through we could hear the soft pat, pat, pat of naked feet, and sometimes the hard breathing of men running a race." At length the moment of release came.

"It seemed an age while the chain was being slipped from my shackles, and then, led by Idris, I made my way to the gate of the Saier. I was crying dry-eyed. I could see a blurred group, and then I was startled out of my senses by hearing English spoken—the only words of a European language I had heard for seven long years. From that blurred group, and through the gloom, came a voice, 'Are you Neufeld? Are you well?' And then a tall figure stepped towards me, and gave my hand a hearty shake. It was the Sirdar. I believe I babbled something as I received a handshake from one and a slap on the shoulder from another, but I do not know what I said."

In addition to his own personal experiences, Neufeld gives an interesting glimpse of the bearing of the Khalifa in those last days and of his narrow escape from capture. He also asserts, with unnecessary vehemence, on the testimony of Gen. Gordon's cavass, who was at his side at the fall of Khartum, that the general died fighting in an attempt to join his soldiers. The received tradition is that he met his death unresistingly.

Criticism of the style and arrangement of Neufeld's narrative, considering the circumstances of its composition, would be out of place. It does not appear whether it was dictated in German or English. No editor's name is mentioned, nor are we informed how much editing has been done. It bears marks of haste in preparation, and there is some avoidable incoherency, mainly in the accounts of the attempts to rescue the author. Some few passages, also, might well have been omitted. The book as a whole, however, is a plain, straightforward story, and a notable addition to the literature of the eastern Sudan. There are some striking photographs of Neufeld and his companions.

An Idler in Old France. By Tighe Hopkins. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

Readers who follow Mr. Hopkins in his rambles along social by-ways of mediæval and Renaissance French life will find in him a singularly well-informed and entertaining guide. In this volume, composed of a dozen magazine articles now gathered together, there is not a single dry or colorless page. The general purpose of the book, as indicated in its opening paragraphs, is to correct erroneous impressions as to the attractiveness of old-time life by showing, with the help of history, its literally sordid and grimy side. Mr. Hopkins, who is himself a novelist, thus takes up a brief against some of the brethren of his own craft, under whose treatment the historical novel has become "a pure convention," a falsifier of popular conceptions. It will be remembered that, in the Oudinot memoirs, the Duchess of Reggio expresses her amusement and surprise over novelists who never leave their heroines a moment for ablutions or changes of dress; Mr. Hopkins virtually replies that the heroines of history cheerfully forewent both, of their own accord. Streets, toilet, table, travel, and other ordinary surroundings or conditions of life are shown up in all their malodorous

reality, and yet so skilfully as not to disgust, but to fascinate.

A minutely critical historian might perhaps object that this impressionist fashion of treating social life in bygone days presents nothing but the darker colors of the picture, unrelieved; for, after all, Erasmus, who in his "Diversoria" sketches the condition of the inns of his time, singles out Lyons as a town famous for clean and well-appointed hostelries, contrasting more than favorably with German ones. And M. Huysmans, in 'Là-Bas,' paradoxically contends that the Middle Ages were the days of general washing, while uncleanliness came in on what Mr. Ruskin calls "the foul torrent of the Renaissance." It may be added, too, that the nineteenth century furnishes not altogether isolated examples of truly mediæval indifference to matter-out-of-place. Ford, in 'Gatherings in Spain,' tells of a Spanish grandee who, on a visit to an English country house about the forties, contented himself with a lotion of white of egg, and, during a fortnight, never disturbed the utensils of the toilet-table; and we remember the description by a contemporary French traveller of the college dormitory with its "cuvettes microscopiques, mises là comme par concession maussade aux idées du jour."

Mr. Hopkins has an easier case to plead in his exposition of table customs and the dressing of food during the darker ages of gastronomy. We may pardon our forbears their gross feeding, but capons "greased" with sugar plums, and pastry flavored with musk, not one of our hardiest trenchermen can think of without a qualm. By slow evolution, also, we have learnt to distinguish the respective functions of knife, fork, and fingers, although two "Civilités," or books of decorum, published in 1695 and 1782, seem to have found such points deserving of elucidation, and equally so the fact that the napkin is neither a face-mop nor a plate-polisher.

In a chapter dealing with the more vitally serious question of trade-guilds, the author, while admitting the protection they offered the public against the scamping of work by the lazy or the incompetent, is disposed to agree with Charles Reade in the view that ascribes to labor-unions in general an inherent hostility to independence or originality of idea.

Coming down to more modern times, Mr. Hopkins intensifies one's feeling of gratification at living under humaner conditions, by presenting a series of pictures entitled "Le Bagne," or the life of convicts in France, which, after the abolition of the *galères*, lasted as late as 1852. The details given in this sketch naturally challenge comparison with Victor Hugo's dreadful descriptions in 'Les Derniers Jours d'un Condamné'; but the division which deals with clever escapes is a worthy rival to Major Griffiths's well-known chapter on the same subject in 'Secrets of the Prison House.'

Mrs. Gillette's Cook Book. Akron, O.: The Werner Company.

The Hostess of To-day. By Linda Hull Larned. Charles Scribner's Sons.

'Mrs. Gillette's Cook Book' professes to confine its teachings strictly to the American way of cooking; rejecting recipes which are not adapted "to most of our homes." We fail to see wherein this claim is made good, except in the case of certain aliments indigenous to the soil. The book in reality is a sort of household encyclopædia, for it contains within its covers all kinds of information (contributive and perhaps necessary to the happiness of the average rural family), from how to make a fish chowder to a remedy for boils. In this direction it is successful. It treats of "How to Serve a Dinner," with routine recipes to accomplish that purpose; "Diet for Invalids"; "Things to Know"; "The Laundry"; "Medical Items"; "Hints on Table Etiquette," etc. The domestic note is consistently maintained. The author takes us into her confidence, and tells us, pictorially, that she has enjoyed half a century of married life, a half-tone plate showing "The dining-room and table as it was laid on the fiftieth anniversary of the author's wedding day," while a reprint in gilt text of the menu of the meal provided on the occasion serves to remove the last doubt on the subject. This little autobiographical display is pardonable, as it is alleged that Mrs. Gillette's first essay in culinary literature, the predecessor of the compilation under notice, attained a circulation of a million copies. The volume is provided with a very complete and satisfactory index.

In 'The Hostess of To-day' we have a culinary treatise worthy of as serious consideration as it is possible to accord to literature of the kitchen. It merits encomium not only for the novel manner in which the recipes are presented, but for the piquant quality that pervades them. It will be most suggestive and helpful to those who are in search of either simple or elaborate combinations suitable for dinners or lunches, afternoon teas, evening collations, and chafing-dish creations. Within its limitations it is in advance of any kindred native contemporaneous publication. Moreover, it is adapted even to the novice, for in its recipes useless verbiage and elaborate and involved directions are discarded, as the following example will illustrate:

"No. 109. Clams Deviled and Broiled. 20 cts.

"A: 12 large clams.

"B: 1 tbsp. olive oil, 1 tsp. made mustard, 1 tbsp. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. salt, ¼ tsp. paprica.

"C: ½ c. fine crumbs.

"D: 12 small thin slices bacon.

"Dip A in B; roll in C; run on skewers alternately with D; broil over slow fire."

Of the abbreviations, "tbsp" obviously signifies a tablespoonful, "tsp" teaspoonful, "c" cup. The cost of each dish, although given, can only be approximate, and is useful in that sense alone.

The sole superfluous matter incorporated in the book relates to elementary directions for the service of meals, etc. This is unnecessary, for the audience that the author will command has adequate knowledge on this subject. Technical criticism of the recipes contained in 'The Hostess of To-day' will naturally fasten upon the use of Worcestershire sauce, which the author indicates too frequently as an ingredient of her concoctions. This provocative, or whatever it may be called, possesses such a dominant flavor that it smothers all others with which it is brought in contact. Such powerful artificial combinations are a distinguishing feature of Anglo-Saxon cookery, and are intended to cover its general poverty of resource. They are unknown to French kitchens.

Autobiographical Sketch of Mrs. John Drew. With an introduction by her son, John Drew. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899.

This little volume is too precisely what it professes to be to give full satisfaction to the student of stage history, being little more than a bare outline of Mrs. Drew's professional career, with dates of her different engagements, the names of the characters in which she appeared, and the briefest references to the many distinguished players with whom she was associated at different times. Seeing that she was identified with the American stage, as child and woman, for more than seventy years, it seems a pity that she should not have drawn more liberally upon the fund of anecdote and observation which she must have accumulated. The fact that these memoirs were jotted down mainly for the pleasure of her immediate family may be an explanation of their brevity, but scarcely reconciles the reader to their leanness. The disappointment is all the greater because it is quite plain that Mrs. Drew had at her fingers' ends all the materials of an interesting and valuable book if she could only have been prevailed upon to make use of them.

Practically the whole of her long life was passed before the footlights, and although she won distinction while still young, success came only after years of hard work in every variety of theatrical entertainment. It is the old story of the thorough training essential to artistic excellence. She began as a juvenile prodigy, at the age of seven or eight years, and was precocious enough to please the theatre-goers of that day in infantile parodies of such parts as *Richard III.*, *Goldfinch*, and *Dr. Pangloss.* The first Joseph Jefferson, grandfather of the present veteran, a player of high repute, was content to play *Homespun* to her. After this she played all the usual child parts, and so proceeded gradually by the usual course to the position of leading lady, counting herself rich when she secured a salary of $20 a week. She travelled all over this country, and was twice shipwrecked during professional trips to the West Indies. She opened the first theatre built in Chicago, and participated in many other interesting incidents, but the casual glimpses which she affords of her experiences are only just enough to create a desire for more. Of the development of the American stage, in which she took so active a part, or of the characteristics of the great players whom she knew, she has little or nothing to say. She mentions as a trait of Edwin Forrest that he was uncommonly considerate in his conduct towards minor actors on the stage—a virtue not generally accredited to him—and refers to the eccentric conduct and exquisite delivery of the elder Booth; but to the Kembles, Thomas S. Hamblin, Thomas A. Cooper, Charlotte Cushman, E. L. Davenport, and a host of other celebrities, in whose company she acted, she makes only the briefest allusions. Of the older American actors James Murdoch appears to have excited her warmest admiration, and she has warm words of praise also for E. L. Davenport, whose *Sir Giles Overreach* she preferred to that of J. B. Booth. Even concerning her own achievements as actress and manager she is no less concise, summing up the history of her memorable directorship of the Arch Street Theatre in Philadelphia in a few pages of bald detail.

Nevertheless, the book is worth reading as an illustration of the sort of apprenticeship which the really skilled actors of the past were compelled to serve, and is rendered additionally attractive by a number of excellent portraits, some of which are to be found only in the possession of collectors.

An appendix, by Douglas Taylor, contains useful biographical notes of the more eminent performers named in Mrs. Drew's booklet.

The Life of James Dwight Dana, Scientific Explorer, Mineralogist, Geologist, Zoologist, Professor in Yale University. By Daniel C. Gilman. Harper & Brothers. 1899. 8vo, pp. 409.

If the study of human character ever becomes a science and it is desired to treat the Man of Science as a distinct variety of the *genus homo*, no better type-specimen can be selected than James D. Dana. He opened up no new intellectual world, as Darwin and, in some measure, Helmholtz, did. Such men are not normal specimens of the Scientist. Nor were his achievements as brilliant, say, as those of Riemann, of Faraday, of Mendeléef. But that was owing to the nature of his branch of science, geology. Dana, the abundantly thorough geologist, he might have been called; the other four epithets of the title-page being swallowed up in this one. In Riemann's science, mathematics, achievement is the easier for the circumstance that only one kind of ability, the pure exercise of intellect, is called for. In tracing the laws of electricity and in other such nomological research, to some mathematical genius (which, as in Faraday's case, need not recognize itself as such) must be added a power of analyzing phenomena, together with those of devising and executing decisive experiments. The discovery of a true classification—a classification which, like Mendeléef's, is to resist the ravages of time—demands all the powers of the nomologist, and in addition a far finer observation—that observation which awakes to the significant thing like a mother to her infant's voice, and seizes upon characteristics which, though they be known and recorded, are by ordinary men passed over without appreciation of their bearing. But to pursue an explanatory science, like geology, with success, one most be provided with all those mental engines and more besides. After all, what is chiefly requisite in classificatory science is to sit down and listen to the voice of nature until you catch the tune. But concerning causes nature is not communicative. They are the secrets of the sphinx. She will vouchsafe no more than a terrible monosyllabic "no" to one guess after another whose making may have cost lives. The invention of the right hypothesis requires genius—an inward garden of ideas that will furnish the true pollen for observation's flowers. And the framing of the hypothesis is merely the preparation for the main work of verification—of pressing Nature with question upon question until she is forced to a tacit confession; a work demanding the most varied powers, above all that kind of observation which is called "shrewd."

Dana, for example, not only showed himself a good technical mathematician in his treatment of crystallography in the fourth and earlier editions of his 'System of Mineralogy,' but also was able, in an untechnical way, to produce a mathematical analysis of problems arising in geology. He early showed an aptitude for chemistry, and published two papers upon cohesive attraction, a subject inviting only to a man of nomological ability. One of the deepest-going exhumations of his research, the law of cephalization, belongs to this division of science. In two classificatory sciences, mineralogy and zoölogy, his superiority was acknowledged. In geology, while he would be the last of men to neglect details, yet his eye was always turned to the greatest problems—such as the permanence of continents and oceans, the general state of the earth's surface as a whole at different epochs, and the like. He always generalized. His studies included the moon as well as the earth, and he looked upon geological history as a type of evolution in general, or progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous.

Dana pursued the most difficult of the sciences, barring none, in a more thorough and comprehensive manner than any other man of his generation. At any rate, he and his scholars have made America the headquarters of geology. But that which, above all, renders Dana the type of the scientific man in general, taking physicists and psychicists (*i. e.*, psychologists, anthropologists, archæologists, philologists, historians, etc.) together, is that whatever matter seriously engaged his intellect, that he must study with the most systematic and laborious dredging. The inevitable effect of this is to bury a great part of the man under drudgery, so that the narrative of his life requires an intelligent running commentary to bring out the interest of it. For Dana, especially, whose habits were formed before the days of typewriters, and stenographers, and the other paraphernalia of modern wealth—a man who himself travelled to the post-office several times a day, and managed with such poor means as college professors before the war had at their command—this is peculiarly true.

The great amount of drudgery in Dana's life has, perhaps, given President Gilman the impression that his subject was not a very interesting one, or, at any rate, has led him to lose no opportunity of inserting matter that does not relate to Prof. Dana. Such are an extract from a sermon by Jowett about the universe, two of the three chapters on the United States Exploring Expedition, sketches of other officers of Yale College, an account of the foundation and early history of Silliman's *Journal*. We are willing to admit that it was the biographer's duty to show how the promoter, the author, of the United States Exploring Expedition, which went far to redeem America's reputation, being too single-hearted a man to blow his own trumpet, has been allowed to fall into oblivion, after the custom of republics, so that biographical dictionaries hardly know the name of John N. Reynolds. The other insertions, too, are decidedly interesting in themselves. Could they not have been compassed without creating the impression of fleeing to them for relief from the dryness of the main matter? We will say no more on that head. We might perhaps have excused ourselves altogether from adverting to the degree of literary mastery employed, on the ground that the book is nearly made up of excerpts, and that those excerpts are very well worth reading. It is also fair to consider that the task of preparing this biography was one not sought by the author, and which he could not well have declined, remote as are his own occupations from those of the geologist. His well-known sympathy for science and scientists made it natural to select him rather than another friend for this office.

The book is pretty enough. To some eyes it would have been more so had there been somebody to see that the number of portraits of Prof. Dana the volume contains were rightly counted, that the names of persons mentioned, such as Benjamin Peirce and Daniel Huntington, were always correctly given, and the like. It is difficult to believe that one of the De Saussures made a mistake in French for every three lines of print his letter fills, or that Milne-Edwards should have doubled this proportion. But these are symptoms of a brief transition period in the history of a great publishing house, for which all readers must be inclined to kindly indulgence in remembrance of the benefits and pleasures of the past.

Abraham Lincoln: The Man of the People. By Norman Hapgood. Macmillan. 1899.

So many lives of Lincoln have been written heretofore that for the existence of this one there does not appear to be any good and sufficient reason. It does not, of course, invite comparison with the elaborate historical biography of Nicolay and Hay, but, among the shorter lives, there are some that should have given Mr. Hapgood's biographical ambition pause. Carl Schurz's study-sketch would leave a stranger to the life and character of Lincoln better informed as to his genius and performance than Mr. Hapgood's 433 pages. But Mr. Hapgood's deliberate appeal is to a different judgment and taste than were met and satisfied by Mr. Schurz and by Mr. Morse's volumes in the "American Statesmen" series. We have had 'The True George Washington' and 'The True Benjamin Franklin,' and we have here, very much in the manner of those doubtful ventures, the True Abraham Lincoln; the idea being that the true man is the man in his most ungirt and careless moods, the man displaying his seamy side, if he has one, with the least possible reserve. Others have done this before Mr. Hapgood, notably Lincoln's friends Herndon and Lamon; but their books were *mémoires pour servir*, and as such have been useful to the more elaborate biographers. Similar was Whitney's 'Life on the Circuit with Lincoln,' in which Mr. Hapgood seems to have found more plums for his pudding than elsewhere. Upon all these books Mr. Hapgood has drawn freely, especially upon their stories ascribed to Lincoln and their admissions of his addiction to political methods which "the purists" (as Mr. Hapgood habitually calls those who like the cleaner kind of politics) cannot heartily approve. The stories are generally good, and Lincoln's vivid application of them to particular occasions was even more remarkable than the fulness of his repertory. The most of them appear to be well authenticated, and others of more questionable shape could easily have been raked together. For all his frankness, Mr. Hapgood has stopped short of the most absolute sincerity. That is a very interesting comparison made by Mr. Rhodes in the recent fourth volume of his history. He says, justly, that Lincoln is generally agreed to

have been a man of higher spiritual grade than Grant, while of the latter it is true that he did not use profane language, and frowned upon such "good stories" as were not sweet and clean.

It is not easy to imagine that any one would think so well of Lincoln after reading this book as before, could they not appeal from it to other and more comprehensive representations. This does not mean that Mr. Hapgood has had the intention of writing Lincoln down. He writes more things that are favorable to him than the reverse, and lavishes upon him many strains of generous and lofty praise. But he seems to do these things, as Capt. Wybrow in George Eliot's story did what was pleasant and agreeable to him—from a sense of duty; while he tells the vulgar story and reports the political indirection with as much relish as conscientiousness, if not more. Somehow the emphasis appears to be upon the lower things. There is much more upon Lincoln's stooping to machine methods to secure his second election than upon his rising to withstand, almost alone, the Republican tide of immoral compromise and concession in the winter of 1860-61. The steps leading to emancipation are explained indifferently well, and in what temper may be judged from a single sentence: "Meantime the abolitionists [*i. e.*, the radical Republicans] were howling for universal emancipation."

The idea of making a history of the war is disclaimed at the outset, but where particulars are given they should be correct. They are not where Grant is said to have "finally decided to risk destruction by having the fleet take the army down the river in front of the batteries." On the opposite page we have the true account in a letter from Lincoln to Grant. There are other misstatements, as where Grant is represented as refusing to write a letter in aid of Lincoln's reëlection. The letter was written, and a very effective one it was. There is some careless use of words. Brooks's assault on Sumner is said to have been "unprovoked," which it certainly was not; and "indignation" is said to have been a quality entirely foreign to Lincoln's nature, where "vindictiveness" would be the right word.

Peaks and Pines. Another Norway Book. By J. A. Lees. Longmans, Green & Co. 1899. pp. xii+378.

The writer of the present book is upon old stamping-ground, since he was joint author of that amusing account of adventures and misadventures entitled 'Three in Norway,' published several years ago. The tone of this new book is not dissimilar, as the "verses" on the title-page show:

> "When all the world has grown a bore
> And all your life hard lines,
> Come hither! Peak and pine no more
> 'Mid Norway's peaks and pines."

After this we may expect anything, and we get it before the book is done. Underneath the surface of this vacation levity there is, nevertheless, a record of reality, and one who has been in Norway with rod and gun recognizes straightway the inherent genuineness of the descriptions of the pleasures and trials that are sure to come in due measure out of the ups and downs of an expedition to the *fjeld*. One of the few really serious paragraphs in the book puts this admirably when it says:

"Norway is a hard country; hard to know, hard to shoot over, and hard—very hard—to fall down on: but hard to forsake, and harder to forget. It would scarcely be possible, and certainly not desirable, to make the wild Northland any easier for the arm-chair sportsman or the luxurious tourist; but for the lover of Nature who is keen enough to take considerable trouble for his sport, and who will be content with modest results for his exertions with rifle and rod, gun, knapsack, or alpenstock, there is no easily accessible country to equal it, nor one that will afford him such store of health and pleasant memories."

The illustrations are from photographs and sketches by the author. To meet the latter upon his own ground, we would say, in conclusion, that although the *rype*, as they call the ptarmigan in Norway, is the bird most often mentioned in the book and is even pictured on the cover, this is more than anything else the story of a "lark." To all, however, who love the fresh life of the open air and can appreciate the buoyancy of spirit born of it, whether they have been in Norway or not, the book will surely appeal.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, W. J. Blue Jackets of '98: A History of the Spanish-American War. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Bergengren, R. In Case of Need. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.25.
Carman, Bliss. A Winter Holiday. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 75c.
Drummond, Prof. James. The Epistles of Paul the Apostle. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.
Fisher, J. R. Finland and the Tsars. London: Edward Arnold. $2.
Guerber, H. A. Legends of Switzerland. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Hale, E. W. The Dreyfus Story. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Keeler, C. A Season's Sowing. Illustrated by Louise Keeler. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.
Kinney, C. Mists of Fire: A Trilogy and Some Eclogs. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.25.
Long, W. J. Ways of Wood Folk. Boston: Ginn & Co. 65c.
Miss Polly Fairfax. New York: P. F. McBreen.
Morley, Margaret W. The Honey-Makers. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.50.
Morris, Clara. Little "Jim Crow." The Century Co. $1.25.
Pemberton, Caroline H. Stephen the Black. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.
Pennypacker, S. W. The Settlement of Germantown, Pennsylvania, and the Beginning of German Emigration to North America. Philadelphia: W. J. Campbell.
Putnam, F. Living in the World, with Other Ballads and Lyrics. Rand, McNally & Co.
Quinet, Mme. E. Cinquante Ans d'Amitié. Paris: Armand Colin & Cie. 3 fr. 50c.
Ragozin, Zenaïde A. Frithjof, the Viking of Norway, and Roland, the Paladin of France. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Roberts, M. The Colossus. Harpers.
Rogers, W. A. Hits at Politics: A Book of Cartoons. R. H. Russell.
Schouler, J. History of the Civil War. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.25.
Shakespeare, W. Twelfth Night. Cassells. 10c.
Sheppard, W. L. Worldly Wisdom: Extracts from Chesterfield's Letters to His Son. R. H. Russell.
Strang, L. C. Famous Actors of the Day in America. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Tabb, J. B. Child Verse. Small, Maynard & Co. $1.
Teck, F. C. Under Western Skies: Poems. New Whatcom, Wash.: Blade Publishing Co. 50c.
The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers from the Spectator. D. Appleton & Co.
Ver Beck, F. Acrobatic Animals. R. H. Russell.
Wood, B. The Successful Man of Business. Brentano.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1899.

The Week.

The gold-standard bill passed the House on Monday by a majority of forty votes, although the straight Republican majority in that body is only twelve. Immediately after the result was declared, Mr. De Armond of Missouri announced the death of his colleague, Richard P. Bland—a rather extraordinary coincidence. Mr. Bland took up the fight for the free coinage of silver twenty-three years ago, and from that time forward he was the most conspicuous figure on that side of the contest until Bryan came to the front in 1896. It is not generally remembered now that Bland led Bryan in the voting in the Chicago convention during the first three ballots. If honors were awarded by political parties in proportion to services rendered, nobody but Bland would have been thought of for nomination on a free-silver platform. The place of leading martyr would have been awarded to him in preference to anybody else. His distinction comes in the singular fact that the House where he sat so long should take official cognizance of his death immediately after passing a bill that proclaims the downfall and ruin of the political structure which he sought to build. The feeble proclamation which the Silver Republicans put forth at the same time sounds like a dirge to accompany Mr. De Armond's announcement:

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound."

The debate on the currency bill in the House has called for some observations on the recent advance in the prices of commodities. In the campaign of 1896, and for a long time before, the advocates of bimetallism rested their case mainly on the great decline in general prices that had taken place since 1873. They took that year as a starting-point, because it was the year in which the "crime" of demonetization was committed in the United States. They were able to show a pretty general decline in prices during the twenty succeeding years, but did not show that it was due to the demonetization of silver, or that it was a bad thing for the human race. It was contended, on the other side, that the decline was due to improved methods of production and transportation, and that, however produced, it was beneficial to mankind. The bimetallists, on the whole, gained most from the debate, because the average man thinks more about the price he obtains for the products that he sells than for those which he buys. So it came to pass that Bryan and his followers went on swimmingly in the campaign of 1896 until about the middle of August, when a sudden advance in the price of wheat, due to short crops in Europe, checked their career and led the Western farmers to think that there might be a flaw in the bimetallist argument. The price of wheat continued to advance till the day of election, and did not stop even then.

Although silver has not been remonetized in any part of the world, but has been demonetized in several countries since the year 1896, there has been a general advance of prices both here and abroad, and it is not quite certain that the bimetallists are happy over it. At all events, Congressman De Armond is not. He says it is mainly due to the Trusts—from which it appears that high prices may be good or may be bad according to circumstances. If a man who is accustomed to pay $3 for a barrel of flour finds himself obliged to pay $5 for the same quantity and quality, it will be bad for him if the advance is due to the Milling Trust, but good for him if it is due to the free coinage of silver. There is no end to the pitfalls that the bimetallists prepared for themselves when they made the rise and fall of prices the decisive factor in their argument. The truth of the matter is, that general prices are dependent upon causes too numerous and too recondite to build political parties upon. Economists of distinction are not agreed about them. The quantitative theory of money is in a state of flux. The believers in it are not agreed among themselves in their method of stating it. One thing, however, is certain: if wages advance or remain stationary, then any general decline of the prices is an advantage to the wage-workers, who are the greater part of the human race. Conversely, a general advance of prices, unless wages advance in equal ratio, is an injury to them, no matter whether the cause of the advance be Trusts, short crops, free silver, or what you please. The poor man in every such case has to pay more for his living, and he has no more to pay with.

It took only a week to show that the Republican party of the country, so far as its attitude can be judged from the tone of its newspapers, is ready to accept the policy of free trade as recommended by its protectionist President in that part of his message to Congress relating to Porto Rico. Mr. McKinley advised that "the markets of the United States should be opened up to her products," and declared that "our plain duty is to abolish all customs tariffs between the United States and Porto Rico, and give her products free access to our markets." It was an interesting subject for speculation how this proposition would be taken by the press of a party which only two years ago would have "viewed with alarm" the idea of free trade between this country and one of the West Indies. The New York *Press* led off in the old familiar strain, pronouncing Mr. McKinley's recommendation the "greatest victory for free trade" since the day, fifty years ago, when George M. Dallas, as Vice-President, gave the casting vote in the Senate for the adoption of the Walker tariff, and it predicted an indignant uprising against such a policy by the masses of the party. But it has been as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. Leading Republican newspapers throughout the country have warmly endorsed the suggestion of free trade, whether, like the Philadelphia *Press* published in a hotbed of protection, or, like the Burlington (Iowa) *Hawkeye*, in one of those agricultural States whose farmers were expected to raise an indignant protest which would carry alarm to the White House. The tobacco-growers of New England, who were at first somewhat disturbed about the free admission of the Porto Rico product, have concluded that they have nothing to fear from such competition. The sugar interests of the United States do not appear to be alarmed over the prospect of the free entry of sugar. The manufacturers, who are always the best organized and most effective defenders of the high-tariff policy at Washington, manifest so far not the slightest interest in the controversy. Indeed, the present tendency is toward the acceptance of the President's policy by both the country and Congress, without much of a fight against it from any quarter.

A member of Mr. McKinley's "insular commission," Mr. H. G. Curtis, deprecates in the *Forum* any rash meddling of Congress with Porto Rico. Far better leave everything to the President. He is "better informed" than Congress; he "can be relied upon to make a good code of laws," and, besides, can "prepare and promulgate the laws more promptly than Congress, which naturally occupies much time in adjusting conflicting questions." Exactly, and the same argument would be even stronger if applied to domestic legislation. Congress is such a slow and pottering body that any one can see it would be much better to have an infallible and all-wise President lay our taxes and spend our money. No such luck is in store for us, for at home we have the "manners of liberty," as Jules Lemaitre calls all the disagreeable and dilatory ways of public discussion and public legislation in a democracy. Yet Mr. Curtis's innocent casting of him-

self into the arms of a benevolent tyrant, as respects the government of our dependencies, shows what are the inner affinities of expansion. But he overlooks the most powerful reason of all for turning the matter over to Congress—namely, that delightful argument of the Imperialists, that reform is to come to our domestic politics via Manila and Ponce. Congress is to legislate purely, wisely, and unselfishly for Porto Rico and the Philippines, and then is to catch such a virtuous contagion that it is to have the happy thought of passing good laws for the United States. It is really cruel in Mr. Curtis to cut us off from hope of reform in New York by indirect radiation from Havana and San Juan, and to deprive us of the chance of putting down Quay and Platt and our other bosses by the fine strategy of first extirpating the power of the old Spanish *caciques* in Porto Rico and Cuba.

Senator Lodge introduced a bill last week to put hides on the free list of the tariff. The present duty is 15 per cent. ad valorem, and there never was any reason for such a duty. It was put in the Dingley bill, not because anybody wanted it for "protection," but to save appearances and to make the bill harmonious. The tanners and shoemakers have decided that the time has come for them to be harmonized; they have accordingly sent numerous petitions to Washington for a repeal of this nonsensical tax. They will not get it repealed, however, or not in the direct way proposed by Senator Lodge, because that would reopen the whole tariff question. They may get it done by way of reciprocity. There is a treaty now pending with Argentina, in which hides are admitted at 20 per cent. reduction of the Dingley tax. Let the Senators from Massachusetts get this treaty amended to admit hides from Argentina free. This can be done in secret session, and even if it were in open session there would be no effective opposition to it. Then the same rule that we apply to Argentina must needs be applied to other South American countries, and gradually we shall get back to the happy condition we were in before Dingley took hold of the matter, and without danger of reopening the tariff question.

The letter written by Senator Hoar to ex-Senator Edmunds on the Philippine question is encouraging in the evidence it brings that the cause of human freedom is not without a first-rate leader in the Senate of the United States. "Congress," he says, "has not yet committed itself to the policy of imperialism; still less are the American people so committed." Senators Tillman of South Carolina and Bacon of Georgia have ranged themselves with Senator Hoar in the endeavor to keep the United States true to the underlying principles of the Declaration of Independence. It will, no doubt, furnish some occasion for scoffing to find Tillman and Hoar marching under the same banner, but of course the latter is not going to abandon a righteous cause because the former has seen fit to espouse it. Mr. Tillman's resolution seeks to apply to the Philippines the same principles that were declared by Congress in respect of Cuba. It promises them independence as soon as a stable government shall be established by them, and also friendly assistance in establishing such government. Mr. Bacon's is the same in substance, although differing slightly in form. Now, nothing can be more helpful to the formation of sound opinions on this subject than a debate in Congress on these resolutions. It is not to be doubted that Senator Hoar will hold the part in it which his experience, his powers, and his standing as the foremost New England Senator entitle him to take.

Senator Hoar has again perseveringly brought forward his old proposition for an amendment of the Constitution advancing the time of year when the term of a President shall begin and end from the 4th of March to the 30th of April, the anniversary of the day when Washington was inaugurated in 1789. It is necessary, therefore, again to repeat that this is a movement in the wrong direction. There ought to be a change in the time when a new President and the Congress elected with him come into office, but it should be a change forward and not backward. More than half of the States elect their Governors on the same day in the November of every fourth year that a President is chosen, and most of the rest in the November of a previous year. In every one of these States the Governor elected in November and the legislators chosen at the same time enter upon their duties early in the following January. It ought to be the same way with the national executive and lawmakers. Instead of the President's not taking the oath of office until the 4th of March—or, as Mr. Hoar would have it, the 30th of April—and Congress not meeting in the ordinary course until the December after the inauguration, the old officials at Washington should go out and the new ones should come in at the beginning of the year, as is the rule at the State capitals. The present system is illogical and absurd, while the change advocated by Mr. Hoar would only make things worse.

The introduction by Senator Cullom of a bill to authorize railroad pooling, subject to the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission, is a fresh sign of the change of public opinion on this question. Our readers may recall a somewhat remarkable speech made by Mr. Knapp, the chairman of the Interstate Commission, at a dinner in Chicago last August, in which he publicly proclaimed the failure of the anti-pooling law and advised its abandonment. He said that, while it had been enacted to prevent discriminations in freight charges, it not only had failed to do so, but have aggravated them. Experience had convinced him that the law was not enforceable. Under the non-pooling system the motive to discriminate was too strong to be resisted. Railroad officials were compelled to get traffic somehow; their existence depended upon getting it. Therefore, they would incur the risks and penalties of the law rather than not get it. No punishments would suffice to stay discriminations while such powerful motives for practising them existed. Therefore, he protested against "the error and inconsistency of a legislative policy which makes rate competition compulsory, and at the same time condemns as criminal misdemeanors the acts and inducements by which in other spheres of activity competition is mainly effected." Mr. Knapp concluded his speech by formally recommending legalized pooling as the only way to restore honorable methods to the business of railway transportation, and to range the railways on the side of the law.

Senator Cullom's bill provides for the formation of joint traffic associations under the control of the Interstate Commerce Commission, all agreements as to rates and conditions being subject to its approval. It prohibits the paying of any rebate to shippers on the agreed rates, or the granting of any special privileges in receiving, storing, or handling freight. It also provides for a national freight classification by the Interstate Commerce Commission which is to be binding upon all interstate carriers. Penalties of $5,000 for violations of the rates so fixed are provided, each day to be deemed a separate offence. These provisions are for the public advantage, and undoubtedly they would be enforced by the Interstate Commission in such a way as to promote honesty in railway transportation. The remaining provisions of the bill are of more doubtful merit. They authorize the Commission to fix both maximum and minimum rates, and differentials in rates when necessary to prevent discrimination; also to determine the division between carriers of a joint rate, and the terms and conditions under which business shall be interchanged; to make changes in classification, and to amend the rules and regulations under which traffic moves so as to bring them into conformity with the provisions of the act. It is true that Commissioner Knapp, in the speech referred to above, recommended that the Commission be vested with power to fix

rates when they are unreasonable. This seems to be a stretch of power beyond any authority possessed by Congress itself, since the determination of what is a reasonable charge is a judicial function. Nevertheless, the bill ought to pass, even if it contains some provisions of doubtful expediency or constitutionality. The evils caused by the anti-pooling law are so great and so demoralizing that they ought not to be borne any longer.

The President's alleged heroic determination that no federal officeholders should take part as delegates in the convention which is to renominate him, did not impress civil-service reformers as so valuable an approval of their contentions as some of the President's friends anticipated. It was hailed in some quarters as a refutation of the Mugwump charge that the President had broken his pledge to uphold and extend the reform, but this does not appear to be the prevailing view. Perhaps if a renomination were less certain than it seems to be now, and if the aid of the officeholders were necessary in bringing it about, a sceptical public might have detected more heroism in the determination than it did under present conditions. We observe that Collector Bidwell stands firmly for the proposal, and declares that nobody in the custom-house service shall be allowed to attend the convention. This shows that one convert at least has been made, for Mr. Bidwell saw no impropriety during the late campaign in this city in acting himself as the chairman of the campaign committee of a machine candidate for the Legislature.

What a bracing effect it would have upon the political atmosphere if the Democrats were to cut loose from Bryan and his dead issue and turn their faces to the future with a man of brains and character as a Presidential candidate! The transformation that would come over the President and all the members of the "McKinley syndicate" would be little short of magical. They would at once evolve a policy on the questions of expansion and of the Philippines which would recognize the existence of the principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution. They would at once begin to treat civil-service reform with respect and all reformers with deference. They would at once begin to talk economy in expenditure and to put the brakes upon Congress. In short, they would immediately begin to bait their hooks for the doubtful or independent voter, and the result would be one of the sanest and most economical sessions of Congress that we have had in many years, instead of what now promises to be one of the most reckless and extravagant ever known. We should pass at one bound from a political situation in which argument and reason seem to command no hearing, to one in which both parties would be using them as the chief weapons of the approaching campaign. Is there not enough wisdom left in the Democratic party to perceive this opportunity, which fairly yawns before it?

The Massachusetts cities which have been holding municipal elections this month applied the principle of the referendum to an important matter of administration. The question has been submitted whether the eight-hour system should be adopted as regards all employees of the city government. It is not surprising to find that the proposition has been carried in every city, usually by an overwhelming majority, in many cases about three to one in the affirmative. Of course "organized labor" has been behind this movement. Its theory is that the application of the eight-hour system by the municipality will hasten its adoption by private employers, and the fact that the Saturday half-holiday made slow headway until it was taken up by cities is cited in support of this claim. The only curious feature of the incident is that "organized labor" did not act upon this principle sooner. Undoubtedly it could have carried the eight-hour proposition in its present form years ago in any city.

The attempt of the Bank of France to prevent the exportation of gold reminds us that similar attempts have been made by our Treasury officials during recent years, by making a charge for gold bars high enough to compel exporters to take coin instead. Such interference with the natural course of trade does not stop, or even retard, the movement of gold out of the country when the course of trade requires such movement. It merely puts to an additional expense the man who has to pay debts abroad. His obligations are not diminished by such charges, but rather increased. We are glad to see that the present director of the mint has drawn attention to the futility and folly of the extra charge imposed for gold bars. The bars are a raw material of which coin is the finished product. Gold eagles are more costly to produce than gold bars. Therefore, if any discrimination is to be made by the Government, it ought to be in the direction of keeping our coin and letting foreigners take our bars instead. As we have a surplus of gold at present, this is a favorable time for amending the law in accord with common sense, so that when gold exports are necessary, they may be made with the least cost to those who are obliged to make remittances abroad.

Gatacre, then Methuen, then Buller—disasters to one after the other, all in one week and all in one way. Buller, of whom most was expected, has suffered worst of all, for the loss of eleven guns cripples him more than would the putting of three regiments out of the fight. The Boers have fought their battles on precisely the lines of Bloemplaatz and Krugersdorp. Ensconced in ridges and hidden among the rocks, on either side a river, they bide their time, wait for the British to be beguiled by Dutch stratagem, and then their deadly marksmanship does the rest. Buller was supposed to be the one man to fathom and frustrate these historic tactics of the Boers, but he seems to have gone more blindly to ruin than even his fellow-generals. It is a terrible shock to British military prestige, and is the more deplorable in that it tends to prolong and make more bloody a war which has already been disastrous beyond all expectation. The subsequent assignment of Roberts and Kitchener to South Africa signifies England's determination to pit her best men against the Boers, but it is also a kind of notification to the world that the British Empire is ready for all eventualities. Like the appointment of Admiral Beresford to command in the Mediterranean, it implies that imperial policy is watchful over all imperial interests. If troubles come in India or beyond the frontier; if the French stir up Menelik to march from Abyssinia against the British in the Sudan; if at any point in her wide domain Britain should see danger arising, she will not be unprepared. The Cape may resume its old place as the half-way house to India and the Orient.

The Intelligence Department of the British army still insists that it was accurately informed, and fully acquainted the Government, as to the military strength of the Boers. An army officer, writing in the *Contemporary*, asserts that the Colonial Office went towards war not in ignorance of the facts, but with culpable neglect to act upon the recommendations of its military advisers. It is even hinted now that one reason why Chamberlain recalled Sir William Butler from the Cape command was that he had warned the Secretary that the British force was quite inadequate. On the other hand, the Boers were not asleep. They trusted God, but they got together an enormous amount of powder to keep dry. A letter recently printed in the *Écho de Paris*, and which purported to come from Gen. Joubert, spoke in the following way of the Dutch plan:

"To arm ourselves unremittingly and to hide these armaments from the English—such was our object. We have fully succeeded therein. We often allowed secret English agents to penetrate into our arsenals, where there was merely old artillery matériel, but we carefully concealed our modern matériel, of which they thus knew nothing until the very eve of the war. We were not mistaken in counting on the contemptuous estimates formed by the English spies as to our military force."

WASHINGTON.

It has been the good fortune of but few of the men who, in all ages and among all peoples, have played leading parts in shaping the course of events and determining the lines of national progress, to gain either in definiteness of position or in clearness of outline with the lapse of years. Modern historical scholarship is prone to show us how commonplace and trivial have been the lives of national heroes; and it is often the picture of the commonplace and trivial that most persistently recurs. At rare intervals, however, there stands out the figure of a leader who, in spite of all the prosaic incidents of his career, somehow fixes and holds popular affection and esteem by virtue of certain large qualities of mind and a distinct capacity for dealing with permanent interests. Such a figure is Washington—the great heroic American of popular imagination. Among all our notable men, none has been so steadily pointed to as a pattern for youth, none has been so great an inspiration to personal effort. In a country like ours, of few traditions and little effectual reverence for the past, and where these latter days have seen the wisdom of the fathers contemptuously decried, it cannot but be wholesome to inquire what were the qualities which have made Washington, for now a hundred years, a national example.

The answer is not to be found in the possession by Washington, in any pre-eminent degree, of certain qualities and accomplishments which often contribute greatly to personal success. Washington was not a learned man, even according to the standard of his time. We know that his educational advantages were limited, and that he was not much addicted to books. He was no Spartan in thought or life. His biographers tell us that he loved good cheer, that he could be passionately angry, and that he sometimes swore. It is not because of moral or intellectual perfection in any of these regards that America has come to revere him. Nor is it, on the other hand, because Washington exhibited, as President, great powers of constructive statesmanship. In a period in which the structure of the national government was being erected, and the machinery of administration devised and set up, the details ascribable to his personal suggestion or advocacy are comparatively few; it is the ideas of Hamilton and Jefferson, rather than those of Washington, which attain, in the years from 1789 to 1797, permanent significance. The meaning of party government, and the impossibility of getting on without it, seem not to have made any particular appeal to Washington; and he chose his first cabinet from leaders of opposing political faiths. He never undertook to "manage" politics, and was chary of throwing his personal influence on one side or other of the political scales. That he acted with great caution and discretion, that he could use force when necessary, and that there was no President save himself during the eight years of his administration, are, of course, the commonplaces of history and of popular knowledge; but he stood singularly apart from the controversies of his time, and left few marks of personal initiative in the field of constructive legislation.

What, then, is the secret of his abiding influence and his extraordinary hold upon the popular imagination? It is to be found, we think, first of all, in the moral seriousness of his life. Practical as was Washington's mental habit, life and life's work were nevertheless, to him, matters of serious and solemn concern; and he carried this spirit of seriousness and obligation into all of his multifarious occupations. It made him do his best in everything to which he set his hand, as it kept him, when his personal power had become supreme, alike from trifling and from self-seeking. It gave him patience and courage in the gloomy years of the struggle for independence, as it kept him, when the war was over, from posing as a soldier or demanding of the people a reward for his patriotism. It kept him from bestowing public offices as rewards of personal friendship or political service, and from administering the affairs of the republic in the interest of any one man or set of men. It kept him from yielding to the popular clamor for war with France, as it enabled him to brave popular denunciation over the treaty with England. It was his seriousness of mind, his sense of great responsibility, his conviction that power was but a trust committed to him by a confiding people, that lifted his career as a public man to a high plane, and made him walk there soberly. And it is this dominating moral sense, this pervading earnestness of purpose in the humblest political concern, that has appealed to succeeding generations with ever-increasing force.

To this quality of moral seriousness Washington added confidence in the people. But his was not the pernicious travesty which has so often passed current under that name. Washington never tolerated the notion, flaunted by some of his successors in the Presidential chair, that the voice of the people, whatever its tone or its message, was the voice of God; nor was his political philosophy summed up in "keeping his ear to the ground," in order to catch from afar the rumblings of popular approval or dissent. It never occurred to him to force, by political machinations, the semblance of a popular endorsement of his policy. Washington's belief was in the ultimate soundness of the popular judgment and the necessity of relying upon it in a democratic state. Yet no one realized better than he the inherent dangers of popular government, and the need of wise, courageous, and unselfish leadership if those dangers were safely to be met. And that leadership he gave with consummate skill and in supreme degree. Standing before a people just bursting into new life, he warned the nation of its obligations to itself, of the seriousness of the work before it, and of the perils of unsought and unnecessary foreign entanglements. He bade it live honestly, frugally, and industriously, maintain the public faith and credit, and do with intelligence and zeal the work intrusted to it. To do the present duty, to fill the present sphere, to seek no selfish aggrandizement, to shrink from no clear responsibility, and to fear God —this was Washington's message to his country; and to the embodiment of its ideals in his own life he never ceased to devote himself. It is the supremest tribute to the abiding soundness of his character that, in circumstances of limitless opportunity, we cannot even think of Washington as doing a selfish act.

We are persuaded that the lessons of Washington's life are not without their application to the America of our own day. No thoughtful person can deny that the marvellous progress of the century has been accompanied with an appreciable measure of political degradation. In the name of popular government and confidence in the people, we have seen our political organizations pass into the control of unscrupulous men, and arrogantly used for the advancement of selfish ambitions. We have seen laws passed, in State and nation, in defiance of the popular wish, and laws withheld in spite of long and earnest popular demand. We have seen our historic foreign policy abandoned, and the nation turned into new and untried paths, not because necessity was laid upon us, but because a few men willed it so. We have seen the moral sense of the people outraged, and corruption fastened upon the public service, by leaders who at the very time were calling upon Heaven to witness to the purity of their intentions. And why? Is it not because politics in the United States is not serious business? Is it not because our political representatives have come to regard the people in the light of counters with which to register the moves in the game, and no longer fear them as the ones before whom all political acts must ultimately be judged? It is to the old but long dishonored view of politics as a field for moral effort, and the people as a body able to divine motives as well as acts, that the life of Washington calls us back. In the long line of our Presidents he stands alone, a solitary figure, unselfishly devoted to the service of his people and his God. Will any one say that there is no need of such men now, or that the common people would not hear them gladly if once it were known that they dwelt among us?

OUR POLICY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

The Associated Press last Thursday sent out an apparently authorized interview with Senator Lodge touching our national policy in reference to the Philippine Islands. Being chairman of the Senate committee having that subject in charge, his views may be assumed to represent the Republican party and the McKinley Administration. Mr. Lodge said:

"It will ultimately become the duty of the Philippine committee, I suppose, to deal with all questions connected with the islands, and to consider for submission to the Senate the policy which the United States should pursue in regard to them. But these are, of course, questions of the future. The paramount necessity of the present moment is the restoration of order in the islands, the ending of the war, and the extinction of the last embers of the insurrection, which has now degenerated into mere brigandage. This is all work for the army, and is an executive function. Until peace and order are absolutely restored, there ought not to be any congressional action. The only immediate duty for the committee that I can see now is to gather together and put into compact form all possible information in regard to the islands, so that when the time comes for congressional action, Congress may have all the knowledge obtainable which will enable it to act intelligently."

In other words, Mr. Lodge has no policy for the future disposition of the Philippines, and if he speaks for the Republican party and the Administration, they have none that they are prepared to announce. Mr. McKinley stands where he stood during his Western stumping tour, "having no policy to enforce against the will of the people." What the will of the people may be is equally uncertain. Judging from the November elections, the people would be inclined to follow the policy of the Administration if they knew what it was, and the Administration would be inclined to follow that of the people on the same condition. The only thing upon which there is general agreement is that peace must be restored in the islands. Until that is accomplished, freedom of opinion may be exercised, even in the Republican party, as to future policy. Senators Hoar, Mason, and Pettigrew have the same latitude as Senators Lodge, Cullom, and Frye.

In such a situation it is important to ask in what manner peace may be most easily and permanently secured. It is true that Aguinaldo has been driven into the mountains, and that his forces have for the time being disappeared. It is not believed, however, that peace will follow the dispersion of the insurgent army, which can come together as easily as it was put to flight. A guerilla warfare may last for years, as it did in Spain against Napoleon, and earlier when Viriathus and Sertorius successively led the mountain tribes in resistance to Rome. Neither glory nor profit is to be gained from such a war, while the loss of life on our own side from bush-fighting and assassination, such as we have deplored in the case of Lieut. Ledyard, ought to be avoided if possible. Hence the resolutions, introduced in the House by Representative Williams of Mississippi, possess immediate and far-reaching importance. The first resolution declares that

"it has always been our intent and purpose to recognize the inalienable rights of the Filipinos to self-government and national independence, and that in pursuance thereof we shall make formal recognition of these rights, and withdraw our land and sea forces upon the establishment of peace and the inauguration of a constitutional government or governments by the people of the islands, or any of them, provided the said government agrees, or the said governments agree, to refund the $20,000,000 which was paid by us to the Queen of Spain; to give us in fee simple, with right of sovereignty vested in us, a place suitable for a naval station and other places fitted for coaling stations, and to grant the American people in perpetuity the right of free access to all of their ports for goods, merchandise, and persons bent on peaceful or missionary pursuits."

The clause which requires the Filipinos to refund to us the $20,000,000 which we paid to Spain has a mercantile savor which ill befits an act of justice, and we therefore hope that it may be withdrawn by the mover or stricken out by the House before a vote is taken upon the question of principle presented. The payment of $20,000,000 was no affair of the Filipinos themselves. We paid that money to Spain to stop her lamentations, as a sugar plum is sometimes thrust into the mouth of a crying child. It was a dead loss to us, and one which we ought not to impose upon other people, least of all those who were the subjects of the trade. Aside from this consideration, why should not the resolution be adopted? Is there any reason except that it has been introduced by a Democrat and that it may possibly become one of the planks in the next Democratic platform? Is the Republican party prepared to repudiate the principles upon which the war with Spain was fought? It was declared at the outset that the war was not begun and would not be prosecuted for aggrandizement, that it was solely for the liberation of an oppressed people and for the suppression of intolerable evils at our own doors, and that when those ends were accomplished we would retire without any gain for ourselves. The only excuse offered for our retention of the Philippines has been the necessity of restoring order, and it has been assumed by those in authority that the only way to restore order was to fight and crush. Admiral Dewey has declared his belief that war was not necessary for the pacification of the islands. He has said more than once that the war might be ended now if the commanding officer were moved by a spirit of conciliation. His advice from the beginning has been generally in accord with the resolution offered by Congressman Williams. It is to be hoped that Senator Lodge's committee, when it gets to work, will send for the Admiral and ask him explicitly how he would restore peace. Whatever may be his present opinions, the honor of the American people stands committed against the forcible annexation of any unwilling peoples.

CHANGES IN PARTIES.

The vote by which the House of Representatives passed on Monday the currency-reform bill affords a striking illustration of the completeness and the speed with which changes come over parties in this country. It is hard to tell whether the majority or the minority in this instance furnishes the more impressive proof of this phenomenon.

The Republican party in the popular branch of Congress is now solidly, openly, and enthusiastically supporting the gold standard. Yet it is not five years since most of its Representatives in the House were afraid to utter the word "gold" above their breath, were protesting loudly that they were "warm friends of silver," and were trying to compromise by advocating the obviously hopeless scheme of "doing something for silver" through an international agreement for coinage at a fixed ratio. Only ten years ago this winter the man who is now President became the leader of the House in a Republican Congress, which passed an act that was hailed by the party as "a long step toward free coinage"; and for some years afterwards Mr. McKinley's favorite device on the stump was to denounce Mr. Cleveland as the friend of gold and the enemy of the people, because the Democratic leader then occupied the very position which he himself now takes.

At the same time with the unanimous vote of the Republicans in the House for the gold standard, the Democrats publish to the world the proof of a split in their own ranks. During the debate last week man after man on that side of the House arose to state the reasons why he could no longer support the Bryanite position. When some of their Republican colleagues tried to bait the Democratic members on Saturday, and challenged them to let a vote be taken on the "16 to 1" proposition, which was the cornerstone of their party's last national platform, two Democratic Representatives from the State of New York were prompt with their objections. Besides a number of Democratic voters for the Republican bill, there were many other Democrats who recorded themselves against it without any heart, and who envy their fellow-partisans who dared to come out openly for the gold standard.

The situation in the Senate is not materially different. The Republicans are assured of votes for the pending measure from their own side of the chamber which could not have been secured in the past. At least two Democratic Senators, Lindsay of Kentucky and Caffery of Louisiana, are as much

opposed to the free coinage of silver as those Democratic Representatives who have broken with their party. Even the Southern Bourbons who have hitherto strenuously resisted financial progress, will make but a perfunctory fight this time. The reason which they frankly give for this change of attitude is that the business element of the South, like that of the North, is in favor of the pending bill. The Democratic press of that section is coming to endorse this position. Mississippi has been as hopelessly given over to the silver delusion as any State, but the Vicksburg *Herald* now says that "not only is the business element of the South in favor of the pending bill, but these Senators cannot fail to realize that the whole country is tired of the 16-to-1, calamity-currency agitation, and that obstructive tactics against the gold-standard bill would be regarded with decided disfavor by their constituents."

By a curious coincidence, at the very time that both parties are changing ground on the financial question, one can also see signs of an equally marked change among the majority toward another important issue in our politics. The composure and even approval with which the Republicans have accepted the deliverance of President McKinley in favor of free trade with Porto Rico shows that the party is quite ready to abandon the high-tariff position into which it has been pushed during the last dozen years, and return to its original attitude of indifference regarding this question, with a leaning toward a revenue tariff.

Men who voted for Frémont in 1856 will remember that the first national platform of the new political organization did not so much as mention the tariff. Only the insistence of Simon Cameron, as the spokesman of Pennsylvania, secured a plank on the subject in the platform of 1860, and that went no further than to declare that, "while providing revenue for the support of the general government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imposts as to encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country." Even this had dropped out in 1864, while by 1868 there was a demand that "taxation should be equalized, and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit," with never a word about the necessity of protecting labor. The most that was asked in 1872 was that, in raising revenue by duties upon importations, "the details should be so adjusted as to aid in securing remunerative wages to labor, and promote the industries, prosperity, and growth of the whole country."

One need not go half way back to 1856 to find the time when great Republican States in the West "took no stock" in a high tariff. In 1878 the Republicans of Ohio made their successful campaign upon a platform which declared that "a tariff for revenue should be maintained and so adjusted as to secure incidental protection to home industry." The next year the Republicans of Iowa reëlected Gov. (now Senator) Gear upon a platform which asserted that "we favor a wisely adjusted tariff for revenue." If President McKinley of Ohio, Speaker Henderson, and Senator Gear of Iowa now accept the principles of a revenue tariff, they are merely returning to the faith of the party founders and of its leaders in its early history.

The transformation of parties which we are now witnessing is full of encouragement. It shows that persistent agitation for the right, although it may sometimes seem for a long time to produce no effect, will at last bear fruit, and that one should never despair in a country where such revolutionary changes as we see in progress to-day are always possible.

THE ENEMY.

In Sir Wemyss Reid's 'Memoirs and Correspondence of Lord Playfair,' just published in this country by the Harpers, new light is thrown upon the settlement of our Venezuelan controversy with England. Playfair acted as an unofficial go-between and peacemaker. The letters which passed between him and Mr. Chamberlain, on the one hand, and Ambassador Bayard on the other, are now printed for the first time. They make most interesting reading, letting us behind the scenes as they do.

Playfair was happily pitched upon for unacknowledged negotiator. He had a warm interest in our country, and many friends here. Several of them appealed to him in the emergency. The letter which one "eminent American" wrote him on Christmas eve of 1895 is given in full in the 'Memoirs.' Mr. Chamberlain also urged him to see what could be done by private conference and negotiation. Accordingly, Lord Playfair, after an interview with the Colonial Secretary, saw Mr. Bayard, and left with him a memorandum which, in his opinion, offered the basis for an equitable agreement. It began by treating Mr. Cleveland's unhappy message as if it had never existed—that is, it pointed out that the President of the United States had made no reply to the last of Lord Salisbury's dispatches. It was as if one of two negotiators had left the room for a moment to relieve his feelings by uttering a loud yell outside. That was not germane to the discussion, which had better be resumed quietly, and Lord Playfair suggested bases on which the whole affair might be amicably adjusted, as, indeed, it was in the end.

Ambassador Bayard received Playfair's advances in the way that would be expected of his humane and lofty nature. His letters breathe of peace and the desire for it. In one of them, dated February 23, 1896, he gave it as an argument for a speedy coming to terms that, while a "most wholesome public sentiment" was showing itself on both sides of the Atlantic, and while this was encouraging international amity, "it also," he wrote, "*nolifies the enemy.*" This is a very striking phrase. Who was the enemy? Whose hostile activity was it that Mr. Bayard so much dreaded? He does not explain, but it is perfectly clear whom he meant. It was not England; he was at the moment straining every nerve to secure peace with her, and was writing to one of her most distinguished sons. It was their common enemy—no particular nation, no foreign malice, no army afield or fleet with steam up, but the whole devilish spirit of Jingoism and brute love of war. It was the wicked press, the inflamed and reckless Representative, the banjo-patriot, the popularity-seeking clergyman, "the yells and counter-yells of faction" in either country, but more particularly in his own, that this high-minded statesman and lover of his kind had in his thoughts when he spoke of "the enemy."

Who can deny that he was right, and that the revived laudation of war in our time, and inflammatory incitements to it, constitute the true foe of civilized men and nations? This would have been a commonplace twenty years ago. War was then, to every thinking man, a mere monster out of the dark backward and abysm of time, trying to smear with its bloody hand the fairest trophies of peace and progress. We should all have shrunk then from entering upon a war not sternly necessary, as we should from the commission of a crime. But our ideals have been eaten into by events. The leading civilized nations have gone swarming over the earth seeing whose lands they might filch, and what native rights they might beat down with iron shard and reeking tube. Men cannot tolerate or encourage this sort of thing, least of all engage in it, without losing something of the fine considerateness, and the delicate regard for the dignity of human nature, however debased in appearance, which evolution has gone through its throes to produce in us. Yet so thin was our veneer of civilization that you had only to scratch us and the brute showed through. A fancied cause of war over Venezuela, the chance of fighting Spain, the opportunity to avenge Majuba and teach the Dutch who was master—that was enough to fill the Jingoes in America or in England with frenzied joy like Cetewayo's at the prospect of "washing the spears" of his *impi*. The horror and peril of this were, we say, part of the intellectual furniture of every educated man a score of years ago; but we have lived to see it apologized for, then excused as a necessary evil, and finally glorified as the noblest work of man! No wonder that Mr. Bay-

ard wrote shuderingly of this mad eagerness for war as "the enemy."

But the whole Playfair incident happily illustrates also the resources of civilization against the barbarians who have arisen in its very midst. Men of light and leading, educators, scientists, writers, artists, are banded into a tacit International League against them. Lord Playfair's secret intervention in the name of both American and English science and humanity was a striking example of what Sir Michael Foster, in his Presidential address before the British Association, called the "deep undercurrent" in all branches of science, which is "sapping the very foundations of war." If one touch of science makes the whole world kin, it never does so more truly than in the universal brotherhood which is at once revealed in men of genuine enlightenment, as against the abettors and applauders of war. Science and art and literature start up instinctively to join hands against this common enemy. Knowledge and philanthropy rise to oppose it as they would to stamp out a plague, or relieve the victims of a famine or of a cataclysm of nature. If the Jingoes of pen and sword rage and imagine vain things, the quiet workers in science and the humane arts the world over set in motion their invisible armaments to bring to naught the machinations and the malice of the great enemy.

GOLD EXPORTS.

Whenever a war breaks out in the Old World, or is seriously threatened, there is a sudden demand for ready money by bankers and traders, who feel that they must be prepared for every emergency. There is a simultaneous decline in the foreign bourses. The securities of the countries in which, or near which, war is threatened shrink in value, often to a disastrous extent. American securities are those least affected by such panics. For that reason they are the ones first sold by foreign holders, who are compelled to strengthen their cash reserves at any cost. This has been one of the consequences of the war in South Africa. At first there was very slight disturbance of the money market. The war was considered an affair of sixty or ninety days. The expectation was commonly held that Gen. Buller would take his Christmas dinner in Pretoria. The remarks of the British Chancellor of the Exchequer indicated his belief that the war would be of brief duration, and would not call for much more money than the Treasury could supply by short loans in anticipation of the customary receipts.

Now, however, the situation is greatly changed. The British forces have met three defeats in succession, the last one the most disastrous of all, and the question now is not whether Gen. Buller shall take his Christmas dinner in Pretoria, but whether he shall have any Christmas dinner at all. The ominous conditions in Natal are instantly reflected in Lombard Street. The sale of American securities in London was active last week; bordering on panic last Saturday, and it resulted in the outflow of $2,200,000 gold by the last steamer. That it will be followed by other shipments is the expectation of those who keep watch of such matters, but the data for estimating the magnitude of the movement are very vague and inconclusive. It is the belief of those best informed that the amount of American securities held abroad by the classes likely to be pinched for money is very small. Stocks and bonds held strictly for investment will not be thrown over in a crisis like the present. On the contrary, the greater the danger abroad, the more firmly will this class cling to their American investments. There are other causes, however, which may influence the movement of gold at any time. The most potent one is the condition of the money markets here and abroad. A high rate of interest in London, concurring with a low rate here, will carry gold from us at any time, in peace or war.

It happens that we are now abundantly supplied with gold. If a "drain" is really coming, we are, taking the country as a whole, and looking to the Treasury as well as the banks, in a good position to meet it. According to the report of the Director of the Mint just published, the stock of gold in the country January 1, 1899, was $945,798,788, being a gain of $200,000,000 since the previous year. The gain appears in the following items:

Stock, January 1, 1898	$745,245,953
Net imports of United States coin	33,082,718
Coinage during the year	77,985,758
Gain in bullion in mints	94,770,430
Total	$951,084,859
United States coin remelted at mints	$1,330,741
Taken by paymasters to Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines	2,455,330
Used in manufactures	1,500,000
Total	$5,286,071
Stock, January 1, 1899	$945,798,788

Of this increase, $159,632,840 is in the national banks and the Treasury, as shown below:

Treasury, January 1, 1898	$197,767,142
National banks, Dec. 15, 1897	187,608,644
Total	$385,375,786
Treasury, January 1, 1899	$281,119,881
National banks, December 1, 1898	263,888,745
Total	$545,008,626
Gain in Treasury and national banks	$159,632,840

The difference between this and the aggregate gain estimated for the country, $40,919,995, is considered to have gone into State and private banks and general circulation. The gold coin and bullion in the Treasury eleven months later (December 1, 1899) was $390,652,000, a further gain of $109,000,000.

In the foregoing statistics it is assumed that the country contains $400,000,000 of gold not in the national banks and the Treasury. This is sometimes called invisible gold, and the question has been raised by statisticians of the first rank whether any such sum really exists. Prof. Roland P. Falkner questioned the accuracy of these statistics in the *Forum* of last August. It was then assumed by the mint authorities that there was $215,000,000 of gold in the hands of the people, and Prof. Falkner gave good reasons for thinking that there was $174,500,000 in banks other than national. The data by which the Treasury Department reached the conclusion that there was $215,000,000 in the hands of the people were shown by Prof. Falkner to be defective in neglecting the amount carried out of the country by American tourists visiting the Old World, or rather by assuming that this was offset by the amount brought in by immigrants. He made an independent estimate of the gold in the hands of the people by assuming that the amount so held is proportioned to the amount which they habitually offer for deposit in banks in the ordinary course of business. It was ascertained by a "census" of bank deposits taken July 1, 1896, that gold coin constituted 8.3 per cent. of the deposits, the remaining 91.7 per cent. being paper and silver. This census included the Rocky Mountain and Pacific Coast States, where gold coin was 69.4 per cent. of all the money deposited. In the other States the amount of gold was only 3.1 per cent. of the whole, and this corresponds pretty closely to one's observation of ordinary traffic. If we assume that the gold in circulation among the people corresponds in proportion to the gold among bank deposits, the total amount in circulation is not $215,000,000, but $69,648,469. In this case the total amount of gold in the country would be $145,351,531 less than the aggregate stated in the mint report for the present year. In other words, the total cannot be less than $900,000,000, and all of this is "visible gold" except $69,648,469. Evidently here is a stock from which a considerable sum may be spared without inconvenience to us.

THE FRENCH COLONIAL POLICY.

PARIS, November 30, 1899.

The press is supposed to be in all countries the most faithful expression of public opinion; one may ask with some reason if it has not for its object to deceive public opinion, or to give a false and exaggerated expression of it. Every country seems to have at present what you call in America a *yellow press*, by which you mean, if I am not mistaken, a sensational press, desirous of giving "news," whether true or false, and playing cynically on the curiosity of the public in times of general excitement. We had a period, too long a period, of such excitement during the various phases of the "affaire Dreyfus." This "affaire" marked a golden period for the newspapers, not only

in France, but in other countries also; the fever was felt in Italy, in Germany, in Belgium, in Switzerland, in England. What characterizes these outbursts is their acuteness as well as the suddenness of the reaction which follows. The council of war of Rennes pronounced its sentence; the President of the Republic pardoned Dreyfus; we can now say, "Exit Dreyfus."

We had a similar period of excitement at the time of the Fashoda incident; it was fortunately very brief. A daring and brave French commander, Marchand, found himself on the Nile at the time when the victorious English army arrived from the north. The French commander had, with much difficulty, cut his way through central Africa, from west to east, and had arrived by way of the province called Bahr el-Ghazal at Fashoda, where he threw up some earthworks and planted the French flag. This expedition was unknown to the immense majority of the French, having been undertaken somewhat in the dark, without any positive instructions from the responsible ministers; but all questions in which the national flag plays a part immediately become perilous. The yellow press told the French that the honor of France was in question; the Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Delcassé, showed great moral courage in consenting to the withdrawal of Commandant Marchand from the untenable position which he held at Fashoda. If both Marchand and Lord Kitchener had been firebrands, if, instead of waiting patiently for instructions from London and from Paris, they had come to blows, a great war could not have been avoided between the two nations. Fortunately the French and the English commanders behaved with the greatest courtesy to each other, and took the orders of their respective governments.

When the English Ambassador visited M. Delcassé with an ultimatum in his pocket, it is said that M. Delcassé, well understanding what the nature of the ultimatum was likely to be, spoke in such a way that no ultimatum was presented. It is, however, not to be denied that for a moment there was serious danger of war with England. It is generally believed in France, rightly or wrongly, that England was all ready to present an ultimatum to France: at any rate, she asked for an immediate evacuation of Fashoda, and refused to enter into any negotiations or to continue to negotiate before this evacuation had taken place. M. Delcassé had to explain his policy to the Chamber after the order of evacuation had been issued. There was hardly any discussion, and the Chamber felt for once that there are occasions when silence is the only dignified attitude. This silence of the Chamber, this resignation, may have given many the belief that France was indifferent to the Fashoda incident. This was an error. It was not so much the fact of the evacuation of Fashoda as the manner in which the English Government dealt with France, that created a sort of sullen irritation and discontent.

In a recent speech pronounced before the Chamber, on November 25, M. Delcassé thought it necessary to return to the Fashoda incident and to explain his conduct. He did it in these guarded terms:

"You remember—and certain newspapers that make themselves the exploiters of national humiliation have taken care to remind you of it—a year ago there was an occasion to learn that designs are not meritorious in themselves, but are especially so by virtue of the choice of the hour when they are formed, and by the preoccupation of the means of execution. A local situation manifestly unequal, a comparison between certain sacrifices and problematical results, dictated to the Cabinet —which had no responsibility for this enterprise—a resolution which, though cruel, was perfectly honorable. The calm shown by the nation, its evident desire to decide solely according to its interests, helped it more in the eyes of the world than the angry resolutions which it was, perhaps, hoped it would be led into. And, three months afterwards, a treaty was signed which obtained the unanimous approval of the two Chambers, and which, far exceeding the wishes of the colonial party, added to our domain vast territories and realized the unity of our African empire."

These are wise words, and the treaty which was prepared by Lord Salisbury and the French Cabinet has added to our African possessions immense regions which establish a continuity of communication between the shores of the Mediterranean Sea and the shores of the Atlantic, on the western coast of the African continent.

The colonial party has become very insatiable in the French Parliament and the French press. We must go back to the years which followed the war of 1870 to see how this party grew in importance. It was the natural desire of Prince Bismarck to see France, if not reconciled to the loss of two of her provinces, urging her ambition and activity in new directions. He wished to have France *make a cross* (as the phrase is) in respect to Alsace-Lorraine, but he had to offer her compensations. It has always been said, and some future historian will find proof of it in our diplomatic archives, that Jules Ferry allowed himself to be approached by the tempter, and that he marked out the great lines of French colonial policy in accord with Prince Bismarck. The occupation and what may well be the conquest of Tunisia took place, notwithstanding the intense irritation of Italy; and Prince Bismarck obtained by this aggrandizement of France in Africa the means of drawing Italy into the Triple Alliance. France has not met in Tunisia the terrible resistance which she encountered in Algeria. Tunisia is a very prosperous colony, and the port of Biserta has been put in such a state that it may be considered the most important naval base on the Mediterranean Sea.

The colonial policy has been pursued, not without great difficulties, in Cochinchina, in Tonkin, in Madagascar. This great island, which, since the days of Louis XIV., had been looked upon with envy by all the naval Powers, is now a French possession, and all resistance, either from the natives or from the other Powers, has come to an end. We must not forget New Caledonia, which was at first a mere penal settlement, but which has proved to be an invaluable possession by the richness and abundance of its mines, especially the nickel mines. I do not speak of the older colonies of France, of the establishments on the west coast of Africa, which have been extended for enormous distances; of the French islands in the West Indies. If we take in all the lands where the French flag floats at the present moment, we shall be struck by the dimensions of our colonial empire.

There are some drawbacks to the continual increase of our colonial possessions. Their defence necessitates an increase in the forces that have to be withdrawn from the Continental army, which may unexpectedly be called into action for the defence of the national territory. If, unfortunately, a European war began in which France would have to take part, the forces scattered in so many places could not easily be utilized, and might find themselves isolated, if a weighty naval Power were among the enemies of France. In the second place, statistics prove that the population of France does not tend to increase, and, therefore, there is not in France that surplus of population which has to find an outlet in colonies. These are looked upon, at least the greater part of them, less as large fields of colonization than as nurseries of public officials. They are refuges for all the *fruits secs* (dried fruit), to use a favorite French word, of politics, of the Administration. For the most prosperous of our colonies there are more foreigners than Frenchmen, or at least as many; and "sic vos non vobis" may be well applied to many.

The colonial policy may, besides, be regarded as a perpetual danger of war, if it is carried on with the vigor, the ardor, I might almost say the enthusiasm, of our *Colonials*. War might have broken out in Siam, in Madagascar, if it had not been for the prudence of certain statesmen; in Africa, the definition of the spheres of influence is not so perfect that those who care for their country, and who have a vivid sense of their responsibility, can ever be perfectly easy. These spheres of influence meet each other, and where the contact takes place, the European countries are not represented by grave diplomats, but by daring officers, who have a spirit of adventure and are intoxicated by the sense of what they consider a national neglect of opportunity.

The war in the Transvaal has furnished our yellow press a new occasion to vent its ill-humor against England and to fabricate false news. It cannot be denied that the English cause has excited no sympathy among the French people, and that there is an instinctive sympathy felt here for the Boers, who are courageous and who are defending their independence; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that France intends to take an active part in behalf of the Boers. The French obey merely the feeling so well expressed by Larochefoucauld, "There is always in the misfortune of a friend something that gives us pleasure." M. Delcassé took a statesmanlike view of the situation in this respect, as well as with regard to the differences in China. The Government has framed very clearly its policy; it intends to remain neutral, to avoid all difficulties and quarrels. It does not obey the artificial passions of the yellow press.

IMPRESSIONS IN THE MEXICAN HIGHLANDS.—III.

CHIHUAHUA, September, 1899.

The arid condition of the Mexican highlands follows as a natural consequence from the lofty mountain chains which wall them in from the influence of the oceans east and west. The moisture of the winds is precipitated on the seaward flanks of these ranges, and fails to reach the interior tablelands, except during the late summer and early autumn months, when, with changes in direction of the prevailing atmospheric cur-

rents, and the supersaturated state of the air consequent upon the higher heat at this season, the zone of rains widens out and embraces the parched mesas of Chihuahua. This welcome change commences in the high sierras of the West. Gradually the rains creep eastward, dallying awhile in the valley of Guerrero, and then, breaking over the continental divide, pour grateful torrents upon the whole expanse of the plains. With their coming a miracle is wrought. The sombre desert, which had seemed past resuscitation, suddenly brightens into lively green; the dry, crisp secate is hidden under a lush growth of succulent, waving grass; myriads of flowers illuminate the landscape with gold and pink and snowy blossoms; even the gaunt, wiry thorn-bush softens its threatening aspect with a close-fitting garment of tiny leaves, and pins a scarlet bouquet on its coat.

The torpor that had invested life is broken, and activity is seen on every side. The lament of the arrieros and freighters over their worn-out, half-starved mules and burros is gone. They are no longer "flaco," but fill out their shrunken skins, and acquire a sleekness of coat which is quite surprising after their threadbare appearance in the dry season. The roads are full of teamsters now, and the animals respond more readily to the lashing and stone-throwing and voluble exhortation of their drivers (for the Mexican can never desist from such vain fatiguing efforts after speed). The plantations of corn and beans, too, are filled with slow-moving processions of oxen, dragging wooden ploughs guided by peones brilliant in their red sarapes. The whole landscape has flashed into color and life at the touch of the rain. But the season is brief; the showers soon cease, and the plains are scorched again to their wonted brown.

The mountains of the plain, however, serve as storage reservoirs for water, yielding it gradually through springs which encourage little streams that strike out boldly in arroyos across the mesas, only to succumb and be swallowed up ere long in their gravelly beds. Few of them reach the main drainage lines of the lower valleys, but the subterranean seepage feeds the larger rivers, giving them vitality throughout the year. These circumstances determine the distribution of population. The haciendas lie either huddled close up under the mountains, on the edges of the plains, or scattered in broken lines down the courses of the principal rivers. The mesas themselves are devoid of human habitations. These natural conditions tend to concentration of the people into communities, and this again favors the concentration of wealth and power in the hands of a few. The agricultural lands at present available constitute a very small percentage of the total territory, wholly insufficient to sustain the existing population apart from the supplies of beef derived from the herds that feed on the elevated mesas. The raising of cattle, on the other hand, demands an extent of range which renders it uneconomical for very small herders to operate. Hence the control of large tracts of mesa inevitably and easily falls into the hands of the more opulent ranchers, and along with such acquisitions goes the accumulation of larger portions of the irrigable bottom lands to furnish corn and beans for the workers and the necessary mules and horses required to operate a great estate. It is a conspicuous feature of life on these Mexican highlands that the men who rise from humbler stations to independent fortune, commonly obtain their first secure foothold through shop-keeping and artisan employment in the municipalities, while the smaller ranches are constantly being absorbed into the greater. The instances of poor men carving their way to success through cattle-raising and farming, as has occurred so commonly throughout our own Great West, are here so rare as to be striking exceptions. In no respect is this a country for the poor man, though it offers excellent opportunities for energetic men with moderate capital. This latter circumstance affords a chance to the poor Mexican who sees in the town the possibility of acquiring enough to launch out on the career of ranching, which, in a region essentially pastoral, is naturally regarded as the most dignified and imposing that he could follow.

From such beginnings have arisen many of the princely estates that flourish in Chihuahua to-day. The extent of a few of these is so enormous that no statement of acreage would convey an adequate conception of their magnitude. You may travel for days, and cross ranges of mountains, and mesas that spread as far as the eye can reach, and still not pass beyond the domain of a single man. Throughout such an estate will be hundreds of ranches and an army of men, controlled as absolutely by this single hand as the vassals of old by their feudal lord. Just what the outcome of this will be is difficult to foretell. By the divisions of estates through inheritance there is ever at work a process of disintegration opposed to the tendency toward concentration. The irrigation engineer is also, here and there, striking out on broader lines, and rendering larger areas susceptible of cultivation; for the possibilities of irrigation on a large scale in these highlands have only begun to be realized. With the increase of tillable land, the power of resistance against absorption will be augmented for the small farmer, in which lies one strong hope of the masses. In this direction are general prosperity and true development more certain and easy of attainment.

But the struggle is a keen one, far keener than the superficial observer would imagine. The great proprietors for the most part seek constantly to strengthen their absolute domination. Although the freeholders may be few, they are like thorns in the flesh to the powerful ranchers. Since the conditions of life have forced the inhabitants to live in communities, these small independent holdings exist for the most part in the villages, and by reason of them the communities are able to secure municipal incorporation, and thus to retain the administration of the public affairs of the settlement in the hands of the people. The large landholder, on the contrary, is zealously striving to extinguish these petty possessions, in many cases offering sums enormously greater than their true worth to acquire them; and, when his purpose has been achieved, the municipal corporation is wiped out and he becomes supreme. The persistence with which these small properties are retained, when their owners are often without visible means of support, suggests that their fellow-townsmen sustain them as a means of preserving the civil privileges of all, with their consequent advantages in dealing with the man to whom they look as the only source of employment.

It cannot be said that the peones are oppressed or ill-treated. Neither are their liberties infringed in the same manner as one may see in many other Latin republics. But the way to prosperity is barred quite effectually by the conditions established on the large ranches. The working people build their own houses on ground set apart for this purpose by the proprietor, but the houses thus built belong to the original owner of the land. A general store is also maintained at the hacienda, and it fares ill with any employee who ventures to patronize a local competitor. It is impossible, however, to make these restrictions effective against the competition of the merchants in the towns, owing to the comparative ease of communication, so that a state of practical enslavement by absorption of earnings is not imposed here as it is in the great fluvial districts of South America. There is a certain freedom and independence inherent in life on extensive open plains which no human contrivances can altogether eradicate.

Another effect of the modern tendency toward concentration of great areas into one estate is, that direct personal supervision on the part of the owner is impossible, and, where the landed proprietors are not originally residents of the cities, the growth of wealth leads to new wants, social, educational, and material, which can be satisfied only by removal to the city. Hence the evil of non-resident proprietorship is rapidly spreading. Syndicate ownership is only beginning, and perhaps as between these two the latter is the best for the people. The rigid accounting for all expenditures and receipts which the syndicate system involves, brings upon the ground representatives of the company whose administration is more nearly like that of a resident owner. On the whole, it seems to afford less opportunity for abuse to creep in than does the system of overseers for private owners. Control of the ranches by syndicates seems destined to increase very rapidly in the next few years, largely owing to the improvement in transportation facilities.

Two railroads are now pushing into the highland region west of Chihuahua. The Casas Grandes line starts from Ciudad Juarez, the Mexican port of entry just across the Rio Grande from El Paso, serving the northwestern portion of the mesa country of Chihuahua, and having tributary to it a promising mineral district in the Sierra Madre. The Ferrocarril de Chihuahua al Pacífico has nearly completed its permanent way from the city of Chihuahua to Guerrero, a distance of 150 miles, and will throw its line open to traffic within a few months. It has already begun to influence commerce on the plains by operating to Santa Isabel, which cuts off the most difficult forty miles of the old *camino real* or highway from Chihuahua to the great mountains of the West. Its first effect has been to reduce the trade of the merchants in Santa Isabel upwards of 50 per cent., according to their own statement. This is largely, of course, because of the novelty of going to Chihuahua, which can now be done so easily and cheaply. It will not last, but the disturbance of old ways and conditions of life and trade among a large population, whose ideas and methods must

now change with the disappearance of the lumbering stage-coach and tedious mule-wagons and ox-carts, will be so wide-reaching and powerful that many must succumb.

In anticipation of the new order of things a tide of immigration has already set in—speculators, mechanics, merchants, and innkeepers. Americans, Germans, Italians are on the ground with fresh stocks of goods which are enticing trade away from the older Mexican shopkeepers so rapidly that some of these have already closed out their business, in whole or in part, and are seeking to retrieve their fortunes by a desperate grasp after available ranches, or by embarking upon small manufacturing ventures. The advent of the railroad has also raised the price of labor and caused a shortage of men for working the haciendas. Though the end will be an immense gain to the country, and to the poor people in particular, it is not without present hardship to many who find it awkward to change to the quickstep of the new industrial régime, and sigh vainly for the vanishing good old times. Unrest is in the air; that unrest which comes like a demon to torment those who are caught in the bustle and nervous strain that accompany the railroad and modern improvements. On the surface of things it is not yet visible, but upon intercourse with the people it is promptly discovered. Their minds are vexed with problems and schemes. Less labor must be employed, and the ranches must be made more productive. There are chances to make money by cutting and hauling wood to the railroad; for the mountains, both those that intersect the plains and the Sierra Madre, yield a scrubby growth of oak which will now have an increased value. Chihuahua depends almost wholly upon wood for fuel, brought in on the backs of burros, and sold at two cents (Mexican money) a stick—poor little sticks less than a metre long and no bigger than a man's arm. The railroad will drive the burros, let us hope, to pleasant pastures, where their pitiable gall-sores may at length be healed. Then the mines will flourish as they have never done before, and this means contracts for wood and mine timbers, for meat and corn and beans, to be let to those who are enterprising and influential enough to secure them. Inducements will be offered for the raising of hogs for a pork-packing venture that is much heralded by the railroad people; and as not to go forward means to go backward, this entails more feed to fatten porkers and more arable land on which to raise the food. It narrows down to a question of obtaining water rights, of building ditches, of raising money for it all, with the anxiety of mortgages to offset the pleasant anticipation of possible profits.

Is there any wonder that the old-fashioned hidalgo, set in the ways of oxcarts and wooden ploughs, accustomed to a horde of men ready to serve him in the raising of cattle and sheep, with no fear for the morrow, and nothing to worry over but the prospects of rain to fill his irrigation ditches, should view with some trepidation the revolution of steam and flying trains? But his sons and daughters are ready for it. To them it holds out the promise of better days. Many of them have been away to school, have caught the ideas of the towns and of their Yankee friends across the border. The boys already have their bicycles and the girls their Paris bonnets. Let the old Don still wear his sarape when he goes for a walk in his garden (where his city cousin cannot see), and his sturdy señora resolutely adhere to her mantilla! They must make concessions somewhere, for the outer world has rushed in upon them. They have done the pioneer work. Unconsciously, as they have driven back the Indian, and turned the forts into storehouses, and subdued the land to peaceful, if sluggish, industry, they have prepared the way for what they see to-day. They have even reflected in their own lives' endeavors more of the spirit of the age than they have supposed. Their monopolistic tendencies have been as keen as those of the coal and sugar barons. They have sought absolute control of vast areas of land; they have understood the advantages now and then of getting a corner on the two great staples of their region, corn and beans. Meantime, their brethren in Chihuahua have been advancing along the same lines. Manufacturing of many kinds, woollen mills, foundries, smelters, and the rest, have been steadily falling into the hands of a few. New industries are certain of success chiefly by being controlled by these powerful monopolists. Even the railroad is dominated by them. Your banking must be done over their counters. It is merely a change from the rural to the urban monopolist, but it is momentous, for upon its heels will follow a transformation of the whole country. The old pastoral supremacy is passing away, and the cities and towns are becoming the centres of commercial and political power, in common with the rest of the civilized world. The drift to the towns, as pointed out before, has been going on for many years; the poor seeking opportunities for larger earnings, the rich striving after social advancement and the luxuries which are difficult to provide in the country.

The changing conditions, then, are a natural growth, not due to the innovations of foreigners. The foreign influence, however, has been important. Many of the leaders in the new industrial life of Chihuahua are men with German blood in their veins. The Americans and English have not struck root into the soil of the country in the same manner. Here, as elsewhere in Spanish America, the Anglo-Saxon has either held himself aloof (perhaps, more correctly, through his own fault has been held aloof) from the native population in the higher social circles, or, when he has made a matrimonial alliance, has usually taken a wife of social station inferior to his own. The Anglo-Saxon insists upon making of himself a stranger in strange land, with no intention of doing more than to amass money to carry home again. The German, on the contrary, makes common cause with the people in the land of his adoption; assumes no airs of superiority; pays due deference to local customs and ideas; and so is received into the homes and hearts of the nation. He builds deep and broad, and you cannot shake the structure he rears. This German influence has manifestly been powerful in Chihuahua, and much of the substantial progress of the State has been due to it. Still, the Mexican has not been devoid of initiative. He is naturally clever at finance, and quick to perceive an opportunity for money-making, and, though instinctively conservative, he has been persistently adapting the improvements of modern life to his own needs. Up to a certain point, progress is necessarily slow, but in Chihuahua development has been carried to a point beyond which it must proceed with great rapidity. The State possesses a most salubrious climate, and is richly endowed with mineral wealth. Irrigation will vastly increase its agricultural possibilities, while its mesas will afford pasturage for much larger herds of cattle and sheep than occupy them to-day. The city of Chihuahua has risen to 40,000 inhabitants, and is growing constantly with the inauguration of new industries. The State gives evidence of having entered a period of permanent prosperity, and the opportunities for profitable investment appear to be numerous.

Correspondence.

OUR ISLANDS AND THE TARIFF.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The discussion over the President's recommendation of free trade with Porto Rico reminds me of a letter lying in my desk from an attorney whose father was a prominent member of Congress forty years ago. I had expressed to him my views against expansion, and expected an answer in the same tenor, but he told me that, as a free-trader, he could not oppose a policy which was certain to result in the promotion of the cause of free trade. So far as the islands themselves are concerned, this is certain to be the result. In the first place, the chances are very strong that a decision of the Supreme Court will compel it as soon as the transition period of military occupation is definitely over. Ordinary politicians can easily enough overrule their former decisions, but the Supreme Court is not yet composed of ordinary politicians. Indeed, is not the most probable explanation of the President's recommendation to be found in his reluctance to face the possibility of a decision on this point before the next election?

But, aside from a compulsory court decision, there is no ground to suppose that a tariff barrier can be set up against any islands which we may permanently annex. There has never been a time when about half the people of the country have not been against the tariff policy, and those naturally against it in any case will be largely reinforced by men who are willing to use it against foreign peoples, but will never consent to see it used to the disadvantage of peoples whom we have seized upon with the expressed intention of administering their affairs for *their* good, not our own. The protectionists who have been shouting for the McKinley policy during the past year have been late in awakening to these plain facts, but they will realize them fully enough in the near future. "We must take things as they are, and make the best of them," is a favorite dictum of the expansionist clergymen just now. Well, if we *must* take things as they are now going in this island business, those of us who are free-traders will find the *best* of it—in fact the only good of it—in the enormous blow at protectionism; and we shall take a grim satisfaction in the fact that the blow was dealt by a President who, previous to his election, had connected his name with no public policy whatever but high tariff, and who could not wait for a regular session of Congress in order to get his tariff views

into legislation. If McKinley would lie off for the next four years, he might make a very good free-trade candidate for the Presidency by 1904. W. H. JOHNSON.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE'S PROPHECY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In lately turning over the pages of Sir Thomas Browne's 'Miscellany Tracts,' (Wilkin's ed., vol. iv., p 114 sqq.) which were published in 1684, two years after his death, I came upon one which I had quite forgotten, and which in past years was not likely to hold the careful attention of any reader. In the light of the last two years, however, it becomes interesting, and affords striking evidence of Sir Thomas's perspicacity. It is entitled "A Prophecy." A prediction more than two centuries old seldom comes true in so many of its particulars. Perhaps some of your readers may be interested in the following passages. The Prophecy is in verse, and is followed by an exposition in prose:

"When New England shall trouble New Spain,
. . . . . .
When Africa shall no more sell out their blacks,
To make slaves and drudges to the American tracts,
. . . . . .
When America shall cease to send out its treasure,
But employ it at home in American pleasure,
"When the New World shall the Old invade,
Nor count them their lords, but their fellows in trade,
. . . . . .
Then think strange things are come to light,
Whereof but few have had a foresight."

The exposition of the verse "When New England shall trouble New Spain" is as follows:

"That is, when that thriving colony which hath so much increased in our days and in the space of about fifty years that they can, as they report, raise between twenty and thirty thousand men upon an exigency, shall, in process of time, be so advanced as to be able to send forth ships and fleets, and to infest the American-Spanish ports and maritime dominions by depredations or assaults; for which attempts they are not likely to be unprovided, as abounding in the materials for shipping. And when length of time shall so far increase that industrious people that the neighboring country will not contain them, they will range still farther, and be able in time to set forth great armies, seek for new possessions. . . .Wherein it is not likely that they will move northward, but towards the southern and richer countries which are either in the dominions or frontiers of the Spaniards; and may not improbably erect new dominions in places not yet thought of, and yet, for some centuries, beyond their power or ambition."

On the verses,

"When America shall cease to send forth its treasure,
And employ it at home in American pleasure,"

the exposition is:

"That is, when America shall be better civilized, new policied, and divided between great princes, it may come to pass that they will no longer suffer their treasure of gold and silver to be sent out to maintain the luxury of Europe and other parts, but rather employ it to their own advantage in great exploits and undertakings, magnificent structures, wars, or expeditions of their own."

"When the New World shall the Old invade"—

"That is, when America shall be so well-peopled, civilized and divided into kingdoms, they are like to have so little regard of their origins, as to acknowledge no subjection unto them. They may also have a distinct commerce between themselves, or but independently with those of Europe, and may hostilely and piratically assault them, even as the Greek and Roman colonies after a long time dealt with their original countries."

Very truly yours, A. BROWNEIST.

December 16, 1899.

THE KENTUCKY ELECTION BOARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to correct a statement made in your issue of December 14 concerning the election in Kentucky. The State Election Board is composed of three members, all of them being Democrats. Capt. Ellis and Judge Pryor, the two members who voted to give the certificate of election to Taylor, Republican, are both lawyers; Poyntz, the third member, has no legal training whatever, and is a pliant tool and bitter partisan of Goebel's. B. F.

LOUISVILLE, December 16, 1899.

ANDREW JOHNSON ON SECESSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Boutwell's "Reminiscences of Andrew Johnson" in the current *McClure's Magazine* are valuable because the writer himself was *magna pars* of the events described. It is, however, surprising that he should doubt whether President Johnson was "a disbeliever in the right of a State to secede." "Nor is there evidence within my knowledge," says Mr. Boutwell, "that he ever denied the right of secession."

In a speech delivered on December 18 and 19, 1860, in the Senate, Mr. Johnson made an unanswerable argument against the right of secession: "Now let me ask, Can any one believe that, in the creation of this government, its founders intended that it should have the power to acquire territory and form it into States and then permit them to go out of the Union?" He named seriatim the several States which at that time threatened rebellion, told how they had been organized, explained what public moneys had been expended in them by the national Government, and reiterated repeatedly his view that they could not go out of the Union. In fact, because he denied the possibility of secession, he afterwards maintained that the rebel States never had been out of the Union, and hence, on the question of their reconstruction, he antagonized the Senate and the mass of the Republican party—a course that led to his attempted impeachment.

DAVID JESSUP DOHERTY, M.D.

CHICAGO, December 4, 1899.

BOOKS AND THE TIMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While we may judge the character of a people by the songs they sing, a more important index in this reading age is the books they read. A study of the May-December 'Cumulative Book Index,' containing a classified list of American books published in that interval—and publishers print what will be read—reveals some interesting facts. The most interesting fact is the vast vogue of Kipling, the only author approaching him in number of entries being Shakspere. Another notable fact is the vogue of Omar Khayyám, he easily coming third as poet. Kipling, Shakspere, Omar Khayyám—truly a strange conjunction, which has not only literary, but also moral and religious significance. It is manifestly unfair to Kipling to compare such a collection of authors as the Bible with him alone, yet the entries under "Bible" are scarcely a third more in number. Of the older novelists, Dickens leads with 14 entries, Scott has 12, George Eliot 10, Thackeray 8.

HIRAM M. STANLEY.

LAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY LIBRARY,
December 16, 1899.

EARLY MENTION OF GIPSIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: No direct proof of the presence of gipsies in Western Europe before 1417 has as yet been given. I think I have discovered one. In Roger Bacon's 'Opus Majus' (Oxford, 1897, vol. ii., p. 211), which was written in 1266, there is a discussion of the theriac, after which Bacon speaks of the corresponding sovereign remedy of the Ethiopians:

"The reptile that the Æthiopians eat is the dragon, as David says in the Psalm, 'Thou gavest him to be meat to the people of the Æthiopians.' For it is well known that wise Æthiopians have come to Italy and Spain and France and England, and those countries of the Christians where there are good flying dragons, and that by occult arts which they possess they drive the dragons out of their caves, and they have saddles and bridles in readiness, and ride on them, and urge them in the air to swift flight, so that the rigidity of their flesh is weakened, and its toughness reduced, just as boars and bears and oxen are baited by dogs and tormented by various persecutions before they are killed for eating. After they have thus reduced them, they have an art of preparing their flesh, even as the art of preparing the flesh of the tyre, and they partake of it against accidents of old age, and prolong their lives and make their intellects subtle beyond all estimation."

Leaving out all the legendary matter, it is evident that Bacon is trying to account for the presence of a dark-skinned race in Western Europe which is versed in magic arts. There is no possibility of applying this description to any other people but the gipsies. When we consider that later they were generally believed to be Egyptians, that they were supposed to come from "little Egypt," that they foretold the future, no doubt can remain of the identity of Bacon's Æthiopians with the gipsies.

LEO WIENER.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., December 15, 1899.

THE SMALL COLLEGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While I believe that the position taken in your editorial on the small colleges is in the main correct, it seems to me that some of your conclusions are open to question. In a country like ours, where traditions have such a slight hold, it is impossible to predict what changes may take place in public opinion even a very few years hence, but it is reasonably certain that, for a good many years to come, the small college will continue to hold a place in our educational economy. An examination of the catalogues of our largest universities reveals the fact that a considerable portion of their patronage is, to a certain extent, local. This is equally true of the small and the smallest colleges. I was recently informed that there are three degree-conferring institutions in a single county in this

State attended by nearly one hundred students each. Many young people, for lack of means or for other reasons, get what education they can near home and are content with it.

While it is true, as a general rule, that the strongest teachers are found in the largest institutions, there is hardly a small college in the country whose faculty does not contain one or more who are equal to the best. And the number is more likely to increase than to diminish. The competition is becoming harder year by year. Many young people who have been trained for university work are constrained to accept such positions as they can get, and are often found in our high schools. Yet they prefer the college, even at a less salary, because the chances of promotion are believed to be better. Besides, there are many small colleges whose equipment is ample in all the appliances necessary for a general education. It is not putting the case too strongly to say that if their undergraduate courses are not equal in scope, they are equal in value, to those of the largest universities. Many graduates of these institutions enter the professional schools of the larger ones and form a considerable part of their attendance. While it is true that the universities are growing faster than the colleges, it is hardly correct to say that they are growing at the expense of the latter. Their growth is chiefly along lines upon which there is no competition, except among peers. I believe it is safe to say that some of the colleges have grown faster relatively than the universities.

Our experience corresponds with that of most European countries. Wherever a new university is started it is patronized. The strength of the attraction it exerts can be measured by its proximity. Furthermore, denominational loyalty still counts for a great deal in this country. It often magnifies the merits of particular schools at the expense of better ones, and is no inconsiderable factor in the influence it exerts on intending students. This loyalty is also a large factor in securing gifts and bequests. On the whole, I can see no reason to believe that the future of any college worthy of the name and situated in the eastern half of the Union is likely to be seriously jeopardized within the next two or three decades.

Respectfully yours, C. W. Super.

Athens, O., December, 1899.

Notes.

The Macmillan Co. are to undertake a uniform edition of James Lane Allen's works. In the spring they will publish 'The Dream-Fox Story-Book,' by Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright.

Mr. J. F. Muirhead's benevolent 'Land of Contrasts: A Briton's View of his American Kin,' has changed hands, and now, in its second, somewhat glorified edition, bearing the imprint of John Lane, makes a fresh appeal to public favor. Mr. Richard W. Hale's 'Dreyfus Story' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) has deservedly passed to a third edition, and is still a light burden for the pocket in spite of all that is compressed in it.

While the excellent Eversley Edition of Shakspere proceeds with volumes viii. and ix. (Macmillan), the same firm markets for J. M. Dent & Co. Mr. Gollancz's "Larger Temple Shakspere," based on the Cambridge text. We now have, over and above the smaller Temple, a pictorial glossary, and many illustrations elsewhere, antiquarian and topographical. The two volumes before us are well calculated to captivate the purchaser. The typography is bold, and the whole letter-press tasteful and ornamental.

Carlyle's "Shooting Niagara: and After?" opens the fifth volume of his Critical and Miscellaneous Essays in the Centenary Edition of Messrs. Scribner, the last in that sub-series and last and thirtieth in the main. "The Early Kings of Norway" is also here, and the discussion of the portraits of John Knox, with six examples.

The Scribners import 'Johnson Club Papers' (London: Unwin), by various members of the said club, which dates from 1884. Two of the papers are by G. B. Hill, Prior of the club, and, we should say, Pontifex Maximus of all living Johnsonians; another is by Mr. Augustine Birrell, who might well sign himself with Jowett, *Johnsonianissimus;* one by Lionel Johnson, and the dozen others by less well-known and less competent pens. All are published now, the preface assures us with jocose solemnity, at the "earnest request of friends." They are pleasant reading, but what, perhaps, gives its chief value to the volume is the score of illustrations, covering portraits, Johnson's various lodgings, his pew in St. Clement Dane's Church, inscriptions, facsimiles, etc.

John Leech may be deemed the progenitor of the late Mr. M. A. Woolf on that side of humorous art reflected in 'Sketches of Lowly Life in a Great City' (Putnams). The sentiment and pathos of the street Arab are displayed in ample measure in this large collection, partly hitherto unpublished, but mostly reproduced from *Life* and *Judge*. Mr. Woolf's kindly face—it might seem smiling at his own prenomen of Michael Angelo—forms the frontispiece to the sketches, with the character of which we must suppose our readers to be familiar.

'Kemble's Sketch-Book' (R. H. Russell) deals mainly with that Darkest Africa in our population which Mr. Woolf, we believe, was color-blind to. At least we do not recall a black face in any of his pictures of the denizens of the gutter. Mr. Kemble's long practice with the class of colored Americans makes his studies of them true and often very effective. But his work this time embraces also white representatives of Cape Cod, Kentucky, and Louisiana. From the same firm we have 'Plantation Sketches,' by J. Campbell Phillips, in which there is a certain amount of fairly good drawing, but not enough of either beauty or humor to justify the publication.

From Mr. Russell we receive also a reprint of Bunyan's 'Life and Death of Mr. Badman,' with twelve drawings by the brothers Rhead, which are of more even quality than the same artists' illustrations of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' being neither so good as the best, nor so bad as the worst, of these latter.

A charming holiday book which is late in reaching us is 'In Summer Time,' by Robert Reid (R. H. Russell). These reproductions of paintings do not, of course, retain the beauty of color which is one of Mr. Reid's best qualities, but even in black-and-white much grace of arrangement and feminine charm is visible. While not precisely a draughtsman, Mr. Reid succeeds in suggesting beauty of form and movement in an increasing degree. He is a hard worker at his profession and a man of real talent, and is therefore steadily advancing. These reproductions are of his best and most recent work, but not, we think, of the best work he is likely to do.

'Rembrandt and his Work,' by Malcolm Bell (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan), is somewhat drily written. The biographical part is founded mainly on Michel, and there is very little criticism, most of the space being taken up by a mere mention of works in their respective years, not interesting to read, and hardly worth writing, as the chronological lists give all the information in briefer form. The chapters on the etchings are better than those on the paintings. The text is illustrated with eight good photogravures and a large number of fair half-tone plates. The catalogues and other apparatus are, on the whole, the best part of the book.

We do not greatly care for the idea embodied in 'Great Pictures Described by Great Writers' (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The great pictures are not all great, and the great writers did not always know much about art, while the choppiness of a book which is all "quotations" is extremely irritating.

We have not been able to examine at any length Christina J. Herringham's translation and annotation of Cennino Cennini (Francis P. Harper), but this book of old recipes and methods of painting should prove useful and interesting. In these days of technical experimenting, its publication may lead to further attempts to revive Tempera.

The two latest volumes in Prof. Gardner's series of "Handbooks of Archæology and Antiquities" (Macmillan) are 'The Roman Festivals in the Time of the Republic,' by W. Warde Fowler, Sub-Rector of Lincoln College, and 'Greek and Roman Coins,' by G. F. Hill of the British Museum. Both are helps for the student; neither will be found of interest by the general reader. The former takes up the festivals in the order of Ovid's *Fasti*, confining itself, so far as possible, to the treatment of the native Roman religion. Within its narrow limits (for both works are small) it can do little more than recite what the Romans actually did, so far as we can learn it or guess it, on the occasions of public ceremonial, attempt some brief explanation of origins of cults, and refer the student to the sources or to monographs for further information. This task—for Mr. Fowler seems to consider it little but a task—is conscientiously performed, and the volume will be found useful as an outline for classes engaged on its perplexing subject. Mr. Hill's book is meant "chiefly as a guide to put students of antiquity in the way of bringing numismatics to bear on their difficulties." Such a handbook was greatly needed; for in these days, when classical studies are popularly supposed to be dead, the constantly increasing number of students of classical philology find some acquaintance with coins really a necessity in their literary as well as archæological studies. They have here an excellent letter of introduction to such an acquaintance.

To the International Critical Commentary there has now been added a fourth Old Testament volume, 'Proverbs,' by Prof. Toy of

Harvard (Charles Scribner's Sons). It is marked by the careful detail and the exact scholarship which we expect from its author. One bit of criticism must be applied to the bibliography: it is quite inadequate in extent. And also, while we recognize that the non-popular character of these proverbs is acknowledged, we are surprised that an Arabist should not have seen that their true parallel is not the 'Amthāl' of al-Maydānī, but such a book as the 'Atwāq adh-dhahab' of az-Zamakhsharī, with its sententious moralizing, delighting in enigmatic literary expression.

Parts xx. to xxiii. of Poole's 'Historical Atlas of Modern Europe' (H. Frowde) maintain on the whole the excellence and interest of the earlier parts, and bring this great work within measurable distance of completion. Mr. Rhodes's series of French maps is increased by Gallia Sacra (xx.), and Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole continues his series with Western Asia under the Mongols A. D. 1330 (xx.), and Western Asia under the Turks and Persians (xxiii.). Prof. Prothero is responsible for a map of Europe, 1814-1863 (xx.), whose execution, in particular whose coloring, is a delight to eyes long tortured by the ugly and unnecessary crudity of reds and yellows which seem to be the delight of most Continental cartographers. Prof. Bury contributes but one map to this present group, Southeastern Europe and Asia Minor c. 1210 (xxi.). A double page of the Reformation and Thirty Years' War (xxiii.) is the work of the Rev. J. P. Whitney, while Dr. Julius Friedrichs supplies a useful map of the Netherlands (xxi.). The four Eastern Patriarchates c. 750 is the work of Mr. E. W. Brooks (xxii.). Mr. H. A. L. Fisher makes his most elaborate contribution to the Atlas thus far in a double-page Central Europe 1795-1810 (xxii.), each page containing two maps, and the series comprising Central Europe from the Peace of Basle (1795) to the War of the Second Coalition (1799-1801); from the Peace of Lunéville (1801) to the Decree of the Imperial Diet (1803); from the establishment of the French Empire (1804) to the abolition of the German Empire (1806); and from the Peace of Tilsit (1807) to the war with Austria (1809). The map of European Colonies and Dependencies after the Peace of Utrecht, by Mr. H. E. Egerton (xxi.), is not, perhaps, worse than many such that have come from Continental editors, but, like its predecessors, it makes one regret that this series could not have been put in the hands of some scholar on this side of the Atlantic. To note but two points—there seems no adequate reason to divide Louisiana and Canada after the Treaty of Utrecht by such a blank as that which fills the large map from the Arkansas to Lake Michigan, and from the Appalachians on the East to infinity on the West, contradicting the inset, which in that respect is more nearly correct; nor again, on the inset map, to omit the Maumee River, the *raison d'être* of Fort Miami, to put that fort far north of its real position, and by these and other errors to destroy the continuity of that series of fortifications which held the most important strategic line west of Duquesne.

In the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for December, Prof. Hart's showing of the steady growth of the university contrasts strongly with Mr. W. C. Lane's "Plain Facts about the Library" over which he presides. "Harvard has never yet received any great gift for a library building," he says, in the same number that records Major Higginson's gift of $150,000 for a building to constitute a university club—the proposed Harvard Union. It would be difficult to overrate the utility of this benefaction locally, and it also adds one more to the brilliant innovations which have distinguished President Eliot's administration and have set the pace for other universities. Nevertheless, it remains a singular anomaly that the very heart and lungs of our first institution of learning should languish for want of a suitable tenement, and that the generosity of its alumni and friends should in this particular have fallen far short of that manifested on behalf of Cornell, Princeton, and Columbia. Even the conditions of the daily service of the library, as exhibited by Mr. Lane, are disgracefully cramped and embarrassing.

"Germany is enjoying an era of unprecedented activity, if not prosperity," is the testimony of our Consul at Chemnitz, and naturally considerable space is devoted in the Consular Reports for November to various German industries, as hosiery, beet-sugar, and electric plants. Among other subjects touched upon are German Government pawn-shops, and the rich natural resources of Asiatic Russia, mainly in wheat land, coal, iron, and gold. "Exclusive of the Ural gold-fields, there are 851 places in the empire where gold is found," nearly half being in Eastern Siberia. There is also a significant warning from our Consul at Batavia in respect to the "mining bubble" in Dutch India, addressed to intending investors, who are advised "not to touch a share," and to contractors, "for if a Dutch company chooses to break a contract with a foreigner, there is practically no redress."

The *National Geographic Magazine* for December opens with an interesting account, by Mr. Walter Wellman, of his recent expedition to Franz Josef Land and unsuccessful "dash" for the Pole. Its scientific results were the exploration of the eastern part of the archipelago and the discovery of some twenty islands, and "a most painstaking study of the aurora borealis" by Mr. E. B. Baldwin of the Weather Bureau, who also contributes an outline of the scope and character of the meteorological work of the expedition. This is followed by a sketch of the Harriman Alaska expedition, in which especial attention was paid to the glaciers, and the conclusion was reached that they are "still retreating. The next generation will find few of them with their fronts still in the sea, discharging bergs. The thunder of the glacier, as it breaks off into the sea, will soon be no more heard in the land." Accompanying this number is a large map of the scene of military operations in South Africa, prepared for the use of the War Department. It shows in detail the military roads, mountain passes, and other features necessary to a clear understanding of the country.

"America and Americans" is the title of a suggestive article in the *Annales de Géographie* for November, in which a recent traveller, A. Oppel, attempts to answer the question whether America, meaning the United States, is worthy the love and admiration bestowed upon it by the people. He examines first its physical characteristics, the rocks, water, air and light, plants and animals, and concludes that no race has ever received a land so rich in beauty and natural resources. Then he goes on to inquire how we have improved our goodly heritage, first dwelling upon the wanton destruction of game and forests, then passing in review the various agricultural and mineral industries, and comparing the results with similar industries in Europe. Referring to the part which the railway has borne in the development of the country, he closes this first part of his article with the following tribute to the American as a man who, "whether workman or contractor, exhibits a consuming haste and winged mobility of spirit, which appears to the European feverish and unhealthy, but which is only the expression of the will that animates this whole people in its effort to triumph over the immense spaces which it seeks to develop." Other articles are the conclusion of Prof. W. M. Davis's exposition of the peneplain, an account of a geographical excursion to the Morvan mountains of central France, with illustrations, and a review of a recent work on the evolution of the map of France, with numerous exemplar maps from 1730 to the present time.

The principal article in *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, number ten, is upon the Chukchis, a nomad tribe inhabiting the province of Anadyr, in the northeast corner of Asia. Their dwellings, manner of life, and customs are minutely described. Although the family tie is strong and the love and tenderness of parents for their children is manifest, there are no outward signs of affection, as handshaking or kissing. Their religious belief is very simple, the bad man being one who disregards the ancestral customs. If a man becomes life-weary and longs to die, his nearest relative kills him. Their wealth is in their reindeer, some families possessing herds numbering 100,000. A naturally stalwart race, they are threatened with two evils, venereal disease and intemperance, both of which, it is said by the author, Gen. Krahmer, have been introduced by American sailors and walrus hunters. Another tribe, the Lamuten, inhabiting this region, are remarkable for their honesty. If a man dies in debt, this is assumed by his son, if he have one; if not, by his relatives or the community in which he lived. Other articles are upon an exploring expedition in German East Africa, the new Venezuelan boundary, with a map, and the scheme of geographical instruction in the German high schools for the coming winter term.

—Our magazines pursue a policy of literary expansion; hence the circle of contributors tends to include more and more English and even European names. In *Scribner's* we find a story by Maarten Maartens ("An Author's Story"), and a sketch ("John Wesley—Some Aspects of the Eighteenth Century in England") by Augustine Birrell, whose light touch enables him to say many nice things in a neat way; in this essay he is at his best. He treats John Wesley as a typical man of the eighteenth century, because he was an enthusiast—enthusiasm having been, in Mr. Birrell's opinion, one of the marks of the age. We are, however, to understand that the exact opposite was the prevailing and dominant note, at least till towards the end, when enthusiasm religious, or enthusiasm political, or enthusiasm sentimental carried the day. Wesley really represented a reaction against the world of Horace Walpole. Of

that world many hard things have been said. To Mark Pattison's "an age destitute of faith and earnestness, an age whose poetry was without romance, whose philosophy was without insight, and whose public men were without character," Mr. Birrell adds: "Its political franchise was certainly restricted, while its civil list was unduly extended." It was in what Lowell somewhere allusively calls the "dead waste and middle of the eighteenth century" that Wesley's voice resounded through England. When he died, in 1791, the old world of his youth had passed away; a new age had begun. The division into centuries is arbitrary. It would be much easier to divide the period between 1700 and 1900 into three epochs than into two. If we make 1800 the dividing line, Mr. Birrell, while conceding that the eighteenth century was "brutal, ignorant, and corrupt," thinks that there was "much less snobbery and money worship during the century when the British empire was being won, than during the century when it is being talked about." Mr. Gibson's drawings, "The Seven Ages of American Woman," are not likely to be overlooked.

—*Harper's* is devoted mainly to fiction. Mr. Howells, who brings "Their Silver Wedding Journey" to an end, so distinctly constitutes a class by himself that no one thinks, in this case, of comparisons, except with the earlier story to which it is a sequel. Mr. and Mrs. March are old friends, and so are Mr. Howells's style and delicate observation, humor, and sympathy. The two journeys are very different, and the author can hardly be said to have risked the dangers of attempting to "repeat a success"; we venture the prediction that no one will ever read the first without wishing to read the second, or the second without wishing to read the first. The American novel in Mr. Howells's hands is of the soil; no one would take Mr. and Mrs. March for people of any other country than their own; yet they are, in their humanity, entirely cosmopolitan. They represent the eternal masculine and the eternal feminine; Adam and Eve might be almost reconstructed from them. It is their individualities which are thoroughly American—not-to-be-forgotten types of our day and generation; lucky the next if it can produce as good! Thomas A. Janvier contributes a powerfully tragic Provençal story, "The Death-fires of Les Martigues" (illustrated by Lucius Hitchcock), and Howard Pyle a tale called "A Puppet of Fate: An Extravaganza," with grotesque illustrations in color by the author. It is an extravaganza of a well-known mock-antique order, but Mr. Pyle is not thoroughly at home in it. He does not seem to perceive that the effect is marred, and indeed almost destroyed, by the introduction of the derisive author. Leila Herbert brings to an end in this number her account of Washington, "The First American: His Homes and his Households" (illustrated by A. I. Keller and Harry Fenn). The view taken of Washington is not new, but many interesting domestic details are given.

—The *Atlantic Monthly* for December contains several literary articles likely to attract attention. "A Philistine View," by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury, is an entertaining account of the circumstances connected with the production of Browning's play of "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," reinforced by a criticism of the play. Prof. Lounsbury undertakes to show that, to the Philistine, *i. e.*, to the wayfaring man, the play was foredoomed to failure, and never could, or can, succeed on the stage. Briefly stated, his view is that the action violates, not probability (for he is altogether too acute to appeal to the least certain of all tests), but what might be called the law of adequate motive. This law requires, at least in a tragedy, that the behavior of the persons involved should be so related to the motives represented as acting upon them, that the Philistine spectator shall feel that they are natural in behaving as they do. In "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon," Prof. Lounsbury undertakes to show that the tragedy "has all along a series of narrow escapes from coming to a happy termination, and nothing has been able to save it from that fate but a corresponding series of peculiarly irrational acts on the part of the characters." If there is any such law, Prof. Lounsbury maintains his thesis well. But is there? Farce often gives it the lie, and why not tragedy? Were the great successes of Victor Hugo obtained in obedience to the law of adequate motive? In "The Seven Seas and the Rubáiyát," Paul Elmer More has the temerity to criticise Kipling. "Crudeness" is imputed to him as to a poet "little formed by the traditions of the past"; also a lack of love of beauty. Kipling is here explained as the *vatis sacer* of a generation so absorbed in the pursuit of gain, and so steeped in materialism and crazed with the cult of the strenuous and noisy, as to have lost its interest in ideas, beauty, and truth. Whatever he is, there is no doubt that the more we admire him, the more we make ourselves responsible for him.

—The *Century* has a readable paper by Sir Walter Besant on "One of Two Millions in East London." Prof. Huxley, who is said to have begun life "by practising as a medical man in this quarter," once said, "I have seen the Polynesian savage in his primitive condition, before the missionary, or the blackbirder, or the beachcomber got at him. With all his savagery, he was not half so savage, so unclean, so irreclaimable as the tenant of a tenement in an East London slum"; and Sir Walter Besant adds that life in East London as it was thirty years ago "could not be written down with any approach to truth in the pages of this magazine." But a great change has come over this quarter, owing to the Board School. The article gives an account of the life of a girl, a child called Liz, who, at three years of age, passes from the nursery (*i. e.*, the doorstep, curb, and street) into the nearest board school. Here she begins to learn the lessons which among the more fortunate classes are taught at home—to obey, to be quiet, and to be clean. Saturday, for instance, being a holiday, is the only day in the week in which she may go unwashed—a complete revolution in the life of a child who hitherto has had one wash a week. At this school she remains from three to fourteen years of age, but what she has learned, meantime, seems rather hard to state. At any rate Sir Walter Besant contents himself with saying that the school has taught her, "besides a certain small amount of temporary and short-lived book-lore, some kind of elementary manners, a respect at least for manners, the knowledge of what manners may mean." He adds that "the clergy and the machinery of the parish cannot teach these things," because the families of the class from which Liz comes "do not go to church." To school, however, they must send their children. These schools it is which have caused the disappearance of the Polynesian traits. "They have not only added millions to the numbers of those who read a great deal and perhaps (but this is doubtful) think a little, but they have abolished much of the old savagery." Mr. Morley's sumptuously illustrated Cromwell continues to be the most noticeable feature of the *Century*. In this number Mr. Morley suggests that, so far as the legal rights or wrongs of the case were concerned, we need not trouble ourselves too much about the attainder of Strafford. "Stone-dead hath no fellow" may come to be plain common-sense in an age in which it is "my head or thy head."

—The 'Unpublished Legends of Virgil, Collected by Charles Godfrey Leland' (Macmillan) recalls in the first place the editor's other studies in folk-lore, and secondly the great work of Comparetti, to whom, by the way, this volume is dedicated. It is properly a supplement to 'Virgil in the Middle Ages.' With Comparetti the popular theories about Virgil constitute but one chapter of a varied and extensive study. With Mr. Leland the legendary element is everything, for neither in his introduction nor in his notes does he consider the place of Virgil in the history of higher culture. Most of the tales which have hitherto been published come from the region of Naples, and, as Prof. Robertson Ellis has pointed out, give slight evidence of imaginative power. Mr. Leland draws from a fresh source altogether, namely, Tuscany. By the aid of a fortune-teller he has collected many *contes* which are still prevalent in the neighborhood of Florence, Volterra, Rocca-Casciano, Arezzo, and Siena. Of these he prints fifty, and there are more in reserve. Mr. Leland claims for his collection a larger share of romance and humor than is apparent in the stories which have grown up about the grotto of Posilippo and other spots in the neighborhood of Naples. A difference of form is also observable. Whereas the Neapolitan legends are of the nursery type, those of Tuscany more nearly approach the short story. Throughout central and northern Italy, Virgil seems to the popular imagination a wonder-worker of much benignity who sometimes enjoys a joke. Mr. Leland advances an interesting opinion when he connects the fame of Virgil among the masses with the popularity of Dante. "That is to say, there was, after Dante, a kind of renaissance in the fame of Virgil as a magician." While we have called this series of tales a supplement to Comparetti, the reader will see from what has just been said that it is not merely an aftermath. It covers a different field locally, and the subject-matter is of a rather higher class. One query which is inevitably suggested relates to the manner in which the narratives were collected. Mr. Leland did not take them down himself. How can he make sure that his "witch" has not imposed on him, or that the country folk gave them to her in authentic form? This doubt, which will occur to every one at first glance, has already been raised in Italy. Mr. Leland says: "A learned Italian professor very lately asked me how I could be sure that

the common people did not palm off on me their own inventions as legends of Virgil. To which I replied that I would not be responsible for the antiquity or origin of a single tale." Still, Mr. Leland puts faith in their genuineness, on the strength, largely, of the recondite classical lore which is woven into them. To us they seem real fruits of popular memory and invention. Certainly they were well worth collecting.

—'A Primer of French Verse,' by Frederic Spencer, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of French in the University College of North Wales (Macmillan), deserves recommendation for the clearness and thoroughness with which it sets forth the elements of French prosody. Beginning with syllabic measurement as a basis, the writer passes on to rhyme, rhythmical accent or cadence, cæsura, and some of the better-known forms of metrical sequence. The omission of stanzaic arrangements was probably determined by the small size of the volume. Each point discussed is illustrated with extracts from French poets, from Charles d'Orléans to the present day; and the book thus subserves the further purpose of a well-selected anthology. In discussing the shortest forms of French verse, Prof. Spencer might have begun with Rességuier's one-syllable line, and the amusing parody of the type given in 'Jérôme Paturot,' as follows: 'Quoi! Toi, Belle, Telle, Que, Je, Rêve, Ève,' etc., the hirsute poet checking himself, we are told, only at the one hundred and fiftieth verse. A somewhat disconcerting device has been adopted in the titles of the extracts, which have been for the most part Englished or paraphrased. "What is bred in the bone will not out of the flesh," takes the place of La Fontaine's modest "Le Loup et le Renard." Béranger would surely have missed the identity of his "Hirondelles" under the disguise of "Dulces reminiscitur Argos." By wisely avoiding the vexed questions raised of late years by the Décadents, and such details as the precise value of the *consonne d'appui*, Prof. Spencer keeps his primer to its chief function, that of teaching beginners something of the intricacies of French versification, of which the average "Anglo-Saxon" reader ordinarily remains in dogmatically contented ignorance.

FOULKE'S MORTON.

Life of Oliver P. Morton, including his Important Speeches. By William Dudley Foulke. 2 vols. Indianapolis: The Bowen-Merrill Co. 1899.

Oliver P. Morton was born in 1823, and died in 1877, at the age of fifty-four. He did not become a figure of more than local importance till the period of Mr. Lincoln's Presidency, and his career on the national stage lasted for but seventeen years, during which he made his mark first as Governor of Indiana, then as Senator at Washington. This period was, however, so crowded with events in which we all of us had a great stake, that the reader involuntarily measures the time by them, and closes the book with the feeling that Morton, instead of having died young, had really lived for two lifetimes. This effect is heightened by the fact that the country in which Morton was born and had his bringing up and made his entrance into public life, seemed in 1860 to come to an end with a great convulsion; that the war changed the whole character of life in the United States, and violently substituted a military for a civil régime, while the abolition of slavery made a complete break with the past. The twelve years of reconstruction which followed were a period by themselves, and not until they ended in the election of Hayes (closely followed by Morton's death) did the continuity of the country's history seem reestablished, and the new United States of America emerge from the eclipse into which the struggle over slavery had plunged it. Mr. Foulke divides his book into two parts, the first dealing with Morton as "war Governor" of Indiana, the second with his career as Senator. Morton himself could look back to an earlier period when he had been a Democrat, an expansionist of the stanch Jacksonian faith, when the discussion of slavery was *anathema maranatha*, and when the Republican party had as yet no existence.

To Morton's early life Mr. Foulke devotes some six chapters; but, besides giving us a curious picture of the times and of the Indiana of that day, they do not contain much of interest. The name was originally Throckmorton, and was made into Throck Morton, so Mr. Foulke believes, by the father of the Governor on account of a family grudge. The original Throckmorton was a friend of Roger Williams, and seems to have been a man of some mark among the early New Englanders. Descendants of his moved away from New England; in the case of the most distinguished of them, it needs no genealogical tree to prove his New England origin, for it was stamped upon his character. New English in many things he is, in his independence, in his integrity, in his energy, in his simplicity, in his inborn republicanism, in his hardness, and in a certain distinction of mind, combined with a commonness of breeding, which from the first endeared the Puritans to one another, and was gall and wormwood to those who did not like them. He was Western, however, in being of no defined religion; at Miami University he asked to be excused from studying Paley's 'Evidences of Christianity,' having read the book through and found the evidences "not satisfactory." Some one calls him a "Channing Unitarian," but Dr. Channing would hardly have been willing to father his faith. When he had the stroke of paralysis which made him a cripple for life, an old Quaker lady suggested that he should devote some time to the care of his soul. "That," he said, "has been attended to." Of religion inspired by fear he knew nothing. The last sign of life he gave was to shake his head in answer to the question whether he was afraid to die. Of courage in dealing with his fellows he had almost too much. When he once found out that the Indiana Democratic leaders during the war were timid and treacherous, he hesitated at nothing, instinctively relying on the command which his courage gave him. His complete domination over them they could not understand, and to his last day ascribed to him a "devilish ingenuity" which he plainly never possessed. He was ambitious without being greedy for wealth, and died in office, a poor man. *Credite posteri.*

Morton began life as a clerk in a drug-store—the circumstances of the family were very narrow; but, owing to a passion for reading, and to the ambition which urged him in the direction of public life, he soon turned his attention to law. Through the law he was drawn into politics as inevitably as was Lincoln in Illinois, Andrew in Massachusetts, or Seward in New York. In fact, he was one of a group of lawyers who may be said to have directed the destinies of the Union through the war. No one can now understand the part played by him at the outbreak of the Rebellion, without constantly bearing in mind that, at that time, political questions presented themselves to the American public primarily in a legal and constitutional light. The first question asked as to any new proposal was not so much, was it wise or necessary, as, was it legal. It was this attitude of mind which gave slavery so much of its strength. There was no doubt that slavery was legal—entrenched in the Constitution; and for a long time this seemed to settle the question. That slavery was an antiquated, barbarous institution, outgrown by the Old World and the greater part of this country, made no difference. It was in the Constitution, and, being there, must be defended, even if it ruined the country.

What institutions, however, should be tolerated in the Territories was clearly a matter which the majority had, under the Constitution, the right to decide; and on this the debate ultimately turned. As a Territorial question, it was natural that a lawyer from one of the newer Western States should feel and speak on slavery with extraordinary force. No one was better qualified to perceive and point out the difference between the institution as it had existed from the first in the original States, and the problem now presented in the Territories, than a citizen of a community like Indiana, which had never been a sovereign State at all, but was the creature of the Federal Government, called into being upon terms and conditions imposed by it. Morton seems to have perceived very early how the matter was going. In 1854, when he was a rising Democrat, with Congress full in view, he "walked out of the Democratic party" on the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which he opposed as a repeal of the Missouri Compromise of 1820. Six years later we find him announcing his platform: "I am opposed to the diffusion of slavery. I am in favor of preserving the Territories to freedom, of encouraging, elevating, and protecting free labor, at the same time conscientiously believing that with slavery in the several States we have nothing to do and no right to interfere." This was an impregnable position; its impregnability came from its being based on a view of the Constitution which could be sustained in the legal forum.

In Indiana, as elsewhere, the battle at first was fought out from step to step like a lawsuit (the similarity was heightened by the habit of having joint debates and "dividing time"). Morton was a protagonist in the debates; his speeches of this period are models of clear, forcible statement. The great advantage of the position taken by such supporters of Lincoln as himself was that it put the South from the outset in the wrong. When eight States seceded, and Jefferson Davis was inaugurated President of the Southern Confederacy in advance of the inauguration of Lincoln, and this was followed, after his accession to power, by an attack on Federal property, the law and the Constitution were all on the side of the Union, and Lincoln was able to take the stand, so necessary in view of the inherited

and confirmed legalism of the people, that in calling out troops and putting down the rebellion he was not making war, but merely discharging the constitutional function of executing the laws.

Had Morton's career ended here, it would have been creditable, but not memorable. It was when he became Governor of Indiana, during the war, that his highest powers were brought out. Into all the intricate detail of that period Mr. Foulke goes with care; but it can be all summed up in a few words. During the war Morton was the State of Indiana. The Legislature played no part, or no effective part, in the events of the time; it was Morton who raised the troops, supplied the troops, and even, in many cases, paid the troops. Partly this was due, no doubt, to the extraordinarily treacherous and foolish action of the minority party, which, with its Southern sympathies and incapacity for intelligent action, defeated its own ends; but chiefly to the iron will and unremitting energy of Morton himself. The story is all the more remarkable because, at the outbreak of the rebellion, Indiana was the last State in the Union which appeared likely to turn out a fortress to the Northern side. Her treasury was bankrupt, her credit poor, frauds were rife, there were no arms, ammunition, or militia, except on paper, and it was a matter of great doubt whether the sentiment of the community was not hostile to the prosecution of the war. The task of Andrew in Massachusetts was simpler than that of Morton.

The Union triumphed, and with it Morton triumphed. At the close of the war he stood revealed as one of the chief figures of a great historic period, a brilliant proof of what energy, truth, simplicity, will, and intelligence can accomplish against apparently overwhelming odds. He went to Washington as Senator, and as Senator he remained there until his death; but what did he accomplish there to add to his fame? This question Mr. Foulke undertakes to answer in his second volume, but we can hardly say that he answers it satisfactorily. Morton's speeches in favor of the reconstruction policy of Congress and against that of Johnson are striking; but after his vote for conviction in the impeachment proceedings —which even he does not seem to have attempted to defend—all is confusion. Mr. Foulke goes over the later speeches one by one, and gives copious extracts from them; he tries to reconcile views as to the currency evidently derived from an early Democratic training with later views derived from inflationist or repudiationist associations; he shows in Morton a consistent supporter of Grant, when the latter was reforming the civil service and also when he was making his second term odious; he tells us all about Morton's attitude in the French Arms debate, and the controversy over the deposition of Sumner from the Foreign Relations Committee; but we confess we are unable to follow the thread. At the end, all that we can say is that Morton comes out better than we could have imagined. But he adds nothing to what he has already done. Morton seems to be following, not leading, and we feel that we catch no glimpse of the real springs of his actions, unless they are all to be explained, as his enemies maintained, in one very simple way—that he was aiming at the Presidency by the high road of party subserviency.

There is no clear account here of the history of the country, by which we can measure the part played by Morton, and the biographical method is pushed to the extreme of swamping everything else. Thus we get a great deal too much of the French Arms debate, and a great deal too little of the Cincinnati movement of 1872, which, though ending in disaster for the time, was one of the contributing causes of the Hayes nomination in 1876 and the subsequent Cleveland movement. To Democrats and Independents during all this period Morton was a partisan reactionary. The strange thing about his life now is that, with all his activity, his efforts come to nothing. He is offered the Chief Justiceship, but refuses it; he is offered the English mission, but declines it; he is the champion of the San Domingo treaty, and it fails; he plants his foot firmly on the neck of the South, and loses the nomination for the Presidency by it; he is ceaselessly occupied in defending the Republican party and the Administration against attacks, but of constructive policy he shows no sign. This cannot be attributed to his ill health, for his mind was as vigorous as ever and his activity incessant, but must in part at least have been due to the benumbing influences of the atmosphere of Washington. Who has gone there since the war ended without becoming blinded to the real state of feeling throughout the country? An abortive constitutional amendment as to Presidential elections is pretty much all that remains to distinguish what Morton did in Washington from the work of a half-a-dozen other "Administration Senators," none of them his equal in native ability or force. There are also his speeches; but how different from the speeches of that earlier day when he was expounding the great principles of freedom under the law, and defending the powers of the popular branch of the Government against the encroachments of the executive!

The fact is, that this part of Morton's career cannot be understood or criticised by any one who does not himself take a clear position. It was a period in which the Republican party were going violently in one direction, which was to cover them with either glory or obloquy. On the other hand, an independent movement had begun, mainly directed to criticism of the Republican party and to the bringing forward of the three great questions of the civil service, of currency, and of revenue reform. Morton placed himself directly in the path of reform and change. One of his speeches here quoted shows that, while he voted for civil-service appropriations, he was opposed to the whole theory of the change, and did not even understand it. Others show that while originally a hard-money Democrat, he soon lost his bearings on that question, and never found them again; as to the tariff, he cared little about it one way or the other, and on one occasion (vol. ii., p. 516) said, "I do not pretend to understand that question." The road on which the Republican party was advancing led it directly to disaster and defeat. After maintaining possession of the country from 1860 to 1876, the election of that year ended in a scandal out of which the prize was carried by a victory almost as bad as a defeat, to be succeeded eight years later by the Blaine disaster, and then by alternate Democratic and Republican administrations, so that it is to-day at least an open question whether, as contrasted with the whole body of opposition, the Republican party is not a minority party. To this result Morton did all in his power to contribute, and the question of interest to any one reading his life is whether he is a type of a statesman or a reactionary.

To our mind he was distinctly a reactionary, a man bolstering up the managers of a powerful party and the dispensers of its patronage (he was one of them himself) against the advancing opinion of the country, the movement of the times, and the march of events. Little by little he becomes, as he goes on, one of a "group," in other words, a cabal, and, though not corrupt himself, is the buttress of corruption in others. Little by little he loses all independence, and becomes a mere tool; for him public opinion ceases to mean the opinion of the country, and has come to be identified with the private interests of a knot of politicians and bosses. But what does Mr. Foulke think about it? We cannot answer the question, except to say that throughout he is a eulogist and apologist.

CRAWFORD'S STUDIES.

Studies in Foreign Literature. By Virginia M. Crawford. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1899.

The opening paragraphs of Miss Crawford's essay on Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, refer to qualifications essential for critical judgment of foreign writers, such as acquaintance with their language, national characteristics and literary history, and some capacity for casting off one's native preferences and prejudices. This is, perhaps, by way of apology for presumption in judging Slavic writers through French versions—a too great modesty in view of her fine appreciation of Tolstoy and Turgeneff. Her knowledge of the most modern French and Italian authors is intimate and first-hand, and her capacity for detaching herself from British ideals is best indicated by noting her assumption of a certain approximate equality between Shakspere and Ibsen, her wonder at our chill neglect of Mr. Coventry Patmore, and her impious suggestion that Mr. Kipling's poems may not be literature, but merely music-hall ditties. Such heresy naturally leads to treason. To belittle our own ideals is a preparation for exaltation of those which are least comprehensible and therefore most objectionable to us. So we run over Miss Crawford's subjects, Huysmans, Maeterlinck, D'Annunzio, with anticipation of an estimate of these unintelligibles and abominables absolutely different from our own.

Very soon it appears that she has unusual natural tendencies, valuable for presenting the French and Flemish symbolists sympathetically, and with remarkable lucidity, considering the black darkness she has to penetrate. She is convinced that the material side of life, the visible, the external, all that we call real, is accidental and unimportant, and that human history, rightly conceived, is not a narrative of events or a record of intellectual progress, but an examination of man's spiritual conflicts and of the effect of life upon the soul in its relation to eternity. She has a strong affinity with mysticism—not Eastern occultism or any Western caricature of that, but Christian mysticism, particularly associated with those mediæval saints whose experiences and confessions are to the nor-

mal modern at once so fearful and so incomprehensible. She speaks, therefore, of the symbolists, not as the lover of novelty, shallow and undiscerning, not as the æsthete, solely preoccupied with theories of art, but as a sincere believer in a spiritual significance underlying even that which appears grotesque or depraved in the performance of her authors.

Without denying their frequent use for general illustration of the most vicious Parisian experiences, or qualifying the repulsiveness of the images they most delight in, she extenuates their grossness, partly because most of them are literary graduates from the naturalistic school, and partly by a sort of identification with those saints who made for themselves a penance by photographing with pen and ink the naked iniquity of their souls. Of course, in accepting symbolist and saint as convertible terms, care must be taken to choose the saint. There are, indeed, moments when Miss Crawford's faith wavers and her special perception waxes dim. In such a crisis she is driven to describe a poem by Émile Verhaeren ('Celui du Rien') as "so hopelessly incoherent that it reads like the lurid visions of a delirium-tremens patient," and though to him "the spirit world has become the real, the dominant world," he is on the whole a poorer sort of mystic, not profound, an exquisitely susceptible dreamer of dreams. In Georges Rodenbach, the Singer of Bruges, she detects a want of robustness, unhealthy, morbid imaginings, which are "results of study of decaying life and efforts to catch at the subtle significance of unimportant manifestations"; while D'Annunzio, though happily inclined towards symbolism and mystical interpretation, is, so far, deep in Latin sensuality and immoral paganism—a rather hopelessly poisonous flower of decadence. With commendable honesty she acknowledges her failure to catch the meaning of the antics of these minor mystics, but the masters, Maeterlinck and Huysmans, are as easy reading for her as is a primer for the rest of us—in them she triumphantly rejoices.

With Maeterlinck she has no horrors or indecencies to explain—even an unsympathetic reader must perceive that he is a singularly pure and gentle young man, who doubtless means well, but has an odd way of concealing his meaning, though he occasionally says things about life and love and death which are both clear and beautiful. Besides, he has a grace of melancholy, a refinement of sentiment, which so touch the imagination that reason may be dispensed with. Every one who entertains any curiosity about the much derided Maeterlinck should read this essay, because, even if not converted by Miss Crawford's enthusiasm and reverence, thought must be stimulated and cock-sure judgment restrained. Of Maeterlinck's literary integrity we have no doubt, but are less confident about Huysmans's, of whom Miss Crawford harbors no suspicion. To her he is a prophetic soul, an isolated figure looming above decadent contemporaries. 'Là-bas,' 'En Route,' and 'La Cathédrale' "form the veracious history of a soul's conversion from materialism of the grossest kind to faith of a high spiritual order." Here it seems to us that her natural tendencies have seriously impaired her judgment. In all Huysmans's works there is a theatrical pose, a too evident sense of literary effect, a crude delight in brutalities which it is impossible to reconcile with genuine and acute interest in the soul's welfare. He is of a sensuality so gross that he can defile by description the sanctity of the cloister and profane the temple of the most high God.

Miss Crawford's predisposition, too, is the slender and only prop of her belief that decadent French literature will be revived by the symbolists. In discussing 'Quo Vadis?' and also D'Annunzio's attempt to revive the spirit and form of Greek tragedy in "La Ville Morte," she sees clearly enough that we have long ago passed beyond pagan ideals in literature as well as in life; that "we cannot, if we would, put ourselves wholly back into the spirit of ancient Hellas." Equally, how can we put ourselves back into a mediæval atmosphere? How shall we be helped to live by ecstasies of hysterical visionaries? Taking the symbolists at her valuation (the highest possible), still in the essence of their work there is nothing new, nor do we find even a modern presentation of the best and most enduring of the thought of the race which may still help us to struggle out of the mire and to aspire. In a bizarre form they have attempted to revive a literature that has had its day, that was evolved by persons isolated from their kind and practically dead to life. They have all the external signs of decadence and no vital principle that makes for a new birth.

Far more hopeful, so far as the French are concerned, was the universal welcome given to "Cyrano de Bergerac," a play but lightly esteemed by Miss Crawford; not because she thinks it undramatic or dull, or poorly wrought, but because it is a flagrant defiance of those Maeterlinckian principles in the triumph of which alone she can see the drama emerging from degradation. To her the success of "Cyrano" is closely connected with the Dreyfus affair and militarism, but to others, of perhaps wider outlook, it seems a popular tribute to a poetical expression of healthy human emotion and clean though romantic sentiment. The enthusiastic applause of "Cyrano" was like an outburst of gratitude for relief from that comedy which has grown up since Maeterlinck was tried on the stage and extinguished by public indifference; a comedy so corrupt that M. Filon describes it as a perpetual iteration of the sentiment, "I am no good, you are no good. Let us embrace each other."

On all the questions of the theatre, however, Miss Crawford has gone far astray. She forgets that the drama is a form of art, concerned first of all with the external and circumstantial, with what is said, and pointedly and imperatively with what is done. The theatre may flourish without psychology, but without action it must shut its doors. Miss Crawford wonders why the inartistic and unspiritual British public crowds to every Shaksperian revival. There are a thousand reasons, but that most pertinent to her wonder is that the multitude does not, like her, most highly regard Shakspere as a metaphysical poet. It is because the plays move, because the plays laugh and cry, that Shakspere always "goes."

By giving so much space to Miss Crawford's articles on the symbolists we are reduced to a bare mention of her excellent study of "War and Peace," and critical appreciation of that genial writer who loved life and to whom death was chiefly an episode for pathos or tragedy, Alphonse Daudet. Unfortunately, in the essay on "French Decadence," she finds no explanation going deeper than the increase of women as readers of fiction, and their avidity for printed indecencies. Such a conclusion rather puts her at odds with Maeterlinck, who frequently declares that women are the guardians of spiritualities, and also with the majority of men, who cheerfully agree to honor women with the dignity of conservators of morals. There is a general disposition to make too much of a bogie of a noticeable literary decadence in France and other countries, implying an imperfect survey of literary history and a forgetfulness of tides in the affairs of men. We shall rise again, but in a literature that strengthens and spiritualizes for life, not in one that treats life as a hideous, ignoble, gloomy passage either to annihilation or eternity.

CUBA AND HER FUTURE.

To-morrow in Cuba. By Charles M. Pepper. Harper & Brothers. 1899. 8vo, pp. viii, 362.

Not every country can expect to find its Bryce or Tocqueville. The great political philosopher may never visit it; or, having come and tarried, he may not feel inclined to write. Cuba has, during the past two years, been subjected to an extraordinary amount of Anglo-Saxon scrutiny. Of English comment, Mr. Charles E. Akers's letters to the *Times* are by far the most observing and deeply reasoned. Unfortunately, they are not gathered in book form, and end with the Spanish evacuation. Of the various American essays on the subject, Mr. Pepper's is easily the first. While his book has admittedly cost him but a couple of years, he has none the less brought to its composition an impartiality, industry, and sympathy that are most creditable. He appends a small and well-selected bibliography of recent Cuban history, political and economic, which is by itself evidence of the extent of his reading. Omissions in it could easily be noted; but it is fairer to add that few of the books cited could be well neglected. The index to books and pamphlets relating to Cuba, prepared by the Librarian of Congress, would admirably supplement this list for the student.

Beginning with the illusory Pact of Zanjón (1878), Mr. Pepper devotes five chapters to a relation of the struggle for autonomy, ending in the scheme of insular government inaugurated just before our war, and ignobly perishing with Spanish sovereignty. His study of the ante-bellum "Reformists," "Autonomists," and "Union Constitutionals," interesting as it is, may not be accepted as final. The censorship of the press, the statutes relating to sedition, and the fear of deportation contributed to make Cuban political discussion dull. Men spoke in allegories and discussed human rights in the abstract, much as the debates in the Commons used to be reported as imaginary proceedings in the Parliament of Persia. The orations of Rafael Montoro, the most intellectual of the Autonomists (a collection that ought to be added to Mr. Pepper's list), were characterized by this abstraction, till, in his famous Tacon Theatre speech, the orator addressed a warning to the mother country, plainly threatening the war, from which he recoiled, affrighted, when it came. No one but a Cuban who knew the subtle meaning of

such writings, and the real motives of the men who wrote them, or who can interpret the heady and rhetorical talk that has followed the departure of the censor, can say the last word on this interesting epoch. Perhaps it will never be said. At any rate, Mr. Pepper is the only one who has endeavored, even, to give an intelligible account of it to Americans. He is sympathetic to the Cuban idea, but not unjust to the Spanish; and where his statements can be tested, his conclusions appear sound, even if his facts in minor details are stated incorrectly.

He puts his finger on the three features of the Autonomist Constitution of 1897 that proved it a sham: the autocratic power still reserved to the Governor-General; the creation of life-appointees of the Crown, one less in number than a majority of the Council; and the limitation of the powers of the Insular Parliament to voting the local budget (*Gastos Domésticos*), after first having granted the national tribute (*Gastos de Soberanía*), which was about 85 per cent. of the total revenues of the island. In this last abuse—the exploitation of Cuba by aliens—lay the secret of all her revolutions. Refusal to remedy it made the proffer of such "autonomy" a mockery.

Mr. Pepper comments on the bewildering mass of decrees, statutes, *reglamentos*, and *bandos* that made Cuban law at all times so difficult to obey, for it was practically impossible to learn. Dr. Gener's endeavor, during the *morte saison* of the evacuation, to turn the Cuban bar, not to *reforming*, but to arranging, collecting, and annotating this mass of conflicting and obscure law—an inspiration which he drew from one of the wisest friends of Cuba—failed of success at the time; but some day it must succeed, for law is founded on certainty almost as firmly as on justice. Some Cuban statutes, like the Ley Municipal and Ley de Provincia, seem to state their purport clearly; and yet even they were so subject to saving clauses and modification by superior instruments that it is most instructive to read their formal and scientific language, and compare it with Mr. Pepper's chapters on the actual municipal and provincial governments, where the commonest thing was the centralization of power in one strong official, or the total abdication of it by a weak one. The collapse of municipal governments during the reconcentration, from mere lack of nerve in the alcaldes to take a lawful initiative, was one of the saddest of things. Where all initiative came from above, they would not dare close a polluted well, cleanse a hospital, or regulate a cemetery. Thus some towns perished off the earth.

Equally suggestive would be a comparison of the statutory provision for the establishment of courts, embracing elaborate codes of procedure and long lists of judges, syndics, fiscals, solicitors, advocates, escribanos and alguazils on their pay-rolls, with the practice of courts meanly held in the judge's private dwelling for lack of a public edifice; its minor officers eking out miserable salaries by blackmail or extortion. The schools would likewise appear well provided for by law, and ill by a miserly and ignorant administration, which throughout most of its branches was equally pretentious and rotten. Mr. Pepper does justice to the admirable Spanish system of recording deeds, which surpasses our own in simplicity, accuracy, ease of search, and beauty of the official copy, the last being characteristic of all Spanish official documents. There is a distinction about them that would obtain here only among engrossed addresses, while public records like the greasy "Libers" of the New York Register's office would be burned by the hangman in Havana as a public disgrace.

In spite of their provinciality and the puerility of much of their news matter, Mr. Pepper has a good word for the Havana newspapers, which have the advantage of being written in a language not yet debased by the slang of a "sporting community," and are edited by men of superior intelligence and influence. Indeed, he has very hopeful things to say of Cuban morals in general. The people do not drink to excess. They saw the alien bull-fights and lottery abolished with approval. They are peaceable and frugal, and, as to sexual morality, not much worse than other peoples, considering the climate, the mingling of races, the foreign commerce, and the presence among them for years past of an army of occupation, civil as well as military, that unnaturally increased the preponderance of males in the island. With the exodus of these disturbers of morals, not only will the standard of official honor rise, but of domestic life. Along with soldiers and place-holders will also go the Spanish ecclesiastics, the cruel and abandoned lives of so many of whom brought the influence of the Church to the lowest ebb. With Cuban priests responding to insular aspirations, and communities contributing to support their own church and clergy, religion should have a renaissance of wide importance. Mr. Pepper's chapters on these subjects are among the most novel and useful to American readers.

On the industrial side, he hopes for a diversification of small industries, while seeing sugar and tobacco as the island's only sources of immense wealth. Fruit farming, coffee planting, timber cutting, and mining will pay well, but after a while and in the right hands. So, also, will the building of railroads and tramways and the installation of telegraph and telephone lines. Those, too, after a while, for the country is still frightfully poor. Mr. Pepper has a fine scorn, in this connection, for the American speculators who swarmed on Havana after the evacuation, searching for sudden wealth, cursing the natives, talking big of annexation, and raising the color line where it had never existed. Analyzing the resident population, Mr. Pepper hopes for a continuing Spanish immigration, particularly of the Celtic stock, which now furnishes the best laborers in the island. Given plenty of labor and a free-sugar schedule in the United States tariff, and Cuba will flourish apace.

As to American occupation, Mr. Pepper thinks its best work is in setting up a standard of official honor, administering well while it does at all, and ending as soon as it can. He is hopeful of the Cubans' ability, once given opportunity to try, to govern (acceptably to themselves, at least) the land to which they have all the romantic attachment of islanders, and which has been made sacred to them by its terrible martyrdom. In the discussion of these problems, which will occupy our Congress in the near future, this serious, earnest, and suggestive book cannot but have great weight.

A second edition would be improved by an index and a revision of the proof-reading, which is very bad.

Primitive Love and Love-Stories. By Henry T. Finck. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1899. 8vo, pp. 851.

This work might well have been named 'The Evolution of Romantic Love.' It aims to show how the attachment of two unmarried persons has been, in the history of mankind, a progress from sensual and selfish to romantic and unselfish devotion, a struggle towards an ideal, the mightiest of all agencies in the preservation of the race. Romantic love is a compound of sentiment and conduct which exists between a man and his sweetheart, to wit—Egoistic ingredients: individual preference, monopolism, coyness, jealousy, mixed moods of hope and despair, hyperbole, adoration; Altruistic elements: purity, pride, admiration of personal beauty, gallantry, self-sacrifice, sympathy, and affection. When these are missing, there may be sentimentality, which is the counterfeit of romantic love, or sensuality, which is quite another thing. Just here we might suggest for coyness "the play or drama of romantic love," for only the sweetheart practises coyness. She responds to the opposite quality as elastic air responds to a piston in a cylinder. For "personal beauty" say "personal qualities," since you have seen a pretty girl in love with a dreadfully homely man.

The ingredients enumerated above form the headlines of fourteen chapters, which are rounded out with a discussion or definition of love in general and romantic love in particular, of sentiment as distinguished from sensuality and sentimentality, of mistakes regarding conjugal love, and, finally, of obstacles to romantic love. If the book had terminated here, with the addition of the closing argument, there would have been about four hundred pages of matter, a convenient size for a volume in this busy decade.

The remaining chapters are entitled Specimens of African Love; Aboriginal Australian Love; Island Love in the Pacific; How American Indians Love; India—Wild Tribes and Temple Girls; Does the Bible Ignore Romantic Love? Greek Love Stories and Poems. Without going into detail, there is not, according to Mr. Finck, a shadow or intimation of romantic love in any of these. Not only is there no intimation of its existence in literature, but it did not exist in fact.

We agree heartily with the author in the belief that all complicated human thoughts, feelings, purposes, have been elaborated from very humble beginnings. Also, the ideal standard of sexual devotion which he sets up is the acme of love. It is likewise true that, for shorter or longer periods—the sparrow for a season, the hawk for life—birds feel and act as though the rudimentary stages of romantic love had developed in them. Alas, it must be admitted that even in the most enlightened nations the majority of so-called young lovers are in a crude stage of our author's ideal. We agree with him concerning manly men and womanly women, and think also that the betterment of love must come not by repressing choice but by encouraging intelligent selection. And now, having endorsed Mr. Finck's theses, as we infer from his preface that he is sensitive to criticism and

that he is jealously in love with his subject, we venture a suggestion or two:

(1.) Other things being equal, the shorter a scientific treatise the better. In Gray's Botany, for instance, you have the manual and the text-book under different covers.

(2.) If romantic love in none of its qualities had the slightest existence down to the Christian era, and its opposite is almost universal in all nations and tribes, where does the evolution come in? There ought to have been somewhere a promise, a potency, a little cloud of it no bigger than a man's hand. Have all the missing links dropped out?

(3.) Modern savagery does not represent primitive man. The five hundred pages of love stories in our volume are not disclosures of the evolution of love. In the long life of humanity, peoples have ascended and descended, advanced and retrograded, moved into congenial environments, and shrunk into the suburbs of the world. Surely from such brutality as the author pictures could not arise in all eternity one example of that love which he characterizes as the most useful thing in the world.

The closing chapter is the best. It should be printed as a tract. The unfortunate thing about it is, that all the old lovers who will read it are now in their post-graduate course, and the freshmen are not likely to see it.

Child-life in Colonial Days. By Alice Morse Earle. Macmillan. 1899.

Mrs. Earle, in this latest volume, has fitly crowned a memorable series. With her especial opportunity for researches among Colonial homes and archives, she has gathered up and presented in permanent form a remarkable array of facts and pictorial illustrations. The great interest now awakened in all matters relating to the development of the child, and the meagreness of early records, make this collection one of peculiar and permanent value. The list of illustrations comprises not only portraits of some thirty-five children of varying ages and phases, but pictures of all their appurtenances and belongings. We can follow them from the cradle to the school-house. We have specimens of their clothing, their toys, their school-books, their literature, their implements of industry and torture.

Mrs. Earle pictures early infantile life in the Colonies in very sombre colors. That so many survived the discomforts, the unsuitable clothing, untimely baptism in freezing meeting-house, domestic medicinal concoctions, etc., testifies to the care of the mother and the hardihood of the English constitution. The severity of the struggle for existence may have contributed towards the mature and dignified expression of many of the childish portraits; and then the style of dress makes them look older than their years. A boy after babyhood was dressed after the fashion of his father. Mrs. Earle has made an exhaustive study of children's costumes, and her lucid descriptions add much to the interest of the illustrations.

Schools and school life are treated with great fulness. We have samples of the primitive "horn-book," from which many generations learned the alphabet. Upon a thin sheet of wood was nailed a sheet of paper printed crosswise with the alphabet in large and small letters, rows of two-letter syllables, and the Lord's Prayer. This was covered by a thin sheet of yellowish horn. At the lower end was a small handle, often pierced with a hole. In this small compass were included what in modern phrase is known as "text-books and supplies." But though an immense number of them must have been in use, only three defaced specimens have been recovered in this country. These were followed, through process of evolution, by the well-known 'New England Primer.' Other historic school-books were: 'The Young Lady's Accidence,' an introduction to English Grammar, and Cocker's 'Arithmetick,' a guide to "the incomparabe art of cyphering." Of public schools we have a poor report. Small and uncomfortable school-houses, absurd methods of teaching, and great severity of discipline were the usual accompaniments. These were supplemented by Dames' schools for girls, and private study with ministers for boys. Discipline in home and school was rigidly administered. Yet, with all these drawbacks, Cotton Mather notes "that the youth of this country are verie sharp and early Ripe in their Capacities." Very remarkable instances of precocity are given, especially in reference to the religious development and attainments of very young children.

Great attention was bestowed upon manners and rules of etiquette. Reprints of English books, with "Rules for Children's Behaviour" on all sorts of occasions, were very widely circulated and enforced, and undoubtedly had much influence in softening the asperities of a rude age. The ideal of a child's life embodied in the familiar lines—

> "In books and work and healthful play
> May my first years be past,"

was at least partially attained in Colonial days. Mrs. Earle furnishes many illustrations of games, as well as "samples" of decorative art, and her closing chapters also afford glimpses of that mysterious "child lore" so strangely handed down from remote generations. The book is beautifully got up in every particular.

Some South African Recollections. By Mrs. Lionel Phillips. Longmans, Green & Co. 1899.

Mr. Lionel Phillips was one of the leaders of the "reform movement" in Johannesburg which culminated in the Jameson raid. In other words, he conspired to effect a revolution; and when he failed, and the Transvaal Government got hold of his cipher dispatches, he thought it best to plead guilty to the charge of high treason. At the time of the raid Mrs. Phillips was in England with her children, distracted with their sufferings from the measles, some ailments of her own, the necessity of going to Paris for dresses, and the news and lack of news from South Africa. These details she lays before the public with great particularity, interspersed with most acrimonious comments on the depravity of the Boers.

It is impossible not to be impressed with the unconscious impudence with which she justifies British aggression and denounces Dutch resistance. Her prejudice is too strong to allow us to attach much weight to her charges, and the photograph of the Phillips mansion at Johannesburg is in itself a refutation of many of them. People that live in such luxury really cannot be terribly oppressed by their Government; and when we read that Mr. Phillips was allowed to ride his bicycle without a guard while under arrest, we are not inclined to attach much weight to Mrs. Phillips's complaints of the severity of his treatment. In fact, the gravamen of her charges is that she was obliged to bribe the jailers in order to provide Mr. Phillips with some of his usual comforts. Yet her simplicity gives her narrative a certain value. We can gather from it the real feeling of the British towards their Dutch rulers, and understand how inevitable the present struggle had become. The rampant chauvinism of the author, her exasperating irrationality, her unbounded devotion to her husband, and her entire unscrupulousness in scheming in his behalf, make a combination that is interesting, if not attractive. Her book is little more than a diary; but it so quivers with emotion as to be readable, and it is adorned with many photographic views of unusual interest and beauty.

Little Beasts of Field and Wood. By William Everett Cram. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1899. 12mo, pp. 261, illustrated.

Muskrat, otter, mink, weasels, foxes, and squirrels are the little beasts of this book. The how to find them of the first chapter may be summed up in, "Follow their tracks on the snow." The author is an essayist, and his text relates to particular mammals with which a more or less intimate acquaintance has been made while wandering about New England fields and woods or along the smaller streams. His studies have not the depth and scientific value of those of Frank Bolles, but they are good as far as they go, and they are so interesting that readers on later excursions will profit because of them. The literary style is simple, clear, and attractive. The pages are free from attempts at fine writing; they bear comparatively few of the mistakes commonly made by the essayist who affects natural history—generalizations from insufficient premises, partial truths, and entire fictions. An occasional statement there is, however, that tells too little or too much. Thus, a reason for fewer tracks on the earliest snows as compared with those on later ones the author finds in feet that have not become toughened to the chill; this makes nothing of greater exertion necessitated by greater hunger as winter deepens. The ermine is pictured on its hunting trips "moving by leisurely, silent bounds over the pine needles"; such movement is usual in crossing open spaces, but in close thickets, in grass, or among rocks, the ermine noses around like a lively rat. A grandmother's story of a flying squirrel that crawled out of the pocket of a coat thrown across a chair, "sailed across the room to where she sat, and nestled contentedly in her hair, which she wore in a great fluffy mass piled high above her head," hardly allows the squirrel fall enough to gather momentum for such a sail. New Hampshire "lizards" would better be known as salamanders.

Twelve Months in Klondike. By Robert C. Kirk. London: William Heinemann; Philadelphia: Lippincott.

This is not an honest book, because the author is not careful of his facts, nor contented with his own observations, but has put together scraps from various sources,

published and otherwise, with no references as to their sources or character. The first is shown in so many ways that detail is not necessary, while the second appears from the changes in style and the lack of coördination and consistency. It is a scrap-book of the fag-ends of information and misinformation, along with a very unconditioned attempt to describe an actual journey from San Francisco to Dawson, by way of Dyea and Lake Linderman, which, if not fabulous, is very remarkable for what it leaves out. The information would often be of interest and use if authenticated by the name of its author or a statement of the source.

The illustrations are generally good, but they often do not belong to the text, and sometimes not to the book. Perhaps the book was made to carry the pictures, and the photographer was too busy to see what the ordinary tourist would see. The pictures are all from photographs, and these are interesting and instructive, but they are amateurish and heterogeneous.

Mr. Dooley in the Hearts of his Countrymen. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1899.

Mr. Dooley won fame in the Spanish war, and it is not to be expected that his comments on peaceful themes should be as successful as his military criticisms. It must be said, however, that there is fighting enough in this book. The air is full of brickbats, and resounds with the whacks of the shillelah. There is bloodshed a plenty, but the wounds are not mortal, and are given and received with the traditional Irish *insouciance.* Perhaps the genial author has somewhat overdone this well-worked theme of Irish pugnacity; but his sketches are spirited and clever, and the world seems never to tire of smiling at "the rows and the ructions" to which the natives of the Emerald Isle are supposed to devote all their leisure.

What Mr. Dooley has to say of the careers of sundry local bosses is more instructive than the disquisitions of most writers on political science. To the people of "Archey Road," the issues decided at elections are not related to abstract principles of legislation, but are intensely local and personal. Whether this one shall get a place "on the force," and that one hold his position as bridge-tender, are questions that interest the ordinary voter more than tariffs or constitutions, and no one can listen to Mr. Dooley without obtaining some useful suggestions concerning the nature of government by universal suffrage. As in his comments on the war, Mr. Dooley shows an impartial and penetrating judgment. He "shoots folly as she flies," and allows no humbug to remain unexposed, no cant to pass for genuine feeling. He is too cynical to be compared with Hosea Biglow, but he uses the weapon of ridicule with very telling effect. Possibly this weapon is more serviceable in influencing a democracy than logical argument, or appeals to principle and to history. At all events, the creator of Mr. Dooley knows how to handle it; and, to treat him seriously, he invariably employs it against what deserves contempt and derision. To the canting imperialist we have no doubt that Mr. Dooley's sarcasm appears extremely coarse and vulgar; but there is enough of pure fun in this book to make it acceptable to every one possessing the sense of humor.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Albert, R. Rambles in Dickens' Land. Truslove, Hanson & Comba. $1.50.
Barry, J. D. Mademoiselle Blanche. John Lane. $1.50.
Campbell, W. W. Beyond the Hills of Dream. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Devereux, R. Side Lights on South Africa. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.
Ellis, E. S. Through Jungle and Wilderness. The Mershon Co.
Ford, P. L. Janice Meredith. Illustrated ed. Dodd, Mead & Co. 2 vols. $5.
Furst, C. A Group of Old Authors. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.
Garstin, N. The Suitors of Aprille. John Lane. $1.50.
Hadden, J. C. Thomas Campbell. [Famous Scots Series.] Scribners. 75c.
Hart, A. B. Salmon Portland Chase. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Idylls of the Lawn. Roanoke, Va.: The Stone Printing and Manufacturing Co.
Jacobs, J. Tales from Boccaccio. Truslove, Hanson & Comba.
Johnson Club Papers. Scribners. $2.
Kuhns, O. French Reading for Beginners. Henry Holt & Co. 70c.
Lange, D. Our Native Birds. Macmillan. $1.
Lee, U. Parliamentary Lessons. Rand, McNally & Co. $1.
Lee's American Tourist's Map of Paris. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 50c.
Le Gallienne, R. The Worshipper of the Image. John Lane. $1.25.
Lent, W. B. Holy Land from Landau, Saddle, and Palanquin. Bonnell, Silver & Co. $1.50.
Lloyd, A. B. In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country; A Record of Travel and Discovery in Central Africa. Scribners. $5.
Macmillan, C. Minnesota Plant Life. St. Paul: University of Minnesota.
Mahan, Capt. A. T. Lessons of the War with Spain. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.
Maitland, Rev. S. R. Essays on Subjects Connected with the Reformation in England. John Lane. $2.
Man, A. Pompeii: Its Life and Art. Translated by F. W. Kelsey. Macmillan.
McCormick, J. The Child's Name. W. H. Young & Co. 50c.
McGill, Mary A. Little Orphan Annie. O'Shea & Co.
McLennan, W. In Old France and New. Harpers. $1.50.
Mercer, A. G. Notes of an Outlook on Life. London: George Bell & Sons.
Millingen, Prof. A. van. Byzantine Constantinople: The Walls of the City and Adjoining Historical Sites. London: John Murray; New York: Scribners. $7.50.
Milln, Louise J. Little Folk of Many Lands. Scribners. $4.
Milton, J. Paradise Lost. Cassells. 10c.
Morrison, A. To London Town. H. S. Stone & Co. $1.50.
Muirhead, J. F. The Land of Contrasts: A Briton's View of his American Kin. New edition. John Lane. $1.50.
Müller, F. Max. Sacred Books of the Buddhists. Henry Frowde. Vol. 2.
Murray, G. C. Under Three Flags in Cuba. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.
Payne, I. Mistress Penwick. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
Persons, Eleanor A. Our Country in Poem and Prose. American Book Co. 50c.
Phillpotts, Eden. The Human Boy. Harpers. $1.25.
Putnam, Georgina L. The Two Legacies. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Reid, R. In Summertime. R. H. Russell.
Richardson, J. D. A Compilation of the Messages and Papers of the Presidents. 1789-1897. Washington: The Committee of Distribution. 10 vols.
Rusling, Gen. J. F. Men and Things I Saw in Civil War Days. Eaton & Mains. $2.50.
Scott, Clement. The Drama of Yesterday and To-day. Macmillan. 2 vols. $8.
Sharp, Evelyn. The Other Side of the Sun. John Lane.
Stoddart, Anna M. Elizabeth Pease Nichol. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
Strong, Prof. A. H. Christ in Creation and Ethical Monism. Philadelphia: The Roger Williams Press.
Tuer, A. W. Old-Fashioned Children's Books. London: The Leadenhall Press; New York: Scribners. $2.50.
Turner, Mrs. M. The Bible God. Bible Teachings. New York: Peter Eckler. 25c.
Twombly, A. S. Hawaii and Its People. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Wotton, Mabel E. The Little Browns. London: Blackie & Son; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1899.

The Week.

There was one significant passage in the brief speech which Gen. Leonard Wood made at the farewell banquet to Gen. Brooke in Havana on Thursday evening. Speaking of his mission in Cuba, he said: "The United States is here, through its representatives, to accomplish a great work. We are here to do just what was said in the declaration of Congress that we would do, and we are going to do it." The only declaration that Congress has made on this subject is the following, which we have quoted repeatedly, but which cannot be quoted too often:

"That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination, when that is accomplished, to leave the government and control of the island to its people."

If General Wood carries forward his mission on that basis, he will perform a service of incalculable value to his country. It is noticeable that other speakers at the banquet expressed similar sentiments. In describing the banquet, the correspondent of the *Sun* says: " It demonstrated beyond question the purpose of the United States in reference to this island. There was no evasion, no equivocation on the part of any one. The Cubans were informed that absolute independence would be given in the shortest time possible. If ever there was doubt as to the plans of the Administration on this point in the minds of the Cubans, it must have been swept away by this gathering."

Senator Hoar's anti-imperial resolutions have a somewhat disconcerting air of proposing to enact the moral law over again, and to give the Beatitudes the force of a public statute; but we shall wait for his speech in the hope of finding it more explicit and to the point. We should have been glad to see him give open support to the Bacon resolutions. These are both definite and immediately relevant to the Philippine situation. If adopted and made the basis of our policy, they would end the ignoble and costly war at once, and give us every trade and military advantage we can really utilize by retaining a foothold in the East, besides saving our national honor and consistency. In brief, they recite the liberating purpose of the war with Spain, propose the same terms to the Filipinos as to the Cubans, with the retention of such naval stations and harbors as may be agreed upon, and promise favor and protection to an independent Philippine government. The final resolution in Senator Bacon's series is strategic and statesmanlike. It announces the purpose of the United States, by means of treaties with the leading nations of the world, to "secure the guarantee of the continued independence" of the independent Philippine government. This would be in the line of the neutralization of Switzerland and Belgium, and would neatly spike one of the heavy guns of the imperialists. They say, "What, set up a feeble native government and leave it a prey for European robbers?" "No, kind-hearted friends," says Senator Bacon; "we propose to get all the European robbers to agree to keep hands off, if American robbers will do the same."

But the main thing is, whether by means of one set of resolutions or another, to get the mouths of Senators unsealed. The country is anxious to hear what Congress can say for or against the McKinley policy. The President himself has professed to be eager for action by Congress. "The future government of the Philippines rests with the Congress," he repeated in his message. But it is clear that he really wants nothing done, and as little as possible said. Mr. McKinley's public handling of the Philippine question, particularly the parts of his last message dealing with it, have shown him a master of the two great secrets, as Bagehot explained them, of the art of dressing up a case for Parliament:

"The first is always to content yourself with the minimum of general maxims which will suit your purpose and prove what you want. By so doing, you offend as few people as possible, you startle as few people as possible, and you expose yourself to as few retorts as possible. And the second secret is to make the whole discussion very uninteresting—to leave an impression that the subject is very dry, that it is very difficult, that the department has attended to the dreary detail of it, and on the whole that it is safer to leave it to the department, and a dangerous responsibility to interfere with the department. The faculty of disheartening adversaries by diffusing on occasion an oppressive atmosphere of businesslike dulness is invaluable to a parliamentary statesman."

All this the President has done to perfection in the Philippine matter, and Congress has remained inert. But this silence and lack of initiative cannot go on for ever; and after the Christmas recess it must be that Senators will find their voices.

An abuse which a sense of propriety should have checked is aimed at by a resolution introduced by Mr. Hoar. The Massachusetts Senator would have Congress take action which will hereafter render it impossible for the President to appoint Senators or Representatives on commissions that are to consider matters which must come before Congress. Every argument for the separation of the executive and legislative departments of the government is against this practice, but it has been steadily gaining ground until action by Congress is now required to end the abuse. The worst illustration of the evil was seen a year ago, when President McKinley took from the Senate three of the five men appointed as commissioners to frame the treaty of peace with Spain, although this treaty must be submitted to the Senate for ratification or rejection, and every member of the body ought to have an open mind when required thus to pass upon it. The Senate Committee on Privileges and Elections, to which Mr. Hoar's resolution has been referred, is reported favorable to it, and there ought to be no question of its passage.

It should surprise nobody to learn that claims for pensions on account of the Spanish war are being filed in great numbers. The aggregate already foots up about 25,000, and the list lengthens every day. The Seventy-first New York Regiment holds the bad preëminence of furnishing the largest proportion of claims to soldiers, 311 applications having been received from it up to the middle of December. It is observed that many of the claims are for minor disabilities, which must oftentimes prove only temporary; and the fact that so many more soldiers relatively now apply for pensions, and that they ask them on so much weaker grounds, than was the case after the civil war, is attributed by the officials at Washington to the greater activity of the pension agents in these days. But there is another cause which is even more potent: we mean the breaking down of the old spirit of independence and self-respect, which was so strong thirty years ago, through the growth of the feeling that everybody ought to get all that he can out of the Government. While in the old days many a veteran of the Union army who felt that he had really suffered some injury to his health from his service, indignantly rejected the idea of asking a pension as long as he could support himself, and was respected the more highly for his self-respect, a soldier in the Spanish war who should take such a position now would be generally laughed at for neglecting his opportunities.

The tobacco-growers of the Connecticut valley take the proposed introduction of free trade with Porto Rico very hard. Mr. H. S. Frye, the President of their organization, who is in Washington looking after their interests, has written a letter to A. F. Austin of Suffolk, Conn.,

telling him that Porto Rico is capable of producing four times as much tobacco as it actually does produce; that all of it is of a quality to compete with Connecticut tobacco; that it can be grown in Porto Rico at a cost of only five cents per pound, and that it is in demand in this country now, after paying thirty-five cents per pound duty. Even this is not the worst that the Connecticut growers have to expect. If Porto Rico tobacco comes in free, that of the Philippines will come next, and eventually that of Cuba. The result, he thinks, will be the annihilation of the tobacco plant as an industry in the Connecticut valley. Mr. Frye then asks how this evil can be averted. The island of Porto Rico cannot be sold or given away, but it may be kept as a "military possession." The present status may be preserved, in which case the products of the island will not be allowed to inundate our markets and destroy American industries. It depends on Congress to decide this question. But can Congress be relied upon to adopt this policy, *i. e.*, to prolong military occupation indefinitely? "Yes," says Mr. Frye, "provided those interested will act promptly and in the right direction." But he warns the tobacco-growers, and all others interested, that grumbling at home will do no good, nor will conventions or petitions be of much avail. The only thing to do is to have a permanent committee in Washington representing each threatened interest—tobacco, sugar, tropical fruits, and what not. These men must be experienced and influential, and they must give their time to this work.

Mr. Crumpacker of Indiana has introduced in the House what he entitles "a bill requiring the Director of the Census to furnish Congress with statistical information, to be used as a basis for representation under the twelfth census." It provides that the Director shall compile in convenient form the election and registration laws of the several States, in so far as they affect the qualifications of voters; shall collect statistics showing the number of registered voters in each State, and the number of votes actually cast at the Presidential election in 1896 and the regular congressional elections in 1898; shall also prepare from the population schedules a tabulated statement, showing, respectively, the number of white and colored male citizens in each State over the age of twenty-one, together with the number of illiterates, insane, and idiots in each State; and shall submit all this matter to Congress before the 15th of December, 1900. The purpose of securing this information is to apply it in the apportionment of Representatives in Congress, which ought to be made next winter upon the basis of the census of 1900, in such a way as greatly to reduce the power of the South in the government. Hitherto every such apportionment has been made among the States "according to their respective numbers." Originally three-fifths of their slaves were allowed to the Southern States to swell their white basis of representation. Since the civil war the rule has been to count "the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed," but the fourteenth amendment provides that a denial of the right of suffrage shall work a reduction of representation "in the proportion which the number of disfranchised male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State." The last section of this amendment gave Congress power to enforce its provisions by appropriate legislation. It is now proposed to find out, through the census investigation, how many adult male citizens are denied the right to vote, or suffer any abridgment of that right, in each State. This movement is reported to have considerable strength among Republican Congressmen. It is safe to predict, however, that no Southern State will have its representation cut down after this fashion, a year hence.

The statement of the French Government made last week to the Chamber in connection with the Franco-American reciprocity treaty, will be read with dismay in Washington. Why, the impudent Frenchmen profess to have got the better of us in the bargain. They say that the treaty affects only 4 per cent. of American imports, with a possible gain of $200,000 annually, while it covers 53 per cent. of French products, with a prospective benefit of $1,040,000. M. Delcassé adds insult to injury by explaining that though Mr. Kasson "made pressing demands on behalf of American agriculture," he was able not only to "resist them," but actually to obtain "useful reductions in favor of French agricultural products." This bears out what was said in Washington dispatches at the time, that the treaty was so one-sided that Mr. Kasson proposed to abandon it altogether, and finally signed it only on direct orders from the President. It is certain that if the French Government wished our Congress to reject the bill, they could not have gone about the business more directly than by thus openly boasting of their victory over our diplomats. The truth is, that a violent suspicion that Mr. Kasson and the President had been outwitted in the Franco-American treaty is already astir in Congress. Prominent Republican Senators have inspected the instrument, and are "surprised at what they found." The California Representatives in particular are positive that the treaty will never do, as its main object seems to have been to "give something for nothing," and ruin the fruit-growers and wine-producers of the Pacific slope. Western, and especially Ohio, Representatives are speechless with indignation, too, over the Argentine treaty, with its 20 per cent. reduction in duties on wool. Did they make the greatest known Protectionist President for this?

The appointment of William D. Bynum as a member of the Board of General Appraisers is one of the most creditable that have been made by the McKinley Administration. The law requires that this vacancy shall be filled by somebody who is not a Republican. Mr. Bynum is a Democrat, but not a Bryan Democrat, not a silverite, not a greenbacker, not a crank of any kind or degree. He entered Congress as a bimetallist, and during some years voted with the majority of his party, but study and experience brought him to the conclusion that he was in error. Then he became a gold-standard man. He helped to organize the Gold Democrats, and became chairman of their national committee in the campaign of 1896. He has never acted with the Republican party, except in the same way that Senators Caffery and Lindsay and Secretary Carlisle acted with it in that campaign. Yet the Bryan Democrats in the Senate have given out that they will oppose his confirmation as Appraiser, on the ground that his appointment does not meet the requirement of the law. They contend that he is to all intents and purposes a Republican, and that the Democrats are entitled to this place. The Republicans in the Senate will be all the more insistent on his confirmation for the reason that he took the course which he believed to be right, although it cost him the chance of preferment in his own party. It is not for the Senate to draw shades of distinction between Democrats. The same test that would make Bynum a Republican would put Grover Cleveland, William C. Whitney, Charles S. Fairchild, and John De Witt Warner in the same category.

The appointment of a champion of the merit system as chairman of the House committee on the civil service should encourage all friends of reform to renewed efforts in its behalf. The spoilsmen were so much encouraged by the President's "backward step" last May that some of them have been boasting that Congress, like the President, would take the back track by refusing or cutting down the appropriation required to keep the system in running order. It is safe to say that no such reactionary step is possible with a Representative of Mr. Gillett's ability and courage defending the reform. What is now most needed throughout the country is agitation by the friends of the merit system; the exposure of abuses in its operation under

officials who do not believe in it; and the building up of a public sentiment which will condemn all steps in the wrong direction. This is the most effective way of strengthening the cause at Washington.

Unusual interest has been excited by the advance in European bank rates of discount during the present money-market disturbances. The raising of the official rate by a state bank at a European money centre, by which the policy of the host of smaller institutions is commonly guided, is a formal affair, reflecting mature and deliberate judgment of the outlook. Therefore the recent advances at the Bank of England, the Bank of France, and the Bank of Germany, to much the highest figures touched since the tight-money period of 1882, have caused uneasy discussion in the markets. At bottom, however, the principle of the move is very simple. In our own money market, the last few weeks have shown the necessity, when the strain on capital, for commercial and speculative uses, has become too great, of fixing a rate for its use so high as to be prohibitive except for legitimate trade purposes. What was done automatically at New York has been done formally at London, Paris, and Berlin.

The theory underlying such action is, that if rates for money continue low, the Stock Exchange speculator stands on an equal footing with the merchant and producer. This is all well enough when there is sufficient capital at hand to satisfy the needs of everybody. But if available supplies are not adequate for all purposes, it is to the public interest that general trade, which touches the welfare of the entire community, should be accommodated rather than stock speculation, which concerns nobody but the speculators themselves. Fortunately for the proper solution of the problem, the merchant, whose business plans rest on a broad basis, can afford to pay a higher rate when necessary, whereas the speculator, the success of whose venture wholly depends on cheap and abundant capital, cannot. Therefore a rise in money rates, however brought about, may compel the Stock-Exchange operator to abandon his plan of forcing up prices, and yet retain for the commercial interest a sufficient supply of funds. Every money market, home and foreign, seems fortunately to have realized that the first duty of capital is to the people engaged in carrying forward the enormous and prosperous trade now in progress throughout the world. What might ensue under such conditions, if bankers, willingly or unwillingly, were to cut down the normal accommodation of the commercial borrower in order to help out the Stock Exchange, the whole world learned from London's experience in 1890.

When the outcry against department stores was at its height, about three years ago, the City Council of Chicago passed an ordinance prohibiting such stores from selling meat, groceries, provisions, and liquors. A case was at once made against an establishment which violated this rule, and when a local court imposed the fine required by the ordinance, an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the State. That tribunal has at last rendered its decision, which declares the ordinance null and void. A city in Illinois has the right to regulate the sale of provisions with a view to preserving or promoting the public health, and the Chicago Council might, therefore, have imposed sanitary conditions upon such sale. But the ordinance in question did not even profess to regulate the sale; it simply prohibited persons engaged in the business of selling dry goods, clothing, jewelry, and drugs from also selling in their stores the provisions enumerated in the ordinance. The court holds that this is a purely arbitrary provision, which attempts to deprive certain persons of exercising a right that has always been lawful, and has been heretofore exercised without question; and that the ordinance is also in contravention of the State and national constitutions, which prohibit the taking of life, liberty, or property without due process of law.

Mr. Moss was able to put very little that was new in his report on the doings of the Mazet committee, chiefly because whatever there was of value in the testimony was discussed fully at the time of its production. Upon one point he says frankly that all efforts to obtain exact information from city officials were unavailing, namely, in regard to the number of persons in the public service, and the exact sums paid for salaries and wages, and the increase in employees and payrolls since December 31, 1897. Nobody has been able to get this information, which should be obtainable for every citizen. That there has been an enormous increase is undoubted. In nearly every department there have been large additions to the force of employees and large increases in salaries, but no records are kept of these, or, if they are kept, they are not allowed to be seen. The rigorous nature of the civil-service law has led to this condition of things, for, since existing employees could not be turned out, the only way by which Tammany men could be got in was by increasing the size of the force. Even when men have been removed and have been subsequently reinstated by the courts, the men put into their places have also been retained. The additional cost to the city is well up in the millions.

The death of Dorman B. Eaton removes an at one time leading figure from the ranks of the small body of men in this city who struggle persistently, in season and out of season, for better government. He was one of the most useful and effective of the early champions of civil-service reform, and his name is identified closely and prominently with that movement and with the success which attended it when it found embodiment in law. He did not confine his exertions to that field alone, but could always be counted upon to give his assistance to any movement in the direction of good government. Men might differ with his judgment, but no one ever doubted his sincerity or questioned the disinterestedness of his motives. He was never discouraged by defeat, and was never tired of the task which has sometimes been spoken of as "trying to reform a community that does not wish to be reformed." He will be greatly missed in this community.

The late Dwight L. Moody was a man whose extraordinary career was the fit accompaniment of extraordinary powers. Prof. Park of Andover once said to a gushing woman, of the *dévot* order, who was exclaiming at the wonderful tribute to the power of God involved in the fact of so untrained and ill-graced a man as Mr. Moody stirring Boston: "Well, madam, you will not suspect me of wishing to detract from the power of God, but Mr. Moody is a very remarkable man." Such would have been the verdict of any fair-minded man who had an opportunity to study the great evangelist's nature and methods. A rugged simplicity and absolute sincerity were the chief elements in his character. No one ever detected in him a suspicion of cant. It might have been said of him, as Mirabeau said of Robespierre, "That is a dangerous man; he believes every word he says." For the "drill and pipe-clay" of the clerical profession, as Robertson phrased it, Mr. Moody had nothing but contempt, and his own unconventional ways, in the pulpit and out of it, did a great deal to break down the stilted ministerial tradition. Nor were the changes in his own style of work, as the years passed by, without great significance. From being a mere evangelist, going from city to city to address vast and emotional audiences, he became, by chief intention and main use of time and strength, a Christian educator. His educational institutions at Northfield, so remarkably planned and endowed, he regarded as the crowning work of his life. It was his deliberate transition to what Horace Bushnell called "Christian Nurture," as more important and more stable than waves of Christian emotionalism.

LAWTON AND DEL PILAR.

The death of no officer in the Philippines could have brought a keener sense of loss to the army and the country than that of Gen. Lawton. His professional associates knew him as a chivalrous soul and a dashing commander, who had worked his way up from the ranks by sheer merit. To the public at large he was as fine an embodiment as we have had of military skill and personal courage, always ready and highly versatile, hungry for work or hardship in the country's service, and, like all true soldiers, hating war for its own sake. His abhorrence of the war in which professional duty called him to engage in the Philippines was more than once expressed in vigorous terms; and if a moment of consciousness was left him after being struck by the fatal bullet, it must have been embittered by the thought that he fell in what he last summer called "this accursed war"—accursed, because needless and ignominious.

Only a few days before Lawton was killed, the Filipinos lost a General. This was Gregorio del Pilar. The cold dispatches told of his being found dead behind the works he had been defending, with a diary on his person in which he had just been writing. There was the record that he expected death—as he knew that his little force would be overwhelmed—but that he exulted in giving his life for his country's independence and in resistance to the alien oppressor. Del Pilar was one of the educated young Filipinos who are the hope of his people, if they have any hope. Of university training and bright prospects, he left all for his country's service, as did that other hero and martyr of the Filipinos, Rizal. The Spanish killed the latter; we have killed Del Pilar. We sympathize with the natives in their commemoration of the martyrdom of Rizal; when we find them hereafter observing a memorial day in honor of Del Pilar, will even our most heartless imperialists dare to say to them: "Fudge! Your hero died as the fool dieth"?

These two deaths ought to make the imperialists willing to take at least two minutes off from their high emprises to stop and really think what we are doing in the Philippines. We are not arguing with them; we are only telling them. We are sacrificing our best. We are killing the Filipinos' best. Now, this may be lofty statesmanship and a beautiful illustration of the way in which states are made great and strong; but it must be admitted that it looks uncommonly like the blundering work of little minds trying to stretch themselves to fit a great empire. If they had studied Franklin's rules how to make a country petty and contemptible, they could not have more successfully applied them. They should not put on indignant airs and talk about the necessities of expanding our commerce in the Orient. People will think they mean that those eight car-loads of beer every week, shipped to one saloonkeeper in Manila, are enough to make us dismiss the deaths of Lawton and Del Pilar as a mere trifle.

Against one final blunder we must be on our guard. That is the proposal to take "vigorous measures" with the scattered bands of the insurgents—meaning, treat them as bandits and outlaws, shoot them on sight, and hang them without trial when captured. The Cabinet has been reported to be considering such a plan. The *Tribune* practically advised its adoption. Secretary Root, however, said that the matter would be left to Gen. Otis's discretion. But it should be left to no man's discretion whether lynch law should be set going in the Philippines—for that is what the suggestion amounts to. To put such power of life and death in the hands of young officers in command of roving detachments is too monstrous a thing for the imperialists to try upon the country just yet. They must let us get hardened to the business by degrees. In time we may take counsel of Gen. Weyler and Abdul Hamid, but we are not up to it at present.

Thiers told Napoleon's ministers in the Corps Législatif that they had committed every possible blunder—"il n'y a plus une faute à commettre." We might be tempted to say the same of the Administration's course in the Philippines, were there not still a chance of the crowning mistake of lynching the Filipinos as fast as we catch them. That would only be the last step in our flattering imitation of Spanish methods. The Spanish Governors knew all about this method of treating the Filipinos as "bandits." They anticipated McKinley in taking it for granted that any body of men in arms against so benevolent a government as theirs must be *ipso facto* abandoned villains beyond the pale of law. So they stood their captives up in front of the wall on the Luneta and shot them out of hand. The Spanish have also their very convenient "ley de fuga." A captain tells his prisoners that they may go, and, as they move off, has his men shoot them in the back. Then he gravely reports to his superiors that his captives rose and overpowered the guard and attempted to escape, and were unfortunately all killed. That is a "vigorous measure" which we may come to in time. Gen. Lawton's death will doubtless occasion much talk about the need of having no more "nonsense" in dealing with the Filipinos. But until we are ready to supplant Spain in cruelty as well as in sovereignty, we hope the Cabinet will see to it that lynch law be not added to our other exports to the Philippines.

THE CURRENCY BILL IN THE SENATE.

The passage of the Currency Bill in the House by the unanimous Republican vote has had a profound moral influence on the country, which cannot fail to be reflected upon the Senate. Although the latter body has, for the time being, substituted the bill of its own finance committee for that of the House, it is not doubted that a measure will be agreed upon shortly after the holiday recess which will accomplish all that the House bill aims at.

The principal difference between the House bill and that of the Senate consists in the plan attached to the latter for refunding the national debt. It authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to receive any outstanding bonds bearing interest at 5, 4, or 3 per cent., and maturing prior to 1908, and to issue in exchange therefor gold bonds bearing 2 per cent. interest and running thirty years. Then there is a proviso annexed that "none of such outstanding bonds shall be received in such exchange at a valuation greater than their present worth to yield an income of 2¼ per cent. per annum," and the new bonds are to be issued at not less than par. The outstanding bonds of the classes named are about $850,000,000 in amount, and their value at the present market prices is about $950,000,000. The Secretary seems, therefore, to be authorized, under the bill, to increase the principal of the debt by about $100,000,000, but he may make the exchange on better terms if the bondholders are willing. We say "seems to be authorized," because the problem as stated in the bill is an extremely intricate one. An actuary taking into account the lifetime of the several classes of bonds, as well as their rates of interest, might reach a very different conclusion. In the absence of such a computation, all that can be said is that some increase of the principal of the debt is evidently contemplated.

The interest on the old and the new bonds is, however, a more serious matter. It is apparently assumed that it is for the advantage of the United States to have a perpetual debt outstanding provided the rate of interest is as low as 2 per cent. The refunding scheme has no other *raison d'être*. The 4 per cent. bonds maturing in 1907 amount to $553,000,000. The annual interest on them is $22,120,000. In the lifetime of these bonds, say eight and one-half years, the Government would pay in interest the aggregate sum of $188,000,000. But, if required to pay interest at 2 per cent. on the same capital sum for thirty years, the aggregate would be $331,800,000. The loss to the Government would be $143,800,000 on this batch. The loss on the 3 per cents of 1908 would be about $65,000,000, and on the 5s of 1904 about $34,000,000; the aggregate loss on the

three classes being something over $240,000,000, not to mention any loss on the principal arising from the peculiar terms of the exchange.

The only defence we have seen of this scheme is a suggestion thrown out by a newspaper correspondent in an interview with a Senator, that the taxpayers of the United States can make better use of their money than 2 per cent. interest, and that it will be to their advantage to repeal taxes rather than pay a national debt running at so low a rate. This is an old and exploded fallacy. It assumes not only that the taxpayers can make better use of their money than 2 per cent. interest, but that they will do so. The taxpayers in this case are all the people in the United States. The federal taxes are mostly taxes on consumption, which reach all classes, and the assumption is that the beer and whiskey-drinkers, the users of tobacco, the consumers of imported goods, the public generally will preserve the small saving which they might make by some reduction of taxes, and convert it into interest-paying capital for their own benefit.

There is no warrant for this supposition. The average taxpayer, instead of saving the trifle which would come to him in that indirect way, would take a little more liquor, tobacco, or foreign goods, whereas if the same money were applied to the extinguishment of the public debt, it would certainly be saved. The bondholder would save it, because it is a part of his livelihood. It would come to him in a lump sum instead of driblets, and he would be under the necessity of reinvesting it in order to secure an income. The argument for refunding in long-time bonds a debt which the Government has the right and also the means to pay at an early day, is really an argument for a perpetual debt. It carries us back to the time when Jay Cooke was engaged in funding the national debt and issuing circulars under the caption, "A National Debt Is a National Blessing." This maxim did not find acceptance with the American people then. It has never been popular since, and will not stand public examination now.

Another objection to this refunding project is that it ought not to be a part of a currency-reform measure. The two things have no necessary relation to each other. Each ought to be treated on its own merits.

TAMMANY'S LEGAL EDUCATION.

There has been no more valuable educational institution at work in this city during the past two years than the Civil-Service Reform Association. Through its attorneys as a working faculty, it has been giving instruction in the elementary principles of law to the heads of the Tammany government, and has enforced its lessons with verdicts from the courts. The Tammany officials have not been willing pupils, and they have not paid any tuition bills to the instructing faculty, but they have learned a great deal about law which could not have been introduced to their minds in any other way. In fact, resistance to the instruction offered without money and without price has aided rather than impeded the work of the faculty, for every refusal to accept the view of the instructors as to the interpretation of the law has led to a resort to the courts, with the invariable result in every important instance of a verdict in favor of the instructors.

What seems to be a final lesson of this kind has just been given in a decision of the Appellate Division of the First Department of the Supreme Court, written by Justice Rumsey. It has the great advantage of applying to the case of one of the most conspicuous men in the municipal service, no less a man than the nephew of Richard Croker, the head of our government. When Mr. Croker organized the city government, he had his life-long friend John J. Scannell put at the head of the Fire Department. Nobody realized more clearly than did Scannell himself that Croker was about the only man in the city who regarded the appointment as one fit to be made. Scannell was naturally, therefore, full of gratitude to Croker and eager to do something to oblige him. When Croker asked to have his nephew made Chief of the Fire Department, Scannell was delighted to gratify him. When his attention was called to the contention of certain reformers that the position was within the competitive list, and could not be filled except through a civil-service examination, Scannell fell back on an opinion of the learned Whalen, to the effect that there was a period in the life of the city in which it was without any civil-service law, since the old law was dead and the new one had not gone into effect, and appointed the nephew without an examination.

There were many other appointments, numbering several hundred, by Scannell and other heads of departments, made upon the basis of this luminous contention, and it occurred to the Civil-Service Reform Association that these constituted first-rate ground upon which to base an object-lesson in the rudimentary principles of law. The Association, accordingly, had the pay of nephew Croker and other like appointees "held up" in the Comptroller's office until their legal status could be ascertained. Decision after decision was made in the lower courts that the appointments were illegal, that the old appointees who had been removed to make way for the new should be reinstated, with back pay, and that the new should be subjected to the hateful rigors of a competitive examination. In one rendered by Justice Beekman, in July last, he laid down the principle that there could not be the lapsus between the old and the new law which Mr. Whalen had sought to establish, holding that the law went into effect immediately on its enactment, and that it was the manifest intention of the Legislature to secure a local administration of the civil-service laws of the State which should be in harmony with the requirements of the Constitution.

This question of lapsus finally reached the Appellate Division, in relation to some police-court appointees, and has now been passed upon in the Rumsey opinion, in which the entire court concurs. In that opinion the decision of Justice Beekman seems to be in the main affirmed, for it is held that the "fact that the former rules had been abrogated and that there were no rules regulating the appointment of civil officials in the city of New York did not therefore give a free hand to every person who had occasion to make appointments after the passage of the act and before the establishment of the rules." And again: "There could be no appointments after the passage of this act, except ones made in accordance with its provisions and the rules under it." It is also pointed out that one section of the new act provided for precisely the emergency of making appointments to fill vacancies during the period in which new regulations were being formulated, and that hence there was no excuse for the Whalen claim that there was an interregnum during which the city was without a civil-service law.

This decision is so broad that it clears the air completely of all the pettifogging contentions which the Tammany legal authorities have raised. These authorities have been walking up and down before the law in much the same way in which a hen walks up and down before the fence that keeps her out of a garden, poking her head through all the spaces between the slats in the hope of finding one large enough to let her through. The Rumsey decision gives final notice that there is no such desired hole in the law, that the Tammany brood must stay outside the fence, with no hope of getting in save through competitive examinations which are open to all comers. It is a sad situation, but there is no escape from it.

ARE THE LATIN RACES DOOMED?

A race is always a convenient subject of reproof. There is a glorious uncertainty what you mean by a race, that enables you to triumph over all objectors by saying it is absurd to suppose you meant *that;* and, besides, it is obvious that no personal offence can be given. You can roundly condemn a country as such, and yet profess the most unbounded regard for every individual citizen of it. Hence, we suppose, the

fatal attraction for some minds of discussions of race idiosyncrasies and tendencies, race consciousness, race destiny, and all the rest of it. The phrases seem to take the place of the dear old polysyllables, of Greek derivation, which Macaulay observed to be such useful substitutes for giving a reason.

By dint of much speaking of these comfortable generalities, people in this country and in England and Germany have arrived at one stock conviction about races—namely, that the decadence of the Latin races is a fixed fact. "The Latin races are doomed," Gen. Grant is reported to have said after his return from his tour around the world. We have heard a good deal of this in the past few years. The Spanish collapse, the Dreyfus agony, the Italian riots were most easily explained by the question, "Well, what can you expect of such a race?" We even got members of the doomed races to discussing the question. M. Demolins wrote his book to inquire into the causes of Anglo-Saxon superiority. There, you see, he admits it. Le Bon has also flattered us by seeming to intimate that the Latin races will go to the devil some time before we do. But now comes a Frenchman of another mind. M. Alfred Fouillée of the Academy of Moral Sciences has a long article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for December 1, in which he takes up seriatim the alleged proofs that the Latin races are doomed. His argument is, in a word, that the said races are neither Latin nor doomed.

Why should we call France a Latin nation? It is, ethnologically, as M. Fouillée reminds us, half Celtic, part Germanic, and only one-quarter Latin. In Spain the proportions are different, but even in her case the original Gothic impress, with the latter Moorish strain and the Celtic mixture, makes her look less Latin than we have been in the habit of supposing. As for Italy, she is notoriously the meeting-place and mingling of the races. "Gauls, Spaniards, Greeks, Asiatics, Egyptians, Jews, Germans, Bretons, Africans, Goths, Lombards, Byzantines, Slavs, Normans, Angevins, Saracens—look for your 'Latin race' in that enormous mixture!"

But, of course, Italy, France, and Spain, even if not Latin, may yet be decadent and doomed. Accordingly, M. Fouillée takes up, one by one, the alleged notes of national decadence—religion, socialism, criminality, sexual morality, etc. We cannot follow him in all these details. It is certain, however, that he makes many effective retorts upon the superior Anglo-Saxons, and on the whole a spirited and ingenious defence of the so-called Latins. The increasing per-capita consumption of alcohol in France he admits to be a bad sign for his country. He might have taken a leaf from Boswell and asserted this as a national virtue. "I assure you," said Boswell to Johnson in plaintive defence of his beloved but assailed Scotland, "there was a great deal of drunkenness before the Union." "No, sir," declared the sage, "there were people who died of dropsies in trying to get drunk." But such wild northern jests are not for M. Fouillée. He stoutly affirms that if he is doomed he is not conscious of it. His simple explanation of the complacent thanking God of the Anglo-Saxons that they are not as other races are, is as follows:

> "That peoples who call themselves Anglo-Saxon should endeavor to ennoble their industrial successes and their military conquests by ennobling their race, by attributing these results to some vague natural or providential superiority, is in strict conformity with the well-known habits of the successful. They always feel the need of winning intellectual adoration for their material triumphs. The more doubtful the doctrine of race is, the better is it fitted for the worship of victory. The consecrated oil of the Lord has given place to the anointing of science."

Whatever the facts in dispute may be, it is clear that the same distinction must be made in races as in individuals—the distinction between commanding success and deserving it, between achieving a victory by brute force and attaining a success worthy of the name. Ahab laid violent hands upon Naboth's vineyard, but did that glorious expansion prove him of finer clay? Did it justify him in telling Naboth that the loss of his possessions proved that he was "doomed"? We have, in fact, only to turn to the talk of unscrupulous men of our own superior race, vaunting themselves over the more fastidious, to find a close analogy to this sanctimonious and condescending attitude of Anglo-Saxons towards the races they are pleased to call inferior. Take a successful politician with the usual speculative attachment of the day, and hear his fine scorn for the men who are, as he says, "not in it." That is his equivalent for "doomed." You will not lie, you will not cringe and flatter and cheat, therefore you do not carry elections and get rich, therefore you are quite "out of it"—that is, as we say to the Latins, you are doomed. Croker and Platt and Quay and Hanna and all their vulgar kind, big and little, are the prosperous Anglo-Saxons favored of Heaven; and all who work against them for pure politics are a decadent race, evidently under the divine curse, for do they not fail, are they not unsuccessful and therefore doomed? Such hypocrisy made perfect disgusts us when we see it in the individual; why should we think it less offensive as a race quality?

A PORTRAIT AT SERAMPORE.

LONDON, November 30, 1899.

Serampore, alas, survives to-day but as a mere relic of its former greatness. It is not much more than fifty years since the English purchased the factory from the Danes, and now almost everything of historical interest in it has disappeared or been forgotten. The twelve miles which separate it from Calcutta serve only to accentuate the startling contrast between the busy capital of British India and the derelict Danish colony which once proudly bore the name of Frederick the Fifth of Denmark. A walk of half an hour round the curious old city tells a sad tale of transformation. The Hôtel de Ville has become a civilian's office, and the customs buildings have been demolished to make way for his bungalow. Whitewash and modern alterations have obliterated everything but the monogram of their most Christian Majesties from courthouse, jail, and church. An unhappy municipality has renamed all the thoroughfares; and Oxford Street and Covent Garden Market sound strangely out of place in once powerful Frederiksnagore.

That heap of bricks at Flagstaff Point is where John Palmer of Calcutta, usually styled the Prince of Merchants, reigned as the agent of the Danish Company, and sat day after day weighing out goods with a profit to himself of a lac of rupees a year. Yonder stood the houses where Copenhagen factors in the receipt of salaries of two hundred rupees a month drank champagne at eighty rupees a dozen. Those were the palmy days of Serampore commerce. Time was when twenty-two ships cleared from these jetties in three months, and when a forest of masts bristled beside its well-filled storehouses. But the prosperity of the settlement was as short-lived as it was brilliant. In 1807, the year of Cathcart's bombardment of Copenhagen, Lord Minto sent up the boats of the *Modeste* frigate to seize the vessels in the harbor, and himself watched the scene of destruction from his windows at Barrackpore. The helpless company never recovered from the blow. It gradually sank lower and lower, though it held on for forty years more by heavy drains upon the Danish Treasury. In 1845, just a century after Soetman and Ziegenbalg first hoisted their flag, the old Scandinavian bunting was hauled down, and English colors floated in its stead. Christian VIII. had sold his Indian possessions; and Serampore is now known only as the home of paper-works and jute-mills.

But the riverside has a romance which is enough to immortalize any place, even though its political and commercial greatness should be entirely forgotten. Look at that big white house exactly opposite Barrackpore Park, the Viceroy's Saturday-to-Monday residence. It is one of the largest and most solid structures in the town, and its Ionic pillars are sixty feet high. Here the Baptist missionaries have established their chief college, albeit the comprehensive scheme of its founders to make it a university has not yet been realized. We pass through heavy iron gates and up a flight of massive steps into the immense edifice. In the basement are lecture-rooms for Bengali students, who have dumped their beds down into the side-galleries, and given the premises the appearance of a military hospital. On our left stands a cast-iron staircase, the gift, like the lavishly worked gates outside, of a King of Denmark. Up and beyond, let us step into the great hall a hundred feet in length. The servant opens the shutters, and there, on the wall opposite you, is an old-fashioned portrait, hanging to a nail by a simple bit of string. It has become so dingy that you need to look at it twice before you can make out what it is. Modern Serampore clangs on outside with the whirr of the steam-crane and the mill-

engine, and the road down which you have tramped with your umbrella is alive with half-naked coolies. But here, inside the Mission college, your thoughts have drifted into another century, another country. No one can see without emotion that canvas by Sir John Zoffany and not recall the famous Madame Grand. What a quarry of good talk might be started, could we but summon up her ghost from this, the wreck of her lost beauty. The story of her adventures well nigh throws into the shade Aladdin's fabled lamp or the magic horse of Cambuscan. A veil of mystery hangs over much of her career; what little we do know of her life reads like a romance in miniature.

Eight miles north of Karikal—French Karikal lying almost forgotten in the English presidency of Madras—stands the old Danish capital of Tranquebar. Purchased, like Serampore, from the Most Christian King of Denmark by the English, ruin has fallen upon it, utter and humiliating ruin. Empty buildings in a progressive state of desolation are all that remain of the great city. A petty customs office maintains the semblance of life in the gutted Dannesborg, but the sandy digue, once so animated, has crumbled to pieces, Government House has been turned into a post-office, and the great white square is now a desert, with stumps of pillars breaking through its surface, like bones protruding through an emaciated body. Yet here it was that, as a child, Madame Grand once wandered, brooding in imagination, it may be, upon the days to come. Born at Tranquebar in 1762, Catharine Werlée's father held the position of port officer in the settlement of Chandernagore. At the age of fourteen, she was married to a Bengal civilian of the name of Grand, whose acquaintance she had made at Ghyretty House, now a hopeless ruin in the immediate vicinity of Serampore, but once a noble mansion in which Monsieur Chevalier, the French Governor of Chandernagore, was wont to entertain Clive and Warren Hastings with all the pomp and circumstance of a Versailles. To-day those gay saloons, a century ago the haunt of the beauty and fashion of the neighboring settlements, are but a mere collection of stones in a wayside field of French territory.

Catharine Grand's married life endured but for a twelvemonth. In 1778 she separated from her husband after the too notorious *crim. con.* action, Grand vs. Francis, in which Sir Philip Francis, the reputed writer of the Junius letters, was mulcted in unprecedented damages to the amount of 50,000 rupees. Attempts have been made to assert the lady's innocence, in defiance of the judgment of the trial; the child-wife to the last maintained that Francis, although a lover, had not been a successful one. Be this as it may, if we are to believe the aggrieved husband's story, he never set eyes upon his wife again. The ensuing passage in her career has never been satisfactorily elucidated. She is known to have left India; whether she remained under the protection of Francis is uncertain. In 1796 she was in Paris. Arrested there as a conspirator, she enlarged the bonds of human ambition so far as to capture the heart of Talleyrand, who, *défroqué* as he was, married her publicly in 1802. In that brilliant society where dressing was a science and clothes one of the weighty facts of life, the new beauty, with her touch of Eastern originality, soon became a reigning power. The union with Talleyrand, however, was not a happy one, and eventually she lived apart from him, at first in England and afterwards at Auteuil. The soft lines in her face had long ago begun to deepen, but to the last she retained her wonderful complexion and hair, and everything in her household was managed with the state of a *grande dame*. As recently as 1835, the Princess died, half-forgotten, and doubtless not altogether sorry as the curtain fell. She was buried in Montparnasse Cemetery. It is sad to think that the tomb has been utterly neglected, and that the pious traveller who makes his pilgrimage to this Campo Santo to-day, is shown a moss-grown bank of weeds and nettles as the sepulchre of the most famous beauty that India has produced.

Two portraits of the Princess de Talleyrand exist. The one, by Gérard, hangs, duly honored, in the Palace of Versailles. The other, neglected, dingy, is in the Baptist Mission College at Serampore. Local tradition and belief assert that it was painted by Zoffany, the most distinguished artist who has shaken the pagoda tree of the exhaustless East. Nothing but mystery attaches to its presence in the Mission College. The Baptists are at a loss to understand how they came by the likeness of "such an abandoned female," and the story goes that the picture is turned during class hours with its face towards the wall, that the minds of the Bengali schoolboys may not be corrupted at their lessons. The Indian Viceroys, who live opposite in Barrackpore Park, have forgotten the very existence of Madame Grand; and Calcutta Gallios care for none of these things.

Anglo-India's unremembered beauties merit higher honor. Some of them, like this girlish ghost, look out from wan library windows; others, like Rose Aylmer, Landor's early love, sleep in Calcutta graveyards. Sterne's sprightly Mrs. Draper has given her name to Eliza's Tree at Masulipatam. Kitty Kirkpatrick, the "dear Kitty" of Carlyle's Letters, and the supposed original of his Blumine in 'Sartor Resartus,' was born in the zenanas of Hyderabad, the daughter of a Begum. India is well known to be a land of short memories and unrecorded services, but Zoffany's work of art may some day find a fitting resting-place. Surely some one will be found to plead for its preservation before the words "too late" are sounded. If there be any picture with real history in it, it is this.

The Grand Trunk Road is under repair, and so we press on, through a bye-lane, where the potters live, into the weird odors of the Serampore bazaar. The sun is up, and we must leave this wreck of forgotten Sahibs and ladies to itself. Danish Frederiksnagore perished long ago, and its lost heritage will never be restored. It would be a gracious act to brush the dust, ere parting, from off the portrait of the fair Miss Werlée, who breathed her birth air at the sister city of Danish Tranquebar, the lady who fascinated Junius in Calcutta, and reappeared in Paris as Talleyrand's princess. There can hardly be any story more full of human interest than the romance which converted Catharine Noel Werlée, daughter of the Chandernagore port officer, into the beauty of the great Napoleon's Court, Princess of Benevento. To the ordinary sightseer, Serampore may offer small attraction; to the literary or artistic vagabond, its very ruins are suggestive.

ALBERT LOUIS COTTON.

Correspondence.

CROSS AND CRUCIBLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of a certain figure of speech conspicuous in the last Presidential campaign, the following variant may have its interest. It is taken from Letter III. of 'The Fudges in England,' by Thomas Moore, author of 'Lalla Rookh':

"And though tried by the fire, my young genius shall burn as
Uninjured as crucified gold in the furnace!
(I suspect the word 'crucified' must be made 'crucible'
Before this fine image of mine is producible)."

Mr. Bryan appears to have had no such scruple. JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER.

CAMBRIDGE, December 22, 1899.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY DURING THE REBELLION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reference to the statement in your review of Mr. James Ford Rhodes's 'History of the United States, from the Compromise of 1850,' that "while those who then gave shape to English policy were hostile to our national cause, the new voters were almost unanimously friendly to us," I wish to say that I worked for two years as an apprentice in a shipbuilding yard in Liverpool, England, during the war of the rebellion, and in all that time I never met with but one man from any part of the British Islands (excluding from consideration the politically unconscious) who was not, to use a mild expression, unfriendly to the cause of the Union. The single exception was an intelligent and broad-minded Scotch shipwright named Gardener.

My experience was almost altogether confined to the working class, but there was a movement on foot among the merchants of Liverpool to build a monument to Stonewall Jackson, and there were four small vessels built in the yard in which I was employed, named respectively the *Richmond*, the *Virginia*, the *Robert E. Lee*, and the *Stonewall Jackson*.—Respectfully,

FRANK COUSINS.

SPOKANE, WASH., December 14, 1899.

[Our correspondent was unfavorably placed for observation.—ED. NATION.]

"TO PLUCK UP STAKES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The verb *pluck* was formerly often used where now *pull* would be employed. The quotations under those two verbs in the Century Dictionary sufficiently indicate that such was the case in England, and it only remains to show that the statement is equally true of American writings of the seventeenth century. We read that in 1663 "John Hayman promiseth to pluck vp the rest of the poasts remaineing erected" ('Boston Records,' 1881, vii. 17); that in 1675 some Indians "on a sudden, without any cause given, plucked up their wigwams"

(in J. R. Trumbull's 'Hist. of Northampton, Mass.,' 1898, i. 238); that in 1676 certain Indians "seized some horses & cattell & pluckt up stalkes of corne to suck for theire refreshment" ('Conn. Col. Records,' 1852, ii. 466); that in 1680 it was enacted that "whosoever shall willfully pluck up, remove or deface any Landmark or bound . . . shall be fined from 20s. to 5 pounds" ('N. Hampshire Prov. Papers,' 1867, i. 391); and that in 1687 a certain person deposed that "Thomas Wiggins laid hands upon Mr. Mason, and threw him upon the fire, and by force kept him down, so that I had great difficulty to pluck him off," while Mason himself testified that "had it not been for the deputy governor, who was all that time endeavoring to pluck Wiggins off from me, I do verily believe I had been murdered." (*Ibid.*, 580, 581.)

Hence it is not surprising to find that our common American phrase *to pull up stakes* was formerly *to pluck up stakes*. It is singular, however, that neither form of the expression is recognized in the Century or in Webster; that the newer form only is found in Worcester, the Encyclopædic, and the Standard; that De Vere places the phrase among Westernisms; that, in his remarks upon it, Mr. Lowell's accustomed accuracy forsook him; and that Bartlett, while he knew of a single example of the older form, probably erred in saying that it was brought to this country from England. It is needless to say that in the early days here stakes were used for all sorts of purposes, and that the expression in question was used in a literal sense, as it was in England. Very soon, however, the figurative use of the expression came into vogue here; and its history in this, its apparently peculiarly American sense, for a century and a quarter, is shown by the extracts which follow.

"I am not of them, in church or common weal: Some bid me be gone, of which I am in some sort glad: others labor with me to stay, fearing my returne will do theire cause wrong; and loth am I to heare of a stay, but am plucking up stakes with as much speed as I may, if so be I may be so happy as to arrive in Ireland, there at leaste to follow my old profession." 1640, T. Lechford. *Note-Book*, 1885, p. 275. (Lechford, the earliest lawyer in Boston, arrived there in 1638 and left in 1641.)

"I . . . yet do assure yow that Gods prouidence outwent my purposes, the last viodge I was in New England; ffor when I came from England to yow, I had it not in my heart that my mother Earning would haue returned, whose going was the cause that putt me vpon a kind of necessity of sending home my children, being young; and it was beyond my wife her thought & expectation either to se mother or children at London; therfore ther was no desighne in vs, either at first or last, going ouer to pluck vp my stakes, or to disioynt myselfe from yow." 1648. N. Bourne, in 4 *Mass. Hist. Colls.* vii. 302. (Written "Ffrom abord the Marchant in Bell Ile in Newfoundland.")

"These godly parents of mine meeting with opposition & persecution for Religion, because they went from their own Parish Church to hear y^e^ word & Receiv y^e^ L^d^ supper &c took up resolutions to pluck up their stakes & remove themselves to New England, and accordingly they did so." *a* 1705, Rev. W. Wigglesworth, in *N. E. Hist. & Gen. Register*, 1863, xvii. 137.

"I take notice y^t^ you are a moveg your things into the country w^th^ a design to move there yourself—I wish you may find it agreeable liveg there, but I doubt it much. I believe its best to try, & then if you dont find it to be agreeable, pluck up stakes & come over here." 1766, T. Bromfield, in *N. E. Hist. & Gen. Register*, 1872, xxvi. 40. (Written from London to his brother, who was moving from Boston to Harvard, Mass.)

> "But Hunt, much vex'd, produc'd a text
> Which struck his colleague dumb.
> 'Tis my advice that in a trice
> Bacon should pluck up stakes;
> Tho' honest he, yet Hunt we see
> Most friends with sisters makes."

1774, *The Boston Ministers*, in *N. E. Hist. & Gen. Register*, 1859, xiii. 132.

"General Gage, pluck up stakes and be gone; you have drawn the sword, you have slain in cool blood a number of *innocent* New-England men." *Essex Gazette*, April, 18-25, 1775, vii. 2-1.

"Received a friendly letter from Mr. Timmins. His wife at Boston, seeing no end to the disturbances, is going to pluck up stakes, and remove with flocks, herds, and children." 1778, S. Curwen, in *Journals & Letters*, 1864, p. 187.

Bartlett's comment upon the phrase is as follows: "To pull up stakes. To pack up one's furniture or baggage, preparatory to a removal; to remove. The allusion is to pulling up the stakes of a tent. The expression was introduced from England" (*Dict. of Americanisms*, 1877, p. 503). He then proceeds to quote the above extract from Lechford, at that time in MS. Objection may be taken to attributing the phrase to "the pulling up the stakes of a tent." So far as I am aware, tents were unusual, if indeed known at all, here in the seventeenth century. Next we may object to Bartlett's conclusion that, because Lechford came from England, therefore the phrase was thence introduced. When Lechford wrote his letter, he had lived in Boston two years. All of the above extracts were written by men who were either born in New England, or were living here at the time of writing, or had lived here before writing. No instance of the use of the expression by an English writer who had not been to this country has been recorded, and the phrase would naturally arise out of the conditions that existed here. Unless, therefore, an example of the locution can be found in England before 1640, it may be concluded that it is an appropriate and expressive Americanism.

ALBERT MATTHEWS.

BOSTON, November 26, 1899.

THE PIONEER UNIVERSITY CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your review of the current issue of the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, Major Higginson's benefaction for a new university club at Harvard is referred to as adding another to the brilliant innovations which, during President Eliot's administration, have set the pace for other universities.

The college world gratefully acknowledges Harvard's initiative in so many excellent enterprises that one feels the less hesitation in claiming paternity for a good idea originating elsewhere. The Cambridge authorities have often expressed their interest in the students' club-house opened at the University of Pennsylvania in January, 1896. This also was made possible by a generous benefaction—the amount given by the late H. H. Houston and his family being the same as that now given to Harvard, $150,000—and the building is called Houston Hall. The idea of Provost Charles C. Harrison, which has been carried out without reserve, was to provide for all sorts of wholesome indoor recreation, and for many undergraduate organizations, such as the college papers, the musical clubs, the camera club, the chess club, the Christian Association, etc. Nearly all undergraduate interests now centre in the hall, which is, moreover, the home of the Houston Club, a very democratic organization. The dues are two dollars a year, and there are few students in the University who are not members. The whole management of the hall is in the hands of the club, which elects all but one of the house committee, and all other officers, and the University has found no reason to regret this experiment in student self-government.

Probably no club in the world has a larger attendance. On the average two thousand men enter the club-house every day during the college year. The revenues from games, baths, news-stand, restaurant, and dues make the club and the hall self-supporting. The little illustrated pamphlet which I send you with this gives some idea of the complete equipment of the building for its purposes, but expresses inadequately the beauty of the interior.—Very truly yours,

E. W. MUMFORD.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,
PHILADELPHIA, December 23, 1899.

Notes.

The Leonard Scott Publication Co. of this city announces for immediate publication the 'Year-book of the Art Societies of New York,' containing reports of meetings, committee reports in brief, reviews of exhibitions, a membership list, and a roster of officers.

We have received meanwhile from the Art Interchange Co. the second issue of the 'American Art Annual,' founded last year; a supplementary pamphlet of ninety pages, prefaced by a quarterly diary of leading events in the art world up to January 31, 1900. Here too we have from the editor, Florence N. Levy, reports of museums and art societies, art events (1898-99), the season's sales, books and magazines, obituaries for the twelvemonth, and (an excellent idea) an index to last year's volume and the present. A good view of the Dewey arch and its approaches makes a fit frontispiece.

'A History of American Literature,' by Prof. Walter C. Bronson of Brown University, is in the press of D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. The same firm will have ready immediately 'Publishing a Book,' practical hints to authors and others, by Charles Welsh.

Owners of the original edition of Stebbing's Life of Sir Walter Ralegh can obtain in pamphlet form the list of authorities and corrigenda appearing in the new and popular reissue of the biography, on application to Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press Warehouse, London, E. C.

The Société d'Édition Artistique will publish this winter, under the general title of "L'Art et les Artistes," a collection of biographies, souvenirs, critiques, and historical sketches written by different well-known masters. The first of the series, 'Nos Peintres du Siècle,' by Jules Breton, member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, has just appeared (Paris: Pavillon de Hanovre). Jules Breton entered Drolling's studio as an art student in 1847. His reminiscences, therefore, cover more than half a century, during which time he has lived and made

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ERRATA.

Page 53, col. iii., line 24 from bottom. For "Coot" read "Coote."

Page 50, col. i., line 24. For "Montagna" read "Mantegna."

Page 91, col. i., line 35. For "£10" read "£10,000."

Page 136, col. i., first line of poetical extract. For "inner" read "inward."

Page 154, col. ii., final paragraph. Change the sex ascribed to the author under review (Mr. Marrion Wilcox).

Page 227, col. iii., line 12. For "Russian" read "Servian."

Page 375, col. i., line 37. For "Burton" read "Burton Harrison."

Page 397, col. i., line 17. For "Henry VIII." read "VII."

Page 438, col. iii., second paragraph. The Kentucky Board of Elections had no Republican member.

his place among the great artists about whom he writes. He first takes up David, Prud'hon and the painters of the early century. With the dawn of the Fontainebleau school, he passes from history to reminiscence, from document to anecdote. It was at the Salon of 1853, where Millet was first recognized for his remarkable group of reapers resting by the roadside, that Jules Breton made his début among the rustic painters, with "Retour des Moissonneurs," followed in 1855 by the "Glaneuses," which brought him a prize. Of Meissonier he says: "He saw details too clearly, and his near-sighted eyes exaggerated perspective as a camera does. His vision was penetrating, but incapable of admitting the delicate harmonies so dear to poets. He was a stranger to mystery." Breton is impatient with Courbet, with his origin, his conduct, and his manner of painting. Manet's importance amazes him, "for," he says, "one finds in his works little more than extreme and even ignorant, though sometimes fortunate, imitations of Velasquez and Goya." Bastien-Lepage he compares unfavorably with Millet; Puvis de Chavannes he admits among the leaders of the French school, but does not allow that his work should be upheld as the only model of decoration in its kind.

To secure elegant extracts for the 'George Meredith Birthday Book' (London: Constable; New York: Dutton) "D. M." was occasionally put to hard shifts. "She is a woman without emotion" (May 15), "He can be very harsh" (April 7), "He was young and handsome, with a soft flowing blonde moustache and pleasant eyes" (March 16), are not exactly convincing samples of a great intellect. The book is prettily made, on the usual plan.

The Scovill & Adams Co. are punctual with their 'American Annual of Photography' for 1900, with its customary array of contributed papers on the theory and practice of the art, and great variety of illustrations, the only one in "three colors" being found among the advertisements. Noticeable are a view taken with a lens made of ice, and a remarkable flashlight view of the nave of Strassburg Cathedral.

The folding 'American Tourist's Map of Paris' brought out by Laird & Lee, Chicago, for the use of visitors to the coming Exposition in particular, is, if not first in the field, the first to reach us. It is provided with a tape "finder," upon recourse to a list of streets, places, objects, etc. This list is furnished with a phonetic system of pronunciation for "English-speaking people," which will, we fear, not always stand the tourist in good stead. Soft *g*, for instance, is regularly interpreted by *j*. The whole is bound in cloth covers ready for the pocket.

The distinction of John Lane's edition of 'Poems by Matthew Arnold' is less in Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson's introduction than in Henry Ospovat's illustrations, which are always to be praised as decorations, especially in the headpieces, and generally as design on a larger scale. Frank copies of the old portraits of Cromwell and Shakspere are among them. The artist is of the pre-Raphaelite school, but with an individuality of his own. Mr. Benson, while holding that Matthew Arnold will survive in his poetry alone, estimates him candidly, if not as one skilled in poetic criticism.

From the same house proceeds a pretty reprint of Gray's 'Elegy,' with illustrations by J. T. Friedenson; but these are very far from the sentiment or picturesqueness of Birket Foster's.

Mr. Gelett Burgess, in the merry *Lark*, has contributed so much with his bright wit to the public amusement that a still further supply might confidently have been expected from his tales of 'The Lively City o' Ligg' (Frederick A. Stokes Co.). Quaint in conceit as they are, there is yet a leaven lacking which the author's characteristic illustrations and occasional brilliant paragraphs are insufficient to supply, to raise these stories to the humorous level of his previous productions.

Charles Dickens the Younger cordially agreed with Mr. Percy Fitzgerald that it was doing no kindness to Dickens to attempt to identify in real life the places and persons which had been the patterns of his creations. And, in fact, in the case of the actual personages, there is now small interest in identification, however plausible. It is instructive to learn that the London Magistrate Laing sat for the odious Mr. Fang, because it is one of the genuine cases of the rectification of an abuse by Dickens. But it is only a headlong enthusiast who could be excited by the question whether there really existed in Dover an old lady with a queer lodger, whom Dickens had in mind when he painted Betsy Trotwood. We confess to no such ardor. Mr. Allbut, in his 'Rambles in Dickens-land' (Truslove, Hanson & Comba), is an enthusiast of the scientific type. He has planned, with the accuracy of Baedeker, ten Rambles in London and the localities connected with the life and writings of Dickens. Each ramble ends at a good modern inn, which is fortunate, as no tourist, however spirited, could get through it in less than a day's hard work. The rambles in London are the most profitable; a tour that lands one at Westminster Abbey or Tate's Gallery, holds out some hope to the pilgrim who is threading the labyrinth of sordid London streets, chasing the phantoms of Newgate and the Fleet, for the great drawback to all his adventures is the chilling fact that most of the sites "immortalized" by Dickens no longer exist. Excursions to Rochester and Yarmouth will take the devotee into fresher air and less dubious associations. On the whole, the Rambles, if taken strictly in print, are by no means tedious, and they are worked out with a faithfulness of quotation and research that is usually associated with a doctor's thesis. The illustrations are very pleasing.

'Little Folks of Many Lands,' by Louise Jordan Miln (Charles Scribner's Sons), an excellent product of the publisher's art, makes us intimate with the children of many peoples. We have the author's permission for saying that no attempt is made at scientific treatment of this charming theme (for that we must consult Ploss's 'Das Kind in Brauch und Sitte der Völker'), nor even at orderly procedure, for Mrs. Miln jumps like a canary bird from pickaninny to Breton, and from Burmese to Eskimo, and so on through twenty-three chapters. But you are transported by a much-travelled English mother with a large heart and ready pen, from group to group of little folks, here and there, to show you their joys and their miseries. Much more will be found in the volume than the title indicates, for the children are frequently used as pegs on which to hang all sorts of vigorous opinions.

Whoever has stood on the top of Mount Rigi will attest the exceptional opportunities for geographical study which Switzerland offers, and to which reference is made in the opening sentence of Miss Reynolds's report on the 'Teaching of Geography in Switzerland and North Italy' (London: Clay & Sons; New York: Macmillan). The aims and various methods of geographical instruction in the Swiss universities and schools have been made the subject of a painstaking and intelligent study by the author of this little book, which may be perused with real pleasure and profit by teachers of this (in the modern conception of it) exceedingly important branch of study.

In the Englishing of Knackfuss's German series of "Monographs on Artists," the editor's own Van Dyck has been reached (Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). The illustrations—and they are always numerous—are identical in the two issues.

Montaigne's character and conduct still provoke diversity of interpretation and opinion among his French commentators. The latest of these, M. Edme Champion, in his 'Introduction aux Essais de Montaigne' (Paris: Colin), disclaims all paradoxical purpose, but nevertheless weakens his initial position by obscuring or ignoring what may be urged against his own thesis. His contention is that a right reading of the text of the Essays, with due attention to important dates in Montaigne's life, points to the conclusion that the great sceptic was at bottom a disappointed man of action, too generous and proud to take part in the factious quarrels of his time, and consequently driven into retirement and the pursuit of letters as the sole refuge for his dignity and self-respect. As M. Champion admits (p. 83) that the Essays reveal in various passages "la tiédeur, le détachement de toutes choses, l'égoïsme, parfois même une prudence qui ressemble fort à la lâcheté," we confess for our own part that we see no ground for questioning the reality of such disclosures. If, according to their author, the Essays are above all written in good faith, the arbitrary selection of some statements as truer than others may present interesting impressions, but can hardly rank as criticism.

'Le Rappel des Ombres,' by the Vicomte E. M. de Vogüé (Paris: Colin), is not a ghost-story, as its title might seem to imply, but merely a republication in book form of a loose batch of articles on dead men and women, as well as on issues from which life has likewise passed away. Entertaining enough as *causeries*, these short essays are too disconnected and unequal to form a coherent volume, consisting, as their readers will find, of historical and literary sketches, reminiscences, memorial articles, impressions, and other kindred miscellanea. To us the most attractive of these are a sequence on Lamartine, Vigny, and Chateaubriand, all three of whom are here discussed chiefly in their moral aspect. As regards the first two, M. de Vogüé's conclusions tally with recent critical opinion in giving Lamartine credit for somewhat more of manliness, and Vigny for somewhat less of impassibility, than might be inferred from superficial reading of their respective work; while the two papers on Chateaubriand add one note more

to the contemporary chorus in praise of the great Catholic writer. In a rapid review of Busch's 'Bismarck,' his French critic takes a position less passionate and more mildly and cynically ironical than is customary with Frenchmen. Even when touching on the shady incident of the Ems dispatch, M. de Vogüé is capable of dealing with it from a diplomatic, Bismarckian point of view. But what we miss in this volume is the warmth and exuberance of style to which its writer had accustomed us; and we trust that the casual remark which all but terminates the paper on Puvis de Chavannes, namely, "on écrit parce que c'ést le métier," does not, even with its reservations, indicate the whole spirit of the present book.

In 'Cinquante Ans d'Amitié' (Paris: Colin), Mme. Edgar Quinet relates the long friendship of her husband with Michelet (1825-1875). Although the principal facts in this noble intimacy were already known through the author's several works on Quinet's life, the interesting correspondence of the two great liberal thinkers has now been freely put to use for the first time. Notwithstanding a general impartiality, the writer of this volume naturally sides with her husband when discussing the altered character of the friendship brought about by political events on the eve of the Franco-German war; and, much earlier, Quinet's struggles for professorial distinction afford an opportunity for slurs on Cousin and Guizot. It is interesting to note that Michelet and Quinet were equally lavish of their intellectual wealth in their private correspondence, and fully as refreshing to find that such high thinking in nowise interfered with their genuine enjoyment of plain bourgeois domesticity. The present account of their relations suffers, however, from being presented in French of unmistakably exotic character.

We have received the first number of "Masters in Art," a series of illustrated monographs issued monthly by Bates & Guild Co. of Boston. This number is devoted to Van Dyck, and its contents may probably be considered to give a just idea of what the whole series is to be like. There are, first, ten exceptionally well executed half-tone plates, printed upon a tint, of a good size and from well-chosen works of the master, to which is added his portrait by himself. Next, there are fourteen pages of extracts from well-known authorities dealing with the life and the art of Van Dyck and with the Flemish school of painting; and the whole is concluded with a brief bibliography and a list of seventy of the artist's principal works, with a statement of their whereabouts. The whole forms a thin pamphlet of magazine size in a well-designed gray paper cover, and is to be had for the modest price of fifteen cents, or, by subscription, for a dollar and a half a year. The enterprise is a worthy one, as bringing fine art within the reach of all, and it may be especially recommended to schools, public or private.

Since the firm of Frederick Müller & Co., No. 10 Doelen Straat, Amsterdam, is known to all Americans who are interested in original research in the Netherlands and to most of our librarians, it will come with a sense of personal loss to hear of the decease, on December 6, of its head, Mr. S. Adama van Scheltema, who had been ill for several months. This gentleman, one of the prominent citizens of Amsterdam as to character and enterprise, adorned his calling. Most Americans dealing with him were apt to value his personal friendship. To a wide knowledge of books published in many languages he added the zeal of a true bibliographer and bibliopole, and never honorably left any stone unturned to find what an American book-hunter or library wanted. The well-known bibliography of works in Dutch relating to America was compiled by the original head of the firm, the late Frederick Müller, but Mr. van Scheltema followed nobly his predecessor's example.

As we go to press, we learn with deep regret of the death of Dr. Elliott Coues, one of the oldest and most loyal contributors to the *Nation*, and one of the foremost men of science in America; a chief directing mind in the organization of the ornithologists of this country, in the fixing of ornithological nomenclature, the founding and conducting of ornithological organs; an indefatigable editor of the original annals of Trans-Mississippi discovery, beginning with the journals of Lewis and Clark. We must reserve for another occasion a proper appreciation of this remarkable man.

—The forty-seventh annual meeting of the Wisconsin State Historical Society occurred in Madison on December 14, in the capitol—the last, it is hoped, of the series in its old quarters. The new building, which has been some three years in making, will be ready for the Society's occupancy in May. It is thoroughly fireproof, and will have cost $600,000. The whole edifice is called the Historical Building, and was at first projected on a smaller scale solely for the Historical Society; but, through bibliothecal consolidation, there was a combination with the University, so that it was erected on University ground and will receive the University Library under its roof. By this arrangement the purchase of duplicates becoming largely needless, the growth of both libraries will be accelerated and the facilities for consultation greatly increased. The accessions during the year were 7,727 books and pamphlets, 85 per cent. of which came from gifts or exchange, owing to the heavy outlay necessary for classifying and shelf-listing 206,000 titles (the whole strength of the Library) preparatory for removal, and the placing of each single publication in its proper niche in the new edifice. A museum of local historical or pre-historic curiosities has been one department of the Society from its earliest years, and in some lines, as in copper implements (not mere ornaments), it could boast about the earliest considerable collection in the world. Among the new endeavors to widen and deepen popular interest in the aims of the Society, a travelling library, on the Stout plan described two years ago in this journal, composed altogether of works relating to Wisconsin history, has been set in motion, and will circulate through many rural districts. How high the institution stands in the favor of the people is shown by State appropriations forming an annual total of well-nigh $25,000—a bounty which, unless the future contradicts the past, must grow.

—Part IV. of "The Georgian Period" has appeared (Boston: American Architect and Building News Co.). This valuable publication grows in interest with every succeeding number, and the accumulated value of the whole is, of course, so much greater than that of its parts taken separately, that it is hard to foresee the value to history and to art of the whole set when it shall have filled twenty such portfolios as that which safeguards No. 4. The previous parts have been reviewed in these columns, and it has been pointed out that while its title promises "Measured Drawings of Colonial Work," and nothing but these, the photoprints issued are at least equal in value to the measured drawings, and that the combined value of photographs and measured drawings of one and the same building or detail is vastly greater than the separate value of an equal amount of material not so mutually illustrative. The present number contains still another and an unexpected attraction. It begins with thirty-six folio pages of text interspersed with an incredible number of small drawings—all spirited and evidently trustworthy—and with a certain number of small half-tone prints. This text consists of a long essay by Olof Z. Cervin on "The So-called Colonial Architecture of the United States," a very short paper, signed A. J. Bloor, and devoted to "The Verplanck Homestead, Fishkill, N. Y.," another paper on "The Roof of the Old South Meeting-house, Boston," an essay by Glenn Brown on "Colonial Work in the Virginia Border Land," one by George C. Mason, jr., on "A Church at Newport in Rhode Island," and a paper by Claude Fayette Bragdon devoted to an account of his "Six Hours in Salem, Mass." It does not appear whether all the admirable little free-hand drawings which illustrate this text are by the same hand. In fact, the table of contents of the number ignores this series of illustrated articles altogether and makes account of the plates alone.

—As for the plates, there are thirty-six of them, the first being a photograph of what New Yorkers know and love, the curious and attractive wrought-iron work of the old railings and newels of stoops in Varick Street; another giving a lovely doorway from Brooklyn, worked in wood as delicately as a sideboard; and a third giving a mantelpiece which might have been in the same house as that which owns the doorway, but is really in another. This No. 4 seems to be very honorable to old New York, for a fourth photograph is of St. Paul's Chapel, at Broadway and Fulton Street; a fifth is of the interior of the same most interesting church; a sixth is of St. John's Chapel, in Varick Street; and a number of details are furnished concerning the same and similar old buildings of New York and Brooklyn. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania are also laid under contribution, and some of the Philadelphia work is as fine in detail as it is simple and manly in general design. The effect of this series will inevitably be to increase the respect of the world for the eighteenth-century architecture of what is now the United States. The only drawback to this is the sometimes too visible flimsiness of the material and structure; and in view of this inevitable and yet regrettable tendency, it is to be suggested that the wretched little "cupolas" or lanterns which, even in the more ample English form, are the disgrace of the style and the epoch, should really be ignored as much as possible. They cannot be left out of general views, but there is no reason for giving special pictures of them.

—Nothing so clearly emphasizes the difference between the university systems of

Germany (and Austria) and the United States as the importance attached to geographical studies in the one country and their utter neglect in the other. The relegation of matters geographical in the American school system to the lower and lowest grades is largely responsible for that stupendous ignorance regarding countries and peoples, even those not remote from the United States, which has so painfully developed itself in the Government bureaus as one of the outcomes of the recent Spanish-American complications. It may be doubted if, at the present time, there are three institutions of the higher learning in the United States where geography is taught in its true geographical (and not the "new" physiographical) aspects; and it may be equally questioned if two years ago five out of a thousand university graduates could be found who, as a result of their university or college training, could give any information worth knowing regarding the countries (and their inhabitants) which were brought into such prominence by the events of the years 1898 and 1899—Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and the Transvaal; to which Spain might easily be added. A recent issue of *Petermann's Mitteilungen*, in an article on the geographical instruction outlined for German "high" schools for the winter semester of 1899-1900, furnishes interesting food for consideration in this connection. In Germany alone there are thirty universities and technical seminaries where geography takes rank as a foremost study, and, in most of these, several distinct professorial chairs are given over to the proper elucidation of this branch of learning. In the University of Berlin, wholly apart from physiography, geology, and biogeography, the roster mentions ten chairs devoted to geography, ethnology, and statistics; and among the holders of these we note the names of Richthofen, Sieglin, Kretschmer, Bastian, Von Luschan, and Seler. In the Seminary for Oriental Languages, also in the German capital, there are ten geographical courses outlined for the same semester, with the range of study comprising the geography and history of modern Greece, Syria, Persia, China, Japan, German East Africa, German Southwest Africa, and the Sudan. Even in the case of some of the minor universities a broad range of topics is treated. We believe that there is today but one university in the whole United States, the University of California, where the events of contemporary geography are dealt with from the standpoint of a professional geographer. In any remodelling of the American college system, the appeal of geography should first be heeded.

—The ignorance in the United States of everything that is going on in the countries to the South, except as regards bare political happenings, is so complete that it is hard to realize how much that is interesting, and oftentimes distinctly valuable, is being accomplished in the fields of scientific, literary, and historical study by the peoples of Spanish America. For an example, in the matter of preserving and publishing local historical records, work has been done, notably in Mexico and in Chile, which for honesty of editorial purpose and sincerity of scholarship would do credit to any city on the North Atlantic seaboard. Mexico, ten years ago, began to print the "Actas de Cabildo," the proceedings of the local governing body, and already a dozen folio volumes have been issued, containing the record of what was done by the city fathers of the American metropolis in the sixteenth century. The Mexican archives were fairly complete and well preserved from the first. In places, the student using the printed volumes may have reason for doubting the accuracy of the copyist or the care of the proof-reader, but he is never compelled, as he is when reading the officially published records of at least two New England States, to believe that alterations have been made deliberately and for a purpose.

—The Mexican records are very nearly continuous. In Santiago de Chile, the task of preparing a satisfactory edition was much more difficult. The town was founded in 1541, and one of the first things the Cabildo, or council, did was to direct that a careful record of all its acts should be kept. The Secretary promptly secured a large volume of blank leaves, but when, six months later, the natives of the country stormed the town, they succeeded in setting fire not only to this volume, but to all the other blank paper in that part of South America. It was nearly two years before a fresh supply could be secured. In the meantime, the records were preserved by memoranda on the backs of royal orders, of letters from home, and on sheepskins which very nearly satisfied the cravings of some hungry dogs. This initial misfortune was the first of many, and the Santiago records are a sorry patchwork, with many breaks at most interesting periods in the city's history. More than forty years ago, a beginning was made toward preserving what remains from the danger of further mishaps. In 1861 the earliest records, covering the years from 1541 to 1557, had been transcribed, and were printed as volume one of the series of "Historiadores de Chile." Since that year, D. José Toribio Medina, who ranks easily among the most intelligent of South American scholars, has been preparing the material for a second volume, patiently waiting in the hope of being able to discover some at least of the records which have been lost. The volume has at last appeared, and covers the years from 1558 to 1577. There is little need for insisting on its interest to the student of local institutions and government. If a single suggestion of the impression received from a glance through these pages may be hazarded, it is that the founding and the management of a city on the Pacific coast of South America were in all the essentials strangely similar to what took place a century later on the North Atlantic coasts. Details differ, but the fundamental problems seem to be much the same the world over.

—The extraordinary activity in polar exploration which marks the close of the century, proves, probably once for all, that, however enterprises of this kind may be decried by sentimentalists and deprecated by the "practical"-minded, the efforts to penetrate into the realm of the unknown will be persisted in until the final object has been attained, and entirely regardless of cost. At no time in the history of polar explorations have there been so many fully equipped expeditions in the field as at present, and at no previous period have the antipodal arctic and antarctic tracts simultaneously and about equally engaged the attention of explorers and of the learned bodies behind them. The expeditions of Peary, Sverdrup, Wellman, Nathorst, and the Duke of Abruzzi in the north, and of Gerlache and Borchgrevink, with the one now forming under the direction of the Royal Geographical Society of London, in the south, are the records for the year 1899. No very material accessions to knowledge have thus far resulted from the labors of the parties now in the field, and two of the expeditions have returned baffled in their effort. With his usual indomitable energy, Mr. Peary has succeeded in partially overcoming the obstacles to work which an enforced imprisonment imposes, and his reconnaissance of the lands lying to the west of Greenland, made as a preliminary to the main effort of the coming year or years, will necessitate considerable changes in the map of arctic America. A discovery of significance is that of the non-existence of Hayes Sound as a separating channel of water, and the demonstration, therefore, that Ellesmere and Grinnell Lands constitute or are parts of a united large island. In the east of Greenland Nathorst has determined considerable inaccuracies in parts of the surveys of the Austrian explorer Payer, whose work in the region of Franz-Joseph Land had already been so severely commented upon by Jackson and Nansen. The most interesting of the new corrections is that Petermann's Peak, which has generally been assumed to be much the loftiest summit of the far north, and to which an elevation of from 11,000 to 14,000 feet has been given, has seemingly not more than half that altitude.

—The International Congress of History, which met at The Hague in September, 1898, and which is to hold its second session in Paris in 1900, proposes to be a permanent body with a central committee. M. de Maulde, 10 Boulevard Raspail, Paris, is President, and M. André le Glay, 59 Avenue Kléber, Paris, is editor of the publications of the Congress, a complete collection of which costs twenty francs. Fasciculus No. 4 (pp. 141-294), under the title "Annales Internationales d'Histoire," just issued, contains the very interesting paper read by M. Venevitinoff, concerning the first travels of Peter the Great into the Low Countries in 1697-98. This gives the Russian view, which is richly tinged with gratitude to the Dutch for their help to the greatest of Russian students abroad. That quarter of St. Petersburg in which Peter built the Baltic fleet was named by him and is still called New Holland. There is also a luminous essay upon the "First Russian Students in the West," by Prince Nicholas Galitzin, who, being familiar with English and French works on Russia as well as with the documents of information in the state archives, subjects these to criticism. There are also papers by Aristarchi Bey on the Sultan's subjects, both protected and naturalized; and another, on "The Balkan Confederation," by M. Obrenovitch, which, like the "Discours sur la Proposition de Trefve aux Pays-Bas en M.DC.XXXIII.," is in French. The paper in English and with a modern note is that by Prof. M. Takahashi on "A Sketch of the Application of International Law during the China-Japanese War of 1894-95." After a terse introduction, which goes to the heart of the subject, he gives a bird's-eye view of the mediæval relations of Japan with other countries, chiefly with China under various dynasties, with Korea and with the Mon-

gols. In his version of Japanese history, he finds questions of embassage, intervention, the idea of the protected state, and other international subjects, such as naturalization, treatment of prisoners of war and negotiations concerning instruments of war, means of destruction, rules of conduct during campaigns; the protection of non-combatants, women, religion and works of art, messengers and safe-conduct, bearers of flags of truce, etc. He puts forth the claim that the idea of international law did not originate in the West. Unfortunately, the paper is greatly vitiated to the student from the fact that no clear line, either of chronology or of philosophy, is drawn between mythology and the supported testimony of fact. The relations of two countries such as Japan and China cannot furnish data enough for more than rudiments or suggestions of international law for the world. The latter part of the paper, on treaty revision, the discussion of mixed residence, Japan's presence in the international conventions and sincere purpose and practice in the world's institute of international law, and her attitude as a treaty Power during the wars between France and Prussia and between France and China, is a contribution welcome to all students of the New Pacific and its problems. It also shows how far and how well Japan has striven to prepare for those new responsibilities which, in July of this year, took august form in her admittance as an equal in the sisterhood of nations.

RECENT BOOKS ON CRITICISM.

An Introduction to the Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism. Vol. I. The Bases in Æsthetics and Poetics. By Charles Mills Gayley and Fred Newton Scott. Ginn & Co. [The Athenæum Press.] 1899.

Some Principles of Literary Criticism. By C. T. Winchester. The Macmillan Co. 1899.

Principles and Methods of Literary Criticism. By Lorenzo Sears. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898.

A History of English Critical Terms. By J. W. Bray. D. C. Heath & Co. 1898.

A History of Literary Criticism in the Renaissance. By Joel Elias Spingarn. [Columbia University Studies in Literature.] The Macmillan Co. 1899.

If, as Warburton asserted, the most agreeable subject in the world is literary history, the allied subject of literary theory must be the next most agreeable, judging from the zeal and determination with which it is being followed up in recent years. There can be no doubt that the change in the methods of historical and philological study in the last hundred years and in scientific study in the last fifty years has stimulated and has deeply affected the study of literary history and theory. But as yet an entirely satisfactory method in these branches has not been worked out and formulated. The growing study of "comparative literature," and the recent attempts to apply the theory of scientific evolution to literature and to elaborate a "science" of criticism, are indications of the new tendency. We have plenty of materials at hand, and we are determined to codify, classify, compare, and digest them. Meanwhile, books about books tend more and more to take the place of the masterpieces which we are not writing.

At this stage of our studies the book of Profs. Gayley and Scott comes in most appropriately. It is both an inventory of our possessions in the field of criticism and theory, and a book of orientation and a propædeutic for the special student. For libraries and for all students of the subject it will prove an invaluable book of reference. This is an age of bibliographies, but we need more bibliographies prepared, as this is, by specialists who are competent to estimate, classify, and report on the books listed. The plan here pursued involves a discussion of methodology, statement of problems, subdivision of topics, and a classified and annotated bibliography under each of the general heads of the Theory of Criticism, History of Criticism (mainly by Prof. Scott), the Theory of Art (mainly by Prof. Gayley), Development of Art, Theory of Literature, Comparative Literature (Gayley), Theory of Poetry, Historical Study of Poetry and of Poetics (Gayley), and Principles of Versification.

Such skill and so vast an amount of labor have gone to the preparation of this volume that the critic feels constrained to touch upon defects of detail with a tender hand. An inevitable result of the plan of the book is a tendency to regard literature, and even literary history, too abstractly and schematically. In this respect we cannot but think that the authors have followed too closely Boeckh, Koerting, and other German models. There is too much terminology. Examples are to be seen at pp. 351-2 in the discussion of the so-called linear, encyclopædic, and cyclic methods of studying literary history, and at pp. 355-6 in Koerting's scheme for measuring the originality of poems. Hegelian æsthetics and Hegelian ways of thinking and mannerisms predominate. The "evolutionary" conception of literature and of the science of criticism is generally favored, and the study of comparative literature is urged. Condensation of phrase, necessitated by the method of the work, is sometimes carried so far as to result in ambiguity. Thus, at p. 297, we are told that the æsthetic principle underlying the touchstones quoted by Matthew Arnold "would appear to be the rhythmical expression of the significant as presented by the synthesis of antithetical manifestations." More conservatism in the statement of literary analogies and affiliations would have better suited a reference book of this character. Points which we question are, for example, the assertion at p. 398 that Cowley "is *directly* the forerunner of the return to nature and philosophy which characterizes Wordsworth and Coleridge"; that, in the matter of the explicit doctrine of the *milieu*, Dryden, in any critical sense of the term, "anticipates Hegel, Taine, Brunetière" (p. 400); that Pope's "malignities in criticism are introductory to the magisterial method of Johnson and the literary personalities of Southey and Gifford" (p. 409); and the division of periods selected for the history of English Literary Criticism (pp. 389 ff.). But these are slight points and open to argument. The work as a whole is suggestive, well planned, and well executed, and thorough. There is a full and (so far as we have tested it) excellent index.

Prof. Winchester's manual of Literary Criticism is an improvement on the recent works of Crawshaw and C. F. Johnson, and may be safely recommended as the best résumé of modern theories of literary æsthetics of a like compass that we have in English. The author seems to have attained successfully the modest aim stated in the preface. He writes generally to the point, and his style is unassuming, fluent, and sufficiently effective. At times, perhaps, it is too highly generalized; but the excellent analytical table of contents gives the essential ideas of the book, and enables the reader to follow the argument without difficulty. The central point in the author's conception of literature is embodied in the phrase at p. 42: "It is the power to appeal to the emotions that gives a book permanent interest, and consequently literary quality." The insistence upon the test of the appeal to the emotions, however, is not fortified, as it should be, by an entirely adequate analysis of the nature and psychology of literary "emotion." The author's system leaves an impression of vagueness and uncertainty in its main outline, chiefly because the content of the crucial term "emotion" is not more fully analyzed. The nature of the "self-regarding emotions" (at p. 64) is not made sufficiently clear. Further literary examples might well be cited here, and generally the argument throughout needs more concreteness, from the citation of illustrations and the analysis of masterpieces and examples. The method of illustrative references developed in the appendix is not sufficient. The answer to the objections as to the essential oneness of the emotional and intellectual processes (at p. 55) should have been developed further. As it is, it remains a difficulty only half answered. The author is indebted in many ways to Ruskin, whose ideas he frequently rationalizes and corrects. He dislikes Byron and Ibsen. Felicitous critical aperçus are scattered here and there, as at p. 90 on Browning, and p. 101 on Scott. Others not so felicitous appear, as in the comparison of Burns and Shelley as lyric poets, at pp. 99-100. Lanier's ideas of verse-form are generally followed. The discussion of the genesis of the novel (pp. 284 ff.) is suggestive. The work will doubtless be found highly serviceable.

Prof. Sears's book is rather a series of chapters of literary gossip, somewhat in the manner of Hall Caine's 'Cobwebs of Criticism,' than a serious treatise on its subject. This is the style:

"Would Spenser's exuberant phantasy, like his gentle knight, have 'pricked so gaily [*sic*] o'er the plain,' if he had seen the thorny caltrops which were to be sown along his course? Would Shakspere's pen have halted when it was writing 'a little more than kin and less than kind' if he could have seen the clans putting their heads together to determine what he meant, and could have witnessed their scrimmages over the question?" (p. 226).

"Impressionism receives the stamp of an author's ideas with pleasure or otherwise. It may be to the reader like the pressure of a friendly hand or like the grip of a steel gauntlet. In either case it is an impress upon the receptive faculty, and a prior process to the revelation of the impression in its own kind of criticism. It is largely a condition of passivity" (p. 95).

We have not been able to interpret this.

The fault of the book is mannerism and verbiage. The author apes the Emersonian style, overflows with effusive metaphor, and, in his habit of incessant and scrappy

quotation of the allusive sort, suggests nothing so much as the proverb-mongering of the early Euphuists. A sentence such as the following reads like a parody of 'Euphues': "The good wine needs no bush, and the good book by some means is as sure to be endorsed by the people as a good apple-tree to be clubbed by urchins." After Emerson, Pater, and the great essay-writers of the century just closing, are we destined to fall into the toils of prose preciosity? The author apparently (p. 286) is for putting Drummond's 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World' on a level with Darwin's 'Descent of Man'!

Prof. Bray's 'History of English Critical Terms' is an excellent idea imperfectly developed. An attempt to settle the question of the historical usage of the more important nouns and qualifying adjectives appearing in some four centuries of English critical writing, should have involved wider and closer reading, a finer *Sprachgefühl*, and a better historical background than the present work gives evidence of. See, for example, the discussion of the term *lyrical*—a discussion which is distinctively imperfect and infelicitous. The plan of the work, however, is novel, original, and suggestive; the materials gathered together are valuable, although incomplete and not always fairly representative; and the author's generalizations are frequently helpful, although always to be received with caution.

Dr. Spingarn's 'History of Literary Criticism' in the sixteenth century is written, as the sub-title informs us, "with special reference to the influence of Italy in the formation and development of modern classicism." The history of theories of literature in Italy, France, and England for the period is traced for Italy in great detail through the writings of Vida, Trissino, Daniello, Minturno, Scaliger, Castelvetro, Tasso, and many others, for France with some fulness, but for England merely in outline. Erasmus, Sturmius, and other sixteenth-century critics lying outside of this range are touched upon only incidentally. Without them, of course, the work does not quite answer the promise of its general title; but doubtless they are less important for the thesis suggested in the sub-title. The development of the general theory of poetry, of the drama, of epic poetry, and of the classical spirit and of romantic elements in criticism is followed in chronological order through each of the critics studied. Not least valuable is the account of the genesis and gradual formulation of the doctrine of the unities of time and place, and of the corresponding theory of dramatic illusion in Giraldi Cintio (1554: unity of time only), in Scaliger (1561), and finally in Castelvetro (1570; first formulation of the three unities, which are not all three fairly to be found in Scaliger, as has heretofore been asserted), and of the immediate adoption of these ideas in France. The author's claim that in Italy is to be found the source of the theory of modern classicism as well as of most of the other leading ideas of literary theory for the period, seems to be well substantiated. Paccius, Parrhasius, Landi, Capriano, Piccolomini, Giasone di Nores, and a few others mentioned in Gayley and Scott's bibliography do not seem to be included in this study. But on the whole it is thorough in execution, good in method and style, and an excellent example of what a monograph in literary history should be.

LANG'S HOMERIC HYMNS.

The Homeric Hymns: A Prose Translation, and Essays, Literary and Mythological. By Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green & Co. 1899.

Every generation demands its own Homer. For the Elizabethans, Chapman; Pope and his intellectualized epic for the polite age of Queen Anne. A few generations hence, if the Homeric poems are still read, the critic who casts his eye down the centuries will inevitably single out Mr. Andrew Lang as the interpreter of Homer who set the genius of the Victorian Age. He will note that, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, there arose a race of general readers who would stand no nonsense in translators; practical people who wanted Homer, though not at any cost—not at the cost of learning Greek—who read by preference the version that gave them Homer undiluted, or only the necessary minimum of the translator. They were the generation of the "honest dollar." Of course the time will come when even the slight Biblical coloring of Mr. Lang's version will seem an affectation, to say nothing of those weird archaistic touches of "old Scots" which he will have in, in spite of sober collaborators like Mr. Butcher. But what conciliates the critic of to-day is the fact that all the Lang in them lies on the surface of his smooth harmonious translations; it is a mere question of a vocabulary occasionally erratic; otherwise, we have the most literal and charming, and withal the most unadorned, version of Homer in English. All verse translations may be ruled out, now that most critics admit the impossibility of reproducing the music of Greek verse in an English hexameter, and the impropriety of representing the Homeric hexameter in any other meter. Matthew Arnold hoped that the English hexameter might be so modified and familiarized that it would one day be established in the affections of the English; a translator would then be evolved who, guided by the counsels of the "Lectures on the Art of Translating Homer," would charm both the scholar and the crowd. In his 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' Mr. Lang has doubtless profited by Arnold's warnings; he has even avoided Arnold's weaknesses—his theory, for instance, that Homer should be reproduced in an English hexameter of this type, taken from his own specimen translation:

"In some other sort than your last, when the battle is ended."

"I omit the epithet of Morning," says Arnold of his hexameter version of the fine passage at the end of the eighth book of the 'Iliad'; "and, whereas Homer says that the steeds 'waited for morning,' I prefer to attribute this expectation of morning to the master and not to the horse. . . . In the sixth line" (we quote from the third lecture), "I put in five words 'in spite of the future.' . . . 'Warlike' is as marking an equivalent as I dare give for εὐμμελίω.' With what delicate sarcasm would he have greeted another's pretensions to improve Homer here or elsewhere! Mr. Lang never thus betrays the reader's sense of security. No one, in fact, comes nearer to Arnold's picture of the ideal translator than does Mr. Lang. He is a scholar whose erudition has not overbalanced his critical faculty; a poet who is too good a scholar and critic to use a meter in which he would infallibly have proved as instructive an object-lesson as any of his predecessors. In a prose version, some of the Homeric qualities which Arnold so lucidly defined are necessarily sacrificed; "rapidity" must go by the board; "plain naturalness" of phrase and manner, however, Mr. Lang usually preserves. The more to be regretted are the occasional explosions of eccentricity in the vocabulary of the poems before us. "Homer is free from fancifulness" is one of Matthew Arnold's maxims. Therefore one must avoid an appearance of fancifulness in a translation of Homer. And so we think that Mr. Lang is wrong in principle in the use of such words as "shieling," "reiving," "aumbries," "pilling," "flatlings," "Etin," "gledes," and the like, because they will be unintelligible to the majority of his readers, while scholars, like many a reader of Browning's "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, will be reduced to turn to the Greek original to see what the English may mean. We all know Mr. Lang's ineradicable habit of Scotch analogy; but there are some fences at which he should not put his hobby.

In what we have said of his general fitness to translate Homer, we had his 'Odyssey' in mind. The Homeric Hymns are not Homer even in the German sense. Thucydides, and Aristophanes, who quotes it in the "Birds," thought that the Hymn to the Delian Apollo, perhaps the finest of all and the most "Homeric," was by the author of the 'Iliad.' But the Alexandrian critics knew better, and did not use the Hymns to illustrate their discussions of Homer. The word "hymn" is misleading, since, to the Greek ὕμνος meant a "lay," and had not a definitely religious connotation. Only five of the thirty-four hymns in the collection can be regarded as separate narrative poems; the others are short preludes to epic recitations. Mr. Lang, in his translation, follows the older tradition, that made one hymn of the 546 lines addressed to Apollo, which modern editors have practically agreed to divide into two—the Delian and the Pythian. This is a concession to Gemoll, whose text he uses, for Mr. Lang's own opinion, judging from the introductory essay, is identical with Baumeister's, who contends for two hymns, the latter, the Pythian, being an imitation of the Delian, and written by an imitator of Hesiod rather than of Homer.

The quality of Mr. Lang's translation may be judged from the opening lines of the Delian Hymn:

"Mindful, ever mindful, will I be of Apollo the Far-darter. Before him, as he fares through the hall of Zeus, the Gods tremble, yea, rise up all from their thrones as he draws near with his shining bended bow. But Leto alone abides by Zeus, the Lord of Lightning, till Apollo hath slackened his bow and closed his quiver. Then, taking with her hands from his mighty shoulders the bow and quiver, she hangs them against the pillar beside his father's seat from a pin of gold, and leads him to his place and seats him there, while the father welcomes his dear son, giving him nectar in a golden cup; then do the other Gods welcome him; then they make him sit, and Lady Leto rejoices, in that she bore the Lord of the Bow, her mighty son."

A beautiful reproduction of the seated figure of the mourning Demeter found by Newton at Cnidos well illustrates the Hymn to Demeter. This is how the poet of this Hymn, which was restored to us only in 1780 through the discovery of the unique MS. at Moscow, describes Demeter sitting

on the "Stone of Sorrow," a *mater dolorosa*, in that episode of her wanderings which so appealed to the imagination of the Greeks:

"Now no man knew her that looked on her, nor no deep-bosomed woman, till she came to the dwelling of Celeus, who then was Prince of fragrant Eleusis. There sat she at the wayside in sorrow of heart, by the Maiden Well, whence the townsfolk were wont to draw water. In the shade she sat; above her grew a thick olive-tree; and in fashion she was like an ancient crone who knows no more of child-bearing and the gifts of Aphrodite, the lover of garlands."

All who have read Pater's essay on Demeter and Persephone will be glad to have such a prose version of the poem that inspired it.

We now turn to the essays which precede the translation. They will be found to be "mythological" rather than "literary." Through his books 'Custom and Myth' and 'Myth, Ritual, and Religion' Mr. Lang appeals to a semi-scientific audience as one of the chief exponents of anthropological mythology—a branch of the subject for which Mr. Frazier's great work, 'The Golden Bough,' is a storehouse of illustration. Mr. Lang's position, briefly stated, is that legends about the gods and their relations with mortals are not confined to any one race, and that, in trying to explain the rise and development of a myth, one should look for analogies among savage races, where one finds religion in the germ. Take the much-debated question of the Eleusinian Mysteries. Mr. Lang refuses to believe that the prehistoric Greeks borrowed them from Egypt, as Foucart has lately argued, and finds "the closest of all known parallels to the Eleusinian mysteries in a medicine-dance and legend of the Pawnees"—as, indeed, he had already expounded in the second volume of 'Myth, Ritual, and Religion.' That rites and legends can grow up in the prairies, as at Eleusis, as the result of primitive fancy, is Mr. Lang's contention. So Hermes, the guide of souls outworn, answers to the Australian Grogoragally, and the American god Hobamoc may be the counterpart of Apollo. Thus he would regard Greek mythology as a "result of evolution from the remote historic past of Greece, which, as it seems, must in many points have been identical with the historic present of the lowest contemporary races" (p. 97). Greece had no need to borrow from Egypt or Phrygia.

Many will admit so much, who will not go all the way with Mr. Lang. They will require evidence for these analogous rites and beliefs taken not from the reports of missionaries, who are notoriously easy to gull when they listen to the tales of the guileless savage; nor from the journals of educated travellers, who, not possessing the scientific spirit, are too ready to press analogies between the beliefs they encounter and the classic myths. At any rate, we must be content with the material already collected. The naïveté of both explored and explorer has lost its bloom, and the Socratic method can be easily perverted in the hands of a missionary looking for analogies. Of Mr. Lang's genuine conviction there can be no doubt. He has been converted by wading through a mass of missionary reports that would have choked the zeal of any man that was not riding a hobby.

The illustrations to the book are excellently reproduced, and add greatly to its charm. We have noted the following misprints: p. ix. (Introd.), for Verral read Verrall; p. 76, for Religionsgeschitliche read Religionsgeschichtliche; p. 186, for Rheie read Rheia.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

The Great Company. Being a History of the Honorable Company of Merchants-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay. By Beckles Willson. With an Introduction by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1899. Illustrated.

Among many strange and exciting stories which cluster about Fort Kamloops in the old Hudson's Bay territory, one, at least, throws a valuable light upon the character of the Company itself. During the whole of this century the practical work of trading, collecting skins, etc., has been intrusted to Scotchmen, and in 1840 the factor at Kamloops was named Samuel Black. Another Scotchman came to the post, but not to buy or barter. This was David Douglas, "the wandering botanist," then bent for Hawaii, where he shortly afterwards lost his life. One evening, as these two were talking at large over their "rum and dried salmon," Douglas declared that the Honorable Adventurers in London did not possess a soul above a beaver skin. No sooner had he spoken the words than Black, forgetting the laws of hospitality and looking only to the insult, challenged his guest to fight a duel. According to general belief, botanists are always peaceful persons. At any rate, Douglas would not give the factor satisfaction, but continued on his westward journey. They might as well have shot each other, for one of them soon afterwards broke his neck and the other was killed by an Indian.

The moral of this story lies on the surface. Douglas told one part of the truth when he said that the Company had a strong love of beaver skins. Black told the remainder when he said that his employers had souls above the peltry trade. Geographical conditions prevented the Hudson's Bay Adventurers from rivalling the East India Company in importance, but they had the spirit of a great corporation, and, after the Peace of Utrecht, acted in the main with a sense of public responsibility. In 1871 they made over their political functions to the Dominion of Canada; but, as a commercial body with an undisputed hold upon enormous districts, they still exist and affect the lives of many thousands. The first three Governors of the Company were Prince Rupert, James II. (when Duke of York), and the Duke of Marlborough. In our own times it has had for Governors Lord Kimberley, the Earl of Iddesleigh, and Mr. Goschen. So firmly has the company laid its hands on the northern third of this continent that, to the natives, "H. B. C." means "Here Before Christ." Mr. Willson says: "Search all Europe and Asia, and you will find no parallel to the present sway of the company, for it feeds and clothes, amuses and instructs, as well as rules nine-tenths of its subjects. From the Esquimaux tribes of Ungava to the Loucheaux at Fort Simpson, thousands of miles away—all look to it as a father."

The story of the Hudson's Bay Company furnishes a magnificent subject to the writer of picturesque narrative. Either Washington Irving, if we may judge from 'Astoria,' or Parkman could have treated it with brilliant success. Mr. Willson shows care, intelligence, and sympathy, but, either from want of imagination or a desire to compress all the main events of 240 years into 500 pages, he makes his work seem an epitome of facts rather than a brilliant romance of adventure. Even as it stands, it is of great value, but it does not thrill one with a sense of the hardships and excitements which give character to life in the far West and North. Or perhaps we should say that in this respect the book begins better than it holds out. The part relating to Groseilliers, and especially to Radisson, is quite animated; but after the latter has disappeared from the scene, Mr. Willson apparently feels that he must hurry on if he would present the sequence of affairs in its totality. Fortunately, his text is based on good sources, and, where we have been able to check it, seems accurate. One vagary, however, which we have noticed, is a striking looseness in the use of French accents.

Trade is said to follow the flag, but in the case of the Hudson's Bay Company the flag apparently followed trade. Prince Rupert and his associates had no idea of founding a colony, developing agricultural resources, or even working a mine. An enterprising French bushranger who had fallen under the ban at Quebec on account of his Huguenot connections and proclivities, told them of the vast northern region and the abundance of its furs. He probably exaggerated the profits of the French "Hundred Associates," and there was every reason why he should make out a plausible case. When a beaver skin could be bought at Moose River for two axe-heads, and sold at Garraway's for fifty-five shillings, the risks of a northern passage and international rivalry seemed worth running. The French had not yet developed a trade with the Crees and other Northern Indians, the furs of the north were much finer than those of the St. Lawrence Basin, no Iroquois need be feared, and, in a word, profits of 100 per cent. might be expected from each voyage. Trade came first, and thoughts of governing the country arose only at a later stage.

The most striking aspects of the company's history are three in number: the contest between English and French for trading rights or a monopoly; the exploration of the central, Arctic, and Pacific regions by individual pioneers; and the rivalry of the Merchants-Adventurers with various upstarts—notably the North-West Company. The working of the administrative system which was gradually developed, and the relation between the Hudson's Bay Company and the Dominion of Canada, are also important topics, but those first mentioned are the most thoroughly characteristic. While we are unable to discuss all of them, we must say a word about the early clashing of French and English interests in a part of the world which may yet become a centre of civilized life.

In the race for control of the American fur trade the French gained the start of the English by more than fifty years. But the profits of the Hundred Associates and other speculators would have been made larger by exploration northwards from the head waters of the St. Maurice, the Rouge and the Gatineau, instead of westward and southward, where wars with powerful Indian tribes sometimes brought commerce to a standstill for years together. After the English entered the country and disclosed

its possibilities, the French drafted an historical plea which alleged that Father Dablon, La Couture, and Duquet had on separate occasions reached Hudson's Bay and taken possession of its shores in the name of the French crown. Even as affecting a matter of exploration this claim is open to grave dispute, and certainly the French, in the midst of their engrossing Laurentian enterprises, attempted no settlement at or about James Bay. The easiest and most profitable way thither lay by water, and the English, by gaining the first real foothold, placed the French in the position of challengers.

The earliest expedition of the Merchants-Adventurers was made in 1668, and they conducted a very successful business without interruption (save from the free-lance, Radisson) until 1685. Then began a series of reprisals which lasted through the reigns of James II., William III., and Anne. Just after Denonville succeeded La Barre at Quebec, the French resolved to regain by force what they had lost by negligence. "All the best of our furs," the Governor wrote home, "both as to quality and quantity, we must expect to see shortly in the hands of the English." By way of asserting French claims, two ships from Quebec seized the *Merchant of Perpetuana*, a vessel belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and carried her home with them as a prize. This was in July, 1685, when the countries were at peace with each other. A year later the Chevalier de Troyes and the Sieur d'Iberville led a party overland which captured Moose Factory and Fort Albany. In 1689 Iberville captured New Severn Fort also.

James II., though he had been Governor of the Company, would do nothing for the protection of its interests which might involve a breach with France. William of Orange, on the other hand, took the matter up warmly, and included French aggression at Hudson's Bay among his grounds for declaring war. The bitterest struggle which the northern part of the continent has known then followed, for less activity on both sides was shown there during the War of the Spanish Succession than between 1690 and the Peace of Ryswick. The date of the most stubborn fight which occurred during the whole period is September 6, 1697, when Iberville engaged an English fleet of four ships near the mouth of the straits. The French had the advantage here and at several other times during the war, but they lost everything by the Peace of Utrecht, which ceded the whole Hudson's Bay territory to Great Britain. This settled the political issue finally, for the Seven Years' War did not threaten British occupation of the north.

But the Company passed through many other vicissitudes besides those springing from national wars. English and Canadian rivals threatened its monopoly, it had many administrative difficulties to meet, and even the exploration of its vast possessions proved a heavy task. All these subjects and many more Mr. Willson examines with minuteness and full information. His work is the authoritative history of that wonderful corporation which he is justified in calling "The Great Company."

The Life of Prince Bismarck. By William Jacks. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons. 1899. 8vo, pp. xvi, 512.

Le Prince de Bismarck. Par Charles Andler. Paris: Georges Bellais. 1899. 12mo, pp. x, 402.

The more pretentious of these two works—Mr. Jacks's—has the slighter reason for existence. The foreigner who attempts to write the life of "the greatest German since Charlemagne" should possess a precise knowledge of German conditions, should be familiar with the history of the period, and should have mastered the Bismarck literature. In each of these qualifications Mr. Jacks is more or less deficient. He knows his modern history only superficially, as one might know it who for thirty or forty years had kept a scrap-book of newspaper clippings. His narrative lacks the sharpness of outline that comes from study of the documents, or even of books, like Sybel's, that are based on the documents. He is familiar, apparently, only with the popular Bismarck biographies; and while his picture of the great man's diplomacy is not grossly incorrect, it is constantly inexact, and the really characteristic lines disappear as in a coarse copy of a fine etching. With modern German life he is so unfamiliar that he classes (p. 378) the National Liberals and the Socialists as right and left wings of the *Freisinn* party; represents (p. 385) Dr. Falk as having been a "privy chief justice" (!) before he became minister of worship and education; and declares (p. 449) that Geffcken, who was responsible for the publication of Frederick's diary (an "alleged" diary, Mr. Jacks calls it) was condemned for treason by the *Reichstag!* This last blunder might be attributed, in charity, to the printer, were it not that the *Reichsgericht* in fact acquitted Geffcken.

Mr. Jacks's only vocation (we cannot call it a qualification) to act as Bismarck's biographer, is an ardent admiration for his hero. His bias is especially indicated in his account (p. 410) of the outcome of the *Culturkampf*. The reader unacquainted with the facts would gather from Mr. Jacks that Bismarck carried all his chief points in this struggle with the Roman hierarchy. The substantial defects of the book are not cloaked by charm of presentation. Mr. Jacks's writing is commonplace to the last degree, and he has an exasperating fondness for trite phrases and quotations that are familiar to the verge of contempt.

M. Andler's book, as we have said, is less pretentious. It does not claim to be a "life," but only a "study" of a life. It is made up of articles which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* immediately after Bismarck's death, and it attempts to set forth the character of the man and the statesman rather than to narrate the events of his career. Since, however, the character is studied in its development, M. Andler's little book is really an historical biography in which the minor and less characteristic facts are duly subordinated or suppressed. As such, it is almost a model of its kind. The author knows the history of the period, is familiar with German life, and evidently has read all of the voluminous Bismarck literature that is worth reading. He writes with creditable control of his national bias. He believes, indeed, that Bismarck had resolved upon war with France as early as 1869, and that the candidacy of Prince Leopold for the throne of Spain was meant to lead to war; but he dismisses the accusation of "forgery" in connection with the editing of the Ems report (pp. 133-137), and he rejects other fables dear to the French and to Bismarck's German enemies. It was Bismarck, and not Frederick, who gave Germany an emperor (p. 153). It was not Gortchakoff who preserved the peace of Europe in 1875: Bismarck, not Gortchakoff, was the arbiter of peace and war, and Bismarck had no intention of making war (p. 177). M. Andler discusses the treatment of the Alsace-Lorrainers and of the North-Schleswig Danes from an anti-German point of view, but he has no sympathy with the Polish aristocracy. His prejudices, in fact, as far as any prejudices are discernible, are rather political than national. He approves the measures taken against the Roman Church, but condemns those adopted against the Socialists. It should be noted that more than half of the book is devoted to the period subsequent to 1876, and it should be said that there is no other work that gives, in brief compass, an equally satisfactory account of the administrative reforms introduced in Prussia, of the modification of the financial system of the Empire, and of the measures devised to better the position of German workingmen.

M. Andler's chief purpose, however, is to portray Bismarck himself, and it is by his success or failure in this effort that his work should be judged. It seems to us that he has attained a greater measure of success than could be expected from a writer so nearly contemporary and of an alien and hostile country. The portrait is possibly overcharged with shadows, but in its main lines we think it faithful. We cannot say the same of the incidental sketch of Bismarck's old master. William I. was far from quick in his mental processes; but to pronounce him "le monarque le plus incompréhensif qui fut jamais," and to describe him as "hostile à toutes les mesures intelligentes" (pp. 69, 196), is not portraiture, but caricature.

M. Andler is wrong in saying that the Reichspartei was formed in 1880 by a secession from the right wing of the National Liberal party (p. 234): it was in fact only slightly strengthened by a few seceders who went out of the National Liberal party a year or two earlier. He is wrong, we think, in asserting that, in 1866, the written text of Napoleon III.'s demands was shown to the members of the Munich and Stuttgart Diets (p. 120): we know, at least, of no authority for the statement. In saying that American cleverness (*l'astuce américaine*) was responsible for the massacre of the Germans in Samoa in 1888 (p. 271), he adopts a report based upon the circumstance that there was present an American newspaper correspondent who, according to the affidavit of two Samoans, conducted the native attack. The correspondent himself and three Samoans made affidavits to the contrary, declaring that he endeavored to warn the Germans and advised the natives not to fire. Whatever the truth may be, he was a mere private adventurer, without official position or responsibility.

Mr. Jacks's book, to which no writer can safely refer as authority for any statement, is furnished with an excellent index. M. Andler's book, which deserves to be consulted, affords the reader no such aid.

Famous Homes of Great Britain, and their Stories. Edited by A. H. Malan. Illus-

trated. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Large 8vo, pp. xvi, 393.

The title-page of this book contains, in addition to what is given above, the names of the great country houses to which the book is devoted, twelve in number. Of these it is to be noted that the articles describing them vary considerably. Belvoir Castle (near Grantham, in Leicestershire) is described by the editor himself, and is illustrated by photographs of his own making. The article is especially devoted to the decorations of the interior and to the paintings and other works of art which it contains. Blenheim is treated by its owner, the Duke of Marlborough, and this notice contains an extremely interesting account of some of the contemporary criticisms made upon Vanbrugh, the architect, and his pseudo-classic conceptions. One feels a pleasurable surprise in reading the intelligent and amusing account of these architectural discussions of the years from 1705 to 1721, and of the plain speaking of the first Duchess of Marlborough, Macaulay's heroine, the only person of whom the great soldier was afraid. There is more than merely general discussion of the architecture, too, for the reader's attention is called to important details of the building and its appendages. This article, indeed, is one of the most important in the book, and, with its photographic illustration, forms a satisfactory monograph. Hardwick Hall (near Mansfield in Nottinghamshire) is described by the editor, who gives attention to the extraordinary contents of the building in the way of tapestries and embroideries and very early paintings. In this respect Hardwick is so disproportionately rich—it is so out of all reason stocked with superb relics of the artistic past—that even the manly and attractive Elizabethan mansion can hardly be thought to equal in value its movable contents. Charlecote (near Stratford-on-Avon, and connected with the stories about Shakspere) has a notice written by Richard Davey, which is mainly taken up with family history, except for brief mention of important details of the architecture, such as the entrance-gate, supposed to have been designed by "John of Padua," an Italian who is known to have been employed by Henry VIII. The photographs are generally devoted to the interesting Tudor architecture of the building and its appurtenances, and only one of them, that of the library, is especially suggestive of great riches within.

Holland House, in London, is discussed by the Hon. Caroline Roche. The pictures here are on too small a scale to be very instructive; but it may have been thought that Holland House had been fairly described and illustrated before. The text serves as a kind of guide to the rooms and galleries and their contents, and in that capacity might well be printed in a small volume or a "folder" for the use of travellers. Cawdor Castle, on the River Nairn, in Scotland, has been described by Viscount Emlyn, heir to the Earldom and the estates of Cawdor, and the history of the older and the present building is rather carefully made out. The illustrations are again rather picturesque than wholly explanatory of the architecture, as befits a book addressed to the general reader more than to the student of architecture; but it is interesting to see that the headpiece is taken from one of the surprisingly accurate and beautiful prints published so many years ago by R. W. Billings, the greatest early master of architectural drawing as it should be—at once attractive and trustworthy.

The article on Battle Abbey, a seat of the extinct line of the Dukes of Cleveland, is written by the Duchess of Cleveland, widow of the last Duke, and afterward, by another marriage, mother of the present Lord Rosebery. The photographs of this building are curiously attractive, telling the story of the structure more thoroughly than is customary in such a treatise; and the text, also, has been carefully considered, with a serious attempt to determine dates which are not always easy to determine. With a plan, the photographs and description here given would almost suffice to constitute an architectural monograph; but obviously a plan is the last thing which would be given in a notice of this kind. The infringement upon family privacy caused by a plan of all the modern as well as the ancient rooms of what is, after all, a dwelling-house is not to be expected or asked for except where an important archæological undertaking is on foot.

Chatsworth is treated by the editor with a catalogue-like description of its splendid contents, accompanied by excellent photographs of some of the important monuments of art and some of the more important views in the grounds. Here, even more than elsewhere, a plan would be welcome, and the plan should include the grounds, for nowhere within easy reach is there a map of such a private park as that of Chatsworth, which would be most instructive to the student of landscape architecture, and would cause no offence to the owners and occupants of the place. Lyme (in Cheshire) in a very lofty situation, and described here as "the old home of the Leghs of Lyme," the family which still holds it, is the subject of an article by the Dowager Lady Newton. The architecture and interior decorations are intelligently described; and this is fortunate, because the building, though not of fascinating aspect in its general mass, is full of valuable details and unexpected effects of decorative design. The illustrations are generally made from drawings, which is certainly unfortunate. There is, however, one photograph direct from the exterior of the building seen from the north. Penshurst (in Kent, and the queen of English country houses) is described by Lady De L'Isle and Dudley (and Baron De L'Isle and Dudley is the owner of the property). The reserve which seems always to be maintained concerning this princely house has not been abandoned in this case, and nothing of the general character of the buildings can be gathered from the illustrations. The text, too, is mainly devoted to family history, and to those articles within the house with which the family history is closely connected. The article on Warwick Castle is by the Countess of Warwick, and here the description of the building is more nearly complete, though again the illustrations are not so selected as to give the student much general idea of the building. Indeed, it would be well if the publishers would issue a portfolio of plates, exclusively photographic of course, calculated especially for the needs of the architectural student. Finally, Alnwick Castle, by the editor, is completely illustrated, having two large photographs, one of which forms the frontispiece, and six smaller ones of the exterior alone, besides several of the apartments within.

From all that has been said it will be evident that this book is far more likely to be useful to the student in any department of antiquarianism or of history than the majority of such decorative volumes which seem to be intended for gifts. There is something for every one; and the general conception given of the great English mansions and their contents, taken together as a single subject, is hardly to be gained from any other one volume that we could name.

A Letter Book and Abstract of Out Services. Written during the years 1743-1751 by the Rev. James MacSparran, D.D. Edited by the Rev. Daniel Goodwin, Ph.D., with portraits. Boston: D. B. Updike. 1899.

This diary remained quite lost to view for nearly 120 years, when it was discovered in Providence, among papers descended from the Rev. Ebenezer Thompson, a Yale graduate of 1733, who died November 28, 1775. This clergyman, be it said in passing, was a Loyalist, but whereas Dr. Goodwin avers, loosely (p. 132), that "he felt it imperative upon him, during the Revolution, to continue praying for the King, and was imprisoned therefor, dying from the accompanying exposure," Mr. Dexter ('Biographical Sketches of the Graduates of Yale College,' i., 492), says simply, "With the approach of the Revolution his position became uncomfortable, as he remained loyal to the crown," and that he died after a long and painful illness. Mr. Dexter cites the Rev. Dr. Caner to the effect that "it is said that his [Thompson's] death was owing partly to bodily disorder, and partly to some uncivil treatment from the rebels in his neighborhood [Scituate, Mass.]."

As for Dr. MacSparran, he was obviously of Scotch descent, perhaps born in Ireland, September 10, 1693, and came to Boston in June, 1718. In 1721 he was established, as a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, at Narragansett, his church being in what is now the extreme southern portion of North Kingstown. Here he spent thirty-six "blameless years," in common parlance, and kept the above diary from 1743 to 1745 inclusive, with a revival of it for one year in 1751. This record is, as a rule, juiceless in the extreme, and fills but sixty-seven pages in large type, while the editor's notes in a smaller character occupy more than a hundred. It has been Dr. Goodwin's pleasure to clothe these dry bones of names of relatives and neighbors with flesh, and thus make a considerable contribution to Rhode Island genealogical lore. His industry may be praised almost without reserve. Where he is repetitious, he at least saves the reader from troublesome cross-references; but a much greater saving would have been effected by providing a map of the territory presided over by Dr. MacSparran, and one or two genealogical tables, *e. g.*, of the Gardiners, his wife's multitudinous relatives. In a few details, also, he falls short, as when (p. 67) he inserts a "[not?]" in the diarist's expression, "to ye Detriment, I doubt [not?] of his Family." This use of *doubt* in the sense of 'apprehend,' of which Edward FitzGerald in our day was so fond

in his correspondence, occurred earlier on p. 19, but was overlooked by Dr. Goodwin. "My wife indisposed. . . . I doubt we shall be disappointed in our visit to Mrs. Ailmy's." We suspect, again, a proof-reader's lapse of the ear on p. 51, where "and a Cover to Richd. Nichols Esqe. Postmaster" stands for "under cover," but passes unnoticed by the editor. For the rest, the printing is scrupulously accurate, and is a beautiful product of the Merrymount Press, barring the inexcusable mediævalism of the flush line in place of the paragraph indention.

The genealogical and ecclesiastical interest of the diary is naturally uppermost in Dr. Goodwin's mind, yet he makes the most of such evidences of manners and customs as present themselves. The diary ends with "a Cag of Cyder," and on Saturday, October 19, 1751, we read: "Finished pressing good Cyder. Lord, prepare us for Sunday." An entry for May 20, 1745, is: "Mr. Whitefield has been one Sunday at Providence and two at Newport. Small numbers attend him now to wt did some years ago. There is a change somewhere, in him or them." One of Dr. MacSparran's communicants was Capt. Benoni Sweet, a "'natural bone-setter,' and the ancestor of the well-known family so widely and numerously famed for that gift" (still practising at Wakefield, R. I., as we are told on p. 149).

It is as a slaveholder that the diarist is most amusing, and perhaps his black charges might have disputed those "blameless years." He catechised them faithfully, as the record shows, and baptized Phillis before he sold her. As for his negro woman Maroca, who was "bro't to bed of another Girl" on October 24, 1743: "I am perplexed about her Conduct with Col. Updike's negro. She is a Xn, but seems not concerned about her soul nor minds her promise of chastity, wch she has often made me." Two years later, she had not mended her ways, for on June 25, 1745, he "gave her one or two Lashes for receiving Presents from Mingoo. I think it was my Duty to correct her, and wtever Passion passed between my wife and me on ye occasion, Good Ld forgive it." The situation was reversed with the sex of the culprit on August 29, 1751:

"I got up this morning early, and finding Hannibal had been out . . . I stript and gave him a few Lashes till he begged. As Harry was untying him, my poor passionate dear, saying I had not given him eno', gave him a lash or two, upon wch he ran, and Harry after him as far as William Brown's. As yy were returning he slipt from Harry naked as he was above ye waist. Peter and Harry found [him] toward night at Block Island Henry Gardiner's, bro't him Home, and then carried him to Duglasse's where he had wt is called Pothooks put about his Neck. So yt has been a very uneasy Day with us o yt God would give my Servants—the Gift of Chastity."

Among English Hedgerows. By Clifton Johnson. Macmillan.

It is, of course, a commonplace that to learn the ways of a country you must live in it, and that it is not in the cosmopolitan hotels of its capital that you will become acquainted with the real inhabitants and their humors. We congratulate Mr. Clifton Johnson on his conscientious knowledge of English rustic life. He set out to explore the habits of the English natives in the remoter districts of Hampshire, with a camera in his hand, and his life too, for all he knew to the contrary. We are somewhat at a loss to know for whom the book was intended, since there can be few English-speaking persons living who are not familiar with Mr. Johnson's facts. The work has no pretensions to literary style; it is not a "study"—it is merely the unvarnished impressions of a singularly candid and sympathetic mind in contact with a range of phenomena all new (to him) and all interesting. An Englishman who had lived all his life in that little Hampshire village would have given a far less adequate account of it—it would have seemed too normal and colorless to describe. The chief charm of Mr. Johnson's book, for it has charm, apart from the really striking photographs, lies in the enchanting simplicity with which he records the manners and customs of the country explored. "When they have snow, it only lasts a few days as a rule." "The houses are practically all of brick and stone. . . . Caste feeling is marked even in the smallest villages. . . . I saw cricket played many times while I was in England." In a chapter called "A Peep at the Gentry," we read that "The gentry are people of wealth and position. . . . The homes of the gentry are more retiring than those of the lower classes." He visits a country house: "When the time came, I was undecided which side of the mansion I should approach. Ordinary folk went around to an entrance at the rear, and in the fear that the front door was reserved wholly for the aristocracy, I betook myself to the back way and was soon in the august presence of the butler." The "butler" is a distinct drop in the style of the narrative; he should have been a painted chief.

All that we have quoted is rather fatuous than amusing; yet we read the book with amusement, and respect for its author's power of observation. It is amazing that any man should think that in offering to the world information of this sort he will please and enlighten. But Mr. Johnson cannot be dismissed with a sneer. We have detected him in only one error of fact; a retired policeman surely does not receive some nineteen shillings a week as pension. Mr. Johnson's impressions are for the most part unerring. Nothing has escaped his notice, and he has reproduced the homely cottage life, its comfort, its dreariness, its leisurely, exasperating sameness, with absolute accuracy. The minor antiquities of English cottage life will one day be the subject of profound study. Till that day may Mr. Johnson's work survive; it will be a genuine "contribution" to English archæology.

Recollections of My Mother, Mrs. Anna Jean Lyman of Northampton. Being a Picture of Domestic and Social Life in New England in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century. By Susan I. Lesley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1899. 8vo, pp. 505.

Of this interesting book, first privately printed in 1876, and, since 1886, easily obtainable as "printed, not published," a new edition has been required; and now for the first time it is "published." Mrs. Lesley cautions her readers that it remains much in its original form; and certainly they should remember its original purpose, that of a private, family memorial. But, for all that, it has so much that is of general interest, and above all it revives with so much skill and vivacity the best features of "domestic and social life" in one of the most beautiful and cultivated, as well as most important and frequented towns of inland Massachusetts during the earlier half of the century, that it is well to reproduce it at last in this "published" form.

We have already noticed it (in June, 1887), and need not now repeat the commendations then uttered. Judge Lyman of Northampton was born about 1767, and was thus sixteen years old when the treaty of peace with England was signed. His wife, the subject of this memoir, was born in 1789, while the first Congress under our new Constitution was sitting. They began their married life in Northampton in 1811, at that delightful, well-remembered old mansion, in the middle of the town, where they always lived until the death of Judge Lyman in December, 1847, and the return of Mrs. Lyman to eastern Massachusetts two years later. Northampton was the county town, and during this period, at the house of these chief persons of the place, there came and went many eminent and interesting people. Of Chief Justice Shaw and his court, of Webster and his colleague Senator Bates, of Fisher Ames and his wife, of William Wirt, of Bryant, Bancroft, Emerson, and many other well-known names—Sedgwicks, Lowells, Forbeses, Wares—we have glimpses, either at this house, or with others of Mrs. Lyman's family and correspondents. The Round Hill School, the law school at Northampton, the Unitarian controversy and the split in the old church, the rise of the slavery agitation, the early growth of American literature—all these lend interest to the volume. But its chief attraction lies in what the title-page indicates—its quality as a picture of the best New England life of the times.

Northampton is now a city, and the hoof of trade has laid waste much of its old beauty. If the young women who now crowd the halls of Smith College wish to know what once the town was, and how much a woman of force, noble character, and high purposes had to do with the making it what it was, they will do well to study the pages of this book. They will find in it much of the personal charm, the dramatic quality, the pathos, and the tragedy that furnish to the best biographies their endless attraction.

The Land of the Long Night. By Paul Du Chaillu. Scribners. 1899. Pp. xviii, 266.

The latest book of Paul Du Chaillu is the record of a winter journey from Southern Sweden up through Lappmark, Finland, and Finmark to Nordkyn, the extreme end of the European mainland. This time, when we are not snowed under, house and all, we are hurried along by reindeer, sometimes at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, over the great snow land, that day after day becomes more sparsely peopled. At times we have to take to skees, which are learned only with difficulty, though the Lapps run them with prodigious speed and leap fearlessly over unconscionable chasms. Du Chaillu is one of the best of travellers because he is one of the most companionable of men, and he makes himself straightway at home wherever he is—in the clean farm-

houses of the Swedish peasants, the wadmal tents of the nomadic Lapps, or in the turf huts of the Sea Lapps on the shores of the Arctic Ocean.

The Land of the Long Night is, more than any other part of the world, the Land of the Reindeer, and there are interesting descriptions of the vast herds that form so large a part of the wealth of these northern countries. We ourselves can bear witness to the astonishing nature of the sight of the tossing horns of a herd of reindeer whose members are to be numbered by thousands. There are things recounted here, however, that are almost more wonderful still, for our traveller sees in one place the bobbing tails, and little else, of two thousand reindeer, which, in their efforts to get at the reindeer-moss, had literally buried themselves in the deep snow. The domestic animals, with the exception of dogs, always strongly in evidence in northern lands, as our traveller proceeds northward become not only fewer but smaller, until, far up in the land of the Sea Lapps, he finds little cows and oxen scarcely three feet high. At Nordkyn the traveller turns aside to cross the mountains to Ulfs Fjord, on the coast of Norway, and uses the opportunity, in a coasting voyage back again to Finmark, to take part in the cod-fishery. Among the Sea Lapps he finds fishing-boats "manned" entirely by women—captain and crew together. The journey back is made with reindeer over the fast disappearing snow and the melting ice of the rivers. Going and coming there are adventures in plenty, as there always are when Du Chaillu is abroad on his wanderings. It is strange, however, to see him here, bundled up in skins and furs, hunting white foxes on skees, instead of threading the mazes of an African jungle with his naked negro followers, in his search for an *ipi* or some other wonderful beast of which we have never before heard.

Like all of Du Chaillu's books, this, too, is thoroughly wholesome. To say that it will interest its youthful readers from beginning to end is well-nigh superfluous. The many excellent illustrations, by M. J. Burns, form not the least enjoyable part of the book, which is dedicated to the late Justice Charles P. Daly.

The Unchanging East. By Robert Barr. In two volumes. Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1899.

Two dainty, very small octavo volumes these, of 256 pages each, profusely illustrated, most attractive specimens of the bookmaker's art; pages gilt on top, rough edges, uncut; paper soft, with plenty of body; backs decorated with cimeters, and on the covers a rather gaudily colored picture of the pyramids, with a white-robed Arab on a camel in a gold desert in the foreground. There are forty-one full-page illustrations in each volume. These are taken from photographs, some of them of places not visited by the writer. They are, without exception, excellent pictures and beautifully reproduced. It is a charming picture-book; but 'A Coast View of a Little of the East' would be a more appropriate title than 'The Unchanging East.'

The text is by no means equal to the illustrations and the paper. The writer describes a brief trip, by steamer, from Manchester to the Syrian coast, with landings at the ports where the vessel stopped to discharge or take on cargo. The style is somewhat flippant and strains after amusing effect. The writer evidently enjoyed himself immensely, and, in spite of his style, he contrives to impart a fair proportion of that enjoyment to the reader.

There is a certain amount of misinformation with regard to antiquities and ancient history, and some preposterous stories, current in the Levantine ports, regarding diplomatic, military, and other exploits. The principal episode of the voyage was a Greek wedding at Suadiyeh, at the mouth of the Orontes, and an attempted visit to the ruins of Antioch, which resulted in the arrest and imprisonment of the writer and two comrades, and the detention of the vessel, by a couple of unusually stupid Turkish officials. Apparently, this episode, which occupies the greater part of the second volume, was the occasion of the book. The author pays his respects to the inefficiency of French colonial methods in Tunis; and is very severe on the French in general. He is Anglo-American to the core.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Arnold, Matthew. Poems. Illustrated by Henry Ospovat. John Lane. $2.50.
Bell, J. J. Jack of all Trades. John Lane. $1.25.
Bellamy, Blanche W. Twelve English Poets. Boston: Ginn & Co. 85c.
Bergerac, C. de. Le Pédant Joué. Boston: Jean de Peiffer.
Betz, L. P. La Littérature Comparée; Essai Bibliographique. Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner.
Blanchard, Amy E. A Sweet Little Maid. Philadelphia: G. W. Jacobs & Co. $1.
Bradbury, H. B. The Light that is in Thee. New York: Alliance Publishing Co. 75c.
Briton and Boer. Harpers. $1.25.
Brown, M. Wit and Humor of Bench and Bar. Chicago: T. H. Flood & Co.
Brownson, H. F. Orestes A. Brownson's Middle Life. Detroit: The Author. $3.
Bullen, A. H. England's Helicon. Scribners. $1.75.
Byington, E. H. The Puritan as a Colonist and a Reformer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.
Carlyle, T. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. Scribners. Vol V. $1.25.
Champney, Elizabeth W. The Romance of the Feudal Chateaux. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.
Chapin, Anna A. Wotan, Siegfried, and Brünnhilde. Harpers. $1.25.
Chapman, S. J. History of Trade between the United Kingdom and the United States. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.; New York: Scribners. $1.
Chesnutt, C. W. Frederick Douglass. [The Beacon Biographies.] Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Christian, F. W. The Caroline Islands. Scribners. $4.
Christison, Dr. J. S. Brain in Relation to Mind. Chicago: The Author.
Clarke, Prof. H. A. Music and the Comrade Arts. Silver, Burdett & Co. 75c.
Cloete, Hon. H. The History of the Great Boer Trek and the Origin of the South African Republics. Scribners. 75c.
Cock, Mrs. A. The Life of Madame de Longueville. Scribners. $2.25.
Collins, Laura G. By-Gone Tourist Days. Letters of Travel. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. $2.
Coryell, Eleanor H. Out of the Past. Street & Smith.
Crane, S. The Master, and Other Stories. Harpers.
Dietrich, A., and Widmann, J. V. Recollections of Johannes Brahms. Scribners. $2.
Dobson, A. Oliver Goldsmith. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
Drummond, H. The New Evangelism. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Dunbar, P. L. Poems of Cabin and Field. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.
Dunbar, Alice. The Goodness of St. Rocque. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.
Ellis, E. S. Tales Told Out of School. Syracuse, N. Y.: C. W. Bardeen. $1.
Ellis, E. S. Land of Wonders. The Mershon Co.
Essays, Educational and Historic, or X-Rays on some Important Episodes. New York: O'Shea & Co.
Estlake, A. The Oneida Community. London: George Redway. 2s. 6d.
Garland, H. Prairie Folks. Macmillan. $1.25.
Gilman, Th. Federal Clearing-Houses. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Glazier, R. A Manual of Historic Ornament. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Scribners. $2.50.
Glenn, T. A. Some Colonial Mansions and Those Who Lived in Them. [Second Series.] Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co. $3.
Graham, P. A. Mr. Blackburne's Games at Chess. Longmans, Green & Co.
Gras, F. The White Terror. D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.
Gray's Elegy. Illustrated by J. T. Friedenson. John Lane. 50c.
Gwynn, S. The Decay of Sensibility. John Lane.
Hall, G. D. Daughter of the Elm; A Tale of Western Virginia Before the War. Chicago: Mayer & Miller.
Harding, W. War in South Africa, and the Dark Continent from Savagery to Civilization. Chicago: The Dominion Co. $2.
Kipling, R. Mandalay. San Francisco: Doxey. 75c.
Letters to Washington and Accompanying Papers. Published by the Society of the Colonial Dames of America. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Vol II. $5.
Maclay, E. S. A History of American Privateers. D Appleton & Co.
Milton's Earlier Poems. Cassells. 10c.
Moments with Art. Selections in Prose and Verse. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Richards, Ellen H. The Cost of Living as Modified by Sanitary Science. London: Chapman & Hall; New York: John Wiley & Sons.
Scudder, H. E. The Book of Legends. Told Over Again. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50c.
Shakespeare, W. King Lear. Cassells. 10c.
Smith, Pamela C. Sir H. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Doubleday & McClure. 75c.
Stockton, F. R. Rudder Grange. The Hundredth Man. Scribners. Vols. 3 and 4 of uniform edition.
Swettenham, Sir F. A. The Real Malay: Pen Pictures. John Lane. $1.25.
The Book of Common Prayer, Protestant Episcopal Church of America. Henry Frowde.
The Memoirs of Victor Hugo. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co. $2.50.
Thwaites, R. G. The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents. Vols. LVII. and LVIII. Cleveland: The Burrows Bros. Co.
Toy, Prof. W. D. Molière's Les Précieuses Ridicules. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 25c.
Vaughan, Mgr. J. S. Thoughts for All Times. New York: O'Shea & Co.
Williamson, H. G. Old Hollyhocks and Other Poems and Recitations. Cincinnati: George C. Shaw. $1.
Winfield, A. M. The Rover Boys on the Ocean. The Mershon Co.
Winfield, A. M. The Rover Boys in the Jungle. The Mershon Co.
Woolet, A. W. The Woolet Papers. New York: Trade-Mark Record Publishers.
Zimmerman, Rev. L. M. Yvonne. Baltimore: Williams & Wilkins Co.

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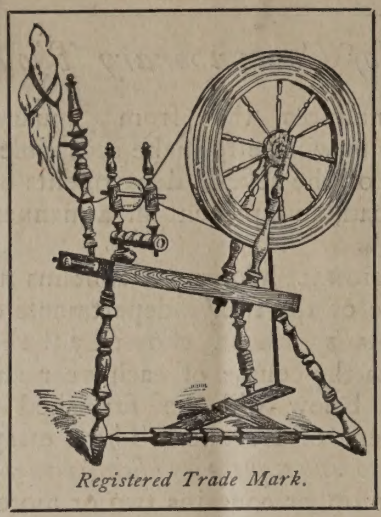

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